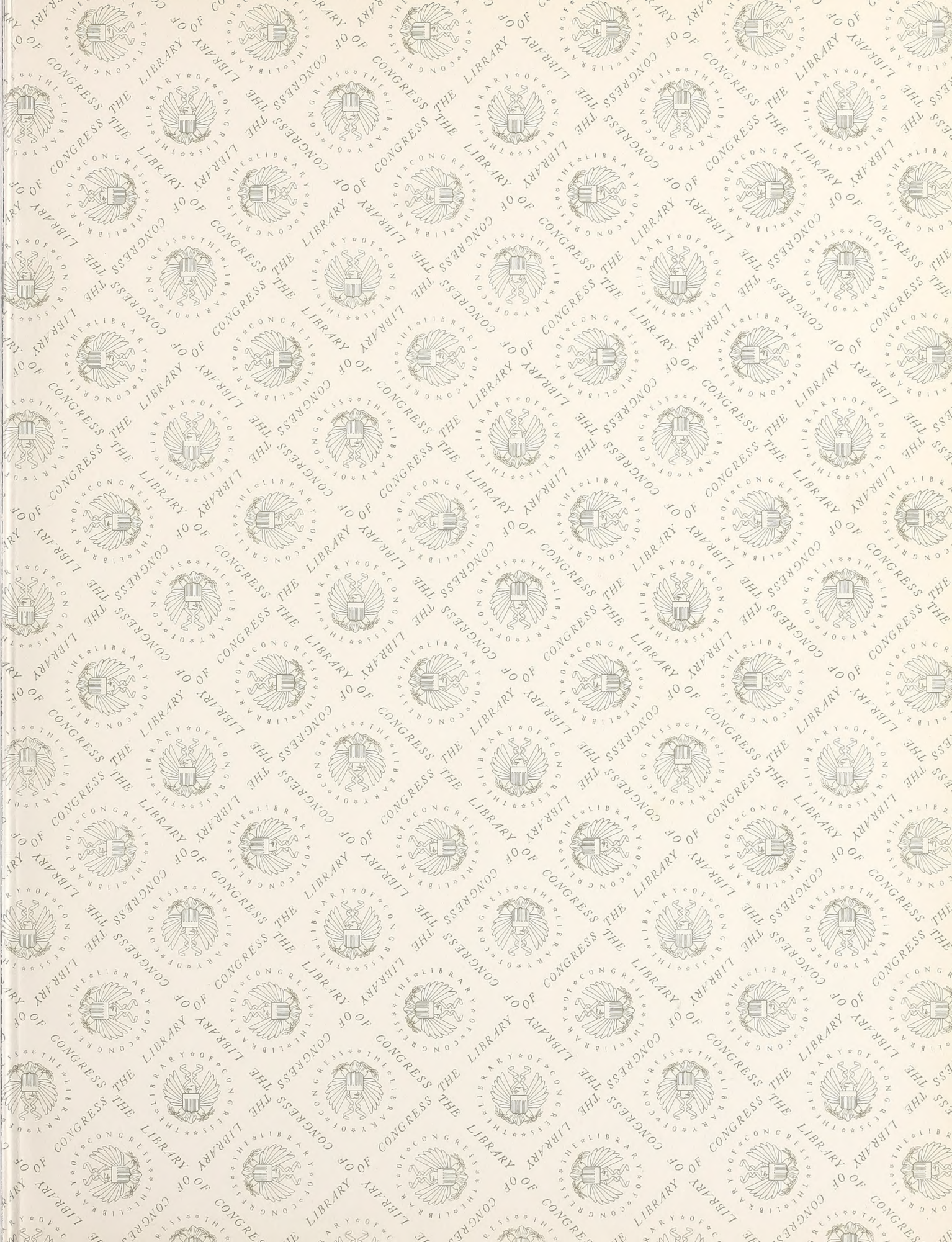
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TYRONE POWER

Helen Neushaefer **announces**

An Amazing New Lipstick



HELEN NEUSHAEFER

With the new wonder ingredient **LASTEEN**

and a new case with the stunning **"Color Teller Tip"**



Golden metal swivel case

39¢ plus tax

Created by Popular Demand

for a lipstick as fine as her nail polish

Women all over America have asked Helen Neushaefer to create a lipstick as lastingly lovely as her nail polish . . . one that really stays on . . . not too moist . . . not too dry, but *just right!* From her cosmetic chemists has come this amazing, new lipstick . . . containing LASTEEN, to give her lipstick what the miracle ingredient PLASTEEN gives her nail polish. Now available at chain store cosmetic counters . . . in five beautiful shades that harmonize with Helen Neushaefer nail polish.



10¢ plus tax with **PLASTEEN**

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"There's your man, Sis— 238,857 miles away!"

GIRL: And that, my half-pint pest, is about as close as I get to *any* man *any*where.

CUPID: Maybe you should make like those stars, Sugar. They're practically cuddling your moon-man. But, of course, they *sparkle.*

GIRL: I get it. All but one teeny-weeny point—just how do I put sparkle in this 5-watt smile of mine, Mr. Smarty-Pantless?

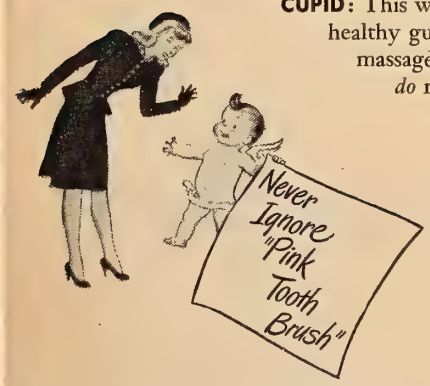
CUPID: I'll tell you, glum one. But first . . . see any "pink" on your tooth brush these days?

GIRL: Uh-huh, and blue skies and red sails in the sunset and . . . what's my tooth brush's color scheme got to do with my smile?

CUPID: Only just about everything, Miss Ignorance of 1947. That "pink" is a sign to *see your dentist.* Quick. Let him decide what's the matter. May be simply a case of today's soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: *Smile* . . . remember, urchin? . . . it was my smile we were yappity-yappiting about. Where'd it go?

CUPID: This way: A sparkling smile depends largely on healthy gums. So-o-o, if your dentist advises massage—that's for you. 9 out of 10 dentists *do* recommend gum massage . . . regularly or in special cases, according to a recent nationwide survey. And this same survey shows they prefer Ipana Tooth Paste 2 to 1 for their own personal use.



HOW TO MASSAGE YOUR GUMS. Gently massage at the gum line, always keeping fingertip in contact with the tooth surface. It's at the gum line, where teeth and gums meet, that so many troubles start—where gentle massage can be so helpful. Between regular visits to your dentist, help him guard your smile of beauty.

Ipana

For your Smile of Beauty



Product of Bristol-Myers



DECEMBER, 1947

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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DAME MAY WHITTY • SHARON McMANUS • Screen Play by GLADYS LEHMAN • Story by ERWIN GELSEY AND LORRAINE FIELDING

Directed by RICHARD THORPE • Produced by JOE PASTERNAK • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Lana Turner had a wonderful time dancing with Ty, but a few days later she was crying at the airport as he took off in a new DC-3 Douglas Transport. Lana's going to join him in Africa, then on to Paris.



Before leaving on a ten-week flight that took him around Africa, Ty Power gave a party in the Champagne Room of the Mocambo. Clark Gable came with Dolly O'Brien, one of his favorite and steady companions.



Van and Evie Johnson hated to budge from their own fireside but they did it for Ty. They may bid for Diosa Costello's beautiful home so they'll have enough room for their growing family—expected in January.



Richard Greene and his beautiful actress wife, Patricia Medina, also bid Ty goodbye. Although movie roles await him in England, Richard's reading play scripts like mad with an eye towards the Broadway stage.

■ As sad as any separation is, particularly where a child is involved, the Danny Kaye rift is beginning to assume a slightly sophisticated Noel Coward slant.

Instead of nursing the blues, or crawling into a shell, Sylvia has bloomed into an outwardly gay, happy charmer—and when I say charmer, I mean it. She's cut her hair short, the new ballerina styles are wonderful on her, and she looks cuter than peanuts. And that's what I call being smart.

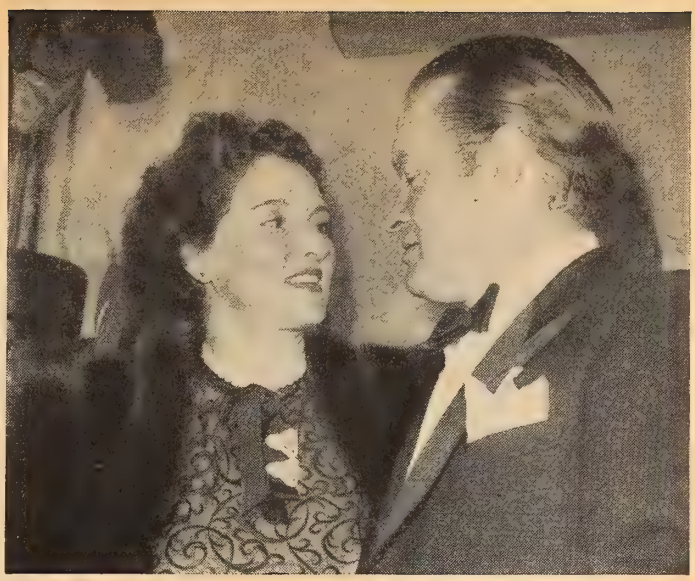
Although Danny still sees attractive Eve Arden, his chief interest since he and Sylvia separated, he has frequent dinners with his wife.

I think it's pretty cute that it is now Sylvia who thinks any reconciliation should wait a spell "until Danny knows exactly what he wants out of life"—in her own words.

Don't tell me it is any accident, either,



Adding glitter to the Power party were Hedy Lamarr and Mark Stevens. Since then their romance has hit a snag, with Hedy giving out big sister advice and sending Mark home for a speedy reconciliation.



Newly-appointed Paramount chairman of the Runyon Cancer Fund, Bob Hope, attended the party in unofficial capacity with his wife. At another Mocambo affair, he quipped, "Go ahead, folks, Elliot's paying for this."



Louis Jourdan (above next to June Havoc) is called the French Ty Power. Told by D. Selznick to stay exactly as he was, Louis later remarked. "I know I shouldn't change, but isn't my hair getting too long?"



For a change, Doug Fairbanks Jr. and his wife attended a party that wasn't for them. Busy now as Vice-President of the American Association for the United Nations, he'll make a picture soon with B. Grable.

that Sylvia's new office on the Warner lot (where she is working on his new song and dance routines) is very glamorous and feminine. There are bowls of fruit and flowers everywhere—with added floral offerings arriving twice weekly from Danny. Nice place to work—AND think things over.

In a very cheery voice, Sylvia told me, "Danny and I haven't hit it off so well in years as we have since we parted."

And don't believe those silly stories that Danny didn't want Sylvia to continue writing his material.

He may be a little mixed up these days—but he ain't THAT crazy.

* * *

Wonder if I was in on the start of a romance between Joan Crawford and Tony Martin? We won't know until she returns from Honolulu—but here's what happened the night before she left:

Joan, looking like a dream boat in a stunning black dress with tiered sleeves, came into the Mocambo with a gent I didn't recognize. But before you could say, "What's this?" Joan and her escort were sitting in Tony Martin's party.

Suddenly, Tony was on the bandstand, singing a farewell song right into Joanie's big orbs, "I'll Be Seeing You In All the Old Familiar Places." Boy, did he mean it?????

Then, much to the surprise of the breathless onlookers, Tony held out his hand to Joan and she joined him at the orchestra to duet, "Embraceable You."

The lady hasn't done anything like that since the good old days when she used to win dancing contests and put on exhibitions of the Charleston.

The Mark Stevenses have made up. They are going to give their marriage another try—which is the wise, sane thing to do.

But whether it is permanent or not, I don't know—and frankly neither do Mark and Annelle.

They both want the reconciliation to succeed, but there are many obstacles to overcome. I have never had anyone talk to me more frankly than Annelle did and it would be violating her confidence to repeat what she said. But I can say that she was hurt, and deeply hurt, over Mark's constant companionship with Hedy Lamarr during their separation.

I am an older, and wiser woman so I do not feel presumptuous in offering this advice. I have seen many marriages, movie and otherwise, go on the rocks in my time. I

(*Continued on next page*)

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

Bozo, the clown, welcomes Joan Bennett, her daughter, Stephanie (right) and Lana Turner's daughter, Cheryl, to the Toy Menagerie. Uncle Bernie, the owner, gave a children's party.

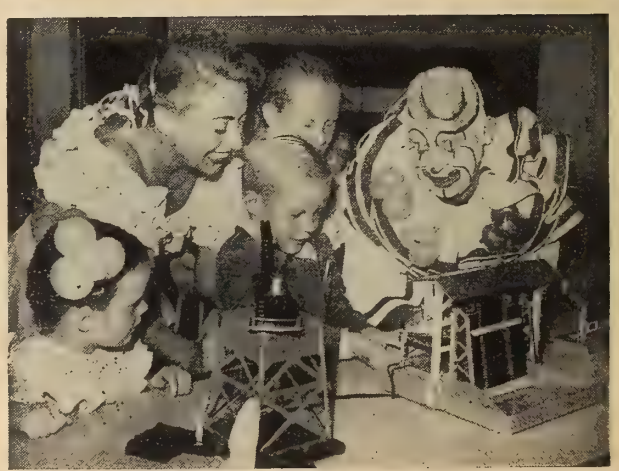




There were over 100 kids at the toy store party and each went home with a gift. Maureen O'Sullivan shows Michael, Patrick and Maria the tree that gave lemonade when squeezed.

Another of Uncle Bernie's creations was a lollipop tree, above Robert John Colonna's head. He plucked one with the aid of Bozo and gave his Dad a lick—also fed him much cake and ice-cream.





An electric train display was one of the main attractions. Bozo shows Christopher the fine points while his Mom, Joan Crawford, his sister, Christina (right), and a friend watch interestedly.

have also seen marriages salvaged and the principals go to many added years of happiness.

So I say to Annelle—bury the past, forget it as though it had never happened. Don't nag. Don't be constantly prodding and probing an old wound. Men are funny and when they say "I love you—and I'm sorry" they want that to be final.

Mark is a good boy and I think he was always in love with his wife and she with him. So let them keep their happiness and guard it.

* * *

Zounds! Is Annabella miffed over all the

ADVENTURERS ON THE MARCH!



CONQUERORS OF A NEW WORLD!



A whole new world of drama, love, violence and spectacle lay before their sword of conquest! Fired with passions—dynamic with a brilliant cast—a saga of gold, empire and glory!

Darryl F. Zanuck
PRESENTS

CAPTAIN from CASTILE

Color by Technicolor
STARRING

TYRONE POWER

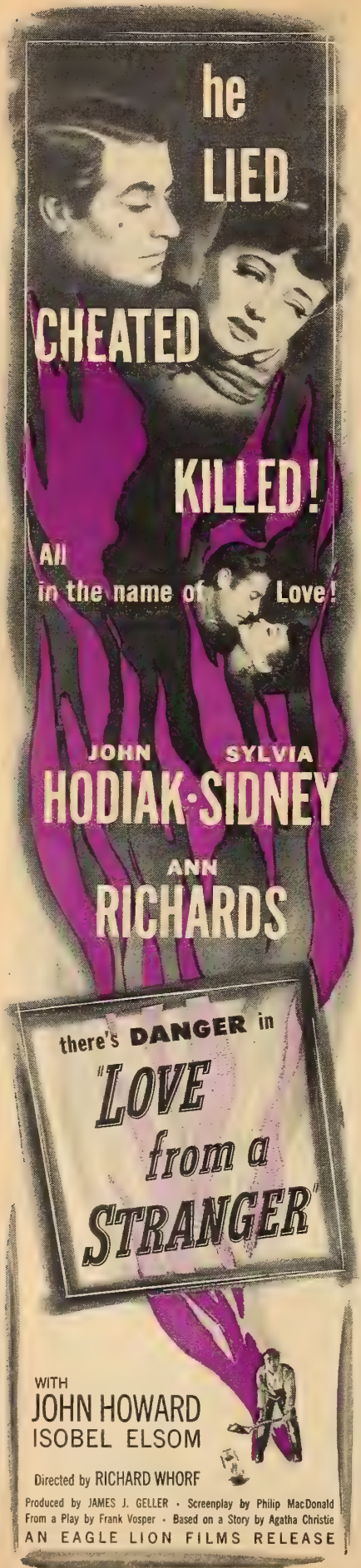
JEAN PETERS · CESAR ROMERO · JOHN SUTTON · LEE J. COBB

with Antonio Moreno · Thomas Gomez · Alan Mowbray · Barbara Lawrence · George Zucco · Roy Roberts · Marc Lawrence

Screen Play by Lamar Trotti
From the Novel by Samuel Shellabarger

Directed by HENRY KING
Produced by LAMAR TROTTI

A 20th CENTURY-FOX MAGNIFICENT EPIC!





Jane Russell was chief bat-boy at the charity ball game for the Runyon Cancer Fund. She also teaches Sunday School at a Hollywood church!



Frank Sinatra and Andy Russell ran through an "Anything You Can Do" routine at the Runyon Fund game. Frank's the Fund's studio chairman.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

talk that she is refusing to give Tyrone Power his freedom?

In a hot little letter from Paris, Annabella wrote me, "I am hearing from all sides the rumors that I am refusing to divorce Tyrone and I cannot keep silent any longer."

She goes on to say that whenever he asks for his freedom she will grant it and that there has been so little pressure from him for a divorce that "I had to ask him several times to get a lawyer of his own—as I had done myself, to arrange our divorce. Does that seem that I am behaving like the dog in the manger—as I am being made out?"

Nope, I can't say that it does.

However, I think that Ty will ask for his freedom when he sees his ex-wife in Paris. Else—how come that Lana Turner is keeping a rendezvous with him in Casablanca just about the time you read this?

* * *

I'm crazy about Rita Hayworth. She's really a swell girl. It was wonderful to do her first interview since her return from Europe on my air show. And we had a lot of fun talking "girl talk" the night before the broadcast, at my home.

Don't get excited about romance rumors concerning Rita. She's been going out with a different beau every night including her old flame, Vic Mature. "But there's nothing serious in my life," she said. "I'll always like Vic—he's fun. But that's all."

What completely amazed Rita was to find her daughter, Rebecca, who didn't know how to talk when she went away, chatting



AROUND HER YOUNG HEART SHE WORE THE SCARLET LETTER OF SOMEONE ELSE'S SHAME...

...THAT HAGEN GIRL!

HAUNTED BY THE WHISPERS OF AN INDISCRETION SHE WAS TOO INNOCENT TO UNDERSTAND.

It was too late to turn back now. Tonight held the answer to Mary Hagen's future. And if going alone to meet Tom Bates let loose another floodtide of lies and rumors, she was prepared to face it. Mary didn't care anymore.

Her mind was made up. She was going to meet Tom Bates, the man who had made her unworthy of love.

THE ONE THING MARY HAGEN NEVER EXPECTED AWAITED HER THAT NIGHT...THE ONE ROLE YOU WOULD WANT SHIRLEY TEMPLE TO HAVE IS ON THE SCREEN NOW!

For if what they said was true, that her life was ruined even before she'd lived it, at least she would know why. She would know that terrible secret... the story of the scandal whose ominous shadow had darkened her days and turned nights into torment.



Why do they want to harm a girl like Mary Hagen?

Warner Bros. present

RONALD REAGAN · SHIRLEY TEMPLE

in

"THAT HAGEN GIRL"

with RORY CALHOUN

PENNY EDWARDS · LOIS MAXWELL · HARRY DAVENPORT

Screen Play by Charles Hoffman · From a Novel by Edith Roberts · Music by Franz Waxman

Directed by PETER GODFREY · Produced by ALEX GOTTLEIB

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Mrs. Bob Hutton (Cleatus Caldwell) wore an unusual pearl choker at Harry Richman's Ciro opening. Bob, signed with WB for 7 years, is feuding with leading lady Joyce Reynolds.



Vera-Ellen, who's been dating Farley Granger, and Rory Calhoun, who's been beauing Rhonda Fleming, saw the Richman show together. Rory's bought a boat with Guy Madison.



Frank and Nancy Sinatra came to the opening, danced most of the evening. They've started weekly painting lessons, under John Vogel. Meanwhile, Frank's canvasses are decorating his friend's homes.

and gabbing like a Magpie now.

"Maybe she's going to turn out like her father," I suggested, recalling "genius" Orson Welles' gift for gab on every subject. Certainly Rebecca doesn't get her garrulousness from her beautiful mother who is a very quiet person.

I must say my radio producer (male) was upset about the gown Rita was wearing. It was straight from Paris and completely new with a small hoop around her waist to make the skirt stand out.

"Can you imagine a girl with a figure like *that* wearing a hoop?" whooped my radio friend, very depressed about the whole thing.

* * *

Let's go to a couple of parties that were really honeys!

One was formal, grand and elegant, and the other was slacks, Mexican food and whoopie and I had the time of my life at both.

Swanky plus was the glamor party given by Lana Turner and Tyrone Power before Ty took off for Africa.

The setting was the newly-decorated Champagne Room, adjoining the Mocambo and believe me it is a "setting" guaranteed to show off the ladies and what they wore.

The room is in black, silver and crystal. The tables, gleaming with orchids flown in that day from Honolulu, looked like jewels.


A MAN... trying to run away from his past...
A WOMAN... trying to escape her future!
when they clash it's WILDFIRE!
Mitchum's a private detective, a little on the shady side—who makes a buck wherever he can find it. Greer's a gal with a gun, and a way with men—an exciting combination—but deadly!
RKO PRESENTS
ROBERT MITCHUM • JANE GREER
in
Out of the Past
with
KIRK DOUGLAS • RHONDA FLEMING • RICHARD WEBB
STEVE BRODIE • VIRGINIA HUSTON
Produced by WARREN DUFF • Directed by JACQUES TOURNEUR
Screen Play by GEOFFREY HOMES
RKO RADIO PICTURES

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



When it comes to ties, Glenn Ford finds he can't be exclusive. Wears the same as William Keighley, director of the Lux shows, at the broadcast of *Stolen Life*—Bette Davis' first role since motherhood.



"Take it off!" they cried to Esther Williams—and she did for $5000, at the Runyon Cancer Fund auction on Harold Lloyd's estate. Harry Crocker m.-c.'d and blushed as her dress went home with L. B. Mayer.

Charlie Morrison, ye host of the Mocambo, had a clever idea. Individual brandy snifters holding single gardenias with the names "Lana and Ty" enscrolled on the glass were a part of the decor. If I hadn't known that it wasn't possible, because Ty is not free, I would have thought this an engagement announcement.

All evening long, six violinists bowed their way among the tables playing the most romantic tunes. Obviously, Ty and Lana went all out to make this a beautiful affair.

The newest twosome of the evening was Hedy Lamarr and Mark Stevens making their first public appearance together. Of course, this was before the Stevens made up.

You couldn't move two inches without bumping into the Gary Coopers, Clark Gable (still romancing socialite Dolly O'Brien), Cesar Romero and practically the entire star roster of both 20th and M-G-M.

Early the next morning, Ty left and Lana was at the airport to kiss him goodbye. Don't think the photographers missed that one. She's really in love with him—and it's mutual.

* * *

On the other hand—there's nothing like a party where everyone lets his or her hair down and has real fun instead of being formal and all dressed up. The Walter Langs—maybe you remember Mrs. Lang as Fieldsie, Carole Lombard's secretary, and Walter is, of course, the well-known director—had a Mexican dinner in their garden, and oh, what a fun party that one was.

Once a year, the Langs throw this party and the orchestra is furnished by the guests —usually the same—Fred MacMurray tootin' the saxophone, Ann Sothern at the piano, Cesar Romero at the bass fiddle and two or three others. This year's vocalist was new—Miss Ann Sheridan in the flesh.

Lana Turner, wearing her heart on her sleeve since Ty's departure, came with a girl friend. Lana wore tricky slacks, a jet top and black trousers and managed to look beautiful, if lonesome.

Evie Johnson, in a peasant skirt and blouse to hide her figure (she'll be a mother soon), had a million laughs with Van right by her side. If you could see the way he waits on her and never leaves her, you would know all this gossip that they aren't getting on is the silliest of the season.

Zachary Scott, minus mustache, looked odd to me. I asked if there had been a battle over shaving his mustache for his new picture. "Not a battle," he laughed. "The director just *insisted*."

That Mousie, and I mean Mrs. William Powell, is the cutest thing in town and everyone is crazy about her. She loves parties and hates to go home. Bill was to be my guest on the radio the following day, so neither he nor I felt we could stay late. Everytime Bill started to leave, Mousie hid so he couldn't find her. But don't think he didn't know what she was doing. He's on to her.

June Havoc, pretty blonde sister of Gypsy Rose Lee, came with Bill Spier—and I miss my guess if these two aren't married soon.

At five o'clock the next morning the party was still going strong with most of the guests in the kitchen stirring up ham 'n' eggs. Now you know what I mean when I say it was a big night!

* * *

Dana Andrews' 13-year-old son, David, worked his entire summer vacation in a camera shop in North Hollywood because, as he told his old man, he "wanted to earn his own money."

Just before David started back to school, Dana received a bill for the camera gadgets Dave had "charged" during his chores.

"The amount," said Dana, grinning, "was exactly four times his salary!"

* * *

This kills me:

Several weeks ago, the Eagle-Lion company staged a big premiere at the Carthay Circle for *Red Stallion* and every animal and bird in the business was invited to be present (complete with trainers) and show off in the forecourt.

When, a couple of days before the event, no acceptance had been received from Lassie, an Eagle-Lionite called M-G-M to see if the canine would be present.

"We doubt it," was the surprising reply.

"Why?"

"Well," came the unexpected answer, "Lassie is a STAR and those others are just SUPPORTING animals!"

* * *

Purely Personal: The Brian Donlevy di-

SHE WALKED TO THE ALTAR WITH FOUR MILLIONAIRES





...and still she wasn't a wife!







COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Ginger ROGERS · Cornel WILDE

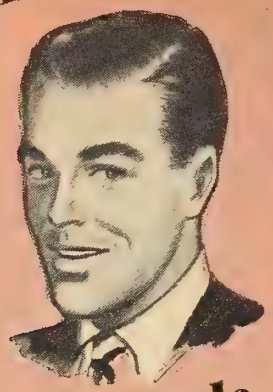
It Had to Be You

with PERCY WARAM · SPRING BYINGTON · RON RANDELL

Screenplay by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank

Directed by DON HARTMAN and RUDOLPH MATÉ · A DON HARTMAN PRODUCTION

Gentlemen



Prefer Girls

(BLONDES • BRUNETTES • REDHEADS)



with Color Bright Hair



Let Nestle Colorinse give your hair sparkling, *natural-looking* color and highlights. Not a permanent dye or a bleach, Nestle Colorinse washes out completely with shampooing. Delicately scented, easy and absolutely safe to use.

Nestle COLORINSE



In 9 flattering shades

10c and 25c —at drug & dime stores

HAVE THE WHOLE FAMILY use Nestle Creme Shampoo—the wonderful, new lanolin creme shampoo in a tube. They'll love it. 10¢, 25¢, 59¢ at all toilet goods counters.



Alan and Sue Ladd (in the East for the shooting of *The Long, Gray Line* at West Point) arrived in New York on Alan's birthday—hence the cake.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



The gal with the monk's hair-do is Valli, famous Italian import, in one of the first scenes from Sinatra's *Miracle of the Bells.*

vorce suit is a disgrace. The mess should have been settled out of court. It has hurt Brian, his wife, Hollywood and most tragic of all, their beautiful little girl, Judy. What kind of "love" is it that drags an innocent little girl through mud in a fight for her custody? . . . Last year, every producer in town was trying to steal Gregory Peck for a picture. This year, it's Burt Lancaster. . . . I, personally, get more mail with plugs for Larry Parks. . . . Ever since a famous psychiatrist said that women with freckles are more "passionate" than their freckle-less sisters, they have been kidding the dirndls off cute little Jeanne Crain. . . . I won't even bat an eyelash with surprise if Clark Gable marries rich, blonde, social Dolly O'Brien when she is free. Clark always liked sophisticated women, which certainly proves that opposites attract. Clark is a hunting and fishing man, himself. . . . Is Ingrid Bergman losing personal contact with her fans? It seems to me she is becoming almost a "myth" she is such a recluse. . . . Humphrey Bogart would like to have Lauren Bacall in every one of his pictures but he's afraid he'll run into the same thing Cornel Wilde did when he was plugging Patricia Knight's career. Sometimes husbandly devotion turns sour to movie producers. . . .

* * *

Did you know that RKO's new star, Jane Greer suffered partial paralysis of the face when she was ten years old and she believed she would always be disfigured?

It's an amazing story she tells.

"I was so miserable, I cried, cried, cried all the time," Jane told me. "I didn't know it then, but those tears saved me.

"Crying contorts the muscles and this constant 'exercise' is what brought about my recovery."

Do you wonder that Jane is a firm believer that "Every cloud has a silver lining"?

* * *

Ran into Judy Garland at M-G-M. She and her husband, Vincente Minnelli, were entering one of the projection rooms to see *The Pirate*—and they were holding hands.

It's wonderful to say that Judy looks so well, her old pert self again. She was upset over a story (not mine) that her doctor had "forbidden" Vince to direct her next picture.

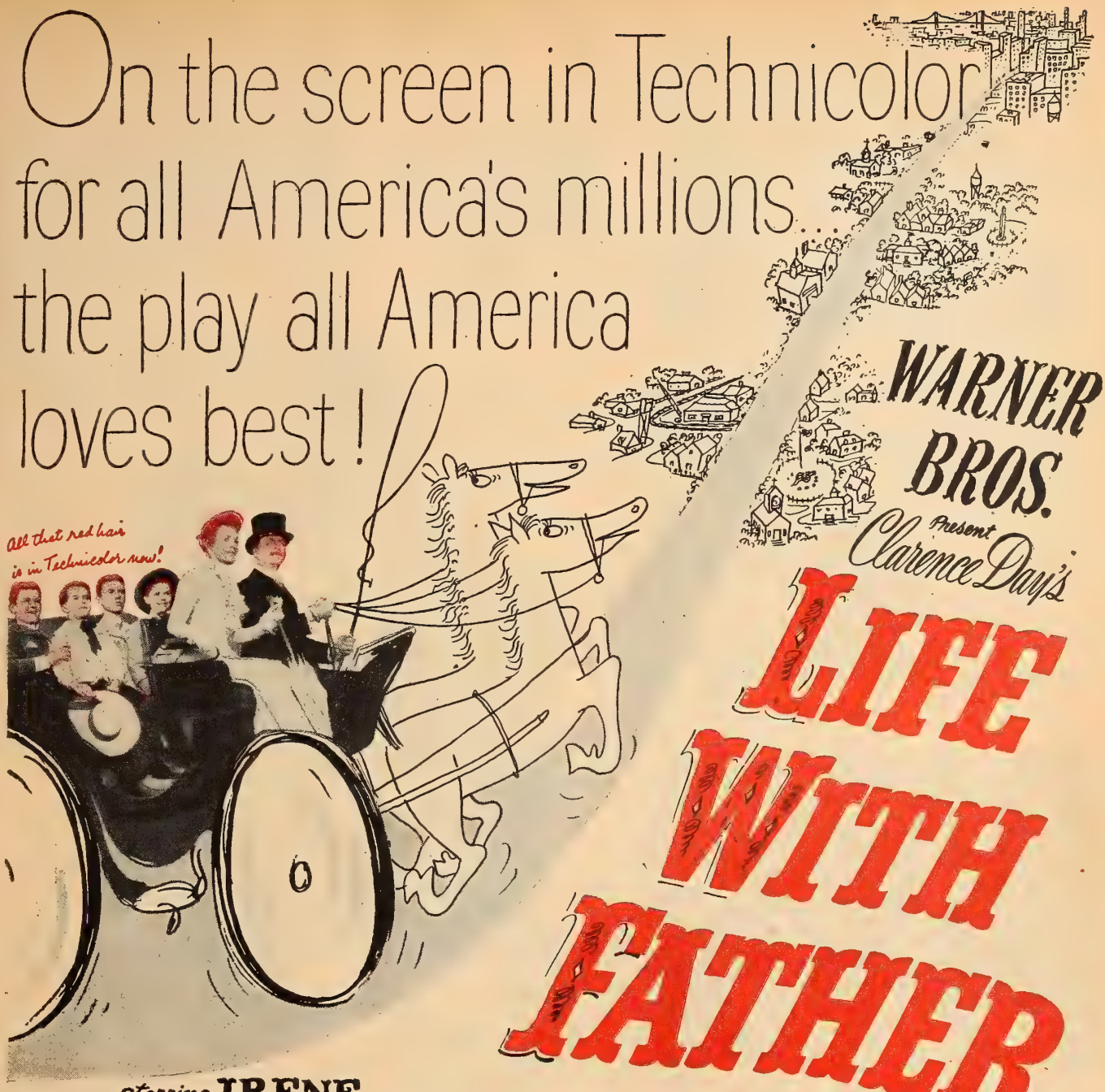
"It's not that we are having any trouble," Judy told me. "It's just that he believes a complete change of faces during my working hours will be best for me."

Let's hope Judy's bad luck is all behind her. I'll always think of her as just a little girl and little girls shouldn't have troubles.

Next month, I'll have some New York gossip for you. I'm heading East for my annual jaunt, and people seem different, new and exciting to me in New York. I've always said people behave differently on vacations.

Until then, so long—good luck and keep on sending those interesting letters.

On the screen in Technicolor for all America's millions... the play all America loves best!



WARNER BROS. Present

Clarence Day's

LIFE WITH FATHER

starring IRENE

DUNNE

WILLIAM

POWELL

with ELIZABETH TAYLOR

EDMUND GWENN · ZASU PITTS

Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart

From Oscar Serlin's Stage Production

Music by Max Steiner

From the original play by HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE

Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

Produced by ROBERT BUCKNER

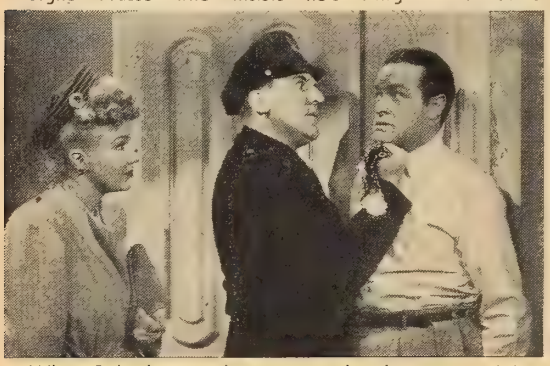
Welcome! The longest-run stage hit in history (8 straight years!) is a Warner Picture now! Heed the happy word of all who've already seen it and head for Warners' finest the first moment you can!

movie reviews

BY VIRGINIA WILSON



1. Bob, an all-night disc jockey, is about to marry Vera Marsh, when he's confronted by "General" Signe Hasso who insists he's King of Barovia.



2. When Bob doesn't show up at church, Vera and her brother, Bill Bendix, pay him a call. Bill's always suspected Bob wasn't serious about marrying his sister.



3. Bob's life is threatened by the treacherous Barovians, but Bendix' cops eventually save him. Unfortunately Bob prefers the "General's" kisses to Vera's . . .



WHERE THERE'S LIFE

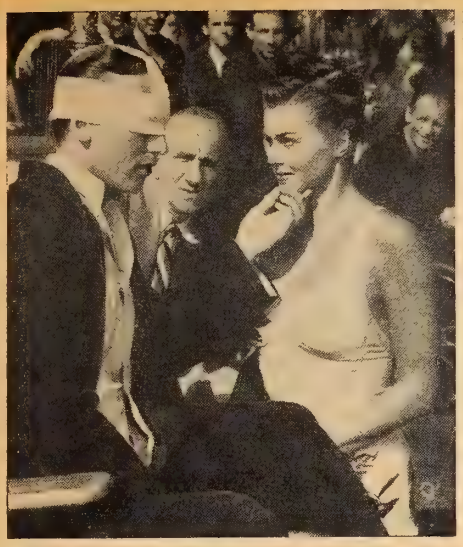
I suppose that title was bound to turn up on a Hope picture sooner or later! Anyway, this is top grade Hope, and if you want to laugh yourself into a state just short of coma, go and see it.

Bob, as a disc jockey named Michael Valentine, tangles with some characters who want to make him king of a little Balkan country called Barovia. It seems that the present king has just been shot ("Fine ad for the job," Bob grumbles) and has whispered on what is practically his death-bed that he has a son in America. A son called Michael Valentine, who knows nothing about Barovia, and, in fact, thinks he's an orphan.

Michael would have been better off proceeding on that orphan theory indefinitely. But no, he lets himself be kidnapped by a Prime Minister (George Coulouris), and a General Grimovitch. You will understand this better when I tell you that the general is a well-stacked blonde, played by Signe Hasso. They're all set to take Mike back to Barovia in a plane.

There are, however, a couple of things in the way. One, is a secret society called the Mordia which is trying to kill off all possible claimants to the throne of Barovia. The other is Mike's fiancee, Hazel O'Brien (Vera Marsh), who is planning to marry Mike the next day. She never heard of Barovia and she has seven brothers who are New York cops, who never heard of it, either. The oldest brother is Victor (William Bendix) and he never liked Mike very well. Always figured he was trying to get out of marrying little Hazel. So, when all of a sudden Mike disappears, the whole city police force starts looking for him, and it isn't to send him a wedding present, either.

Meanwhile, Mike is being spirited from hiding place to hiding place, with the Mordians in hot pursuit. Knives, guns—they don't care *what* they use on the poor guy. And if he goes to the cops he'll have Victor to cope with! But, of course, he has the General on his side, and that blonde hasn't commanded an Army for nothing!—*Par.*



This Time For Keeps: Durante keeps watch over Esther Williams, in love with J. Johnston.

THIS TIME FOR KEEPS

Esther Williams is back in the water again, and a fine thing for all concerned. Even if she *couldn't* swim like a precocious duck, she would still be a dreamy sight in a bathing suit. Her supporting cast includes Johnnie Johnston, Xavier Cugat, Dick Simmons, Dame May Whitty and those two sterling singer-comedians—Jimmy Durante and Lauritz Melchior.

Johnnie as Dick, the son of Metropolitan star Hans Harold (Lauritz Melchior), finds, when he gets out of the Army, that his father has everything planned for him. But Dick has been taking orders from top sergeants for three years, and he'd like to make a few plans of his own. He would especially like to be allowed to pick out his own girl, but papa has a debutante named Frances (Mary Stuart) practically ready to start up the church aisle.

Much nearer what Dick has in mind is Nora Cambaretti (Esther Williams), star of the aquacade which has New York happily waterlogged at the moment. However, Nora already has a beau, Gordon (Dick Simmons), plus a highly suspicious guardian-watchdog named Ferdi (Jimmy Durante).

In spite of these handicaps, Dick does pretty well. Nora has no idea he's the son of the famous Hans Harold, and thinks he's broke. She gets him a job with Xavier Cugat's band. Nora even falls in love with him enough to take him up to Mackinack Island where her grandmother (Dame May Whitty) can inspect him.

Meanwhile, Pop Harold is having sixteen kinds of fits. His son involved with a showgirl! (Pop hasn't ever seen the aquacade and is a little confused.) He isn't used to having his plans kicked around with such gay abandon, so while Dick is away being inspected by Grandma, Pop announces his son's engagement to the debutante. Naturally, when Nora reads that in the morning papers, it's going to take more than a little swim to cool her off!

There are some nice arrangements of Cugat's music in this, and Durante, as always, is terrific!—*M-G-M.*

The tougher they are...the harder they fall!



THE LAW GOT LITTLE CAESAR!

THE LAW GOT BABY FACE!

THE LAW GOT PRETTY BOY!

THE LAW GOT SCARFACE!

NOW...SEE THEM GET... "THE GANGSTER"



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The shock-by-shock story of his crimes, his battles, his women!

A KING BROS. PRODUCTION

starring

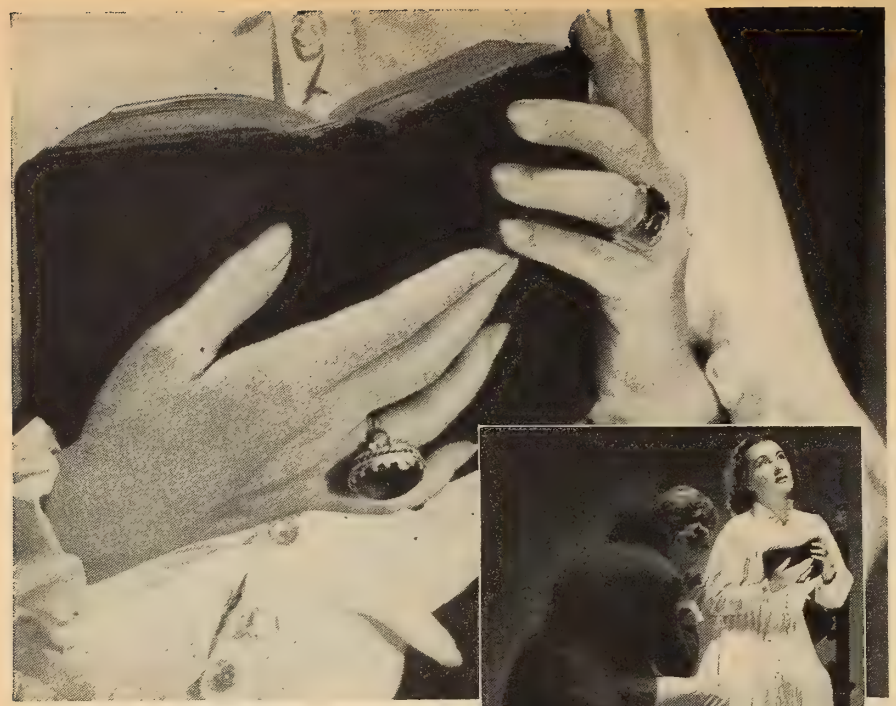
BARRY SULLIVAN • BELITA • JOAN LORRING

with AKIM TAMIROFF Henry Morgan • John Ireland

Elisha Cook, Jr. • Sheldon Leonard • Produced by Maurice and Frank King

Directed by Gordon Wiles • Screenplay by Daniel Fuchs from his novel "Low Company"

AN ALLIED ARTISTS PRODUCTION





GLADYS SWARTHOUT singing the great finale of *Mignon*. Look at her hands! They're strong—but smooth and softly feminine. The vigorous hands of an eloquent *artiste*.

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And the cream she uses is PACQUINS, the choice of so many stars



It's amazing!... the way women are changing to cream *for hand care. To* PACQUINS *Hand Cream But, then, it isn't really so amazing when you* see *and* feel *what Pacquins does for hands.*

TONIGHT give *your* hands *star* care. Cream care. Pacquins care.

Smooth on a dab of this snowy-white, quick-melting, fresh-fragrant cream.

Ahh... feels *good!* Really luxurious.

What's this? What's happened to that roughness, dryness, flakiness, chap? Why, your skin feels smooth, soft, velvety as the fabled gardenia petal.

And look! What's milk... or a pearl ... or a moonbeam got that your hands haven't? Nothing!

Try Pacquins tonight. Just a 12-second massage. And tomorrow morning. And every night and morning. Pacquins *isn't* sticky or greasy. Disappears *fast.* It's a joy to use—as well as to have used. Try changing to cream... to Pacquins... now.



ELIZABETH WILKINSON, NURSE, REPORTS: "Pacquins was originally formulated just for nurses and doctors. Nurses' hands take a nasty beating—30 to 40 washings and scrubbings a day. We *must* have this kind of hand care."

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with *Pacquins* HAND CREAM

Never Sticky or Greasy!



AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE.



That Hagen Girl: S. Temple questions R. Reagan about the mystery surrounding her birth.

THAT HAGEN GIRL

Gossip is an ugly thing. When we whisper some rumor we've heard, it may be as dangerous as the sibilant whisper of a knife through the air. That's what happens in the case of Mary Hagen (Shirley Temple). Gossip, just gossip, but that's enough.

It all starts with what may or may not be a coincidence. In 1930, Grace Gately, daughter of Jordan, Ohio's, richest family, returns to her home town after a long trip. She has a nurse with her and she isn't allowed to see anyone, particularly Tom Bates (Ronald Reagan) whom she's gone around with for two years.

Here's the coincidence. On the same train is an inconspicuous little seamstress, Mrs. Minta Hagen (Dorothy Petersen). In her arms she is carrying a very new baby. Now it happens that no one in Jordan had heard Minta was going to have a baby when she left town a few months before on a visit. So the whispers start, and before long, everyone is convinced that the little girl is really the daughter of Grace Gately and Tom Bates.

Seventeen years later, when Mary Hagen is a senior in High School, the town is still convinced of it. Mary is a very pretty girl (natch—it's Shirley Temple), but she knows there's some mystery about her birth, although she has no idea what it is. She and young Ken Freneau (Rory Calhoun) are in love and she has no time for worrying about mysteries.

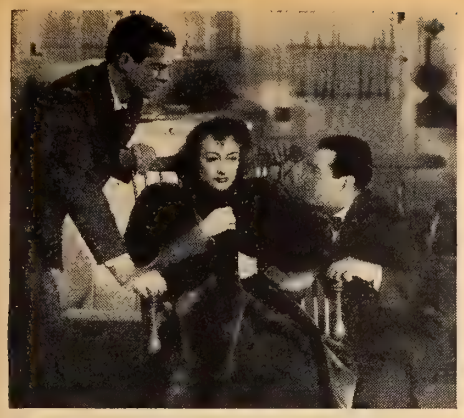
Then Ken's mother decides "that Hagen girl" isn't fit company for her darling boy, and Mary is told she can't have the lead in the High School play because all of a sudden she "isn't the type."

No wonder she badgers her friend, Sharon (Jean Porter) into telling her the story of the rumors. No wonder she goes straight to Tom Bates for an explanation. But that visit has consequences which even the busiest busybody in Jordan could not have foreseen.

On first thought, Shirley Temple and Ronald Reagan seem a slightly incongruous team, but it works out fine.—*War.*

DAISY KENYON

Joan Crawford deserts schizophrenia and alcoholism, temporarily at least, to portray a reasonably normal career girl. Daisy Kenyon is an illustrator for popular magazines. She is clever, sophisticated, beautiful. Un-



Daisy Kenyon: Career-gal Crawford falls for married D. Andrews, later weds H. Fonda.

fortunately, she is in love with a man who is married and has a couple of children, which naturally leads to complications.

Dan O'Mara (Dana Andrews) is a very attractive guy—so much so that you can understand why Daisy let herself get involved in this unhappy situation. He has become as much a part of her life as her career or New York. She couldn't, she tells herself, give up any of them. Besides, Dan needs her. He is one of the smartest lawyers in the city, but he brings his problems to Daisy because just talking to her about them helps. He wouldn't think of discussing business with his wife, who wouldn't know what he was talking about, anyway.

Then Daisy meets Peter (Henry Fonda). Peter is casual where Dan is dynamic, laconic where Dan is voluble. He isn't an easy man to get to know well. In all probability, if he hadn't stood Daisy up on a date, she would never have *bothered* to get to know him. But she isn't used to that kind of thing. And Dan is away. And when she *does* get to know Peter, she knows, too, that he is much more her sort of person than Dan. So —with Dan still away—they get married. As suddenly as that.

When Dan gets back, it naturally looks to him as though Daisy had been trying to escape from the love he is sure she still feels for him by leaping into a crazy marriage. When he meets Peter—and he does—everyone is very polite and on the surface it looks like a woman and her husband having a quiet drink with an old friend of the family. But you don't know Dan if you think he's going to give up so easily. He has had to fight for everything he's gotten in life, and he has no intention of stopping now.

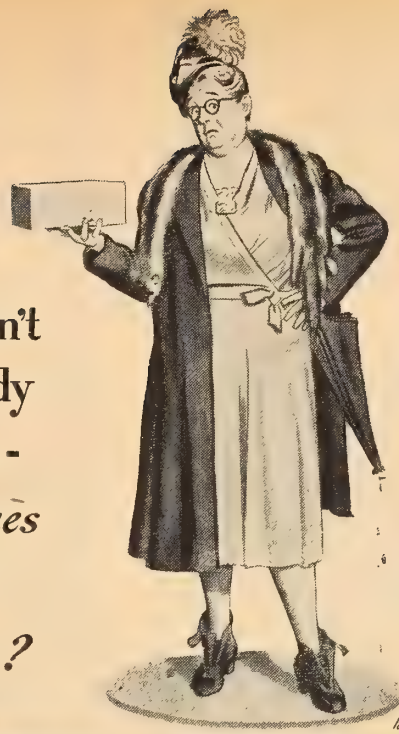
I think you'll find *Daisy Kenyon* fairly absorbing. However, I don't advise you to adopt its code of morals.—*20th-Fox.*

LOVE FROM A STRANGER

You read in the newspapers all the while about naive women who are swept off their feet by romantic strangers, with disastrous results. Women, apparently, will believe anything if it's said with sufficient charm, and plenty of men are ready to trade on that gullibility.

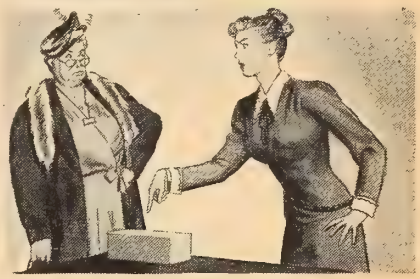
Of course a girl as attractive as Cecily Harrington (Sylvia Sydney) isn't exactly surprised when a handsome stranger falls in

Why didn't somebody tell me - *All tissues aren't Kleenex ?*





Not on your life they aren't! bellowed Uncle Mayhew. Fine thing!—I'm sneezing my head off and my sister brings me plain *tissues*. If you think *all* tissues are Kleenex, I wish you had this sniffle-sore nose! It says there's *only one* Kleenex!



Bess, you alarm me —snapped Cousin Cynthia. Surely you know better than to confuse Kleenex with other tissues. Very unfunny—when I *depend* on Kleenex so. Listen. My *skin* knows there's not a tissue on earth just like angel-soft Kleenex!



Buck up, Auntie! said Teena. Bend an eye at the real McCoy — the one and only Kleenex! See that box, how different it is? How it gives with the tissues — one at a time? Neat feat! Only Kleenex can do it! What's more . . .

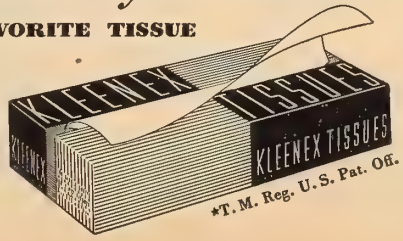


Hold a Kleenex Tissue up to a light. See any lumps or weak spots? 'Course not! You see Kleenex *quality* smilin' through — always the same — so you just know Kleenex has super *softness*. And are those tissues *rugged!*

Now I know... *There is only one KLEENEX**

AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE





*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

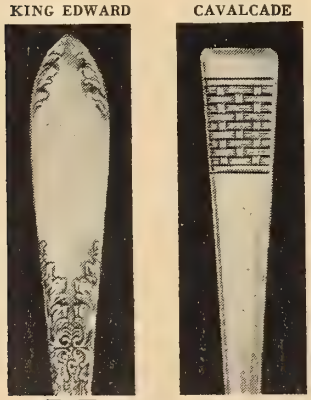


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● Two famous patterns: *King Edward*—beloved for its traditional elegance. *Cavalcade*—distinction in the modern manner. King Edward Silverplate is guaranteed for unlimited service. Ask to see the complete services for 6 or 8 in anti-tarnish chests. From $28.95. At silverware departments and jewelers.

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King Edward

EXQUISITE

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love with her. After all, other men have been in love with her. In fact, she's engaged to one, Nigel Lawrence (John Howard) and very dull he is, too. Admittedly, this new Manuel Cortez (John Hodiak) is a fascinating change, but you'd think it might have occurred to her that her recently acquired forty thousand pounds might have something to do with it. However, he keeps telling her how beautiful she is, and Nigel never even mentioned that. In fact, Nigel would go away for months at a time and all she would hear from him would be a picture postcard not even saying, "Wish you were here."

There are a couple of people who try to hold Cecily down to earth a bit. One is her friend, Mavis (Ann Richards) and the other is Auntie Loo-Loo (Isabel Elsom). But all their arguments can't counter-act what she feels when Manuel kisses her. So she marries him and they go to a cottage in Devonshire to live happily ever after.

Only it's a funny thing. No one knows where they've gone. Cecily thinks Mavis knows, but actually, Manuel has given her a fake address in Ireland. And Nigel hasn't been able to trace their whereabouts at all. Manuel acquires a power of attorney which means that if anything should happen to Cecily, her whole fortune would go immediately to him.

Naturally, something *is* going to happen to Cecily, unless the combined efforts of Scotland Yard, Mavis and Nigel can prevent it. The race is too close for comfort, and you'll watch it strictly from the edge of your seat. —*Eagle-Lion*

UNCONQUERED

This is a whopping big De Mille epic in Technicolor, full of more Indians on the warpath than you've seen since you had nightmares at the age of eight. It also has Gary Cooper, looking even more noble than usual, Paulette Goddard, and considerable excitement in "the only good Injun is a dead Injun" tradition.

Abby Hale (Paulette Goddard) is sent to the colonies in 1763, as a bond slave to be sold at auction. On the voyage over, her red hair catches the eye of a man named Garth (Howard Da Silva). Garth can afford to buy himself a redhaired bond slave if the spirit moves him. He's been trading powder and guns to the Indians, which is a remunerative business. The fact that the guns will inevitably be fired against white settlers doesn't bother Garth a bit.

But it does bother another traveler on the ship, Captain Chris Holden (Gary Cooper). Chris is well aware of the danger implicit in the maneuvers of men like Garth, and he hates him so much that when Garth tries to buy Abby, Chris overbids him. When Chris gets her, he sets her free, which is quite a shock to her vanity. Then Garth tells her the whole thing was a joke and that Chris didn't buy her at all. He persuades the slave dealer to support his story, and Abby goes unwillingly with Garth, hating Chris for the "joke."

There are bigger things at stake now than a redhead's heart. The wild Allegheny country is hearing rumors of Indian war councils. But the British generals of His Majesty's forces in America know singularly little of Indian ways. And to counteract the influence of men like Chris Holden who do know, there is Garth who has married the daughter of a great Indian chief (Boris Karloff). Surely his wife (Katharine De Mille) tells him the truth when she says the red men are all for peace?

But Chris doesn't trust Garth, and because he doesn't, there is still a British flag flying over Fort Pitt when every other outpost has been burned to the ground.—*Par.*



Unconquered: P. Goddard is sent over to the colonies in 1763, as a bond slave. H. Da Silva, gunrunner, bids for her, but Cooper overbids and sets her free, leaving her prey to Da Silva's trickery.



The Unsuspected: The death of C. Rains' secretary involves his ward, J. Caulfield, in murder.

THE UNSUSPECTED

The most quietly diabolical character you've seen in some time is on exhibition in *The Unsuspected.* He is a delightful, soft-spoken gentleman who will make your scalp creep in seventeen different directions. He is the kind of murderer who is so casual about it that it doesn't seem like murder at all.

There are a great many people involved with this entertaining murderer. I'm going to tell you something about them, and include him in the list, although I don't think you're going to have much trouble guessing his identity, anyway.

Here are the people. Stephen Howard (Michael North), who was engaged to a girl who supposedly committed suicide, and who wants to investigate her death. Althea Keane (Audrey Totter) and her husband, Oliver (Hurd Hatfield), who drinks too much. Victor Grandison (Claude Rains) who narrates murder mysteries on the radio. A frightened little man named Press (Jack Lambert), and a sleek, expensive career woman named Jane Moynihan (Constance Bennett).

These people are all joined by one link—murder. Some of them don't know it and some do. The ones that do are very close to death. Stephen Howard, because he doesn't believe the suicide story about his dead fiancée, is a definite threat to the murderer. Stephen gets acquainted with all these people by claiming to be the husband of Grandison's adored ward, Matilda (Joan Caulfield). Actually, he has never met her before, but he had heard about her from his fiancée, who was Grandison's secretary.

The clues are many and varied. A half-finished letter, a vicious argument behind closed doors, a record that should never have been played. When death finally threatens Stephen, it comes in as frightening a form as you can possibly imagine.

There are eerie, chilling bits here and there throughout the whole picture. They catch at your nerves like a whisper in the dark. The cast is beautifully selected.—*War.*

INTERMEZZO

Some years ago, a foreign picture called *Intermezzo* was shown in the United States. A very bright man named David O. Selznick

"When you come back, be sure that bag's full of FELS-NAPTHA SOAP"





THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Advertisement

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

At the first blush of Womanhood



by
VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you approach womanhood. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and is especially evident in young women. It causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

No need for alarm—There is nothing "wrong" with you. It is just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl. It is also a warning that now you *must* select a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers to overcome—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this age when a girl wants to be attractive, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills odor instantly, safely and surely, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for many hours and keeps you safe. Moreover, it protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. The physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion of the teens and twenties can cause the apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration. A dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend as well as ruin a dress.

All deodorants not alike—Don't take chances! Rely on Arrid which stops underarm perspiration as well as odor. No other deodorant gives you the same intimate protection as Arrid's exclusive formula. That's why Arrid is so popular with girls your age. They buy more Arrid than any other age group. More nurses—more men and women everywhere—use Arrid than any other deodorant.

How to protect yourself—You'll find the new Arrid a snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears in a jiffy. Never gritty or grainy. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Gentle, antiseptic Arrid will not irritate skin. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely!

Don't be half-safe—During this "age of courtship," don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid right away, only 39¢ plus tax at your favorite drug counter.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Intermezzo: Violinist Leslie Howard falls in love with Bergman, his daughter, Ann Todd's, piano teacher. Ingrid leaves the country. Leslie follows, and they are happy together for a while.

took one quick look and said, "Get me that Swedish girl that plays opposite Leslie Howard." Ingrid Bergman was the name of the Swedish girl. She was tall, with shining hair and deep blue eyes and a radiant face. She has since acquired considerable fame and as Mr. Selznick is still a bright man he is re-releasing *Intermezzo*. You'll want to see it whether you caught it on the first round or not.

It's a love story about a violinist named Halgar (Leslie Howard) who has a pleasant wife (Edna Best) and two children to whom he is devoted in a nice, comfortable sort of way. But when he returns from a concert tour, he finds that little Ann Marie (Ann Todd), his daughter, has a new piano teacher. Her name is Anita Hoffman (Ingrid Bergman) and quite suddenly she is the only thing in his life that seems really important.

You don't plan these things. Halgar didn't want to fall in love. He liked his pleasant,

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Here's a chance to boost your favorite stars, and to read about them in future issues of MODERN SCREEN. Because, if you like them, we'll write about them. And since we're in a hurry to know just how they stand with you, we're giving away three-months-free subscriptions to the first 500 of you who send in the Questionnaire below. Just write legibly and write quickly, and you may be one of the lucky 500 to get MODERN SCREEN for three months for free!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

If any of the stars is UNPOPULAR WITH YOU, please check the box opposite his or her name. If you like them all, please check the box opposite "no dislikes." CHECK ONLY ONE BOX!

☐ *Ingrid Bergman*	☐ *Esther Williams*
☐ *Larry Parks*	☐ *Bing Crosby*
☐ *Frank Sinatra*	☐ *Glenn Ford*
☐ *Gail Russell*	☐ *Bob Mitchum*
☐ *Ann Sheridan*	☐ *Van Johnson*

☐ *No dislikes*

My name is .....

My address is .....

City..... Zone..... State..... I am ..... years old

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easy existence, and after all, he was no young college student to say all for love and the world well lost. Yet, in a little while, he finds himself saying almost exactly that. Because Anita couldn't be happy long with this clandestine relationship. She decides to leave the country and solve the problem that way.

Only, the problem is not to be solved so easily, for Halgar follows her. She works as his accompanist, and together they have a triumphal tour of all Europe. In many ways they are divinely happy. But Halgar misses his little daughter terribly. And what about the scholarship which Anita has been offered in Paris and turned down because of Halgar? What about Halgar's wife? What does the future hold for a pair of lovers who have sacrificed everything and everyone else to their own happiness?

You'll be singing the hauntingly lovely melody *Intermezzo* again.—*Selznick*

THE EXILE

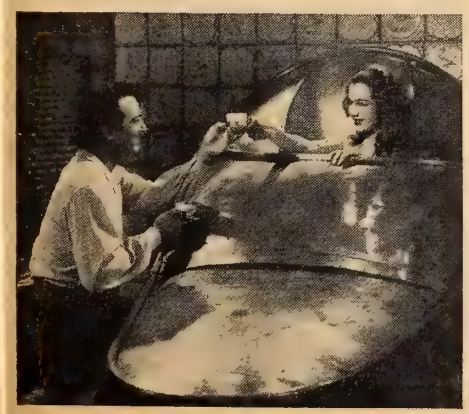
A completely non-athletic type, myself, I have a wonderful time watching Douglas Fairbanks leap over walls, fight duels up and down staircases and otherwise carry on in the best Fairbanks tradition. In *The Exile* he also makes love with his usual deftness to a young actress named Paula Croset.

The exile of the title is King Charles II (Doug Fairbanks) who in 1660 is living in Holland. He can't go back to England or Cromwell's men will have his head on a pike in a fast thirty seconds.

Charles lives a leisurely if not kingly existence, drinking Dutch ale at the local pub and making Engish love to the local wenches. But neither he nor his followers have any money, which complicates their lives. And Cromwell, tired of threats of Royalist uprisings, sends calm, efficient Colonel Ingraham (Henry Daniell) to Holland to dispose of Charles permanently.

About this time, Charles meets a Dutch girl who is different from the ones with whom he has been spending his roistering evenings. Katie (Paula Croset) has her own farm and her own idea of what is proper. But even Katie admits Charles' debonair charm and is quite happy to have him come and help her run her obscure little farm. From Charles' point of view it makes an ideal hiding place. Even the brilliant Colonel

(*Continued on page 112*).



The Exile: D. Fairbanks, exiled king, talks over an old love affair with Countess M. Montez.

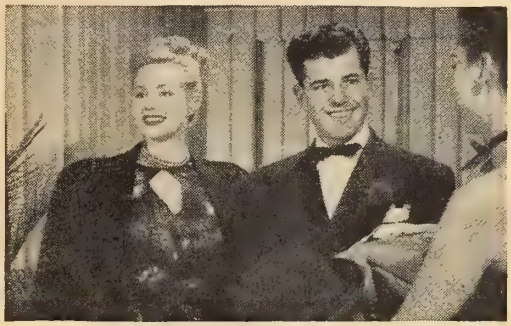
—that Always-Fresh look



says **VIRGINIA MAYO,** co-starring in Samuel Goldwyn's Technicolor Comedy **"THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY"**

"My beauty-glow cleansing

"No secret about a lovely-to-look-at complexion. Just beauty-cleanse the way I do with Woodbury Cold Cream. Whisks off even the heaviest movie make-up." Ginny is wise to Woodbury. It contains rich oils. It's really deep cleansing. Smooth it on quickly . . . skin blooms clean. Try Woodbury for that "Always-Fresh" look.





Excitement in the air — enter Virginia. She says, "First after work comes my date with Woodbury. Its rich cleansing smooths my studio dry skin. In a flash skin's fresh—*oh, so smooth.*" Woodbury's four special softening ingredients smooth skin — but surely. Try it, and see!

—with Woodbury Cold Cream"

WOODBURY CREAMS FOR PROBLEM SKINS

DRY SKIN. First, cleanse with WOODBURY COLD CREAM. Soften with WOODBURY Special DRY SKIN CREAM — rich in lanolin's beautifying benefits. Skin looks fresher, younger!

OILY SKIN. Cleanse with WOODBURY Liquefying CLEANSING CREAM. It *melts* — takes off surface oils, grime, for clearer skin!

crossroads



Above, before the split—Danny and Sylvia with George Burns, at a party given by Tony Martin, in the Beverly Hills Hotel. *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty,* and *A Song is Born,* wind up Danny's Goldwyn contract; he moves to Warners, afterward.



That thing's a tuba, and the shot might be a publicity gag. It seems Danny had just finished a Decca recording called "Tubby, the Tuba," concerning a forlorn tuba who wanted to star in a symphony orchestra. It's a leading juvenile favorite.

"We played a game of stay away—" That's the lament in the old song. But nobody knows if the Kayes have come to an end, or a new beginning.

BY FLORABEL MUIR

■ As this is written, the mystery of what goes on between Danny Kaye, the screen and radio comedian, and his talented wife, Sylvia Fine, appears to be hitting a new high.

Whereas only a couple of weeks ago, it looked as if all were over between them for good, with Danny sulking in a hotel, and Sylvia blithely minding her own business, they're now being seen together in the swank night spots of Beverly Hills and the Strip. So unpredictable are the vagaries of love in Hollywood that it would take a more reckless person than I am to say what may happen next.

The whole town (and Kaye's pals especially) cocks a questioning eye at lovely Eve Arden. But Eve continues to go about escorted by various personable young men, totally oblivious, apparently, to the fact that she is the storm center of the Kaye marital tornado.

It's becoming a habit in Hollywood for wedded pairs to have their spats, live apart, but continue to have dates with each other. They try so hard, it seems, to hold on to wedded happiness, even when love (*Continued on page 109*)

SLICK TRICKS FOR ST. NICK





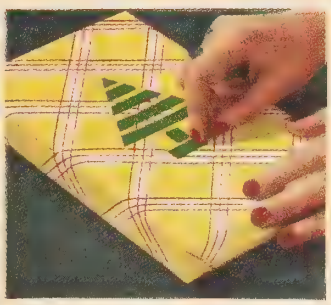
"Bring me the 'Scotch' Tape, Al, he wants the pooch wrapped as a gift."



1 FIRST, seal wrapper with transparent "Scotch" Tape. Then letter names on in color with "Scotch" Gift Wrap Tape.



2 MAKE this frivolous looking package with colored cellophane bound firmly at the top with "Scotch" Gift Wrap Tape.



3 CUT designs out of tape strips and fasten to package for unusual effects. Try Christmas trees, stars, candles, sailboats.



4 ACCENT a package with this simple attractive corner treatment. Attach name cards with "Scotch" Tape Christmas Seals.



5 DESIGN an unusual all-over pattern on plain paper with multi-colored strips of "Scotch" Gift Wrap Tape.



6 FOR an attractive decoration, hold spruce and holly twigs or miniature bells to packages with transparent "Scotch" Tape.



7 MAKE your gift wrapping easy and neat. Seal the wrapping paper firmly with transparent "Scotch" Cellulose Tape before decorating. It's almost invisible and sticks at a touch without moistening. Extra useful when wrapping odd-shaped gifts.



BUY a roll of each "Scotch" Gift Wrap Tape design and work out clever packages for your gifts. You'll want "Scotch" Tape Christmas Seals, too. Choose any of four bright colors —each dispenser holds 108 seals in seven different designs. "Scotch" Gift Wrap Tape 10¢ per roll. "Scotch" Tape Christmas Seals and transparent "Scotch" Cellulose Tape 25¢. At all drug, department, variety, stationery and hardware stores.

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Gift Wrap **TAPE**
SEALS WITHOUT MOISTENING

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Frolic Perfume,
Eau de Toilette,
and Talc, $2.50



Frolic Perfume
$7.50; 4.50; 1.25



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April Showers

THE FRAGRANCE OF YOUTH



April Showers
Perfume
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April Showers Eau de Cologne
and Dusting Powder, $2.25



April Showers Perfume
Eau de Cologne, Sachet, and Talc, $2.95

All prices plus tax

by Moss Hart

a turkey leg to Mr. Zanuck



■ Last Thanksgiving, as the train sped swiftly toward California, I sat in the club car and indulged in an old mental game of mine. It is an innocent and rather foolish pastime, and consists simply of remembering just where I was and what I was doing the previous Thanksgiving, and then the Thanksgiving before that and so on ad infinitum for as long as I can go back, and it usually comes to an end with me singing for pennies in a grubby backyard, getting cold enough and hungry enough to eat an entire turkey by myself.

I play the same game with Christmas and New Year's, and while it is no great shakes as a game, it does wonders in helping to digest that Holiday Dinner. The Thanksgiving Game finished, I started on another game of my own making, which is to idly speculate just what a stranger, preferably from another planet, and knowing nothing whatever about our country, would think of America. This, of course, is an infinitely more subtle game, and can be played with whatever materials there are at hand. The materials at hand in the club car were the magazines lying about, and it was my fancy, that afternoon, to look at the advertisements and try to form a picture of this country and its inhabitants as gauged by what the wily advertisers knew about us and our needs.

The results were startling. My friend, The Man From Mars, would have come to the inevitable conclusion, and in very short order, too, that we were a nation of constipated people, with bad breath, body odor, and tooth decay. Our women were almost always bridesmaids, never brides, our men bald, suffering from athlete's (*Continued on page 61*)



"You've carried the fight to the last gasp
—and you've lost," Mr. Arliss said. "You're
poisoned by the notion that defeat is shameful."



Bette stood at the inn window
—alone in a strange country—trying not to cry.
Because she was young and proud, and this
was the taste of defeat.

BY IDA ZEITLIN

The day was Thanksgiving...

■ The time was eleven years ago. The place was Tudor Close Inn at Rottingdean on the English coast, 60 or 70 miles from London. The girl was Bette Davis.

She stood at the window of her tiny room, and you'd have thought she was enjoying the view, lovely even in late autumn. But you'd have been wrong. She didn't even see the view. Her eyes were turned inward, and what she saw was a wall—high, blank and hopeless.

She'd fought, and been licked. All her dreams since she was old enough for dreaming lay toppled in ruins. It seemed one of those nightmare things, incredible in the light of day. She was broke, jobless, desolated.

The room was cold. Should she put a shilling in the meter and get some heat, or go down to a solitary luncheon? Neither prospect offered much cheer. Tudor Close was a lovely inn, but for good and sufficient reasons she'd taken its smallest room, and with her trunks standing packed, she could just about thread her way in and out. Downstairs she'd sit with her dreary thoughts for company. No chance of distraction. The British were a sterling race but, like the Yankees of her own New England, far from social. You'd have to stick around the place a good six months before they'd say hello.

Well, George Arliss was coming to tea, and tomorrow she'd be on the boat train for Southampton and home. Tomorrow was the 27th, she'd be in New York by— *Wait* a minute. Tomorrow was Friday—the last Friday in the month. Then today was the last Thursday; today was Thanksgiving!

Imagine forgetting! But there'd been (*Continued on page 106*)

by
henry
king

try and stop me!

It's rare that one man knows as much about another as Henry King knows about Tyrone Power. Mr. King directed Ty's first starring picture back in 1936. The magnificent *Captain from Castile* brings his total of Power pictures to seven. In seeking a by-line suited to the theme of our current cover, Ty's director was the obvious choice. But it isn't always easy to pin down a man as busy as King. His remark when asked whether he would discuss Ty was, therefore, more than reassuring. He said, "Try and stop me!"



Lloyds of London, Tyrone's first picture, made him a top star, and also marked the beginning of the friendship with his director Henry King.



Under King's direction, Power made *In Old Chicago,* his second film, with Alice Faye and the late Wilson Hummel. Ty's part was originally intended for Gable.

■ Tyrone Power sent me a letter from Guam, along toward the end of the war. "Looks like this scrap's going to be over soon," he wrote. "Have you read 'Captain From Castile' yet? My feelings will sure be hurt if that isn't my first picture when I get out."

Well, it wasn't Tyrone Power's first picture after he got out. *Captain From Castile* wasn't ready, so he did *The Razor's Edge.* But when Ty once gets his mind on anything, he never forgets it. I've been his friend and director for a long time, and I know.

I was off in Mexico chasing locations in my plane, while Ty flew away on his Latin-American trip. Before he left, I handed him the *Captain From Castile* script, (*Continued on page 89*)



Chick Chandler, Jimmie Flavin, Ty and King chatting between scenes of *Alexander's Ragtime Band.*



Even though he still looked boyish off-screen, Ty handled *Jesse James* as if he'd been a desperado from 'way back. By this time, working with King had become a habit.



The fifth Power-King combination was *A Yank in the R.A.F.,* with Betty Grable.



Early in 1942, Ty worked on one of his most popular films, *The Black Swan.* Then he enlisted as a private in the Marines, and became a lieutenant.



Lucky Seven is what Ty and King call this one. It's *Captain From Castile,* in lavish Technicolor. Young Jean Peters, the beauty on the horse, is his new leading lady.



Little food, less fuel, but the British don't complain. They stand in lines, shun black markets; gratefully, they soak up the pale winter sun. "These are the brave," says Cary Grant, "still living

their finest hour

by ed sullivan



■ The big, lean guy with the Tom Collins lolled back in a chair. In deference to the sweltering heat that panted up from the streets below his Sherry-Netherlands suite, he wore nothing but a bath towel around his body, and thus attired, he was quoting from the June 18th, 1940, speech of Winston Churchill:

"Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duty, and so bear ourselves that if the British Commonwealth and Empire last for a thousand years, men will say: 'This was their finest hour.' "

The big, lean guy was Cary Grant, and he was saying that his trip to England had convinced him that, seven years after Churchill had called out to his countrymen to stand firm, the English *still* were living "their finest hour." With food rations reduced, petrol allowances abolished and the program of austerity stepped up, Englishmen still were sweating it out, still taking it on the chin like thoroughbreds. "It's amazing," said Grant, "simply amazing. You've got to tip your hat—and your heart—to the pure courage of a nation that has suffered, but hasn't whimpered."

Grant remembered a conversation he had held with a taxicab driver. "How's the Attlee government?" Cary'd asked him. "Not bad at all," answered the cabbie. "Things are bad, of course, for all of us, but the school children get their books free, (*Continued on page 62*)

They met her at the boat with two Cadillacs and gave her the keys to America. But Deborah Kerr was lonely, thinking of home, dreaming of dreary London mists under a bright California sky . . .



No sooner had Deb stepped off the boat than rumors were running about a Kerr-Garson feud. But they're good friends, even though Deb borrowed W. Pidgeon for *If Winter Comes.*

■ I'm gaining ground. Yes I am. No longer do I ask visitors to my home if they would "care for a cup of Pepsi Cola?" (Somehow I had got the impression that a "coke" to an American was like tea to an Englishman.)

Nor am I astonished any more if some girl happens to admire a dress I am wearing at a party, and bursts out, "Oh, where did you get it and how much did it cost?" Not at all astonished, even if people don't ask that sort of question, ever, in England. I've learned to reply, "Oh, it's just a little thing I picked up—I don't remember where the shop was exactly." (Do I want *her* to turn up in the very same number? I don't.)

It was not until the Atlantic Ocean had done its honor best to toss me clear off the Queen Elizabeth, and we had finally arrived at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Hollywood—after taking in New York in a three-day snatch and gulp—that I first had that "imported" feeling creep over me. I was sitting in the office of Mr. Louis B. Mayer and he was pressing a series of buzzers on his desk. Every time he pushed a button, another executive would come in, and I would be presented.

I began to feel like some bit of merchandise, a piece of porcelain, say, that the company had imported from abroad at great cost and which was now being closely inspected for possible flaws. After all, there was a bit of to-do and expense getting me there. I thought of the various M-G-M delegations which had met us at every boat and train transfer point en route and treated us exactly as if we had signs attached to ourselves reading: *Handle With Care! Use No Hooks!*

Sitting there in Mr. Mayer's office, a growing nervousness began to overwhelm me. I wanted to jump up and (while making for the nearest exit) cry out, "No, no, gentlemen! (*Continued on page 66*)



that IMPORTED feeling

by DEBORAH KERR

"Gentleman's Agreement"

■ When the editors of MODERN SCREEN asked me to write about this picture and its star, I accepted, not only because I am enthusiastic about *Gentleman's Agreement,* but because it gives me an opportunity to answer one form of criticism that is perennially leveled at Hollywood.

That criticism is that Hollywood fails to measure up to its social responsibilities. Hollywood, say its critics, is interested solely in making money. Those who do not have to wrestle with the actual making of pictures, or count their cost, may not realize how rarely an "idea" picture can be found that is also one people will want to see. A factor known as dramatic interest is often overlooked. But no film, however realistic or timely, can be sure of an audience without it.

"Gentleman's Agreement," I realized as soon as I had read it, was no mere plea or preachment. If it hadn't been dramatic, frankly, I wouldn't have bought it.

Take the picture, *Boomerang,* which we recently produced at Twentieth Century-Fox. It contained an indictment of injustice in the United States. But if Dana Andrews had stood up in the courtroom and made a long, impassioned plea for justice while holding his wife's hand, nobody in the movie theaters would have stayed to hear him. The dramatic impact of the scene is what held them.

During the war, I made a picture based on the life of Woodrow Wilson. It was the most expensive picture I had ever made. It was carefully produced, lavishly mounted, excellently acted. Technically, I still consider it my finest production. But *Wilson* was a "failure." Not because it failed as an artistic achievement, for the fact (*Continued on page 77*)



1. Gregory Peck, free-lance magazine writer, is assigned by Albert Dekker to write a series of articles on anti-Semitism, if he can find an "angle."



2. That night he's invited to Dekker's home, meets his niece. Dorothy McGuire, and learns she suggested the series. At once, there's a spark between them.



3. Greg tells his mother (Anne Revere) and best friend John Garfield, Jewish vet, about his "angle:" he'll pose as a Jew, see how it affects his life.



4. Greg, a widower, is queried by his son (Dean Stockwell) about being a Jew. He explains patiently that religious bigotry is evil, un-American.



5. Greg and Dorothy have fallen in love, plan to marry when his job is done. But fashion editor Celeste Holm warns that his fiancée is a "phony."



6. In a fashionable night club, two drunken hoodlums make slurring remarks about Jews—directing their attacks at Garfield who's still in uniform.



7. Greg, the "Jew," and Dorothy visit Jane Wyatt and husband in exclusive Darien, Conn., where other guests were "screened" for anti-Jewish feelings.



8. In tears because his playmates taunted him, Dean is reassured by Dot. "You're no more Jewish than I," she says. Her satisfied tone sickens Greg.

by Darryl Zanuck

"YOU HAD THE EYES AND EARS OF MILLIONS," THIS GENERATION'S CHILDREN WILL SAY ONE DAY. "THEY LOOKED TO YOU TO MAKE A BETTER WORLD. WHAT DID YOU DO?" AND HERE IS DARRYL ZANUCK'S ANSWER.



Mine, all Mine

Now Katie was waiting in the rectory, and she'd never looked lovelier, and in Johnnie's head was that same silly song again: "Mine, All Mine . . ."

by Jane Wilkie

■ In the small room at the back of the dimly lighted church, Kathryn stood clenching and unclenching her hands, as the organ sailed into the resounding first chords of the wedding march. She opened the door a crack, and looked down the aisle. Johnnie was standing in front of the altar, blond and handsome in his tuxedo. Behind Johnnie, and rigid as a post, stood Joe Kirkwood, best man, his shirt front bulging where the studs should have been. Both were staring straight ahead. Kathryn suppressed a giggle.

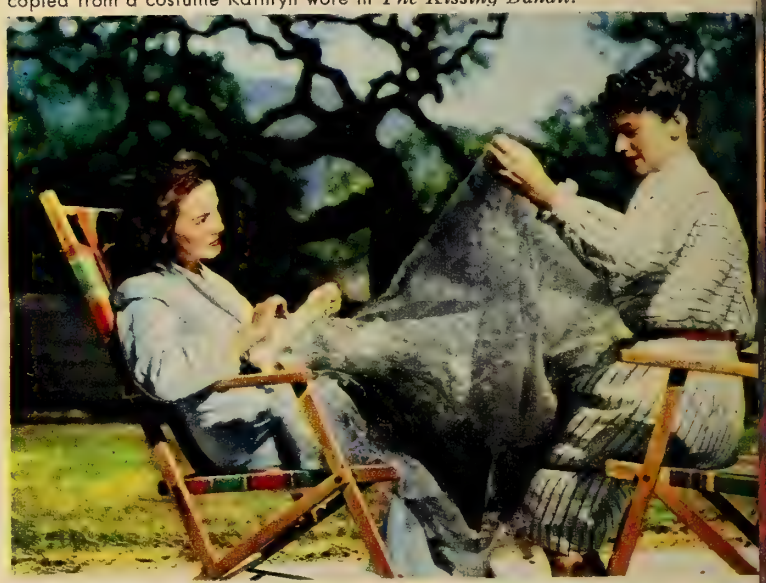
"That's better." Alice Weil, secretary on usual days and maid of honor on this particular day, patted Kathryn on the shoulder and started down the aisle. Bob Armstrong, M-G-M publicist who was to give away the bride, lifted Kathryn's hand and put it through his arm.

"Okay," he said. "Let's go."

Walking to the altar, Kathryn felt the whole chapel suffuse into a misty nowhere, and the only thing she could see was Johnnie, outlined sharply in black and white, looking at her as though he had never seen her before. She took her place by his side and smiled at him.

The minister was talking, and she listened. She had wanted a wedding with orange blossoms and rice and a wedding

Kathy and secretary Alice Weil, also her maid of honor, sewed orange blossoms on the gray veil. The gown was copied from a costume Kathryn wore in *The Kissing Bandit*.





Johnnie (in *This Time For Keeps* and *Man From Texas*) gave Kathy a pair of coach lamps as a wedding gift. Golf pro Joe Kirkwood (see pic at right) was groom's best man.



Mine, all Mine

gown and only a handful of people in the church, and now it was actually happening just that way.

Months ago, she and Johnnie had decided that they would be married in the beautiful little town of Carmel.

Up to a week ago, everything had been fine. The wedding was set for Thursday, August 21. Johnnie had ordered the rings, and the wedding gown Kathryn had designed was still in the process of being made. Maureen O'Hara was to be matron of honor, Joe Kirkwood Jr. best man, and Alice and Bob and the families of the bride and groom were to be the only audience. Then Johnnie's parents were taken ill and so was Kathryn's mother, and her father decided to forfeit the wedding in favor of staying home with his wife, thus leaving the wedding without family representation. So Bob Armstrong was asked to give the bride away, and the proceedings continued in an increasingly hectic manner.

Early Tuesday morning, Alice picked up the wedding sandals at the shoe shop, and then phoned Kathryn. The prospective bride was breathless.

"Oh, Alice!" she moaned. "Everything's gone wrong. We can't get the church for Thursday, or reservations at a hotel in Carmel. And to top everything, the minister is ill. Please come right over!"

At Kathryn's Santa Monica home, everything was confusion. Johnnie and Alice stayed on the phone steadily for hours. So did Maureen O'Hara. At three o'clock, the girls left Johnnie still glued to the phone, and raced into town for a fitting of Kathryn's dress and a dentist appointment afterward at five.

Kathryn stood impatiently while pins were put in and taken out of her gown, while Alice sat with a lap full of notes, phone numbers, and lists of things to do. Suddenly she stiffened.

"Katie," she said in a horrified voice, "isn't there something about a three-day wait?"

Kathryn gasped. (*Continued on page 101*)



Katie and Johnnie applied for wedding license at Monterey. They'll live in Santa Monica; house is English style, with a pair of white wrought-iron gates. One gate has *K* worked in it; the other sports initial *J*.



Dr. Fillmore Gray didn't scold the kids when they were an hour late for wedding rehearsal. Later, he noted that best man Joe K. was more nervous than the groom. "Weddings!" Kirkwood kept muttering painfully.



Bob Armstrong kibitzed the pre-ceremony gin game. Katie's secretary-maid-of-honor Alice Weil was born in Vienna, still has a slight accent which fascinates Katie. "Talk some more," Grayson's always saying.

Dressing was gruesome. Johnnie struggled with suspenders, wondered what he'd forgotten. "The ring," he recited. "The flowers—what if the flowers don't get here?" There weren't any orange blossoms in Carmel, so blooms were flown from San Francisco, arrived on time, despite J.'s fears.





Joe's big problem was collar buttons. "If you'd just stand still," Johnnie'd moan. "*You're* not getting married!"



Off to a honeymoon in Canada. "Just for 2 weeks." K. said. "I can't stay away from my new house!"

In English, he could

only nod his head, but that was

enough for Evelyn. Because

it was Pablo's dark-eyed

smile and wide-open heart

that spoke to

Señor Huston's lady.

by abigail putnam

Everybody paints in the Huston home, which is hung with priceless moderns. Pablo and Evelyn are over-the-shoulder admirers, as John does a portrait of his new son.





Collecting masks, writing and giving dinner parties are some of the family's hobbies. Pablo learns fast and occasionally beats them at their own games.



Pablo loves to watch Evelyn work in *The Mating of Millie*. She was chosen as the No. 1 Star of Tomorrow, by theater operators who know what movie fans like.

■ There's a new man in the life of Evelyn Keyes. Drop in one of these afternoons, and you're likely to find him in the pool. Ask him his name, and he's likely to tell you: "Pablo Albarrán Huston Evelyn Keyes."

A Mexican boy takes his mother's name along with his father's, but Pablo's been in the States some two months now, and he knows the difference. This is one of his jokes. He dies laughing over it. Look beyond the joke, and you'll find it's also a statement of fact very pleasant to the soul of Pablo—the fact that he now has a mother and father.

He calls them Mommy and Poppy, and divides his attentions half and half between them. Having kissed Evelyn, he'll rush over to do the same by John, and vice versa. Walter Huston is (*Continued on page* 103)


"I will be your son!"

"to teddy, with love"

■ Our Buttercup's nine months old, and we're going to have another baby in April. And another one after that, only we don't mind waiting a while for the third. But I promised Ted we'd have the first two close together. For companionship, and so Buttercup won't be spoiled.

I hope the next is a boy. That's what I said before, but this time I mean it. No guy could be goofier over his daughter than Ted is, but we have our girl now and show me the man who's not crazy to have a son.

I remember the day we dropped in at a friend's, and Larry Adler's little boy was there. He had one of those gimmicks you drag around that makes music, only it wouldn't work. The minute he spies Ted, over he trots, because with kids my husband goes the Pied Piper one better, he doesn't even need the pipes.

"This is supposed to play," little Peter says. "Will you fix it for me?"

I left them together, and next time I looked, the kid has his arms wrapped around Ted's long legs, and there they stand, six-foot-two and no-bigger 'n-a-minute, smiling at each (*Continued on page 91*)






Buttercup (Lindsay Diane) Briskin giving mom some tips on care and feeding. (That milk bottle's just a container; Buttercup uses a glass.)

by betty hutton

She's got the speech all ready. "Honey," she'll say, "here's a son, because you wanted one so bad. And me, I wanted another guy like you!"





Unfinished Business

■ To tell the honest, unadulterated truth, 40,000 people in and around Hollywood get married and 35,000 get divorced. It happens ever year like the Fourth of July—only the fireworks are more spectacular.

Now, you take Rita Hayworth and Victor Mature.

They get married and divorced, but not to and from each other. So, together they are not a statistic, and apart it doesn't seem to make sense.

Rita is just about as wonderful a





Appearing in public together for the second time, Vic Mature and Rita endured stares, but outstayed friends at Ciro's.

"THIS IS RITA," SAID THE VOICE ON THE PHONE. AND SO THE STRANGE LOVE STORY BEGAN AGAIN—THE STORY OF VIC AND RITA, WHO DON'T KNOW HOW TO SAY GOODBYE . . .

By Carl Schroeder

dream girl as you'll find in a life's living.

She could drive a man right out of his mind.

Vic is about as spectacular a guy as there is alive and kicking. He could drive a woman right out of *her* mind.

I think Rita and Vic have cultivated a special sort of insanity for each other, and that until this utterly unforgivable exposé by me, a depraved writer, the fact has passed almost unnoticed in the booby hatch that is Hollywood.

As for me, I've known them from the time they were so *unknown* that neither could scare up a group of autograph hounds with the aid of a brass band.

This Mature was once practically engaged to Rita Hayworth. Some people thought they were going to get married. It could have happened, but along came the war and a good many thousands of young men decided to wait and see how things played out.

It was while Mature was still a Coast Guard enlistee, waiting in Boston for a cork called the *Storis* to take him back and forth to a place called Murmansk and other spots nobody in their right minds would ever go, that Rita came to see him.

They said goodbye, Rita and Vic. And what they said to each other I wouldn't be knowing. Along about this time, the same thing happened to several hundred thousand other guys and girls. Then the men shoved off, thinking war thoughts, with half their minds back home.

Of course, (*Continued on page 107*)

SUCH A LITTLE GIRL AND SUCH A BIG BOAT. BUT LIZ TOOK IT ALL IN STRIDE: THE STATE-ROOM STUFFED WITH FLOWERS, A VISIT FROM LADY ASTOR, AND A SHIPBOARD AFFAIR WITH A PAIN IN HER NECK!

By Christopher Kane

■ It began so excitingly. Starting for England, on the Queen Mary, after having been away so long. MODERN SCREEN had sent a photographer named Bert Parry to cover the whole beautiful trip, and the sun was shining, and the water smelled good, and the feel of the deck under her feet was pure bliss.

There were a million kids on board. How they'd got there, she didn't know. Some officers were inviting them to leave, and they were grinning, and one of the boys spoke straight to Liz. "I'm going to stow away."

She expected him to turn up in mid-ocean. Or on mid-ocean, or however you say it.

In the cabin, there were flowers. Some from MODERN SCREEN. She sniffed them lovingly. "Oh, Mother, so sweet—"

And then she sank on the bed. "I'm tired—"

"All the interviews yesterday," Sara Taylor said. "They were enough to tire anyone. Out on the deck, you'll relax."

The first day, she relaxed. She hung over the rail, she lay in a deck chair, she ate huge meals.



When Elizabeth and Mrs. Taylor had their tickets checked at the pier, Liz sighed, "At last, I believe it!" She'd been looking forward to the trip all the time she was acting in *Life With Father* and *Cynthia*.



MODERN SCREEN sent Liz talisman roses—and photographer Bert Parry, to record the exciting moments of her Queen Mary voyage. But poor Liz was put to bed with a sore neck the second day out—and stayed there!



QUEEN of the "MARY"





And the next day, she looked worse. "My neck aches," she said. "And my ear."

Mrs. Taylor called the doctor. It turned out that Elizabeth had some gland trouble; she'd suffered attacks before. "You'll have to stay in bed," the doctor said. "All the way across."

She could have cried. "I'd been counting the days," she said. "And my head is so hot now—"

The hours seemed endless. Lady Astor, who was also a passenger, helped out. She'd come down and tell Elizabeth stories. She had a set of wax false teeth, and she'd stick them into her mouth and pretend to be a cockney flower woman. Very undignified, but funny.

Elizabeth made a vow. "After I get home, I'm going to send you a putty nose!"

When the boat docked in London, she had a fever of 104, and she went directly from the boat to the Dorchester Hotel, and to bed.

A few old friends came to call, while she was sick. There was a woman, a Miss Lings—she came bearing a can of peaches. Peaches are solid gold in England today. "I thought the child might like them," she said. "A little fruit is tempting when you're ill."

Thirty-two points is a week's rations in England; the Taylors found out later that a can of peaches costs 23.

People there seem to have been made more selfless. There's such devastation in England; families have lost so much. Once Liz was around again, she and Mrs. Taylor visited Elizabeth's god-mother, Mrs. William Cazelett. Her husband had been liaison officer between the British and Polish Governments; he'd crashed with Sikorsky.

That night (*Continued on page 75*)

Visitors aboard ship are still restricted, but that didn't keep Elizabeth's fans away. When stewards chased them from the deck, they cornered Liz in her stateroom. One of them threatened to stow away!





Liz made up for disappointments like this on her return trip, when she danced every night, and wore two new evening gowns. She saved prettiest gown for party given her by 808 Harvard freshmen, after the trip!

Dignified Lady Astor helped brighten Liz's bed-ridden days by doing funny impersonations, with the aid of comic props. The Taylors' trunks, incidentally, were crammed with clothing for their English friends.



Although she was ill, nothing could stop Elizabeth from patronizing the Queen's beauty parlor. She was thrilled by the exotic coiffeur hairdresser Claire Thompson created for the first "formal night" at sea.





Liz never gets sea-sick, so although her neck troubled her, she could enjoy her meals. Appalled by the food shortage in Britain, Liz has been sending cans of food overseas ever since she returned to California.



Elizabeth was completely dressed and ready to disembark when the "Mary" landed at Southampton, Eng. Immigration Officer Robert Ashton had difficulty checking her passport—she asked so many questions.

What makes the senator run?



The makeup crew went to town on Bill Powell for his latest character part in *The Senator Was Indiscreet*. That white-haired dignity can't even be rumpled by Bill's gay wife, Diana.



In a top hat and carefully creased suit, Bill really looks his part. George Kaufman (director) and Nunnally Johnson (producer) of *The Senator* listen to one of his zany platforms—which Bill delivers with straight face.

dialogue by

george s. kaufman, nunnally johnson and william powell

as told to

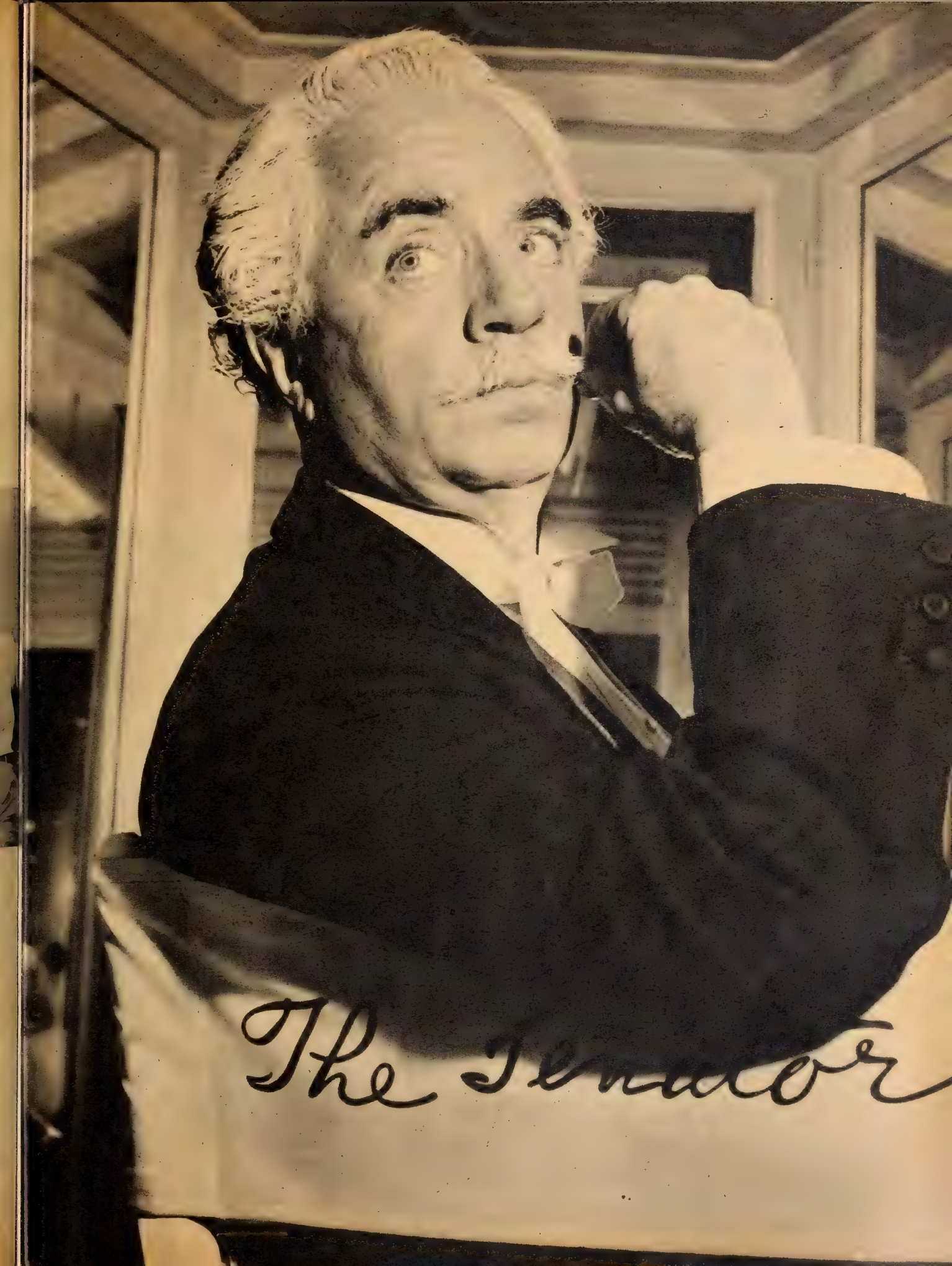
Cameron Shipp

■ First of all, I was sent to Chasen's restaurant to see George S. Kaufman, the playwright, and Nunnally Johnson, the producer. And I was told to write a funny story. This is like being sent to Siberia, and being told to take a handful of snow.

The funny story was already there. It didn't need me. So I decided to let the gentlemen talk for themselves. Mostly about *The Senator Was Indiscreet*—a motion picture they are making, and in which they are starring William Powell.

I think I will line up their talk in the form of a motion picture script, complete with fade-ins, fade-outs, close-ups, dissolve-to's, and pans. This is very authentic, whether you like it or not. It's also the easiest way I know to make a living. So we fade in on:

(*Continued on page 64*)


The Senator

"Why don't you two get married?"

HEDDA SHOOTS A DIRECT QUESTION AT STRAIGHT-TALKING ANNIE—AND GETS MODERN SCREEN'S READERS A SURPRISING ANSWER TO THE SHERIDAN-HANNAGAN ROMANCE RIDDLE

by Hedda Hopper

■ "O'Toole called this morning. He sent you his love," said Ann Sheridan, handing me my Sunday paper at the front door.

She calls Steve "O'Toole" sometimes.

"You send that guy my love right back, special delivery!" I said.

"Over my dead body," grinned Ann. "I'm protecting my own interests."

I might as well say right now that Ann Sheridan's my favorite type of gal. I like her. She's straight from her slim shoulders, level out of her brown eyes. I'd called her up the day before. "How about Sunday breakfast with a very nosey lady? Object: the lowdown on Ann Sheridan for MODERN SCREEN."

"The lowdown's easy," chuckled Ann. "But the breakfast—I don't know—



Annie plays Gary Cooper's wife in *Good Sam*, her best break yet. Because her home studio lent her to Leo McCarey for it, she'll do one extra on her WB contract.

what time?" That's Annie, I smiled to myself. Pulling no punches. Golly, the girl thought I was an early riser, maybe, like President Truman. On Sunday I'm not.

"How's noon?" I suggested.

We settled on one o'clock. Ann wore beige slacks, a corn yellow sport shirt, her own red hair and an apologetic look for keeping me up past my breakfast hour. She explained, while I rustled a silver fizz for two, toast, eggs and coffee, that the daughter of her business manager was getting married that day. "I've got to see that that wedding goes off right," grinned Sheridan. "Old Aunt Annie, you know."

I knew. Always doing something for somebody else. That's Steve Hannagan's style, too. That, maybe, is just one more of the millions of reasons that pair add up and make an even number. I thought of a slip of paper, a memo-pad page, I kept upstairs with my sentimental treasures. It wasn't much to look at. In fact, all it said, scribbled in a famous hand was, "You're a liar!"

The man who wrote that was one of the best loved newspaper men in the world—Damon Runyon. He scribbled it at a table at the Stork Club one afternoon. He couldn't talk, because of the cancer that was later to kill him. He'd written first, "Why didn't we ever get together when I was in Hollywood?"

"Because," I kidded him, "you were too busy with the big boys to pay any attention to poor little me." That's when he indignantly scribbled the sentence I'll always keep. But what does that have to do with Ann Sheridan and the man she loves, Steve Hannagan?

Well, the afternoon that Damon Runyon wrote that was Thanksgiving Day. I'd flown into New York from Hollywood without telling a soul. But in my lonely hotel room, I weakened. I wanted to see somebody and Steve popped into my mind. Steve is like a ton of sunshine. He's a big, good-looking Irishman, in his iron-gray forties, and along with Ben Sonnenberg, he's by way of being just about the best big-time press agent in the country. He knows everyone, loves everyone and vice versa. Anyway, I called Hannagan. (*Continued on page 98*)

When in New York, Ann and Steve Hannagan date nightly at the Stork Club. Recent rumors that the pair had quarreled and Annie was carrying a torch, were branded false by Hannagan. Gossip started when he left for San Francisco on business.





Annie's thrilled at taking direction from McCarey. It was Jean Arthur who suggested her, when Jean had to decline because of another commitment. They've never even met!

great

Whether it's a boy or a girl, Shirley and John are set: the baby'll have a blue nursery, pink togs and, one day, a brilliant career—making mud pies!

BY DEE LOWRANCE



expectations



In *That Hagen Girl,* Shirley gets her chance to do Juliet. In deference to Shirley's grown-up stature as a mother-to-be, Mrs. Temple discontinued her daily attendance on the *Hagen* set.



Shirley "retired" after making *War Party,* with John. She won't be idle, though, because it makes her morose. She'll stick to a busy schedule of crocheting, cooking and decorating the nursery.

■ The morning after it was announced that Shirley Temple Agar was expecting a child, long distance paged Shirley in great excitement. "London, England, calling," the operator said.

A sheared, British accent came thinly over the wires. It identified itself as representing one of England's largest newspapers and then asked, "Miss Temple, what is your baby going to do?"

"Going to do?" Shirley repeated.

"Career and such," the voice went on.

"Oh, I guess my baby will just have the career of a baby," Shirley said.

"Thank you so much," said London, England, and hung up.

Before that day ended, Shirley had received a phone call from China, had been interviewed by correspondents from Brazil, Uruguay and Costa Rica, and had been loaded down by an armful of telegrams. Frenzy reigned on the set of her picture, *That Hagen Girl.*

The next day, letters started coming, along with little baby shoes.

"If this goes on," Shirley told me, "our baby will be the best-booted baby in forty-eight states."

She was talking in a low (*Continued on page 96*)

With this ring...

"Oh, it's just one of those things," they said about Marie McDonald and Harry Karl. And they were right—it was just one of those beautiful things—two people met, and were friends, and fell in love . . .

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

■ Some diamond!

It's large. Octagon shape. It's the purest blue-white diamond that money can buy.

The man who gave it to her designed it himself. Also the wedding band, which is a complete circle of baguette diamonds, with the clasps concealed so you can't see the platinum—just the diamonds. The rings show a lot of thought on the part of a highly successful business man who understands romance.

And Marie McDonald Karl deserves them.

I've known Marie ever since she came to Hollywood in 1941. She was a brunette then, and a touch famous from being chosen "Miss New York State" a couple of years before. With time out for a blonde interlude, she's a brunette now and several touches more famous because of her role as Meriam in *Guest in the House,* and her Metro contract which led up to the role opposite Gene Kelly in *Living in a Big Way.*

Marie McDonald is beautiful. She's "The Body" all right.

But on the mental and spiritual side, she is not the slightly brassy, half-dumb, half-smart character she portrays on celluloid.

She thinks.

She is charming, considerate and intelligent.

She proves that by the way she talks about the man in her life. "I want to tell you about Harry Karl," she said. "I don't want to sound drooly and sentimental, even though I am knee-deep on the latter point."

So Marie told me about Harry Karl, who is six feet, one inch tall and the successful owner of a chain of 200 shoe stores which bear his name.

It's always (*Continued on page 81*)



Marie and Harry were married in the Karl home in West Hollywood on September 20. Judge Edward Brand (brother of Harry Brand, 20th-Fox's Publicity Head) officiated. At right, Marie's best friend, Mary Cunody.



Back in July, shortly after "The Body" said yes, Harry, whose chain of shoe stores is worth six million dollars, gifted his bride-to-be with a mink coat and a 15-carat, blue-white, diamond engagement ring.

A family portrait. In the living room, the bride and groom posed with their parents—hers on the left, his on the right. Irwin Meyers, Harry's life-long friend, was best man at the brief and simple ceremony.



Marie's just finished *Living In A Big Way,* and will come East with Harry for a wedding trip. Here she receives best wishes from Audrey Totter. The bride wore a white lace gown, carried white orchids.



Linda Darnell, back from Europe, and her husband, Pev Marley, were among the few professionals at the small reception in Mocambo's Champagne Room. The party mingled with one given by Orson Welles.



Help Wanted!

■ It wasn't that he needed a new car. It was just that every guy on the lot had a brand new job, and it seemed to Tom Drake that his name had been on the list for a 1947 model since the Paleolithic Age. He couldn't complain, of course, about owning a 1940 Cadillac, but somehow it didn't quite stack up against the sleek new numbers that lined Metro's streets. Van and Pete, almost everybody, had a car that was longer than a John L. Lewis speech. So Tom took his Cadillac down to a body shop.

"Knock off the running boards," he told the man. "And make the hood look as though it were going somewhere in a hurry. And the back as though it had just left some place." He paused to survey the car. "Then maybe you could make the windshield slant a little more. You (*Continued on page 88*)



Seen at the Mocambo are Tom and Bev Tyler who've been dating steadily since their roles together in *The Beginning or The End. Cass Timberlane* is Drake's next pic.



Tom Drake's in trouble!
He's a home-loving boy who's been
living in hotels and eating
blue-plate specials; he's a girl's
dream of a husband
—still looking for a wife.

By JANE WILKIE

A TURKEY LEG TO MR. ZANUCK

(*Continued from page 27*)

foot, with an unshaven look around five o'clock in the afternoon; our children, a race of bloodthirsty giants due to the breakfast food they ate.

Out of this grim picture only two things emerged shining and rosy—old age and young love. In the insurance advertisements, old age was personified by a charmingly dressed man and woman lolling in deck chairs or leaning over the rail of a ship, blissfully retired and traveling far and wide on their annuity of one hundred dollars a month—a neat trick, as my friend from Mars would have found out the moment he entered a grocery store. Young Love, of course, was exemplified in the movie advertisements as tender, passionate, burning, beautiful, soul-searing, and maddening, and if The Man From Mars, faced with this nasty choice, had sailed off into supersonic space in alarm and horror, I should not much have blamed him.

There are times when all of us who deeply love our country are intensely irritated by its surface manifestations, and two of my pet abominations are advertisements and some of the movies insultingly offered as adult entertainment which also represent us to the rest of the world.

It was in a carry-over of this mood that my wife and I arrived in Palm Springs the next morning to be the house-guests of the Darryl Zanucks for a month, and it was at dinner that evening that Mr. Zanuck mentioned "Gentleman's Agreement." I had never heard of Laura Hobson's book, which at that time was running serially in Cosmopolitan Magazine, and I was immediately struck by its basic idea. I was also impressed by the thoughtfulness, the concern, and the courage with which Mr. Zanuck discussed the problem of anti-Semitism in America, and after dinner I asked Zanuck for the galley-proofs of the book. I read it that night, and the next morning told him I would do the screenplay if he wanted me to; thereby turning what was to be a winter vacation into a stiff writing chore.

As I write these lines I have not seen any of the finished picture, but good or bad, the integrity and downright nobility of intent with which Darryl Zanuck has made a motion picture of "Gentleman's Agreement" is something to be appropriately thankful for as another Thanksgiving approaches, and my Thanksgiving Turkey Leg Of The Year is hereby given to Darryl Zanuck for good citizenship.

At this point, I would also like to recommend to you Mr. Zanuck's very fine article about *Gentleman's Agreement* which appears in this issue on page 36, Perhaps, if my friend from Mars delays another visit long enough, he may not turn around and go back quite so quickly.

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THEIR FINEST HOUR

(*Continued from page 33*)

which wasn't the case when I was a lad, and each day at school, the little ones get milk to build up their bodies."

Grant leaned forward: "You see, Ed," he told me, "the people derive great pleasure and consolation from little things and so they bear up under big things."

Long ago, Alfred, Lord Tennyson, told of the great courage of Britishers in poetry:

"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred."

"That's it," said Cary Grant. "England is again living up to its great traditions. You just blink your eyes at the stoic bravery and endurance of the man in the street. He stands in line patiently, and with a minimum of griping; he knows that if the government imposes tighter controls it's because of a great crisis, and at night, when he is able, he takes his family to the theater and laughs at Sid Fields or some other English comic. People are hopeful that American movies won't be barred, but they understand, too, that by cutting down imports, England will save about $837,000,000 in one year."

Had black markets sprung up? I asked.

"The government has stamped them out relentlessly," Grant said. "That's one reason that the nation is pulling together. They know that nobody is profiteering, that what goes for one goes for all. There may be one or two spots that traffic in food, and there may be a very little black-market gas. Britain is an industrial nation, and the people get a tremendous lift from their weekly bicycle or motor excursions into the countryside. They could be pardoned if they got themselves five extra gallons of petrol for their weekend jaunts, because that's one of the few real pleasures left to them. Yet, even in this, you are startled at the scrupulous honesty."

Grant said the weather this summer had been phenomenally fine. "In England, when I was a kid, the whole countryside around Bristol was excited when the sun came out. This past summer, the sun shone almost every day. It was a great thing, particularly after the frightful winter, one of the worst in history. You could see the grown-ups and the children just soaking up the warmth."

While Grant was in England, there was a delegation of American fact-finders touring the country. They found that British rations today are tighter than they were before the war, and that England, plagued by a dollar crisis and lack of money to pay for imports, faces its worst winter food problem in nine years. Britons, the U. S. fact-finders reported, live on a dull diet that supplies about 2,800 calories a day, and this winter, there will be less canned meat and fish, less dried fruits and less citrus.

The American investigators had a typical London meal: a roll with no butter, veal pie with very little veal, potatoes and spinach, coffee and fig pudding.

Extra meat rations are allowed to miners, and critics of the Labor Government have used this against Atlee, pointing out that occasionally miners get this extra allowance, even when they are not at work. By and large, however, despite the fact that the low calory content leaves the populace without pep and energy, there is very little irritability.

"You can understand now, in this new crisis, why Englishmen gravitated to the poetry of Rudyard Kipling," Cary Grant pointed out. "Kipling might have been thinking of today when he wrote:

"If you can force your heart and
nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they
are gone,
And so hold on when there's noth-
ing in you,
Except the Will which says to them:
'Hold on!'"

"That's what's taking place in England, right now, Ed," Grant continued. "They're holding on, just on courage."

gentlemen prefer blondes . . .

I asked him what had been a standout impression of his trip. "Elizabeth Taylor," he said. "That stunning little 15-year-old is going to be one of the great glamor girls of the movies, mark my words. Personally, I've always preferred blondes, but this little brunette with blue eyes had everyone on the Queen Elizabeth turning his head for a second look. Unfortunately, she was taken ill the second day out, so the ship lost some of its decoration."

Had the autograph fans lived up to their reputation?

"Good Lord, yes," he exploded. "If you stay in your cabin, they come rapping at the door. If you go on deck, they almost push you overboard. Frankly, I don't understand why people want the autograph of somebody who doesn't know them. In London, the professional autograph hunters are just as rude as in our country. It seems to be an international infection. Being a movie star has its drawbacks, just as being a goldfish in a bowl must have its unhappy points."

The purpose of Cary's trip to London was to set up a production partnership deal with Alex Korda.

"Our first picture will be filmed at Monte Carlo," he told me, "so if you want to play a little roulette, Edward, come along with us."

I told him I couldn't make it, but to bet fifty francs for me on Number 29. He said he would, so we shall see what we shall see.

At that point, the photographer suggested that Grant get dressed for the pictures that illustrate this piece. That's why you don't see him with a bath towel around his middle.

While he dressed, I asked him how went the drama in London. "Dolores Gray, in *Annie Get Your Gun* is the toast of the city," he said. "Noel Coward and I had seen the show in New York, with Ethel Merman, so we were anxious to catch Dolores in it. She plays it entirely differently from Ethel, and yet scores just as big. London really has gone for Dolores in a huge way. Don't be at all surprised if British movies make a star of her."

He came out of the bedroom, apologizing for his sweat-stained shirt. "That's all right," said the photographer. "Just put your coat on."

Grant did so, and looked at the photographer in surprise. "Now why didn't I think of that?" he asked. "Don't tell me."



Cary stopped briefly in N. Y., saw our Ed Sullivan, rushed home for *Mr. Blanding Builds His Dream House*. In England, he arranged with Alex Korda to make a movie soon in Monte Carlo.



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WHAT MAKES THE SENATOR RUN?

(*Continued from page 52*)

KAUFMAN—The only time I ever see pictures is between train stops in Chicago. Sometimes I go to a movie instead of calling on my uncle.

REPORTER (We seldom show anything but the back of his head in this picture. That goes for the press agent, too. Saves film.)—Mr. Kaufman, since *The Senator Was Indiscreet* is the first motion picture you have ever directed, would you mind telling us why you are doing it?

KAUFMAN (Looking at the reporter sideways, and with an absolutely dead pan)—I had three flops in a row on Broadway. What else could I do?

JOHNSON—It's all right, George. We have an alibi for *The Senator Was Indiscreet.* We are going to say that a man from Washington forced us to make it.

KAUFMAN—You asked what's behind this picture. The truth is, they are producing this picture because they want to make me get up at seven-thirty every morning.

JOHNSON (Consolingly)—That's not so bad, George. There's a great difference in time between here and New York. From a New York point of view, you are only getting up at eleven-thirty.

KAUFMAN (Ignoring Johnson and attacking a large steak)—Some people like to get up early. Take Max Gordon. He gets up so early that by nine-thirty he's already been lonely for three hours.

REPORTER (Eagerly, looking for something important)—Have you had any trouble with the picture?

JOHNSON—Not yet. Here we are with our breasts bared to receive spears on account of *The Senator Was Indiscreet.* Now, it'll be a fine thing if it just opens quietly, and runs three or four weeks, and people merely say, "William Powell in a nice little comedy."

PRESS AGENT (Eagerly butting into the conversation at the first chance)—I can fix it so we get investigated by the Senate.

KAUFMAN—Never mind that. After this picture none of us can even get a passport.

the character was a jerk . . .

REPORTER (He is mystified, and attaches great importance to his question)—How did you get William Powell to play the senator?

JOHNSON (Grinning widely)—He *wanted* to play it. I told him the character was a jerk. I warned him. I warned him good. I gave him the script to read. "Don't you think I could do it?" Powell asked. I told him sure, but did he want to? You have a nice thing, playing thin men, I told him. Why change? But Powell wanted to change from thin men to senators. He's in *Peabody and the Mermaid* for me, too. Plays a much younger man. You know, with the mermaid in the bathtub. So he won't be typed.

KAUFMAN—Say, I was amazed by Powell's range. Plays him to the hilt. He is the only actor I ever knew who admits he always wanted to be an actor. You know, all actors put in their biographies that they became actors by accident, could have become lawyers or doctors or something very respectable. Powell admits he started out to be an actor. He is the only one.

JOHNSON—He's great. Particularly for this picture. We turn all the lights on and tell everybody to get in front of the camera. If anybody doesn't get in front, it's his own fault. Powell never misses. Right there in front.

DISSOLVE TO:

WILLIAM POWELL—Not in make-up, but looking very dignified. His eyes wander about the room. Suddenly, his attention is transfixed and a look of horror strikes his face.

PAN TO:

BORIS KARLOFF—Mr. Karloff is eating his dinner, a nice man who is strictly minding his own business. But he looks exactly like Boris Karloff.

DISSOLVE TO:

Kaufman, who has caught Powell's glance and has followed it to Karloff.

KAUFMAN—Ought to have his face boarded up for the summer.

REPORTER—How do you like directing a picture, Mr. Kaufman?

JOHNSON (Waving to a party just arriving, trying to eat and talk at the same time.)—George is trying to catch up with his sleep on the set. For the first two weeks, he thought that when the assistant director yelled "Quiet" it was out of consideration for his nap.

KAUFMAN—Everybody thinks the assistant is directing the picture.

REPORTER—What do you gentlemen do for fun when you're not working?

JOHNSON (Wearily)—Play croquet at my place. Kaufman is the champion of the East. I am just the ball boy. The other day—

DISSOLVE TO:

A croquet court. Kaufman dominates the court like a general, planning grand strategy and making brilliant shots. Johnson trudges around handing people things. Kaufman's partner finally makes a dud shot, and Kaufman loses the game.

JOHNSON—Never mind, George. Your partner certainly was trying.

KAUFMAN—Nunnally, he was the most trying partner I ever had.

DISSOLVE TO:

Dave Chasen's. Kaufman, Johnson & Company.

JOHNSON—As I was saying, George wrote a note to his agent, Leland Hayward, saying he might just possibly consider a Hollywood offer, if it was the right sort of thing. Leland called me. I called George on the telephone. It was so fast it knocked him over backwards.

KAUFMAN—There was lots of long distance. Buy telephone stock.

JOHNSON—Originally, this jerk of a senator only wanted to run for Vice-President. Kaufman changed that. He made the senator such a big jerk he wanted to run for President.

KAUFMAN—We worked out the story idea in a week, then Charlie McArthur wrote the screenplay.

CLOSE-UP:

Kaufman rises slowly, picks up the dinner check, and faints.

DISSOLVE TO:

The *Senator Was Indiscreet* set, the next morning. The scene is a hotel bedroom. William Powell, the senator, wearing a carefully rumpled suit and a mane of almost white hair, waits in front of the camera. Johnson and Kaufman lounge comfortably, in directorial chairs with their names on them.

JOHNSON (Delivering a solemnly considered opinion)—He looks so much like a senator I think any moment he's going to filibuster.

from cradle to platform . . .

KAUFMAN—He leaped out of his cradle accepting a nomination. What is your platform this afternoon, Senator?

POWELL (Starts to laugh, catches himself, then says pompously)—My dear constituents, my platform is this: what this country needs is a good five cents.

JOHNSON—He isn't acting. He thinks he *is* a senator.

POWELL—I shall introduce a bill today declaring Nunnally Johnson and George S. Kaufman null and void.

KAUFMAN (Slipping even lower in his chair and apparently addressing his shoes)—There'll be no opposition. But wait until the picture is released. By the way, Bill, standing only six inches from the camera is possibly too close. People will say you're in love.

FADE IN:

A wardrobe man hands Powell an Indian head-dress. Powell's eyes light up and he places it carefully on his head and strikes a pose.

DISSOLVE TO:

JOHNSON—This gives the whole plot away. Any politician in a head-dress is running for President.

CLOSE UP:

Powell is rehearsing his lines for the scene. He uses wide, eloquent gestures, then looks stern and noble as he raises his hand in an Indian salute.

POWELL—All hail—Great White Father—Mighty Manitou!—send greeting—from Washington—to his red Brethren—Peace!

FADE IN:

KAUFMAN and JOHNSON—(Chanting)—How, how, how!

CLOSE UP:

POWELL—(Glaring at Kaufman and Johnson)—Will somebody please throw these tourists off the set? Must we be beset daily by idle persons who know nothing about Art?

FADE IN:

(The Press Agent comes up from behind)

PRESS AGENT—It would be an awfully good gag if we announced his candidacy for some office, say for—

CLOSE UP:

JOHNSON—Don't be silly. You want to



"See Larry Parks?"

ruin us? He would be *elected*. You want to do *that* to your country, young man?

FADE IN:

The assistant director takes charge at this point and everybody gets to work. We see Johnson depart for his office, as Powell takes a firm stance before the camera.

DISSOLVE TO:

Nunnally Johnson's office. Behind his desk, with an aged Underwood on a stand, Johnson closely resembles a working newspaperman. We pick him up in the middle of a monologue, as if he had interrupted a conversation.

JOHNSON—(Speaking to the reporter and the press agent. We know they are there because we can see the backs of their heads)— His eminence as a playwright and stage director is so great that new actors are usually afraid of him—at first. But, as you see, he's a very gentle person. Except with obstreperous players. Once he was directing a very temperamental actress in a play.

This actress kept blowing up in her lines, and screaming that she couldn't work with "these constant interruptions."

Kaufman walked slowly down from the rear of the theater, called the actress over quietly, and said to her:

"My dear, don't you know what those interruptions are?"

"No," she said.

"Those interruptions," Kaufman said, "are other actors reading their lines." (We see the backs of two heads wobbling with laughter. Johnson continues)

In another play—*The Dark Tower*, it was—the great Mr. Alexander Woollcott was being very officious. This annoyed a younger actor so much that he waltzed on stage and did a very insulting imitation of Mr. Woollcott, who was horrified.

Kaufman came down stage and spoke to this young actor.

"You have affronted Mr. Woollcott with a grievous insult," he said to this actor, "which is unforgivable—and for which I award you a gold watch."

rise and shine . . .

He really does hate to get up in the morning. That's his New York stage training. Gene Fowler, Jr., our associate producer, looks out for technical things for George. Kaufman came on the set at nine a.m., and Fowler chirped, "Good morning."

Kaufman gave him a dead pan.

"See me at eleven," he said.

We kid Powell in this picture, of course. But Bill has tremendous breadth as an actor. We didn't know whom to cast at first. I talked to Orson Welles, who liked the part. But when Orson thought it over, he came to the conclusion that it might interfere with his political career! Powell's politics? I dunno. Looks like a Republican to me. Kaufman and I will undoubtedly be read out of *both* parties when this is released.

Maybe we ought to change the title of this picture to *Kauffman, Powell, and Johnson Were Indiscreet.*

DISSOLVE TO:

The sound stage. Powell stands on a balcony wearing his Indian headdress with a bow and arrow in his hands. He points the arrow toward the setting sun.

CLOSE UP:

Kaufman, still reclining on his spine, raises his head with interest as Powell raises his arrow.

KAUFMAN—That shot alone is worth 300 delegates at the Republican National Convention. Powell is ahead of Dewey already.

FADE OUT:

As William Powell, splendid in his headdress, turns solemnly and sticks his tongue out at George S. Kaufman.

For a Velvet Blend... ...use Carnation



GOOD gravy! More than that, it's *superlatively* good gravy, because it's made with rich, undiluted Carnation Milk, heat-refined and homogenized to super-creamy smoothness . . . to surprise you with a marvelous *velvet blend!* Enjoy it with spicy little sausages . . . or pork chops, fried chicken, or hamburger. And use Carnation in the creamy mashed potatoes, in *all* milk-rich dishes . . . for that incomparable velvet blend!

VELVET-CREAM GRAVY

So smooth and savory!

¼ cup sausage or meat drippings
¼ cup flour
¾ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon sage
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ cup vegetable liquid or water
2 cups Carnation Milk, undiluted

Heat drippings. Blend in flour and seasonings. Add liquid and Carnation Milk. Stir constantly over low heat until thick and bubbling. Makes 2¼ cups. For convenience, gravy may be made in pan used for cooking sausages.

WRITE for the "Velvet Blend Book" of exciting new recipes —to Carnation Company, Dept. R-12, Milwaukee 2, Wis.

For Baby ask your doctor about a formula prepared with safe, nourishing, digestible Carnation Milk, now fortified with pure crystalline vitamin D_3—"the milk every doctor knows."

TUNE IN the Carnation "Contented Hour," every Monday evening, coast-to-coast NBC network, for music by Percy Faith, songs by Buddy Clark, and guest performances by musical celebrities.

"From Contented Cows"



THAT IMPORTED FEELING

(*Continued from page 34*)

I know I'm not what you counted on. There's been a slight mistake, I'm sure. Ha, ha! The only person I might possibly be of some importance to is my husband, Tony—I think. If you don't mind—he's waiting just out in the hall—I'll run out to him and we'll sail back home. Cheerio, and thanks so much for the boat trip!"

I managed to restrain myself and did my best to be elegant. I know now I needn't have worried, and that I misjudged Mr. Mayer and the other gentlemen. They were just trying to be friendly. All the same, it's a good thing none of them uttered so much as a slight "Boo!" at me. I would have run out screaming to Tony!

When I first got word in England that I was to sail for New York, all my friends said, "Oh, you traitor! Running off to America to stuff yourself with steak and bananas! Why couldn't it have been me?" Later on, when our ocean crossing proved so rough, I wished many times that it *had* been they instead—or at least that they hadn't mentioned steak.

The first member of my family to hear the news about my Hollywood contract was my brother, Teddy, who is just twenty-one but right in the old English tradition. When I told him, he grunted, "H'm," and stopped there, because that's where he always stops. Right after he grunts, "H'm!"

bon voyage . . .

So, with this fervid sentiment ringing in my ears, I started to get some clothes for the voyage. In ration-ridden England that *is* a problem. I even had to storm the coupon-coffers of such distant ties as in-laws, cousins and a great aunt of Tony's.

By the time I was ready to board ship I had (besides my usual "drabs") two tailored suits and two cocktail dresses. That may not sound like much to some of you, but after eight years of war and post-war austerity living in England, it was a lush wardrobe as far as I was concerned!

All across the Atlantic, Tony and I made plans on how we would spend our few days in New York before getting aboard the train for California. We felt a bit bad at not knowing anyone in New York who might meet us and show us how to get about. Simple little tots, we were!

From the moment our boat docked in New York—we were gathered up by a welcome committee from M-G-M who not only attended to such matters as clearing customs and getting porters, but seemed to have telepathic insight into our every wish. I don't remember now how many there were in the committee, but I do recall there were two Cadillacs to tow us about. Wherever we went, to our suite in the Waldorf, to the theater (and best seats for any show we named) or just sightseeing—we went in two Cadillacs.

"Why *two* cars, do you suppose, Tony?" I asked one night, as I sat with him in one of them and looked back at the other following behind. After all, Tony should know about such things. As an RAF pilot he had been in (or over) 32 countries. "Is it the American way of playing safe, in case one car has motor trouble?"

"Not at all," he replied, with the air of a seasoned traveler. "The second car is there in case we drop anything. It will pick it up."

New York was exhilarating; a taller, faster-moving, more compact, strange-sounding London. I can't wait to get back to it. So was Chicago, even if we only had three hours there between trains. Most of that three hours was taken up with a visit to the Museum of Art on Michigan Boulevard, and when we stopped in front of the building, Tony had a hard time convincing me that the two great stone lions which guard the entrance weren't another welcoming touch put there by M-G-M to make me feel I was back in London. They *did* look just like the British lions at the foot of Nelson's statue in Trafalgar Square.

And then, the immensity of America, that you only get to feel after you leave Chicago. The endless plains, the way the mountains suddenly loom up to crowd the horizon and then the sudden break of the whole scene into sagebrush-studded desert! I just couldn't get over it!

It affected Tony as well. He would catch my eye, and shrug in helplessness, as much as to say this country is too utterly big, too majestic to joke about or comment on intelligently. All you could do was sit and look and wonder.

By the time we arrived in California (to be greeted by those two Cadillacs again) and were swirled off to our hotel, the impressions of the trip were crowding my mind in confusion.

But the next morning, when Tony and I, all by ourselves, started out for our first call on the studio—that was something else again. After all the well-planned organization behind our trip, the reception committees, the great pains the studio took to bring us 7,000 miles to its gates—it looked for a while, that morning, as if those gates would not open to us!

"Who did you say you were?" asked the policeman at the entrance, sternly.

"Deborah Kerr," I said weakly, and felt just like a small boy caught in the act of sneaking into a football match.

The policeman consulted his list. "I don't see where we have any Deborah Kerr working here!" he declared, accusingly.

He went to his telephone and rang up somebody. He got nowhere with his first call so he made another. And then another. Each time he had to explain the whole story all over again, and each time his eyes would study me over the telephone and I felt terribly guilty. Then, finally, somebody gave me their blessing (or perhaps just tossed a coin and it came out in my favor) and we were waved in.



June Lockhart's hinting not too subtly that she'd like a Philco Radio-Phonograph for Xmas. June recently completed Eagle-Lion's *T-Men*.

The feeling of being a new pupil at school persisted for a long time at the studio; you know, walking around with a consciousness of being in strange surroundings, peeking around corners or through open doors, hoping to see one of the few faces you knew in the place—and feeling so utterly grateful when you do!

It's been told before, but I think it bears repeating—how I got to meet Clark Gable, with whom I starred in my first American picture, *The Hucksters*. I was introduced to him at the studio, but not by any of its officials; instead, by my own husband! Imagine Tony not ever telling me that he and Clark were old friends, having worked together when Clark was a member of the U. S. Army Air Force in England!

We were in Mr. Mayer's office when Clark strode in. I took a quick breath and prepared to be my most charming self, but before anyone could say anything, Clark seemed to be making straight for me, with his hand outstretched. "Goodness!" I thought. "Isn't he going to wait for an introduction?"

And then he went right by (leaving me with mouth open) and was shaking hands with Tony. I waited like a good little girl until they were through, and could turn to me.

studio-fright blues . . .

Of course, I was nervous when I started to work at the studio, and everyone tried to buck me up. But the man who really did the job was a great giant of a prop-hand on the set of *The Hucksters*. He was about 6′ 4″ and nearly that in width, and all during the first few weeks of the picture, filled me with dismay because of a scowl that never left his face. I was certain he had heard the English were very snooty, and no matter how friendly I tried to be, he just wasn't going to like me. Then, one afternoon at four, he stopped at a chair where I was sitting.

"You drink tea?"

"Why, yes," I replied, looking up. "In fact, I've been brought up on—" but he was gone, and my words hung in mid-air. I had never had anyone do anything so rude to me before. I was sitting there, silently boiling, when I saw him re-appear. Held by the tips of the fingers of one big ham of a hand was a dainty cup and saucer, from which arose an aroma that struck home at the very first whiff. It was tea. Delicious tea!

"H'yar!" he said, or something that sounded like that. And he stalked away. But he was back the next afternoon, and every afternoon at four thereafter, all during *The Hucksters*, and *If Winter Comes*, my picture with Walter Pidgeon. That prop man was my first real conquest in America, and I shall always be grateful to him for what he did for me. It wasn't just the tea. It was the feeling of self-confidence he gave me.

It's a wonderful country, and I'm having a wonderful time. I'm almost getting over feeling guilty whenever I sit down to a full course meal, for none of which anyone had to queue up (as we do in England) and from which nothing is missing (as almost everything tasty is in England these days).

I'm even getting used to the personal advice which everyone here seems to dis-





Miss Nancy du Pont goes to a debutante ball

"Before I go out— always a 1-Minute Mask!"

Young social leaders like Nancy du Pont cherish the 1-Minute Mask for the quick, date-time beauty lift it gives. So different from heavy, old-style masks the 1-Minute Mask feels blissfully cool and light on your skin. And it gives you a smoother, brighter face—*not* in twenty minutes—but in *one* minute!



NANCY PEYTON DU PONT is the popular debutante daughter of the Ernest du Ponts of Wilmington.

"Before I go out," she says, "I always have a 1-Minute Mask. You can't live out-of-doors as much as I do without the cold and wind roughening your skin a bit," admits the ardent young horsewoman. "Then comes the evening, and I want my complexion to look perfect. That's the moment for a 1-Minute Mask! In one minute it smooths my skin back to a soft satin finish. My make-up goes on evenly and stays on!"

Send to Pond's, 9-M, Clinton, Conn., for a free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream—enough for a full 1-Minute Mask. You'll be thrilled by the new glamour it gives you!

For more glamorous evenings— this quick, easy Beauty re-make

1. Make your complexion look its dateable loveliest—with a 1-Minute Mask. Mask your whole face except eyes, with a cool, white coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream.
2. The "keratolytic" action of the Cream loosens and dissolves off tiny skin chappings and weather roughnesses. After one full minute, tissue off—clean!
3. Your skin looks radiant! Clearer, wide awake, more velvety-smooth! Give yourself a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream whenever you want to look your best!

A LOVELY FOUNDATION CREAM, TOO

Which Twin has the *Toni?*

(and which has the beauty shop permanent? See answer below)



Bernadette Fitzgerald of Chicago, the Toni Twin, says: "As soon as Sis saw what a soft, natural-looking wave I gave myself, she admitted I was the smarter half. Next time it'll be Toni for two."

See how easy it is to give yourself a lovely TONI Home Permanent for your date tonight

The very first time you try Toni, you'll have soft, natural-looking curls, deep, smooth waves—with no frizziness, no dried-out brittleness. But, before you try Toni, you will want to know—

Will Toni work on my hair?
Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Must I be handy with my hands?
Not at all! If you can roll your hair up on curlers you can give yourself a smooth, professional-looking Toni permanent by following the easy directions.

How long will it take me?
Waving time is only 2 to 3 hours—even less for hair that's easy to wave. And during that time you're free to do as you please.

How much curl will I have with Toni?
You can have just the amount of curl that suits you best—from a wide, loose wave to a halo of ringlets. Just follow the simple directions for timing.

How long will my Toni wave last?
It's *guaranteed* to last just as long as a $15 beauty-shop wave or your money back.

How much do I save with Toni?
The Toni Kit with re-usable plastic curlers costs only $2 . . . with handy fiber curlers only $1.25. The Toni Refill Kit, complete except for curlers is $1. (All prices plus tax. Prices slightly higher in Canada.)

Which Twin has the Toni?
Bernadette, on the left, is the Toni twin.

The Toni Kit is on sale at all leading drug, notions or cosmetic counters.



Toni
TESTED AND COMMENDED BY PARENTS' MAGAZINE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU
HOME PERMANENT
THE CREME COLD WAVE

pense freely; what to do with your money, how to live, where to live. You share your life with so many others here that it is filled with more significance than before.

"You really must go to Palm Springs for weekends! Everyone does!"

"You must get your hair done at Madame Tugantwist, you simply must!"

"Oh, don't buy a house, build!" Or, "Don't build with materials so high, buy!" Or, "Don't build or buy, rent!"

Tony and I were looking for a house, and once when we were with a group of people someone mentioned one that was for sale. "Oh, no!" countered somebody else. "That house is too old."

I picked up my ears. That sounded interesting. Maybe it was one of those places that reached back to the Spanish era in California. "How old is it?" I asked.

"Oh, dreadfully old," I was told. "Nearly fifteen years!"

I almost collapsed. The last home I lived in was in Sussex, England, and it dated back to the Sixteenth Century!

Yes, I love California, but more so because of something that happened the other day. We have our house, and we're settled in it now. It is on a cliff, and our living room looks right out at the Pacific, over which the sun hangs all afternoon. I'm looking forward to the day when our baby, which is scheduled to make its première in December, will be out here soaking up the sunshine.

Because the house has sunshine, and beautiful flowers and a rolling lawn—just about perfect. Yet, there was one thing missing. Neither Tony nor I could put our fingers on it as the days went by. Then, one morning, Tony got up at dawn and went out to look at the ocean. The next moment he was tearing back.

"Hurry!" he cried. "Put something on and come with me! You'll be amazed!"

I grabbed the first thing handy and ran after him. We burst into the garden and —sensation of sensations! No sun! No brightness pouring down from the sky interminably! Instead, mist! Real, gray, cold, damp mist! Just like dear, old, dank and dreary London, itself.

We just looked at each other in delight.

"Ah!" we said, and breathed in deeply. "Ah! Why, this California is wonderful. It really has everything!"

Beverly Tyler . . .

M-G-M actress you went for in *My Brother Talks to Horses* and *The Beginning or the End.*

We caught up with Beverly backstage at New York's Capitol Theater, where she brought down the house with her singing—and persuaded her to pose in this arrow-sprinkled date dress. This month's fashion theme is fit, as you'll see on the following pages—and Beverly starts us off by demonstrating the perfect junior figure. (She's a size nine!)

The dress, whose twinkly rhinestone arrows will go straight to the heart of any man (could they miss?) is silky fortune crepe—and comes in your choice of royal, fuchsia, holly red or black. Jr. sizes 7-15.

Dress by Babs Jr. About $17.95.

Hammered metal bracelets (the most sparkling we've ever seen!) are by Coro. $2 each.

Siren pumps by Kitty Kelly. $6.99

To find out where to buy dress, pumps and bracelets, please turn to page 83.


modern screen
fashions

by CONSTANCE BARTEL
Fashion Editor

I WEAR A TEEN SIZE

I want clothes that are as young as I am—but I want them definitely snazzy. Like my glitter date dress with bright colored front and sparkling nailheads. Rayon crepe. Black with blue, rose, white or aqua. 7-15

By Teena Paige About $10.95





I WEAR A JUNIOR SIZE

I've got a junior figure—so I love this ballet dress cut just for me. I expect that off-shoulder neckline to wow the stags—and I like the way the longer skirt shows off my ankle-strap pumps. Black rayon faille. 9-15

By Fein Juniors About $14.95

For where to buy see Page 83



I WEAR A MISSES SIZE

A size twelve fits me perfectly—as you can see in this wonderful two-piece grey wool with jersey skirt, ribbed sweater top. I think it looks very expensive —and I can vary it like mad with jewelry, scarves. 10-16. By Curtis Casuals About $14.95

For where to buy see Page 83



I WEAR A FIVE-FOOT-FIVE-AND-UNDER SIZE

I'm on the petite side—
definitely not tall. So I want
a dress that's smart—but
small like me. Like this super
rayon grey dress with
the curving buttons to make
me look taller. And not
a stitch of alteration. 10-20.
By Leslie Fay . About $14.95



I WEAR A FIVE-FOOT-FIVE-AND-UNDER SIZE

I want sophisticated fashions—even if I am a half-pint in height. Like this woman-of-the-world number with long moulded top—and gold embroidery on the collar. Two-piece, makes me look tall. 10-18. Black, brown, green, royal, aqua, peacock crepe. By Robert Mattes About $22.95



Just because I'm little doesn't mean I want little-girl clothes. Give me grown-up glamor—like this two-piece tissue faille with draped shoulders. Slick background for accessories, too. Black, royal, aqua, purple, brown. 10-20. By Tween Craft About $19.95

For where to buy see Page 83

QUEEN OF THE MARY

(*Continued from page 50*)

back in the hotel, Elizabeth turned to her mother. "Somehow, you don't get the feeling that any of the people who died are really gone. I mean, the way the families talk, and all their possessions still around, you feel as if they're in the next room."

"I know," her mother said. "It's strange."

The Taylors had taken clothes to give away, when they got to England. Rationing is strict. In eight months, one person gets 32 clothing coupons. A coat takes 20; shoes 15. But somehow, they manage. They look so well; they're so proud; you find you can't offer them things.

The Taylors crowded their three weeks in England. They went down to Kent, to the old house that had belonged to Liz' god-father. There were the same trees you remembered, the same pale sky, and you felt as though you'd never been away.

There was the pet shop in London, across from Selfridge's. It had two French poodles, a white and a black, and to choose between them would break your heart.

When Elizabeth was sick, she'd kept asking for a poodle, and her mother had promised her the dog, if she'd drink and eat when she didn't want to drink and eat.

Elizabeth yearned over the white poodle; her mother inclined toward the black; naturally, they ended up with both.

On the return trip, those dogs got paraded around until they were depressed.

Cary Grant and Frederick Lonsdale were on the boat coming back, and they started writing Liz silly fan letters.

"I'll be sitting in the lounge," Lonsdale wrote once, "with a blue flower in my buttonhole. Look me over and cough three times if you approve. After that you'll see a man leap."

She answered him, and asked who'd hand him his crutches. "Though you're wonderfully well preserved."

Coming back was as wonderful as going over had been painful. Liz dressed for dinner three times, and danced every night, and got moist-eyed when she saw the Statue of Liberty looming in front of her.

Partly because the vacation was over, partly because the Statue of Liberty does that to everybody.

"Next time I'm going on the slowest boat there is," she said. And for the moment, she really meant it.

MODERN SCREEN



"Good heavens, no wonder my packages seemed to have gotten heavier after I caught my bus."



Sweet Heart

IMAGINE ONLY

$6.95

Winter White with Black or Wine Velveteen

Hearts will beat faster as you go by in this saucy wool-like dress with a back zipper way down to your hips! Dress-up cap sleeves! Two deep, deep patch pockets with heart-shaped buttons! And velveteen where it looks best—on the sleeves, the belt, 'cross your heart! Window Pane Plaid in BLACK or WINE on Winter White.

SIZES 9 to 17

Dixie Shops

SEND NO MONEY! YOURS ON APPROVAL

DIXIE SHOPS Dept. 24
275 Seventh Ave., New York 1, N. Y.
Please send me on approval the "SWEETHEART" Dress. I'll pay postman $6.95 plus postage.
Size—9 ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17 ☐

Indicate 1st and 2nd color choice
WINTER WHITE with BLACK ☐ WINE ☐

Money back guaranteed if returned in 10 days

My Name_____
Print
My Address_____
City_____ State_____

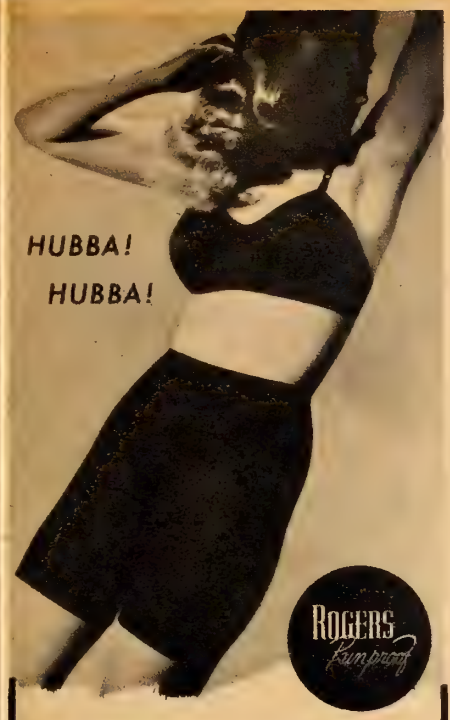


For where to buy see Page 83

I WEAR A A HALF-SIZE

I want a fashion with definite oomph—proportioned especially for me. Do you wonder that I snatched at this tissue faille with gold, silver and colored embroidery? See the draped bow at side front—and please note how slenderizing! 14½-24½.

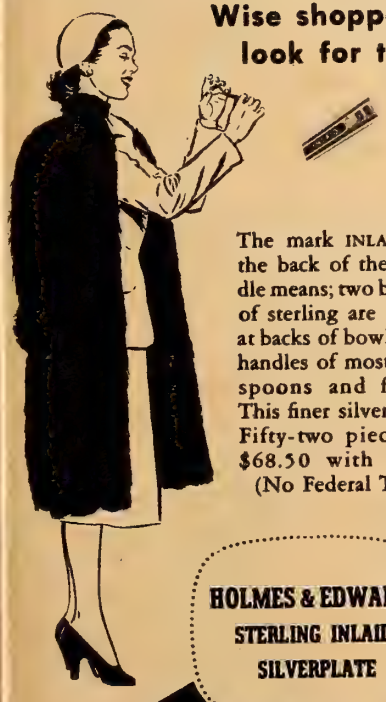
By Ladycraft About $22.95



FLATTERY PANTS

Rogers' seal-smooth "Illustra" rayon tricot knit. In black, white, tearose. Medium (as shown) or longer length. Regular sizes 5, 6, 7, 1.00. Extra, 8, 9, 1.25. Matching bra, 1.15. At leading stores everywhere. A. H. Rogers & Co., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Wise shoppers look for this



The mark INLAID at the back of the handle means; two blocks of sterling are inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks. This finer silverplate: Fifty-two piece set $68.50 with chest (No Federal Tax).

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STERLING INLAID° SILVERPLATE



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GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT

(*Continued from page 36*)

is that the critics praised it. But it failed to carry the "idea" where it was designed to carry it—to *all* of the people. Therefore, in my final estimation, *Wilson* missed the boat.

I do not think *Gentleman's Agreement* will fail, and I am not speaking only of box-office returns. There must be stories which come to grips with reality, if Hollywood is to continue as a constructive influence.

I have children growing up and I, for one, am not prepared to face them one day and hear them say, "You had the eyes and ears of millions. They were looking to you to help make this world a better place—and what did you do with your opportunity?"

That's a question that I will be proud to answer by citing *Gentleman's Agreement*. This picture tells of an idealistic, courageous reporter who undertakes an assignment for a series of magazine articles exposing the ugly roots of anti-Semitism in America. To get his story he poses as a Jew, although a Gentile, and by so doing discovers that his whole life is changed. The affections of his sweetheart are subtly affected, the happiness of his small son by a previous marriage, the attitudes of his friends; he even uncovers a hot-bed of prejudice on the staff of his own magazine.

There are many reasons why Gregory Peck came to mind at once as I read the first proofs of this unusual story.

My hero had to be far from the pretty-boy type. He had to be manly, with substance and intellect and background. He had to have a face that could be either Jewish or Gentile, convincing enough by his very looks to be able to say, "I'm Jewish" and be believed, or "I'm not," and still be believed. I, myself, don't believe there is a pronounced Jewish "type" in the world, a fact which I've seen proven time and again.

Many of my friends and associates are of Jewish faith, but I had never thought much about anti-Semitism until I went to North Africa on army duty during the war. Occasionally, when I arrived at a new post I noticed a standoffishness among some of the officers with whom I worked. Later, they would come up to me, wreathed in smiles, shake my hand and say, "Why didn't you tell us you *aren't* Jewish?" It appalled me. I couldn't see what difference that made, first of all, but what struck me was—they had no idea whether I looked like a Jew or Gentile.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



A number of years ago, Judy Garland made a personal appearance in Kansas City. She was just 16 then and looked darling in a taffeta dress of light and dark blue, with a border of lace at the bottom of the skirt. During a lull between songs, a little boy of about five said loudly, "Mommy, that girl's petticoat is hanging." Everybody laughed, including Judy herself.

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(Please print clearly.) Sorry, No C.O.D.'s.

My name merely sounded as if it might be Jewish.

Aside from the ambiguity of his features, the chief reason Gregory Peck fitted so ideally into the part of "Phil Green" is that he exemplifies sincerity, utter honesty and integrity in his acting personality. No man could play the star of *Gentleman's Agreement* without such qualities.

The first time I ever saw Gregory Peck was in a Broadway play. Not long afterward, I trusted him with the role of "Father Chisholm" in *The Keys of the Kingdom,* the inspirational picture to which I was then devoting all my attention. Like *Gentleman's Agreement, The Keys of the Kingdom* was an idealistic story, extolling service to humanity. Like the hero of *Gentleman's Agreement* also, Father Chisholm, who left a pleasant clerical berth in Scotland to dedicate his life to missionary work in the interior of China, had to be played with the greatest conviction and sincerity, else the picture would have failed. It didn't fail, either as a picture or as the role that launched Gregory Peck as a star.

no tricks of the trade . . .

Gregory Peck has no technical acting tricks, no polished, sure-fire techniques with which great names of stage and screen have often been associated. But his very lack of tricks endows him with a force far more important. In every part he has played, he has been entirely believable.

The responsibility he feels for the parts he undertakes, is a producer's best insurance that they will be successful. He will turn down the most sought-after part in the most prized production of the Hollywood season—if he doesn't think he can do it justice.

I remember an instance where he was enthusiastic about a story I had bought. It had a fine part for an actor, and I offered it to him but he turned it down. "It hurts me more than it does you," he grinned, "but it isn't for me." He may have been right—who knows? The picture turned out to be a successful one. The part was excellent for another star. In my mind it was excellent for Gregory Peck, but I knew him too well to try to persuade him, and I gained new respect for his honesty.

So there was a certain amount of suspense for me as to whether or not Gregory Peck would play *Gentleman's Agreement.* He might, for some reason, conclude that he wouldn't fit.

I had already been fortunate in securing Moss Hart, the celebrated Broadway dramatist, to write the screenplay. Hart was challenged by this same story, and agreed to write a Hollywood scenario of something not his own, for the first time in his career. It meant, I knew, giving up a vacation and abandoning plans for a Broadway play. I had also secured Elia Kazan, the director who did such masterly jobs with *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* and *Boomerang.* Kazan was enthusiastic about directing *Gentleman's Agreement.* I sounded out both of them on Gregory Peck for the starring role, and they agreed that he was an ideal choice.

backstage story . . .

After returning from Sun Valley, I took the proofs of "Gentleman's Agreement" to the theater where I was scheduled to receive an award for *The Razor's Edge.* I knew Gregory Peck was on the same program, accepting an award for his performance in *The Yearling.* Backstage, after the show was over, I handed him the galleys. "Read these," I suggested, "and let me know what you think about the story."

If Peck thought himself right to play the part, he would take it. I figured he would, and I was right. He had been calling, my secretary informed me, all morning. He called again. He had stayed up all night—just as I had on the train—to finish the story. "I've never been so excited about any role in my life," he told me. "It's an honor to be considered, and I can't wait to do it."

So he is doing it—and with that attitude, knowing Gregory Peck, I don't think I'm too rash in predicting he'll make another bid for an Academy Award next year. You'll see for yourself!



The gentlemen behind *Gentleman's Agreement:* Moss Hart, who wrote the screenplay, Gregory Peck, the star; director Elia Kazan, and Darryl F. Zanuck, producer of Laura Hobson's novel.

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INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

RICHARD WIDMARK makes a sensational debut as Tommy in Kiss of Death. *Dick was born in Minnesota on December 26, 1915. He is 5' 11" tall, weighs 160 lbs., and has blue eyes and blond hair. He is married to Jean Hazelwood, and has one child. Appeared on Broadway in* Kiss and Tell, Kiss Them For Me, *and* Trio. *Can be reached at Fox, Beverly Hills, California. No fan club.*

DAVID FARRAR was born in England some 30-odd years ago. He is over 6' tall, has dark hair and blue eyes and is married. He used to be a newspaperman, but left that job ten years ago for the theater. He is currently being seen in Frieda, *and* Black Narcissus. *Write to him c/o The Archers, J. Arthur Rank Productions, London, England.*

MONA FREEMAN, who played Iris in Mother Wore Tights, *was born in New York City in 1926. She is 5' 3", 110 lbs., and has blue eyes and blond hair. She is married to Pat Nearny. Can be reached at 20th Century-Fox, Beverly Hills, California.*

G. Smith, Wash., D. C.: That was Dort Clark as the blond detective in the car in Kiss of Death. *And Robert Arthur was Mona Freeman's beau in* Mother Wore Tights. *Write to them both at Fox, Beverly Hills, California.*

Gloria H., Ft. Worth, Texas: The Lon McCallister Club is headed by Lenore Becker, 1902 N. 36 St., Milwaukee 8, Wisc. Tina Zulli is president of the Victor Damone Club. Write her at 535 E. 187 St., Bronx 58, N. Y. The Kim Hunter Club is run by Lilyan Miller of 2575 Richton-101, Detroit 6, Mich. Larry Hampe, 1569 S. Carey Ave., Pomona, Calif., is head of the Lizabeth Scott Club. Kitty Petrillo, president of the John Lund Club, can be reached at 275 Whitney St., Rochester 6, N. Y.

Signing off now. Be back next month. Keep sending those questions and self-addressed, stamped envelopes to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

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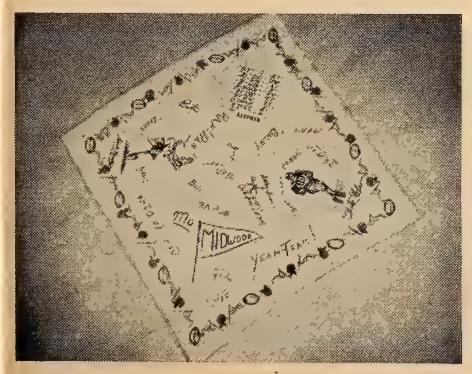
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WITH THIS RING

(*Continued from page 58*)

amazing the way romances start. They'll blossom out of some trivial incident, such as Marie and the time a year ago when she was in desperate need of bubble gum.

"I've just got to get my hands on some bubble gum," she told producer Ralph Friede. "I promised Pan Berman's children and they'll never forgive me if I let them down."

"That's easy," Friede told her. "I know a fellow—and it just happens that he'd sort of like to meet you."

He sort of did.

When Harry Karl brought the bubble gum around, he began to court Marie.

Their friendship was the quiet, sensible kind that is pretty rare in Hollywood. So rare that when news of Marie's impending marriage was announced, people kept saying, "Oh, it's just one of those things. They won't really do it."

They won't really?

But friends, they already have.

They were married at Harry's family's home, in West Hollywood, at 6 p.m. of a bright September day.

The best man was Irwin Myers, Harry's oldest friend. The matron of honor was Mary Cunody, Marie's closest pal.

But you couldn't see anybody else for the dazzle that was Marie. She wore a ballerina-length lace gown, lilies of the valley in her soft brown hair, and her bridal bouquet was white orchids and lilies of the valley.

It was a small, simple ceremony. Marie's father gave her away, and nobody cried, and nobody pitched any shoes, and afterward, there was a little, informal reception in Mocambo's Champagne Room. A few friends came; mostly non-professional friends, and there wasn't any cake, but nobody seemed to miss one.

It was right; it was quite perfect.

"And later, we'll take a trip East," Harry said.

So you thought they wouldn't get married? You were wrong!

lost and found . . .

Marie first put on her engagement ring July ninth, her birthday. She was sitting with friends at Mocambo, when she noticed that her gold compact was missing. She excused herself, and went to the ladies' room to look for it. She returned, dejected, only to find the missing compact on the table cloth in front of her.

Inside was the diamond.

Not long ago, Marie went to see a doctor. "I don't know what's the matter with me," she told the eminent medical authority. "I must be losing my pep. I feel listless, and it bothers me."

The doctor suggested vitamin pills.

The next day, Marie's guest house burned down. She lost her wedding dress and a prized scrap book. She had to scurry around seeing insurance men, getting a new wardrobe and preparing for a new picture. A couple of her relatives went to the hospital.

"So what happened? I forgot to take the pills. My pep came back. It's when I stop doing things that I get tired."

She must be right. This year, Marie did a picture that took nine months to shoot. She's gone to Mexico, made personal appearances, and been a bride.

"It's nothing, really. You should get to know Harry better. The man hasn't had a summer vacation since he went into business, and before that he studied law—got his degree when he was twenty."

Listen to Marie talking about Harry Karl and you (*Continued on page 85*)

Majorette

Every day is fun-day when you wear this rayon serge-flannel beauty, with its whirling BALLERINA SKIRT and bright-buttoned bodice, Gibson Girl collar, push-up bracelet sleeves and simulated alligator belt . . . Zips inconspicuously down the back! Matador Red, Evergreen, Pearl Grey, Peacock Blue, Taffee Tan, Turquoise. Teen 10, 12, 14, 16. An unusual value at a mere $5.95



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LETTER FROM THE FASHION EDITOR

Dear You:

The big point of this month's fashions is size. *Your* size. Perfect fit—a little item you simply can't do without in your campaign to be the best dressed gal in town.

New ready-to-wear used to be far from ready. You know what we mean. You'd go into a store—all aglow with the hope of finding the perfect dress for a big date. And, by golly, there it was—your color, your style, your price. What luck. You tried it on. Misery! The sleeves either hit you half way up the wrists, or came down over your hands like gloves. The hem was much too long—or much too short. The blouse billowed or spanned. The waistline simply ignored your own and went its own way, either too high or too low. And there you were—out on a limb—with no time for alterations, and no yen to pay the extra cost for them either.

That's the way it was—but it isn't any more. The designers have caught on to the fact that you and I are not necessarily the same size and shape. And today they are cutting five separate and distinct size ranges, one of which is for you.

What will you have—a miss's size, five-foot-five-and-under, junior, teen, or half size? We show them all in this issue. Misses' sizes are for you who are not hefty and not thin—but just right, and who, although not beanpole tall, are not half pints either.

Five-foot-five-and-under sizes are for you who *are* half pints—but whose bust, hip and waist measurements are like your friends who wear misses' sizes. You've got a figure—but in height you only come up to your boy friend's top vest button. The junior sizes are for the young junior figure, higher waisted, higher bosomed, and smaller waisted.

Teen sizes are aimed at you lucky young things of sixteen or so—who certainly don't want kiddish things, but who are still growing.

And half sizes are for the opposite of featherweights—for the more generous figure which men have in mind when they say—"I like a woman to look like a woman."

We show all five size ranges in this issue—and one of them is for you! Hie yourself to your favorite store and find out! P.S.—Prices, as always—kind to your budget.

Connie Bartel

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(Prices may vary throughout the country)

Babs Junior dress with rhinestone arrows worn by Beverly Tyler in the full color photograph (Page 69)
Altoona, Pa.—The William F. Gable Co.
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Los Angeles, Calif.—J. W. Robinson Co.
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New Orleans, La.—D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.
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Suede platform ankle strap pumps worn by Beverly Tyler in the full color photograph (Page 69) $6.99
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Teena Paige two-tone silver nailhead dress (Page 70)
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San Antonio, Texas—The Wolff & Marx Co.
Trenton, N. J.—S. P. Dunham & Co.

Coro hammered metal necklace and bracelet shown with dress (Page 70) $2 each
New York, N. Y.—John Wanamaker Co.

Fein Juniors off-shoulder ballet dress (Page 71)
Altoona, Pa.—The William F. Gable Co.
Boston, Mass.—Conrad's
Chicago, Ill.—The Fair
New York, N. Y.—McCreery's
Philadelphia, Pa.—The Blum Store

Curtis Casuals two-piece ribbed sweater top dress (Page 72)
Altoona, Pa.—The William F. Gable Co.
New York, N. Y.—Gimbels
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers
Richmond, Va.—Thalhimer's
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr Co.

Leslie Fay button-and-bow dress (Page 73)
Altoona, Pa.—The William F. Gable Co.
Boston, Mass.—Filene's
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Brothers
Cincinnati, Ohio—Rollman & Sons Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—The Halle Bros. Co.
New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Frank & Seder
Richmond, Va.—Thalhimer's
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

Robert Mattes two-piece long torso dress (Page 74)
Altoona, Pa.—The William F. Gable Co.
Boston, Mass.—R. H. White's
Chicago, Ill.—Wieboldt's
Evanston, Ill.—Wieboldt's
New York, N. Y.—Emily Shop, Fifth Avenue
Oak Park, Ill.—Wieboldt's
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers

Tween Craft two-piece draped shoulder dress (Page 74)
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Ladycraft all-over embroidered dress (Page 76)
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Outdoor exercise helps give you pink cheeks and a clear complexion, but do protect your skin from windburn and excessive drying

By CAROL CARTER
BEAUTY EDITOR



Jane Greer, RKO star, out hunting for beauty!

■ You know what they say, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good." Well, that nippy, early-winter wind that tosses dead leaves and the first snow flurries in its path can give you a wonderful beauty treatment! Pale, languid beauty passed on with poor Camille. Today's beauty has to have a complexion that radiates health, a springy step, shining eyes and a firm, young body.

Regular outdoor exercise with the necessary deep breathing will give you all these. (Did you know, too, that a quickened circulation is a regular little furnace for burning up excess fat?) Of course, you're going to football games—when you cheer for your team, bring that yell up from the bottom of your lungs! Go bicycling or hiking and remember to hold yourself tall while you're doing so. Go hunting as Jane Greer does. If you're the type who puts fingers in both ears when a gun goes off, hunt for interesting spots to photograph or gather unusual looking weeds or branches to paint for winter bouquets, or make a hobby of nature study. Later on, when it really gets cold, take yourself ice-skating, skiing or tobogganing.

But remember, you have to look pretty while you're doing all these things—especially if there are young men around. Wear enough heavy clothes so your poor nose and lips won't get blue and pathetic. A careful application of foundation cream and powder protects your face from the drying effects of cold air. Do a careful job of lip makeup before going out, both to make you attractive and keep from getting chapped lips. (It's very, very bad to lick your lips when you're outdoors in the winter!)

Just as you protect yourself from the weather by wearing clothes, so you must shield your skin by a chap-preventive application of cream or lotion on hands, wrists and legs. At night, before going to bed, pet your face by giving it a soothing film of rich lubricating cream. And, since you simply can't overdo the use of hand lotion, don't let your exercised, luxuriously-fatigued body sink on its downy couch without insuring soft white hands for the morrow.

(*Continued from page 81*) have a better than television picture of what she's like.

"I think we have a companionship that is very important to our marriage. Harry is a baseball and football fan. I'm not. I go to a game, sit there and do crossword puzzles. It's not an affectation. I just don't care for either sport. But I like to be with Harry, and he doesn't call me a dope for not learning the rules and pretending to be excited when I'm not.

"Next spring I'm going to bother Harry until he takes a real vacation. He wants to go hunting. He never had time for it when he was young. I love to ride and shoot, and that will get us off to a flying honeymoon—the kind we can't have right now because of business.

"Another thing. Harry refuses to have anything to do with my career. He doesn't make an issue of it—just says that it's my affair, and if it makes me happy, that's fine. While I was on a personal appearance tour, he flew in for a couple of weekends. I've never seen him really riled, except once. That was when an agent asked him to get me to do something I'd already turned down. It was wonderful, the quiet way he told the character off."

standing room only . . .

About those personal appearances: Marie should feel pretty good.

Two celebrities preceded her for a week at the Oriental Theater in Chicago. Together they did $37,000 at the box office. Marie's first week rang up the cash register for a neat $60,000, and her second week was a sparkling $78,000. With Perry Como just across the street for competition.

I was remarking on this, as I reached for a cigarette.

"That makes four you've had this noon," Marie said, "and three cups of coffee. You just can't do it, that's all. Listen, before I grew up and knew better, I thought I was a busy person. I smoked all the time. Drank quarts of coffee.

"Then one day I got out of bed and fell flat on my face. I was scared to death. Thought I had heart trouble, but do you know that you can get a false angina that way? Don't get the idea I'm making a case against the cigarette and coffee people, but just drop a word to the rest of the young people that easy does it."

People who meet Marie are continually being surprised. They expect her to loll around being elegantly beautiful. She doesn't loll, she isn't elegant, and she's downright interesting as a person.

There's a famous actress who could take a tip from Marie. The woman always gazes over people's shoulders as she talks. Never looks anyone directly in the eyes. Marie does, and her gray-green, smoky eyes are wonderful.

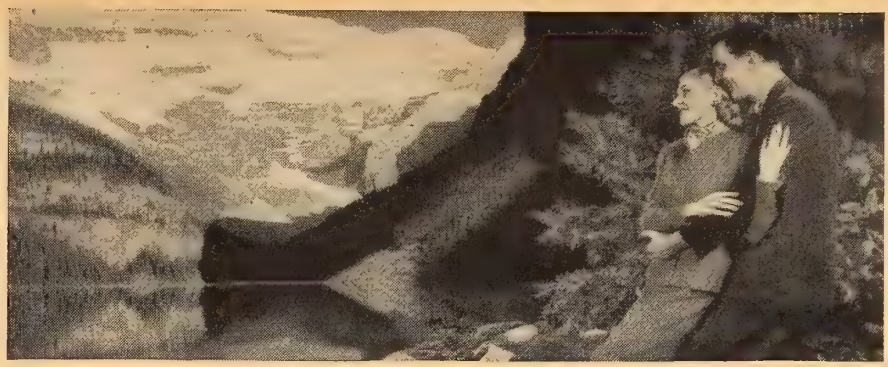
Marie has courage, too. A studio worker told me that during the shooting of one of her pictures she kept telling the producer her character had no motivation.

"See here, my friend," she declared—and not at the top of her voice—"why don't we just take my part out of the picture altogether? The girl just doesn't mean anything to the story."

The producer smiled gently. He was charmed that such a pretty girl should worry so much about technical matters. The part didn't change, but almost to the last day, Marie was still attempting to accomplish the impossible.

At length, the reviews came out. One said: "Miss McDonald gives a capable performance in a role which is completely lacking in motivation."

Marie clipped out the review, circled the single sentence in red, and marched straight into the producer's office. He still has the clipping, (*Continued on page 87*)



Day after glorious day we hiked. Your hand always there to help me. *"I love touching your hand,"* you said. *"It feels so soft in mine."* Of course! Her hands are Jergens-soft.

At divine Lake Louise LOVE came my way



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the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION



SHIRLEY FROHLICH
director

GLORIA LAMPERT
associate

Stars are pretty human characters, as all fan clubbers have come to realize, and in a given situation will react pretty much the same way you or I would. So it's only natural that they get a bit flustered when asked what they think of fan clubs, and blurt out their sincere feelings with something like, "Wonderful," "Swell," or even "Love my club!" Dick Travis, who's one of the nicest actors we know, said it a little more articulately in an interview in the *Arthur Kennedy Journal*. We were so impressed with his honesty and forthrightness that we'd like to quote his answer.

tribute from travis . . .

When asked, "What do you like best about fan clubs?" Dick replied:

"That their whole purpose is to help others—and I firmly believe that they really help. Taking my own case as an example (why I even *have* a fan club I'll never know, but I doubt if there's ever been a better one or a more loyal one): besides all the promoting and plugging it has done for me at the studios, etc., it has, through the constant support and inspiration of the members, kept my own hopes alive when things were pretty rough indeed! Since I got out of the Army, this business of motion pictures has been in a pretty sad state, and it doesn't look too good for another year. I have been the most unrewarding honorary a fan club could have, yet they go right ahead with an unbelievable attitude of faith and belief. How could anything be better than that?"

What do you think, fans? Isn't Dick's little tribute to you clubbers a real tribute to himself, too? How many stars would speak that frankly?

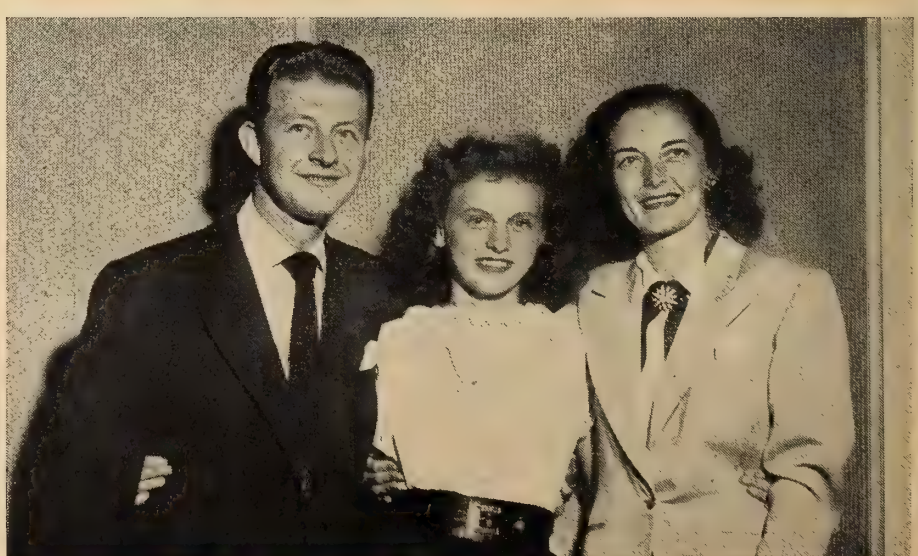
But Dick isn't the only player who's put his feeling into words. One of the nicest things about our (*Continued on page 110*)

6TH SEMI-ANNUAL TROPHY CUP CONTEST

Fourth Lap: (the following results are based on journals, reports, other data received at our offices between August 16 and September 15). Individual Prizes: Each winner in THIS IS MY BEST Contest receives a generous gift package of FABERGE's Perfume and Cologne. Best editors are each awarded a special assortment of POND's beauty preparations. Winning artist gets a handsome TANGEE Trip Kit for travel. First prize winner, CANDID CAMERA CONTEST, receives a year's subscription to SCREEN ROMANCES, a year's subscription to SCREEN ALBUM, and 4 DELL Mysteries. Other Candid Camera winners, a neat package of 4 Dell Mysteries. (Suitable prizes always substituted for male winners.)

"This Is My Best" Contest Winners. Margaret Sedlar, "Juvenile Delinquents," *John Garfield Journal;* Pat Harris, "Evil Bobby Soxer," *Soliloquy* (Sinatra; Ling); Geo. C. Marsh, "Your Editor in Korea," *Kirby Grant Journal;* Robert Waste, "Fan Club Convention," *Joan Crawford Club News;* Virginia Keegan, "That Pair Again," *Bingang;* Albert Sankey, Letter, *Jane's Journal* (Wyman). **Candid Camera Contest:** First prize; Florine Bloom, Danny Scholl C. Others: Nelda Clough, Chas. Korvin C. Ellen Sachs, Johnny Coy C. Woodrow Carti, Glenn Vernon C. (McCarthy). Martha Kay, Shirley Temple C. David Caldwell, (Alan) Ladd's Legionnaires. **Best Journals:** 1. (tied) *John Garfield Journal, Autry's Aces.* 2. (tied) *Morgan Memos, Joan Crawford Club News, Sleepy Hollow Echoes.* 3. (tied) *Kirby Grant Journal, The Fog Horn* (Sinatra; McMullen). **Best Editors:** 1. Ruth Ness, *Bingang.* 2. Mary Ruth Bond, *Musical Notes Journal.* 3. Lori Rossi, *Larry's Log* (Parks). **Best Covers:** 1. *Autry's Aces.* 2. (tied) *Haymes Herald, Crawford News,* (Diana) *Lynn's Lingo.* 3. (tied) *Atomic Atcher* (Bob), *Soliloquy, Jan's Journal* (Clayton), *Fog Horn, Great Scott* (Lizabeth). **Best Original Artist:** Lynn Fenty, *Jan's Journal.* **Most Worthwhile Activities:** 1. Bill Boyd C. (music and books contributed to orphanage, stamps collected for vets' hospital, assistance to talented disabled members, shut-ins). 2. Ginger Rogers C. (food packages sent regularly to Dutch and British members). 3. (tied) Kate Smith C. (adopted three families in Athens, Greece) and Conn. Kernels C. (hired ambulance to take shut-in member to club's annual picnic). **Greatest Percentage Increase in Membership:** 1. Bill Boyd C. 2. Sleepy Hollow C. 3. Teddy Walters C. **Best Correspondents:** 1. Janie Hamilton, Bill Boyd C. 2. Marion Hesse, Ginger Rogers C. 3. Pat Mitchell, Sinatra C. (Ling).

Leading Clubs thus far: League One: Gene Autry Friendship C., 1100; Bill Boyd C., 1000; Bingang 750; J. Garfield C., 700. League Two: Joan Crawford C., 1550; Diana Lynn C., Jeanette MacDonald C. (Riley), 950; Sleepy Hollow C., 900; Bob Crosby C., 850; Shirley Temple C., 800. League Three: Sinatra C. (Ling), 1050; Jo Cotten C., Sinatra C. (McMullen), 850; Charles Korvin C., 800; Kirby Grant C., Dan Duryea C., (Grant), 700.



Johnny Long, club prexy Gloria Goodey, and Pat Long, at a Signature recording session. Glo, secretary for a Brooklyn coffee concern, has been following the fortunes of the Long band for 6 years.

(*Continued from page 85*) and he's really a bug on motivation.

The other day I went over to the Metro commissary to have lunch with Marie. Frank Sinatra dropped by to say that his bowling team, comprised of the waitresses, had been beaten the night before by Lana Turner and Clark Gable's team.

"I'd better call a meeting," Frank said.

Katy Hepburn moved in, and sat down a few tables away. Bob Taylor was there. So were Greer Garson and Clark Gable.

Visitors stared at the big stars.

They stared just as much at Marie.

It's obvious that Marie is in the big star classification.

"My guardian angel's been wonderful this year," she says. "What with whispering to Harry to pop the question, and the good breaks I'm beginning to get—and being here at all after the day I died for a few hours. I'm pretty sure, knock on wood, that everything'll be all right."

The day she "died" was really something.

It was last summer at the beach. Marie decided to go for a dip, while her friends were playing volley ball.

She ran to the edge of the ocean, dove through a big breaker, and started to swim. When she looked up, she noticed big S marks of foam—a rip tide.

The next wave was a beauty.

"I felt like I'd fallen into a cement mixer. When I came up, I yelled, but in another second I was hit again. I had two odd thoughts—darn it, why do I have to go when I'm still so young, and gee, it's going to hurt my family."

Marie came up once more. She'd swallowed what seemed like quarts of water. She couldn't yell, but in the split second that her head showed above the wave, producer Ben Bogeaus spied her. He saw her go under, and he ran. She'd been swept underneath a huge bed of kelp.

Ben, an expert swimmer, was lucky to find her—luckier to get her through the treacherous rip tide. Moments later, she was on the beach, but it was nearly an hour before she showed signs of life.

Marie doesn't drink, but nobody was thinking about that. Someone poured a tumbler full of brandy down her throat.

"There I'd been a little while before, pathetic and pretty thoroughly drowned. Now there I was again, thoroughly tipsy for the first and only time, and thinking life was wonderful. Life, when you think about it, *is* wonderful, isn't it?"

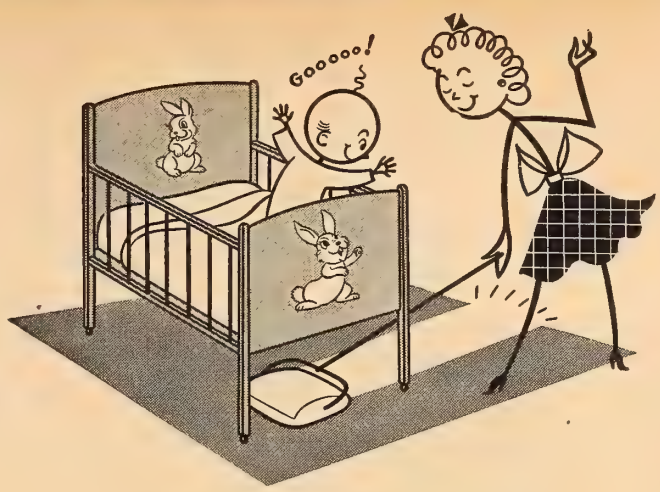
But Mrs. Harry Karl isn't waiting for your answer to that one. She's got her own.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One afternoon in Hollywood a group of us girls spotted Red Skelton making for one of the finer eating establishments near the NBC studios. Armed with our pens and autograph books, we caught up to him and announced our intentions. As Red graciously made with the "scribbles," a sudden gust of wind swept around the corner and removed his hat. It began tumbling down the sidewalk, giving all of us a merry chase. One of my friends made a lunge and came back to present Red with his headpiece. Red expressed his thanks and added, "I was beginning to worry about getting it back . . . what else could I have used to take up collections on tonight's show?"

Beth Day
Fort Worth, Texas



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HELP WANTED—By Jane Wilkie

(*Continued from page 60*)

know—give it the business."

"Gotcha," said the man.

When the phone call came, at last, that his automobile was ready, he raced to Beverly Hills and tore into the shop. There was his car. Somehow, it had managed to come out looking like a Hupmobile that was trying too hard.

Tom's life is like that, as full of twists as a pretzel. In the last year, the gremlins assigned to snafu Drake have been concentrating on depriving him of a roof over his head and a pillow under same. Almost anybody likes a home, but Tom likes a home in particular. Not one of the shine-by-night boys, he's the type that appreciates a favorite chair, a reading lamp, and the peace of mind that goes with belonging somewhere.

There was a house—it seems ages ago to Tom now—in Beverly Hills. But twenty-seven persons, during the space of a year, shared that house with Tom. They were all victims of the housing shortage, and Tom isn't a guy to say "no" when a friend needs a stopping place. So life, there, was like living in front of a turnstile in a Times Square subway station.

When his lease expired, there was no answer save a hotel. His suitcase was never completely unpacked, and he ate so many restaurant meals that he began to dream of being chased by swarms of evil-looking ulcers who wore menus for hats.

In between hotels, he stayed with friends. But a man can wear out his welcome, so the visits were never too long. His main problem, because he rose so early for work, was to leave places without disturbing the other occupants. He grew so used to tiptoeing that he found himself pussy-footing even in his subsequent hotel rooms.

a room of his own . . .

In most of the homes he had a room to himself, but one friend necessarily had to stow him in the dining-room on a daybed. This was fine with Tom, except that every member of the family was an inveterate ice-box raider. In bed early, Tom would be awakened by one or all of them tiptoeing through the room to reach the kitchen. His only solution was to worry them out of the habit.

"You eat too much," he told them. "You're all beginning to look puffy."

The name of Tom Drake had been resting peacefully and unmolested on the lists of many realtors for months, but finally, after the sixth hotel and the fifth visit as a guest, he was offered an apartment. Immediately, he moved in his clothes and his radio. This radio is his particular pet, a big modern model finished in bleached wood.

The first time he went to the apartment after the moving, the radio was missing. He found it in the closet. He moved it out into the living-room again. The next time he came home the radio was in the closet again. It dawned on him that the landlady, who had meticulously furnished the apartment in Early American style, was displeased by the lines of the instrument. Consequently, the radio commuted daily between the closet and the living-room until, eventually, Tom gave up in disgust and moved himself, and the radio out. He stopped a while with one more friend, and then came his windfall, an apartment that included not only the use of a swimming pool, but a décor that enhanced his radio!

The first day in, Tom went shopping. Drake shopping tours, Christmas or otherwise, are always conducted within the space of one day.

His trouble is remembering everything. It will occur to him, one morning, that he should have a suit pressed, and that he needs a triple socket for the outlet in the bedroom; and that his moccasins need new heel lifts. His shirts are ready at the laundry, he needs some new socks and should buy a birthday gift for one of his nieces.

Under a like set of circumstances, the average person would make a shopping list and get on his horse. Not Drake. When he makes a list, he either forgets to take it with him, or he remembers and then loses it. Anyone can see that what Tom needs most to simplify his life and liquidate his gremlins, is a wife.

At any rate, this particular shopping day was a whiz. He remembered everything. During his home-hopping days, he had lost several suits, so this was remedied by a fitting at the tailor's, a chore which Tom loathes. The suits ordered, he made a beeline for the ashtray department of a big department store. Dinky ashtrays are Tom's pet hate, and at the end of a successful day, he returned to his apartment laden with an assortment of ash trays so big that they could be used as fruit bowls, turkey platters or bird baths.

His next thought was of his stomach. The apartment furnished daily maid service, but the fact remained that he longed for home-cooked meals. He employed an excellent cook, a woman named Fanny, whose hours are supposed to be from three o'clock every afternoon until after she has cooked dinner and washed the dishes. Fanny, however, has taken a motherly interest in Tom, and eleven p.m. often finds her hovering over him, trying to talk him into a midnight snack.

It is small wonder that she is captivated. One day she brought her collection of photographs of movie stars, all autographed to her, and proudly displayed them to Tom.

"I'd certainly like a picture of you," she said.

"Tell you what," said Tom. "I'll autograph one for you if you'll give me one of yourself."

it's **june**
in january
especially
when that
heart-warming

gal named
allyson is on
the cover of
modern screen
on sale
december 9

And the next time Fanny went into Tom's bedroom, she found her picture, elegantly framed, on his bureau. It stood smack in the center of an array of movie and stage stars, and Fanny was all but overcome with emotion.

In the past year, his career has kept Tom on a merry-go-round and given him few days of rest. With the completion of *The Beginning or the End,* he went to Washington, D. C., to be present at the world première. The most exciting thing that happened to him was riding in a cab down Pennsylvania Avenue and being chased by eight bobby-soxers, all clutching cameras, and missing death from whizzing automobiles by a matter of inches and seconds.

Back in Hollywood, he went to work in *I'll Be Yours* with Deanna Durbin, and then had a brief vacation. Free at last of the rigorous working hours, he went to the fights and the races and dated June Hutton and Beverly Tyler. Just about the time he was remembering what it was like to have fun, he took Bev to Venice Pier, the Coney Island of California.

Their first stop was the baseball-and-milk bottle booth. The first round of baseballs toppled every bottle. Beverly was properly impressed, and Tom handed her the three-cent prize, and asked for another quarter's worth of balls. These he heaved with such force that a stabbing pain ran down his arm.

carnival casualty . . .

It wasn't until he and Bev were hurtling around the curves of a roller coaster that he realized something was definitely wrong. It turned out that he had ripped a cartilage in his right arm. To top it off, he overdid a samba that same night and something snapped in his back.

Feeling the worse for wear the next morning, he learned he was to do *Alias a Gentleman* with Wallace Beery, starting immediately.

"Send over two pairs of your shoes," the studio told him.

"What for?" Tom wanted to know.

"They have to be built up, for the fight scenes."

"Fight scenes?" said Tom, running his left hand over his sore arm. He spent the day shadow-boxing, developing a system whereby he jabbed only with his left, and managed to make his right arm look effective while hardly moving it.

One morning, later, he found the shoes in his dressing-room, with heels approximately three inches high. Reaching an exact six feet in height, Tom is taller than average, and it suddenly struck him as strange that they would want him to appear taller. He called the wardrobe department.

"Hey," he said. "What's with my shoes? Isn't six feet tall enough?"

"Six feet!" the man gasped. "Are you six feet?"

"On the button," said Tom. "I don't exactly throw barbells around before breakfast, but I ought to be a big enough guy for the part."

They checked the records, and it turned out that Tom's stand-in should have been the victim. So Tom sent his shoes back to have the lifts removed.

It's all too true that Mr. Drake doesn't tangle with exercise in the mornings. In fact, he tangles with nothing save breakfast, and that, in sort of a half-conscious manner. In school, years ago, he had a roommate who used to wake up briskly

on the stroke of six, bound out of bed, beat his chest and boom a few arias, all the while jumping about the room as though he were on a pogo stick. The entire ritual was so repugnant to Tom that it colored the rest of his life.

On the set, Tom is in the habit of snatching naps whenever possible, a fact which Wallace Beery discovered with great interest. Beery waited one day until he was sure that Tom was in the arms of Morpheus, then stuffed a smoking rag under the door of Tom's dressing room. In less than a moment, Tom flung the door open, a handkerchief over his face, wearing an expression of horror. He had been certain, naturally, that all of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was going up in flames.

Over and above the daily horseplay on the set, Tom and Beery have great regard for each other. Beery, for his part, has been most helpful to Tom who, in turn, is an avid and eager listener. He is captivated by Beery's ability to ad lib a scene.

He noticed one day that Beery, instead of lugging around the heavy and spineless script, tore out the pages containing the dialogue for the day.

"Now, that," Tom told himself, "is a great idea. No reason why I can't learn from Beery."

So that night, after studying his dialogue for the next day, Tom carefully tore the pages from the script and put them on the table by the front door so that he wouldn't forget to take them along. But he forgot.

Like we said, he needs a wife. When you think of the thousands of girls who'd be more than happy to hand Tom a shopping list as he went out the front door, it's a pity he doesn't meet one he'd like to latch onto.

TRY AND STOP ME

(*Continued from page 31*)

finished at last. He called me long-distance from Rio.

He wanted to know what locations I'd found, and when did he start.

In Mexico, Ty surprised me with several unsuspected talents. He organized a baseball team from the location crew and cast, and played Mexican ball teams twice, in Morelia, and again in Uruapan, charging admission, and turning over the box-office receipts to a Mexican hospital. He holds down a fast first-base.

At Acapulco, Ty disappeared one morning when he didn't have a call, returning that night with an impressive swordfish he'd caught in the bay. I didn't know he knew a fish from a fan letter until then. He played a perfect host at a New Year's party for our whole gang, too, and though several years had passed since he'd been in Mexico City, he knew and could call by name all the Mexicans he'd met before.

That's my boy, that Power. When you direct a star in seven pictures, you get to know him pretty well. By now, I should know enough about Ty to send him to jail—only I don't know anything bad.

Ty first came into my office back in 1936 when I was preparing *Lloyd's of London*. He was after a job, and he had two big strikes against him. The job was practically filled in my mind, for one; for two, it was practically filled in the mind of my studio boss, Darryl Zanuck.

Nevertheless, I was impressed by Ty's bright, alert personality, clean-cut, handsome face, by his intelligence and ambition. He had little acting to his credit—only one minor picture part. He didn't have a name. But I thought he had something people everywhere would respond to.

I must have been rooting for Tyrone

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Power to get that part all the time. I had him come to my office two days, with his makeup, wig and costume. I coached and rehearsed him and I didn't know why I did. But when I ran off the test before Zanuck and his board, they said, "No." I said, "Yes." Darryl Zanuck said, "Why?"

"Because," I remember answering automatically, "I'll stake my reputation that this young man has more promise than any young man in Hollywood. If he's as good in the picture as he is in the test, you'll have a new star—and a big one."

"Put him in the part," said Zanuck. "Henry's right." And I was. I wish I could always be as right about things as I've been about Tyrone Power.

Many are called but few are chosen in Hollywood. The way Ty fastened on to that break like a young bulldog, proved right away that he had what it takes to come through in the toughest race in the world. From the very beginning, he's concentrated all his energies and talents on the job. He did that first time. After two weeks of work I got a call from Darryl Zanuck.

"I've set aside $75,000 extra on *Lloyd's* budget," he said, "to invest in Tyrone Power. I've watched his rushes and he's the greatest star bet I've ever had. I don't want you to hurry any scene he does; I want to be doubly sure he clicks."

I concentrated on Ty, and he clicked. *Lloyd's of London* spoke for itself—and Tyrone Power, too—in a loud voice. I discovered at once that Ty, like myself, loved to work. One night after a stretch of 14-hour days—all with Ty in his uncomfortable costume, under the biggest strain of his life, I suggested a trying, thankless job most actors would have balked at.

A big, good-looking Englishman had strolled on the set that day, sightseeing. He said, casually, he was an actor, but he had nothing to prove it—no credits, not even a professional photograph. There was a part coming up in the picture that he seemed to me to walk right into. "Like to make a screen test for me?" I suggested.

"Oh, yes, by Jove! Like to very much," he agreed. Time was rushing. "All right, tonight," I told him.

I told Tyrone about it. "All his part, practically, is with you." I explained. "I think you ought to do the test with him." Ty was about ready to drop in his socks then, but he didn't hesitate a minute. "Thanks," he said, "I'd like to."

We did the test that night with Ty and the dark horse. He came through and got the part. He's done pretty well, too, ever since. His name was George Sanders.

the tender desperado . . .

The thing I've always admired about Tyrone is that he's met a challenge in almost every picture. *In Old Chicago* was his second picture, and he took over a star part planned for the then current king of Hollywood, Clark Gable. In *Jesse James,* Ty played the classic desperado of U.S. history, even though he was still very young and tender. I was surprised, myself, at how menacing Ty's good looks could become when he went to work on them.

Ty was up for a pirate part in *The Black Swan* and again I had a complex about his unholy good looks. Musing on this problem, I took a photograph of Ty and doodled on a mandarin pirate moustache, curving wickedly down around Ty's handsome chin. I showed it to him the next day. "Here," I said, half-joking, "grow one of these and that's all the makeup you'll need."

A couple of weeks later, Ty walked into my office. He had my identical dreamed-up Oriental moustache, exactly as I'd drawn it, as black as my ink, and curving like a couple of scimitars. He looked pretty mean. In fact, when I trotted him over to Darryl Zanuck, he was so shocked he said, "What are you doing to Ty, anyway? In that get-up, you'll ruin him with the women!"

Well, *The Black Swan* turned into the most popular picture Ty ever made. It's still packing them in, six years later. We found it running in Mexico, while there making *Captain From Castile* and Ty ran across it going great guns in Uruguay on his recent South American air tour.

The most outstanding and valuable asset of Tyrone Power as a screen star and a person, in my opinion, is adaptability. He had to speak a few lines of French in *Lloyd's of London,* I remember. It wasn't much, and the validity of his accent wasn't an important item to American audiences. Besides, he was playing an Englishman, not a Frenchman. We hired the best French language teacher in Hollywood, Georges Jomier, to coach Ty, who knew no French at all. In a few days Georges announced, to my surprise, that Ty was ready for the French language scenes. "And On-ree," he assured me, "Ty ees playing thees with a Frenchman's accent." He was, too. Nor did he stop there. Intrigued, he kept up his studies on the side, and today he speaks very good French.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When Danny Kaye was in Boston a large group of girls went to see him at the theater. They got there when the doors opened. You guessed it! They stayed all day. At one of the performances a girl yelled out in a worshiping manner, "You're cra-a-zy!" and Danny answered, "You paid to get in and I'm crazy, huh?"

Diane Nagle
Auburndale, Mass.

Ty is always surprising me with his capabilities. I had a very dangerous horseback ride coming up in *Captain From Castile* on location in Mexico. I knew Ty could ride a horse, but I had a double on hand for this scene. Night before the scheduled shooting, my rough rider fell seriously ill. I was chasing around trying to scare up another, and happened to mention my jam to Ty.

"Why can't I do it myself?" he asked. "You don't think I'm going to be stupid enough to get myself hurt, do you?"

I discovered next day that he was a damned fine horseman. No professional trick rider could have done more expertly.

Next to directing pictures, the love of my life is aviation. I've been flying since 1918, and for many years I have been chasing down remote picture locations in my airplane. I flew all over Mexico, finding outdoor sets for *Captain From Castile,* while Ty, as I mentioned in the beginning, was scooting around South America for his second hemispheric good-will hop. I can say without laying it on a bit, that Ty is one of the safest, sanest and all-around best pilots I've ever flown with. His Marine Corps training didn't hurt any, of course. The same adaptable capacity which made him a great star has made him a very fine pilot. I was pretty much mixed up in the start of that flying career of Ty's, too. So I know what I'm talking about. He made his first cross-country plane hop with me in my Waco.

Ty had been up a time or two, riding with me on my location chasing airjunkets, but he'd never had his hands on the controls until we took off for Missouri on our Ozark mountain location for *Jesse James.* I'm afraid I'd pounded Ty's ear at great lengths on the joys of flying and its usefulness—not always, I suspect, to the studio's joy and comfort. There was a rule back then that no star or director—that was me—could fly. I flouted it for years because I believed the airplane had a real and important purpose in our way of life. I liked Ty and wanted him to share my enthusiasm. I knew he'd get the fever.

they fly by waco . . .

We were starting out for the Ozark mountains. "What would you rather do, Ty," I asked him, "ride the train or fly back in the Waco with me?"

"The Waco," Ty replied, "of course." He looked at me and we grinned at each other guiltily. I think our studio had given up on me by then. But Ty was starting a new star worry problem and I'm afraid I was an accomplice. The studio manager summed it up when he sighed at the news, "Well, I guess we'd better warm up a new star and director for *Jesse James.* It wasn't quite that bad, though.

By the time we made *A Yank in the RAF,* Ty had his own plane. We had a mock-up Spitfire on that set, fixed to roll and loop, and poor Ty spent so many hours spinning dizzily on that prop that he finally grinned, "When I get through this one, I'll have enough hours for my wings!"

He didn't win his wings that way, but the hard way, through Marine training later on.

I've been trying to think, before I wind up this impression of Tyrone Power, if there's anything halfway bad I can tell on him—just to make him human. The closest I can come is to report that he sometimes falls for a popular jingle and drives most of us on the set wild with it until he's had his fill. We had to steal his record of "Open the Door, Richard," after he'd played it at least fifty times a day.

Tyrone likes life and he knows how to live. He's interested in people, and he does the things people write about and long to do. He's ambitious but he's real. He keeps himself in fine physical and mental trim.

He's not conceited, and never has been. If anything, Ty is supremely grateful for the good fortune he's had. I asked him, right after I'd shown him the finished print of *Captain From Castile,* "Are you happy about it, Ty?" It's by long odds the toughest picture I've ever made, the toughest for Ty, too.

"Henry," he assured me, "I was never so pleased in my life. But it's beyond me in its bigness."

Ty was flattering me, maybe, about the picture I'd made, but I don't have to flatter him. It's a pleasure to confess that the most enjoyable moments I've had in Hollywood are taking that natural charm he has, ploughing it into a character, and watching it come to life on the screen.

I can express my opinion of Ty best, perhaps, in the same words I used to introduce him not long ago. The Airport Commission of Los Angeles asked me to make a speech, once, about why that great city should have a municipal airport. They asked me to bring an influential studio star with me to lend it emphasis. "Okay, I'll bring one," I agreed. The one I thought of first for that occasion was Ty.

After my speech, I introduced him. "I want you to meet Tyrone Power," I said. I hadn't prepared an introduction, so I said next what came naturally to my lips. "I hope my own boys will grow up to be like him." That was sincere then and it still is.

"TO TED WITH LOVE"

(*Continued from page 44*)

other with the lovelight in their eyes.

On the way home Teddy was still in a dream. "Wouldn't it be wonderful to have a son?"

"Honey, here's news for you. Sometimes you get two daughters in a row—"

"I'll buy that, too. But there's always the chance she might decide to be a boy—"

What about your career, people used to say, when I'd talk about wanting another child right away. Peachy, I'd tell them, but my home and my marriage have come to be twice as important. They'd look at me cross-eyed, and I can't say I blame them. That line's pulled so often around here and then, six months later, zip! goes another marriage. But the lovely part is, I don't have to prove it to anyone. Ted knows it's true, I know it's true, and the rest doesn't matter.

I didn't always feel this way. It was something I had to learn, but I learned it good, and my husband taught me. In *Dream Girl*—that's a plug, which is the least I can do for Paramount—they tell me you see a new Betty Hutton, so new you could sit through a scene or two and not know her. Well, that's how it is with me, Betty Hutton Briskin. Looking back at the girl I used to be, she's like somebody else. I was getting tough. There was something inside of me getting bitter and hard. Whatever the thing was, it was making me sick.

"What's wrong with you, Betty?" Mother used to say. "You act like you can't stand yourself."

hard to please . . .

No kid could have been more career-crazy than I was, and the career was healthy, so I should've been riding high. Instead, I was tied into so many knots they could have used me for a fishnet. For one thing, I was always frightened. If the last picture was good, maybe the next wouldn't be. If I crossed the lot and somebody didn't say hello, I'd go home and brood. If people were nice, that didn't suit me, either. They don't give a darn about you, I'd say, they're only nice because you're doing okay. All I trusted was the career, so I hung on to that with hot little hands and knew if I lost it, I'd lose my mind. But having it didn't make me happy.

Then I met Ted and we fell in love and married. On the surface we were nothing alike. I was the whirlwind, he was the quiet one. Yet with all his quietness, he'd stick to what he believed and come out on top.

For instance, the first day I worked after we were married, he said: "I'll drive you to the studio."

Well, I kicked. Not that I didn't want his company, but he was busy getting his camera plant started, and the whole thing struck me as silly. Here I'd been on my own more or less from the age of 12, and now all of a sudden I had to be driven to work! For what?

He told me. "Look, Betty, you're away from me all these hours in a different world. I don't have to punch a timeclock. That makes us lucky.. It gives us more chance to be together and talk. It helps make our marriage stronger."

To me this was a new angle. One reason I was so mixed up, I never took time to sort out *what* I thought, just let my feelings run away with me. Teddy's life had been simpler, he was like the guy in the play, he knew what he wanted and his bean (*Continued on page 93*)

There's no trick to it . . .





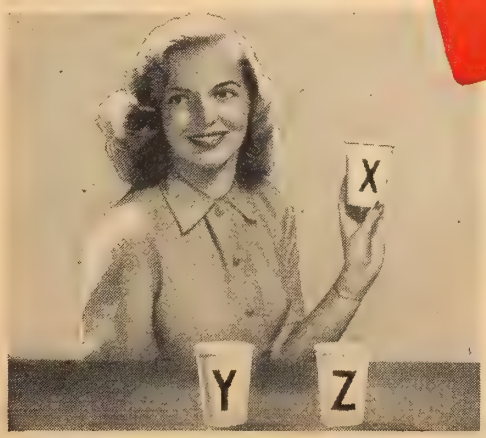
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POPULAR

A FELLOW NEEDS A GIRL—**Frank Sinatra (Columbia), *Perry Como (Victor); *Gordon McRae (Capitol)

Dick Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein (the second, of course) turned out some can't-missers for the Broadway musical *Allegro*. Companion tune is SO FAR, disced by Sinatra, Como and Margaret Whiting.

BOULEVARD OF MEMORIES—*Billy Eckstine (M-G-M); Woody Herman (Columbia); Ray Dorey (Majestic)

By the time you read this, Woody Herman will be a bandleader again, (after a year's absence), instead of a rather lonesome-sounding singer, as on his recent records. Woody's new Columbia album, *Eight Shades of Blue*, is full of good songs with the azure word in the title—*Am I, Under a Blanket of, Between the Devil and the Deep*, and *I Gotta Right To Sing The*. How blue can you get?

DON'T YOU LOVE ME ANY MORE?—*Buddy Clark (Columbia); Jack Smith (Capitol); Freddy Martin (Victor)

Buddy Clark is Columbia's white-haired boy at the moment, getting the top songs and doing justice to them. His *Freedom Train* is actually superior to Bing's.

HOW LUCKY YOU ARE—*Elliot Lawrence (Columbia); *Anita Ellis (Mercury); Phil Brito (Musicraft); Andrews Sisters (Decca)

A good waltz, if waltz you will. Anita Ellis, charming brunette from the Red Skelton radio show, is coming along nicely on wax.

PEGGY O'NEIL—Harmonicats (Vitacoustic); Polka Dots (Musicraft)

Harmonicas happen to be anathema to me, and if that sounds like a sneeze, so much the better. Whether it's *Peg O' My Heart, Peggy O'Neil,* Harmonicats or Polka Dots, you're welcome, stranger.

STARS WILL REMEMBER—*Frank Sinatra (Columbia); Vaughn Monroe (Victor); Guy Lombardo (Decca); Skitch Henderson (Capitol)

HOT JAZZ

GENE AMMONS—*Red Top (Mercury)

ALLEN EAGER—*Donald Jay (Savoy)

DIZZY GILLESPIE—**Oopapada (Victor)

Above three are all bebop items. Caution: do not touch unless willing to be converted, open-minded and open-eared. Ammons, son of boogie-woogie piano pioneer, Albert Ammons, and Eager, 21-year-old jazz veteran, both play great tenor sax in the modern idiom. Dizzy's new big band makes a remarkable debut here, with satirical vocals and a weird, wonderful arrangement. There's also a good new Bebop Album on Keynote.

MEL HENKE—*In A Mist (Vitacoustic)

Unique. Chicago pianist Henke plays the late Bix Beiderbecke's immortal piece with an eerie vocal background hummed by the Honeydreamers.

MARY ANN McCALL—*Money is Honey (Columbia)

Former Woody Herman and Charlie Barnet singer makes her solo record bow with two blues sides (reverse is slower, *On Time*,) with Woody's arranger, Ralph Burns, leading a nice accompanying unit. The gal really sings the blues.

FROM THE MOVIES

BODY AND SOUL—Title Song: *Lee Wiley-Eric Siday (Victor); *Sarah Vaughan (Musicraft); *Tex Beneke (Victor) and about 99 other versions.

DEEP VALLEY—Title Song: *Tommy Dorsey (Victor)

EMPEROR WALTZ—I Kiss Your Hand Madame: Bing Crosby (Decca); *Buddy Clark (Columbia). Emperor Waltz: *Bing Crosby (Decca); Skitch Henderson (Capitol)

FUN AND FANCY FREE—Title Song: *Phil Harris (Victor); Gene Krupa (Columbia); Phil Brito (Musicraft). Say It With a Slap: Modernaires (Columbia); Louis Prima (Victor). Lazy Country Side: Dinah Shore (Columbia).

IF YOU KNEW SUSIE—My How The Time Goes By: *Hal McIntyre (M-G-M); Vaughn Monroe (Victor)

SUMMER HOLIDAY—Stanley Steamer: *Jo Stafford (Capitol); *Georgia Gibbs (Majestic); Dinah Shore (Columbia); Tony Martin (Victor)

(*Continued from page 91*) worked straight.

"If you'll only remember that movies are a business," he'd say. "Tough and cold like any business. Don't expect them to love you for yourself, alone. As long as you're making money, they'll all say hello. Why should it hurt you? In their place, you'd do the same. So would I. We none of us have time for people who drop out of our world."

"But I'd always be in *your* world, huh? If I flopped tomorrow, if I never made another picture?"

"When you love someone, Betty, that person *is* your world—"

So I got to know what my husband was really like, and the better I knew him, the better I loved him. Loving's altogether different from falling in love. It's got nothing to do with charm or good looks. It's all mixed up with trust and respect and liking, and the best of it is how close it brings you together.

I began to see that no matter how different we were on top, down deep I wanted the same things he did, the things that lasted. And why I'd been frightened was because I didn't have them. I'm more of an introvert than anyone will know except Teddy, but I'm not frightened now. With him you can't be. He's so at peace with the world. I don't think he's ever hurt anyone or done a mean thing that he knows is mean. I have. But I must be improving. Even my mother says, "You're a nicer girl, since you married Ted, than you've ever been." And coming from my mother, who's partial to me, that's quite a statement.

dear little buttercup . . .

Well, then Buttercup arrives on the scene, and if I hadn't been sold before, she'd have sold me. Here was this little thing with no axe to grind—wanting nothing from me but my hands and my love. That's the biggest thrill of all—that she needs me. You can have the most wonderful nurse in the world, and we have, but still the baby needs *me*. All the books say so, but you can tell it without the books; there's some feeling of security children get from the mother that they don't from anyone else.

Up until Buttercup was four-and-a-half months old, I took care of her. I fed her and bathed her, the nurse just watched and helped. I wanted her to feel who her mother was. When I started working in *Dream Girl*, Teddy'd bring her down to the studio twice a week and she'd eat lunch in my dressing-room. If she was sleeping when I got home, I'd go in and kiss her on her little cheek, and I know she knew I was there.

Once she got sick—broke out in spots and couldn't keep her food down. It was just before the 4th of July weekend. Our doctor was out of town, and it took a while to get hold of somebody else. While he was on his way, Buttercup let out a scream like something hurt her. Talk about knives through your heart! Teddy went white and he got right on the phone and called Chicago. That's his home town. He started out wanting to be a doctor, so he has lots of doctor friends in Chicago.

"Who's the best baby doctor out here?" he asked, and I stood waiting with a pencil to take it down. When he said the name, we both did a cave-in. It was the name of the man who was on his way up.

Well, he was wonderful—went over her from stem to stern, called it something or other that wasn't serious, and said she'd pull out of it in a couple of days. But you can't keep calling the doctor every five minutes, especially at night, and that night was gruesome. She'd sleep for a while and you'd start breathing again, then she'd wake up with that awful scream. All that

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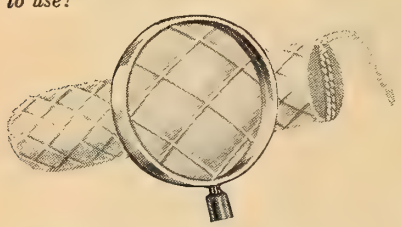
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*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

kept us sane was she didn't run any fever.

Finally, I couldn't stand it. "Okay," I thought, "nobody knows what to do, Mommy's taking over. What would *I* like if *my* stomach were upset, I'd like some hot tea—"

We gave her hot tea, and she kept it down. I sponged her and changed her sheets and did all the things you'd do for a grownup who's ill. She liked my arms. If I'd leave the room, she'd cry. Only time I left was when I'd feel a bawling fit coming on, then I'd hand her to the nurse and go out and bawl on Ted's shoulder.

In the morning, I said: "Bet she'd like some milk toast. With a little salt on it."

"Honey, you sure you're all right?" That was Ted.

But the milk toast stayed down, and the doctor said, "Mrs. Briskin, you're not a bad doctor, yourself." Which is one of the sweetest compliments I ever got.

three's a family . . .

That night, Teddy and I stood looking down at the baby. She was so skinny you could feel her ribs—golly, what two days' sickness can do to a kid!—but she was sleeping easy, and the worst was over. Teddy put his arm around me, quiet and strong, and all of a sudden it came over me what they meant about husband and wife being one, because in those two days there wasn't a thought or a fear we hadn't shared. Standing there with my husband's arm around me and our baby getting better, I felt so peaceful and thankful and happy, like coming home out of a storm or something. Here we were, the three of us, a family, loving each other, and whatever happened in a studio couldn't touch that.

Now don't get me wrong. I'm not running down my career. Far from it. To me it's the most wonderful glamorous life there is, plus an education you could never get out of books. In fact, if Buttercup wanted to be an actress, nothing would please me more.

Of course there'd be no urging on my part. She'd have to want it the way I did. Something has to drive you inside, or it's no good. I put on my first performance at the age of seven. Nobody asked me, nobody even wanted me to. If I'd been a millionaire's daughter, I'd've still been in show business. I left $1000 a week in vaudeville for $50 a week in stock, because I couldn't stand not to learn every angle of my trade.

What's more, she'd have to do it the hard way, go barnstorming, learn what a great thing it is to lift yourself by your bootstraps and know when you get there you've done it all yourself. Then it means something. Then, her first night on Broadway, ready to go out, she'll be scared stiff and shaking, with pinwheels and rockets going off in her head, but feeling that marvelous sense of aliveness down to her toes that nothing else on God's earth can give her. And I'll be out front like my own mother was, with the goosebumps a mile high—only Mom was alone, and I'll be clutching hands with a distinguished-looking gent named Briskin, who'll be trying to look cool and collected while his vest buttons pop—

That's how it'll be, maybe. And maybe not. Right now the young lady takes after her father. Likes to figure things out. Slips the strap off her chair and puts it back again. Wants to take light bulbs apart. Chances are we'll have a lady Edison on our hands instead of a Duse. Better chance that she'll just get married.

But you see how it is with me. I still get steamed up, thinking back to my own first night. Heck, I get steamed up thinking back to my last preview. But it's not the same as at first. I've *had* it all. To make it now what it was to me then would be neurotic. There's a fierceness when you start. Hang on to that, and you lose everything else. Your career means excitement. Your home means warmth and love. Comes a time when excitement isn't enough—

first things first . . .

To prove it, there's a deal on for me to do *Born Yesterday,* and I'm wild for the part, who wouldn't be? But Buttercup's brother comes first, and now that we know he's on his way, *Born Yesterday'll* have to wait, or go to somebody else. We're going to have our babies when we want them, not when the shooting schedule permits. Then, when I start making baddies, which'll finally happen, I'll have something else very solid under my feet.

We live so normally now. Nobody tries to impress anybody. The other night Ted brought two fellows home from the plant. They'd been working late, and we fixed them a bite. A friend of mine was there.

"You know what?" I said. "In the old days I'd have taken you quietly aside and explained who these kids were, for fear you might think they didn't hold their coffee cups fancy enough to associate with a Hutton—"

"And now?"

"Now you can like 'em or not, I don't give a hoot."

Whatever was making me bitter is gone. I've learned that the world doesn't owe you happiness. Sometimes it slips through

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of MODERN SCREEN, published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1947.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the MODERN SCREEN and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Editor, Albert P. Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Managing Editor, none. Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of September, 1947.
(SEAL) JEANNETTE SMITH GREEN. (My Commission expires March 30, 1948.)

your hands because you don't recognize it, or take it for granted. Sometimes it comes when you're looking the other way. All I can say is I'm thankful I found mine and latched on to it, because life would have been empty without it. As a kid, you read fairytales and think every girl's entitled to live happily ever after. Then you quit being a kid and find out different. But if ever a Prince Charming rode in on a white horse, my husband's it. He loves me and that baby and his home like you read about in books. It even scares me. What did I ever do to deserve all this?

One of our favorite games is trying to remember what we talked about B.B.—Before Buttercup. Our evenings might seem monotonous to other people, but we think they're divine. After the baby's asleep, the nurse comes in and tells us what she did all day, in great detail. All through dinner we discuss what the nurse told us, in great detail. Then we go ride our bikes for a while. Then we come back and, if there's a moon, you'll see us pacing and measuring out front.

"The window ought to be here, Teddy, they'd have a better view."

"Sure, except they'd be looking in, not out. Wait a minute, honey, till I get you turned around—"

That's for the nursery we're planning to build, big enough for three kids.

say it over and over again . . .

When we're in bed, it starts from scratch. "Did I tell you Grandma said she's the prettiest grandchild?"

Ted's folks have all been out here except his grandmother, who's too old to travel. So last August we took the baby to Chicago for a week. If I've told him once, I've told him fifty-nine times that Grandma said Buttercup was the prettiest grandchild. But he's just as tickled as he was the first time.

"Bet she tells that to all the mothers—"

"Why not? She's smart. Wasn't it wonderful the baby took her first steps there?"

"I had all I could do to keep Dad from phoning the papers."

"See that? Lucky we're having another one right away. The child would be ruined."

And so on into the night.

When the nurse is off Sundays, we take care of Buttercup together. If it's warm, we whip her into the swimming-pool. Then I dress her up pretty in a pinafore and poke bonnet, and parade her round the neighborhood in her Taylor Tot, and she waves at the trees because she thinks they're waving at her. Meantime, Ted's taking pictures. He looks terrible. All the things I used to couldn't stand. If a guy wasn't shaved, I wouldn't speak to him. I'd have no part of anyone who smoked a pipe. Now here he is, the man I love. Old, beaten-up clothes. No shave. Forever with the pipe.

Often, we'll be sitting home of an evening, and I'll look at him and some little scene'll flash through my head—Ted rocking the baby to sleep or just walking around with that silly pipe in his mouth—and it'll come over me in a rush how good and how wonderful and how sweet he is, and I'll go running to him and kiss him.

He'll be pleased, but puzzled. "What the Sam Hill happened to you?"

I'll grab him and throttle him. "Oh Teddy, I love you so—"

"Do you, honey? That's good."

I let it go at that. Why involve him in explanations? He might get mixed up, and I don't want him mixed up. I like him the way he is. Not perfect. But as darn close to it as you'd want a man to come. I have a special prayer now. Please, God, send us a son. Teddy wants one, and I'd like another guy like the guy I've got.

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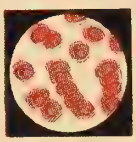
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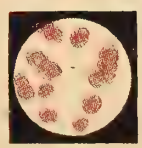
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(Continued from page 56)

voice, as she opened her front door, and led the way down winding stone steps to the lower floor of the Agar home.

"Jack's asleep," she said, once we were downstairs in the room which had always housed her huge doll collection. Not long ago, Shirley redecorated, covering the glass show-cases with floral panels that slide back to reveal shelves of costumed dolls. Shirley's interior decoration teacher at Westlake always insisted Shirley could have been a top decorator, if she hadn't liked acting so much.

Now, Shirley closed the last panel and settled down on a carmine love-seat. "I'm so sorry about the hushing and tiptoeing," she said, "but poor Jack hasn't been well. They've got him full of penicillin and sulfa because of an ear infection. This was the last day of the picture for us both, and he's worn out."

Shirley, herself, seemed anything but worn out. There was a new, bright light in her eyes. "I'm being very careful to carry out all the doctor's orders," she said. "Last spring, our own family doctor died, but he had told me when I got married whom he wanted me to have when I had a baby. And that man is my doctor now."

good news . . .

"Jack and I," Shirley went on, "both work for David O. Selznick, and when we told him our news, he felt it would be best if the studio sent out a simple announcement. So, that's what was done. That evening, at dinner, the telephone rang. When I answered it, a man's voice told me he was from an evening paper. 'Mrs. Agar,' he said, most apologetically, 'I really don't know where to begin. But a man who says he's from Selznick's just told me you were going to have a baby.' He sounded as if he were all braced for me to deny it. 'Well, I am,' I said. There was a long silence. Then he said, weakly, 'Oh, thank you!' and the line went dead."

Shirley leaned back and laughed. "Our baby's going to be born in January, a slightly belated Christmas present, you might say. And what better present could we get?"

The most constant question asked of the Agars is whether they want a boy or a girl. "We don't care," Shirley says, "as long as it's healthy. If it's a boy, he'll have his father's name—John George Agar. And the wonderful part about that name is that it includes my father's name—George—and both my brothers'—John and George.

"We haven't picked out a name for a girl. It won't be Shirley, because we want a one-syllable name to go with Agar.

"What makes it special fun for me is that my brother Jack's wife, Miriam—we call her Mims—is expecting her second child just about two weeks before me. They've got a little boy already, four years old, so Mims is a great help to me. We spend hours together, comparing notes, and right now, Mother's crocheting afghans for us. My afghan will be pink, because I'm having almost everything pink for the baby. I think blue sometimes makes babies look wan.

"Then, too, blue is the predominating color in the nursery, so pink will contrast well with it."

When Shirley rearranged the house, before getting married, a guest room was built on, close to the Agar's own bedroom. "We called it a guest room," Shirley grins, "but I had my own ideas—hopes, perhaps, is a better word. So I put in blue and white striped wallpaper, and had rosebuds on the ceiling. There's a blue rug and ruffly white curtains, and it will be the prettiest kind of a background for a crib."

Shirley has started some knitting for the baby, but, because of the picture work in which she has been involved these past few months, it has not progressed far.

"Only now I'm going to have a lot of time on my hands," she said. "And the knitting will get done. I'm not going to try any sewing. But, with Mother, and Jack's mother helping, I won't need to worry about the baby being well covered.

"I hope it will arrive before Jack's birthday, the 31st of January. He'll be twenty-seven then, and I'd like it to be born while he's twenty-six. Of course, there's a chance I might make it a double birthday, and have it right on the 31st. But if I don't, there are plenty of other family birthdays I might hit in January—my sister-in-law, Joyce, was born in January, and so was my brother George.

"I'm going back to acting, afterward," Shirley hastens to say. "My ambition is to be a character woman when I'm fifty.

"However, without work to keep me busy these next months, I'm making plans to fill my time. I know myself well enough to know I have to be occupied; I don't want to get self-centered and miserable."

She plans to return to the cooking school she attended just after she was married, too. The past few months, the Agars have had a cook—a necessity when Shirley is working—and Shirley doesn't intend to replace her in the kitchen. What she wants is to take some advanced courses in the sort of exotic dishes that one can prepare before guests. Crepe-suzettes, shish-kebab; dishes that are fun to make.

"Golf is forbidden, naturally," Shirley said. "I suppose I could go on with the piano, but I never liked practicing."

Everyone wants to know if Shirley is going to let the baby play with the dolls she, Shirley, has received from all over the world since she first became a star.

"I think," she says, "that babies like to have one favorite doll. Then it can be a friend. If they have a lot of dolls, none of them is important. Besides, most of these

MODERN SCREEN



"They want to know if they can lick the pans."

dolls are too perfect—collector's items. They're not the sort you take to bed with you, cry over when you're unhappy, or that help you when you make mud-pies."

Probably, as much has been written about Shirley as about any living personality. She doesn't seek publicity, but she appreciates what it means to an actor. "Provided, you don't let it throw you. That was one of the hardest lessons for Jack.

"At first, he used to get so mad." She looked impish as she recalled the earlier days. "Especially when lies were printed. He'd want to go out and get them retracted."

Next to her approaching motherhood, Shirley is most enthralled by Jack's acting career. They had just that day completed making *War Party,* his first picture, in which they play opposite each other.

"Jack has a wonderful part in it," she said, proudly. "He's lucky because it is not the sort of part which carries the whole weight of the picture. He plays a young second-lieutenant, just out of West Point and I play the daughter of an older West Pointer, a colonel (Henry Fonda).

"John Ford directed, and it has his stamp on it—a great deal of action, and little talk.

young man on a horse . . .

"In *War Party,* Jack had to ride a great deal. He hadn't been on horseback for seven years but it came back to him easily. He loved every minute of the shooting. He's got one of those interested minds. He wants to know how everything works. Before we were through, he knew all about the cameraman's work, the dimmer machine, the mike, makeup—everything. By the end of the first day, it seemed he knew every member of the crew by name!"

Shirley has always been impressed by her husband's memory for names. She, herself, suffers from forgetfulness along this line, and she's come to depend on his help.

"Besides," she explained, "it's really easier for him. He meets them fresh, and the impression lasts. With me, people keep coming up and saying, 'Remember me?' and ten to one I haven't seen them since I was six years old."

The word around the studio where *War Party* was made is encouraging about Jack's career. Merian Cooper, the producer, has told everyone that Jack Agar shows every sign of becoming a star.

And Shirley's mother, reporting one such conversation with Cooper, added, "Jack's sincere and so direct as a person, and he comes across on the screen the same way."

War Party is Shirley's first costume picture since she made *Bluebird,* and she enjoyed getting back into costumes again.

"But," and once more that ready smile was back, "those long, dragging skirts do get so filthy. I only hope the new fashions stop long before they touch the ankles!"

Any current report on the Agars should include word on the newest addition to the family group, Shirley's parakeet. It is named "April" because it was Jack's birthday present to her this year. The parakeet, it appears, is a violent individualist, and has resolutely refused to learn any of the words that Shirley tried to teach it.

"He mutters to himself," Shirley said, "and it sounds almost intelligible. But he certainly has blighted the life of the canary. Whenever the poor canary opens his mouth to sing, April steps in with a song of his own, a parody of the canary's voice. And lately it's got really bad. The canary is so discouraged, he doesn't even try to sing any more. He just sits and sulks, and sends black, non-canary looks at April. But April's not down-hearted—he's chipper."

April is not alone in being chipper. Everyone around the Agar home is feeling gay and, as Shirley notes, "Since our announcement, the whole family, in-laws and all, have never looked better!"





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WHY DON'T YOU TWO GET MARRIED?

(*Continued from page 55*)

"It's me," I said. "I'm in town and, darn it, I'm lonely."

He didn't think a second. It just came out. "You're having turkey dinner with 'Chuck' and me, and I've got another customer you'll like. Be ready in a half-hour."

I was ready.

It was a swell feast, and Damon and I left with the memory of one of the best Thanksgivings we'd ever spent. It wasn't until it was almost over that Annie made a slip. "Two turkeys is one too many," she gasped. "I feel like the 'Chubby Sheridan' I was when I first came to Hollywood." Steve looked dismayed, but the secret was out. You see, they'd already had one Thanksgiving dinner when I called, but it didn't take a split second for Steve and Ann to face another one to make me and Damon Runyon happy.

Well, that's the way that pair figures, straight from their big Irish hearts. I know how happy Ann has been ever since she and Steve discovered each other. She told me their story. Steve had been lonely before, too—if you can imagine a man like Steve Hannagan lonely. His close friends know the story of his break-up with his pretty ex-wife model, Susan Crandall; they knew Steve needed companionship with the right girl. Somebody said, "There's one girl you'll be crazy about, Steve. She lives in Hollywood and her name's Ann Sheridan."

Steve knew who she was of course; he'd seen her pictures, but that was all. On his flying trips West he'd never met her, but that didn't stop his friends. They kept up the cupid campaign from both ends, needling Steve about Ann, telling Ann about Steve. They never changed the rave record. Then Ann took a trip to New York. How Steve Hannagan knew she was arriving and where she stopped, I don't know.

At any rate, no sooner had Ann unpacked her bags at the Hotel Gotham than the bellboy rapped. He handed her an old fashioned nosegay. A bouquet crammed with sweetheart roses, forget-me-nots, violets—the kind of a posy package a 16-year-old girl dreams about. Ann was no teen-ager, but she liked it, too. And she liked the way the note on it read—frank, aggressive and right to the point:

"After all the build-up," Steve had scribbled, "what are you going to do about it? Call Plaza Such-and-Such Number. Steve Hannagan."

beginning of the beginning . . .

So Ann called.

They had a date that night and they've had one every night since—whenever they've both been in the same town.

I don't think it's taking one thing away from Ann, to say that her friendship with Steve has improved her, both as a woman and a star.

Ann's a two-fisted fighter by nature; her red hair's out of no bottle. She's proved that time and again. For instance, she holds the long-distance star suspension hold-out record in Hollywood—eighteen months saying "No" to her bosses, the Warner Brothers. She risked a risky year-and-a-half off the screen from one picture to the next, for the stubborn Irish courage of her convictions.

The carrot top from Texas put up quite a scrap. But you'd be surprised how a pair of broad shoulders and a keen mind like Steve's backing you up can help.

Ann Sheridan's not the type to look back on the mistakes of her life with self-pity, but she is the type frankly to admit them. That Sunday morning in my kitchen, I learned a lot about her I hadn't known.

"I was a chubby, impossible brat, fresh from Texas when I first saw Hollywood," Ann told me. "I was seventeen and I didn't know beans with the bag open. You know how I got thin? By wearing corsets. I laced them in so tight to look slim on the screen that I could barely breathe, let alone eat. When you're squeezed up like that there isn't room for food!"

Ann didn't yearn to be a great actress overnight; she didn't mind playing the unending run of "wise dames."

the unexpected . . .

But she did burn when she walked into a banquet at the Town House in Los Angeles and found that an enterprising studio press agent had labeled her "The Oomph Girl," without even letting her know.

And even then Ann didn't suspect how Oomph was to fasten on to her, make her miserable personally, wreck what chances she had for real acting jobs, and brew trouble between her and her bosses.

Ann had a lot of early bad luck. Her career limped along for years, and even after she'd battled and won the right to make *King's Row* and proved herself a valuable star, back again she dropped to things like *The Doughgirls*. Along the way, her temper flared several times and she drew strikes and suspensions, winding up with that 18 months of saying "No" between *The Doughgirls* and *Nora Prentiss*. Ann might still be out on strike or back to the factory formulas, if during that 18-month holdout she hadn't met Steve.

Before Ann ran into Steve, she'd had as bad luck with romance as she'd had with pictures.

Annie's first marital mistake was Edward Norris. Eddie's a swell guy, a fine flyer and a darned good actor, but theirs was puppy love, not deep or well-founded. They parted friends, sadder but wiser, after two years.

During the war, Eddie, strangely enough, instructed at the same flying field where Ann Sheridan's second ill-fated mate served in the same capacity. George Brent, I mean. That was strictly a set romance at Warners which started on *One Way Passage* and it was too bad it did—for Ann Sheridan, that is. I like George, but he's a moody man, a black Irishman, whom nobody has been able to live with happily.

George totes a possessive, lord-and-master complex that just couldn't work with a girl like Ann Sheridan. He wanted a minute-by-minute account of every hour of her day when she wasn't with him. In a busy town like Hollywood, there has to be mutual trust; or it's disaster.

Annie told me a story—funny story I was about to say—only it wasn't, really. Before George came into her life, another beau of Ann's presented her with a beautiful bracelet and she loved it. When Ann became Mrs. George Brent, and moved into his Toluca Lake House, he picked on that bracelet to vent his jealous tizzies. Finally, one day, Ann got so sick of George's unreasonable envy of an old love token that when he made his usual fuss, she flung open the window and hurled the bracelet out into Toluca Lake. That made him happy—for a few minutes—but the funny part was, as Annie told me—

"I expected to remember where I'd tossed it, then dive in and pick it up later on. But darn it, I forgot where I'd thrown it! I'm still diving for that bracelet!"

So there was no real love in Ann Sher-

idan's private life and nothing in her career much except the Oomph that nauseated her, until she discovered Steve.

Ann was on her second "strike"—the long 18 month one—and her second trip to New York when she and Steve got together. Steve knew just what to do about the girl he fell for. He hired Thurman Arnold, the Washington trust-buster, for Ann's attorney, and they came to Hollywood.

With expert legal advice and power behind her at last, Ann got a new contract with a script-approval clause. She came back with a good part in *Nora Prentiss,* followed up with *The Unfaithful.* Ann won some respect, at last, from her bosses. She had a real man behind her to demand it. When the biggest chance of her screen career came up, Ann could grab it.

I'm talking about *Good Sam,* in which Ann will co-star with Gary Cooper for Leo McCarey. Somebody else cinched *Good Sam* for Annie—Jean Arthur. Jean was Leo's first choice for the role; but she had other contracts that interfered.

"I'll tell you who'd be better than I," said Jean sincerely, "Ann Sheridan."

Leo leaped on that casting hint, and the deal with Warners was made.

I'll eat my hats . . .

I never saw an actress so enthused about doing a picture as Ann Sheridan is about *Good Sam.* If, afterward, she isn't right up in Ingrid Bergman's league, I'm set to munch some of those hats Annie and Steve are always sending me from Lily Daché's.

I couldn't work up a weak worry wart if I tried, about that rosy picture of top star success changing Annie Sheridan, herself, one smidgin. Her best friends are her hairdresser and wardrobe girl. She's sticking right in the same modest ranchhouse she's had for years in the San Fernando Valley. She's fixed it up cozily, Mexican style, but she never has tossed her money around and still doesn't.

For years Ann wanted a swimming pool, and the other day she got a contractor's bid. "Twenty-five thousand dollars!" Annie told me indignantly. "Did I use up all my old Mexican cuss words at that!"

What she told that contractor was, "I can still walk down the street and swim at Ray's. No thanks." Ray is Ray Hendorf, her cameraman, and another long-time pal.

There's one way Ann Sheridan *has* changed since she fell in love with Steve Hannagan. It's trite—but she's blossomed. She's been sharpened up, polished in every way by the life Steve introduced her to. Annie used to be quiet and uncommunicative. After a picture, she always ducked out for Mexico, where she felt at home, being a Texas border girl and speaking Spanish like a native. She used to live in cotton dresses, peon skirts, slacks and sport clothes. Today she's as smartly a dressed girl as ever tripped down Fifth Avenue.

She's met all the big newspaper men; Steve's friends—Walter Winchell, Len Lyons, Sherman Billingsley, Morton Downey—are hers, too. Her home away from home is the Stork Club and Twenty-One. She's dropped her shyness for a poise that's very becoming.

Ann sat at my table not long ago at a Newspaper Publishers convention. One of the publishers' wives had an autograph book and asked Annie for her signature. "Oh, good," smiled Ann, "here, let me get you some more." So up she hopped and toured the big room to the rest of the Hollywood celebrities, collecting autographs for the happy lady. Ann Sheridan could never have done that in the years before she met Steve. I wouldn't say she's caught Steve's expansive, friendly personality, exactly. I think it was always there. But Steve brought it out in Ann. She can match him now, story for story, and when





that pair gather at my house with Babe Blum, Jack Benny's sister-in-law, and Ann's best friend, and a party of others, she keeps us in stitches.

When Steve's in town, they're at all the Hollywood parties and one of the most swarmed about pairs there. When Steve's out of town, Annie walks alone. He's not only her best but her only boy friend.

Ann and Steve necessarily carry on a long-distance romance. There's a busy wire from Hollywood to wherever Steve happens to be. Last summer, Ann visited Steve's country place near New Milford, Connecticut, up on Candlewood Lake, where Steve likes to get away to fish and boat. I'd heard that Annie busied herself painting green shamrocks on the trees, barn door, and even the rocks around Steve's place, but she assures me that was a gross fabrication.

"I kept busy painting them *out*," explained Annie. "Steve's former wife put them there," she laughed.

I knew I could ask Annie the biggest question I had back in my mind and get an honest answer. So before she bustled off to run her friend's daughter's wedding, I asked her what about her own.

"Why don't you and Steve Hannagan get married?" I said, just like that. I knew they were thoroughly in love, had been for five years or more. I knew they were both legally free. I knew, too, that Ann, raised a hard-shelled Baptist in Texas, had switched to the Catholic faith, Steve's religion—although she'd done that before she ever heard of Hannagan. There were no real barriers that I could see to a perfect match. But I felt Ann would tell me straight. She did.

"Why marry," Annie asked me back, "and spoil a perfect friendship?" Her brown eyes were serious, her smile pleasant but firm. "Maybe it's something I can't explain," she said, "but I've had two tries at marriage and two unhappy experiences. Maybe marriage isn't for me. Why try again and risk spoiling the best friendship I've ever known?"

I'm not Dorothy Dix. I haven't an answer to that—except maybe the old standby that "the third time's the charm." But too many emotions, feelings, intricate personality makeups figure in—and you can add the complications of two careers. I'm only sure about one thing when I look at Ann Sheridan and Steve Hannagan. That is that I like 'em. I wish them the most of the best, always. I think they'll have it, too. In fact, I think they already have.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



While waiting outside a stage door for a movie star, I started talking to a cute little blonde standing near me. During the conversation I learned that she was a chorus girl. After waiting for quite some time without seeing the movie star, I decided to go home, but not without an autograph. I asked the chorus girl for her autograph, remarking that some day she, too, might be famous. Laughing, she signed her name. When I got home I showed the autograph to my mother and she asked, "Who is Jan Peters?" It was only a year and a half later that I discovered who she was . . . none other than June Allyson!

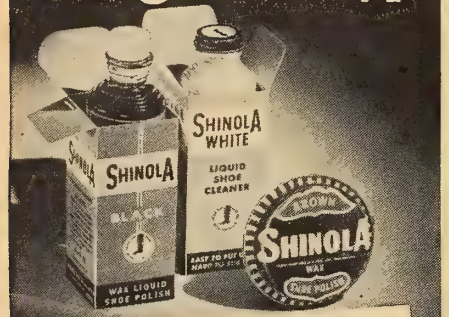
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MINE, ALL MINE

(*Continued from page 38*)

"Our physical!"

Frantically, she phoned Johnnie. "Ask your dentist," he suggested. "He'll know where to send us."

The dentist did. He made an appointment for them right away with a doctor friend of his.

"But how about my teeth?" said Kathryn. "I can't get married before my teeth have been cleaned!"

"You relax," said the dentist. "I'll wait for you in my office until you've had your test."

All that accomplished, the future bride slept soundly on Tuesday night. On Wednesday, Sidney Guilaroff made magic with her hair and when she returned home Johnnie was there, looking smug.

"I have two rooms at the Rancho Los Laureles Lodge," he said. "And a Dr. Gray will perform the ceremony on Friday at the Church of the Wayfarer."

Two rooms instead of three meant that Alice couldn't go along, but she received the news resignedly. Cecil, Kathryn's maid, took some calming down, though.

"How can you go off, Miss Grayson, and be married without me?" she cried.

Kathryn sighed. "I'm beginning to wonder how I can go off and get married at all." That night, she went for her final fitting, and arrived home afterward to find the house jammed with family and friends, gathered for the combined bachelor party.

At midnight, the phone rang. It was Maureen O'Hara with bad news. Her brother-in-law had met with a fatal accident in Mississippi that night, and Will was to fly East the next morning.

"I don't know if I can make the wedding," she told Kathryn. "I may go East, myself, and won't know until tomorrow some time."

Thursday morning, Alice showed up laden with huge boxes containing the wedding gown. She also brought with her a scantily packed suitcase, because if Maureen couldn't attend, Alice would have to stand for Kathryn.

At noon, Maureen called to tell them she was flying to Mississippi.

Cecil watched enviously, as Alice got ready, this time really to go along.

"I don't know how Miss Grayson is going to get married without me," she wailed.

the take-off . . .

At three o'clock they were off, Kathryn and Johnnie in the front seat and Alice and the luggage in back, and until ten o'clock when they arrived at Carmel, the front seat contingent sang lustily, and beautifully.

"You might think," Alice said, "that you two were happy about this whole thing."

At the Rancho Los Laureles, a former hunting lodge in the Carmel Valley, the trio piled out, registered, and tottered in exhaustion to their rooms.

The wedding day dawned clear and bright. Johnnie was up early, attending to details, and arranging for an additional room, which meant Joe Kirkwood, when he arrived that day, would find himself accommodated for the night. Kathryn slept until almost noon, and after putting up her hair, joined Johnnie on the lawn for a game of croquet.

A guest of the ranch looked on wonderingly. "How can you play croquet on your wedding day?"

Kathryn shrugged. "Might as well. We have to wait for our best man to arrive anyway, and the friend who's to give me

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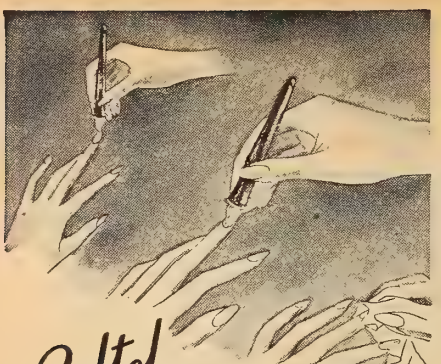
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away at the ceremony."

"But aren't you nervous?" the woman persisted.

Kathryn smiled grandly. "I've never been nervous in my life," she said.

Bob Armstrong arrived in time to join them for lunch, a casual affair except for a hungry cat with a table-hopping complex. When Joe arrived, he and Johnny headed straight for the ping-pong table. Alice was beginning to have butterflies. She consulted her notes.

"It says here," she commented, "that you are due in town for a rehearsal with the minister at 4 o'clock. And it is now 3. And you have to go to Monterey for your license. Small matters, but I thought I'd mention them."

Even that wouldn't have started them, but Joe remembered that he had left his tuxedo at the airport. Would Johnnie be good enough to pick it up?"

"You and your two heads," said Johnnie.

So the four of them, plus a few friends Joe had brought along, piled into Johnnie's new car and maneuvered the curving valley road at sixty miles an hour. Kathryn and Alice shut their eyes, as they took a hairpin curve at 50. Then Kathryn spoke. "If I ever divorce you, Johnnie Johnston, it will be because of your driving," she said. "You're not flying a jet, you know." She gripped the dashboard as they swung around another turn. "Who's the beneficiary in your insurance?"

"All taken care of, my girl. Westwood's Cat Hospital."

"What I want to know," Bob said, "is why you are marrying this character, Katie."

"He plays a good golf game. He can teach me."

"Then you should have married me," said Joe, who's a golf pro.

"She preferred quality to quantity," said Johnnie.

The banter helped ease their nerves, and they went first to Monterey to pick up their license.

"I've done everything to discourage her," Johnnie told the clerk, as he kissed Kathryn lightly on the forehead. Then: "Mine, mine, mine!" he said dramatically.

"Oh, brother!" said Katie.

waiting at the church . . .

Came the trip to the airport, and then arrival at the church, one hour late for rehearsal. Dr. Gray was a young man endowed with patience, however. He explained the wedding procedure and they went through it perfectly.

They picked up the flowers at a local shop, and drove back to the ranch. It was inevitable then that Johnnie and Joe should plunge into a game of gin rummy, a pastime in which they've indulged for years, and in which Johnnie has beaten Joe only once. Doggedly, he suggests another game at every opportunity.

"Fool," said Joe, as they flopped on the bed and Johnnie dealt the cards grimly.

Kathryn looked dismally at Alice. "Shall we engage in a game of whist?"

"Let's be sensible," said Alice. "Make it gin rummy."

At seven, Johnnie ordered a bucket of champagne, and Alice drank hers between glances at her watch.

"I apologize for seeming like a bore," she said, "but it's 7:30, the wedding's set for nine, and we haven't had dinner or dressed. It takes a half-hour to get into town. And Katie takes an hour to dress."

Katie took more than an hour. When she stepped out of her shower and looked at her face in the mirror, she gasped.

"What's the matter with me?" she said.

"My face is red as a beet."

"It just might be nerves," said Alice.

"I have never—"

"I know," Alice interrupted. "You've never been nervous in your life."

When Kathryn tried to put on her veil before her dress, she realized the awful truth. She *was* nervous. She fell apart. "Alice, where are my shoes? Oh, dear. Alice, pin me. What's the matter with my hair? It won't go right. Oh, dear. Alice, zip me. Oh, dear."

Johnnie was no help. Already dressed, he stood outside the window and heckled.

"Hurry up, funnyface."

"Be quiet!" screamed Alice, vainly struggling with the zipper in the bodice. "Katie, please—take a deep breath."

"I can't. I keep panting. Oh, dear."

Johnnie gave up and went over to Joe's room. Joe had lost a shirt stud and, in bending down to look for it, had popped again and lost another. He was completely undone. Johnnie tried to fix Joe's tie.

"If you'll keep your arms out of the way, you idiot, I'll be able to accomplish something."

The wedding party left for the church, again just one hour late, in two separate cars. Adhering rigidly to convention, Katie had insisted that Johnnie be kept from seeing her wedding dress until the last moment. It was worth the final effect, for her satin gown was beautiful. Similar to a dress she wore in *The Kissing Bandit,* it had an exquisite veil of French lace draped from a headpiece sprinkled with orange blossoms. The veil hung down her back, and then looped over the front of the skirt, where it was pinned with a small bouquet of orange blossoms.

Dr. Gray was ready and waiting for them at the church, and the wedding went off nicely—unless, of course, anyone concentrated on Joe, who was literally paralyzed.

Afterward, outside the church, Johnnie had to wipe the tears from Katie's eyes.

They drove to the Del Monte Lodge, where, replete with champagne and wedding cake, the reception in the Indian Room took place.

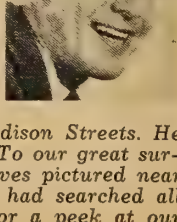
They sat in a circle before the fireplace, relaxed and happy, and talked over the wedding and future plans.

"Of course," Kathryn said, "*I* wasn't nervous."

Johnnie looked at her for a long moment. "My dear Mrs. Johnston. I hesitate to contradict you, but when Dr. Gray had finished, and it was time for me to kiss you, you turned around and started to run toward the back of the church. I had to grab your arm and pull you back."

"I did? Really?" She looked back at him. "That was very silly of me, Mr. Johnston. I won't give you any further trouble."

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Tony Martin was appearing at the Chicago Theater. My sister and I decided to go into town just to catch a glimpse of him. No such luck. The following day we saw a newspaper photo of Tony Martin walking down State and Madison Streets. He went unrecognized. To our great surprise we saw ourselves pictured near him. This, after we had searched all afternoon in vain for a peek at our idol!

Anna Voltatorni
Chicago Heights, Illinois

"I WILL BE YOUR SON!"

(*Continued from page 42*)

Grandfather. Grandfather's teaching him baseball, and for hours on end they'll stand there, so many feet apart, the small boy and the tall silver-haired man, pitching the ball back and forth.

Language still forms a barrier between Pablo and his parents. But they do well enough, considering that *Buenas tardes* was all the Spanish John and Evelyn knew when they got to Mexico, and all the English Pablo knew was nothing. They use a lot of pantomime. Pablo pantomimes, anyway, whatever the language. *Un momento, por favore,* or "When moment, eef you please—" his forefinger cuts the same vivid little arc, and either way you stop and look and listen.

Mornings, he studies English with a tutor. Evenings, he pops new words at appropriate moments. For instance, the dessert comes on. "Ah, wahnderrful," says Pablo, pulling his mouth into gravity while his eyes dance. Sometimes he gets mixed up. Stretching himself on the floor, he'll announce: "Me crrazy!" They have to resort to the dictionary to clear up the radical difference between crazy and lazy.

But it won't be long now. He's already talking in sentences: "I go frand's house." His teacher reports that, once the language is licked, he'll be able to enter school in his own age-class.

hidden treasure . . .

So far as Evelyn's concerned, you can call Pablo the Treasure of the Sierra Madre. The Hustons discovered him in Michoacan, where John was making the picture of the same name with his father and Humphrey Bogart. Evelyn and Lauren Bacall went along to be with their husbands. They stayed at San José de Purua, a health resort set in the midst of gorgeous tropical country. The girls found loafing more attractive than the hot location sets, but every once in a while they'd say, "Coax us," and go along with their working men. On one such occasion, in the nearby village of Jungapeo, Pablo made his first appearance.

This was dramatized by a burro, who got bored sticking around and wandered off on business of his own. When they tried to nab him, he went flying up the mountainside, with what looked like a pint-sized Mercury in pursuit—up and up till boy and beast seemed to vanish. Ten minutes later they were back, the burro no more doleful than usual, the boy beaming. John hired him on the spot as general handyman.

This seemed delightful to Pablo, but also natural. Half the village was working for the Americans, why not Pablo? In a community where four-year-olds look after babies or bring in a dozen donkeys, and no nonsense about it; you're a man at twelve.

Everyone fell for Pablo. His laughter was so infectious, his eyes so alive with interest in all that went on, and yet, he had a poise and breeding that never allowed him to push himself. Once he'd brought your chair or your cool drink, he'd slip back to the sidelines.

One Sunday, the village gave a fiesta for the Americans—with a barbecue sandwiched between an afternoon rodeo and dancing at night. Pablo was there. Evelyn's eyes kept following him. "John, I've got to find out about that child—"

John went for an interpreter. They found out among other things that Pablo was an orphan. He didn't put it that way. In Spanish, it was the phrase a



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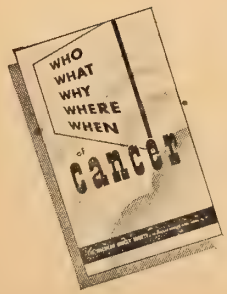
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bachelor might use, or an old man who'd outlived his family. "I walk alone," said Pablo. There was no self-pity in it, only simplicity and a touch of honest pride.

"Twelve," observed Evelyn later, "and he walks alone." She and John had talked of adopting children. "If we really want to, there's the kid to adopt—"

"I wish we could," said John, and there they dropped it, not being the kind to lament over impossibilities.

Next thing, Evelyn's back in Hollywood to start *The Mating of Millie* for Columbia, leaving the others at work in Michoacan. Then comes word from John that the picture's finished, and they've started home. Then a call from Mexico City.

"I'm going to be two days late—"

"Oh, John! It's been two weeks already—"

"I know, but this is very important—"

"Can't you tell me?"

"No, it's a big surprise—"

Two days later, Evelyn met the plane. She saw John first, he was bigger. Beside him walked a small figure, face half-hidden under a large sombrero. The sombrero was John's. He'd clapped it on Pablo's head, partly in fun, partly to get rid of it. For a moment Evelyn stared unbelieving. Then the hat and the legs below it came catapulting toward her. What did she do? What would any mother do?

"I grabbed him," says Evelyn, "and I gobbled him up—"

As it turned out, the impossible had proved quite simple.

One rainy night after she'd left, John sat talking to the Mexican censor on the picture, a man of heart and learning, head of the Michoacan Museum. Sunk in a chair on the other side of the room, Pablo devoured B. Traven's *Treasure of the Sierra Madre* in Spanish.

"Be nice to adopt a kid like that," said John.

the way opens . . .

The censor's eyes went to the boy and back. "Michoacan," he said, "is the one Mexican state where an orphan's guardianship reverts to the local government. If you mean what you say, it might be arranged."

"Let's arrange it then."

They called Pablo over. "Here is a matter which concerns you," the censor explained. "This gentleman and his wife wish to take you as their child. It means leaving Jungapeo and Mexico. It means going to the States, and a whole new kind of life. It is something for you to consider and decide—"

Pablo considered. Never having stepped beyond the confines of his small village, the States meant little to him. The lady and gentleman seemed to mean a good deal.

"These people are willing to be my parents?" Obviously, walking alone was fine if you had to. Parents, on the other hand, were a gift from above. "I will be their son?"

"You will be their son."

The big eyes looked steadily into John's for a moment. "Yes," said Pablo. "I should like that very much."

Everyone liked it. Cutting red tape, the local authorities got their part done in two days. The censor flew to Mexico City to help with details. Before John left, Pablo was ward of the Hustons by Mexican law.

If all this seems sudden, if you're wondering how John could be sure that Evelyn really wanted the boy, it's because you don't know the Hustons. They live spontaneously. Three weeks after their first meeting, they were married.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



During the time of the War Bond Drives, one of the biggest shows ever held in Dallas took place in the Cotton Bowl, and there was an audience of several thousand people. While we were waiting to go on, Ginny Simms amazed me by pacing back and forth, saying nervously, "Oh, I just know I'll do something wrong! And in front of all those people!" Her first job was to lead the audience in "God Bless America." She started off too high and my heart sank as I heard her miss a still higher note. But Ginny laughed, joked about it, and started over again. She handled the whole situation so smoothly that no one guessed she was scared to death. Thanks, Ginny, for the lesson in poise you taught me.

Margaret McDaniel,
Waco, Texas

Indecision irks them; they take what seems good in life where they find it. When Evelyn said, "There's the kid to adopt," John knew she wasn't just tossing words around. Both recognize quality when they see it—

In which connection, Evelyn tells a story that has nothing, yet everything, to do with Pablo.

One day, she went location-hunting with John. Driving ahead of the rest, they stopped at a place whose magnificent trees shaded an adobe hut, ideal for the scene John had in mind. Out stepped an old man in serape and sombrero, with the face of a patriarch.

"*Buenas tardes,*" they chorused.

"*Buenas tardes,*" he answered, and stood smiling down at them, since it was clear they had no more Spanish to offer. The others came up. It was explained to the old man that these strangers wished to photograph his land for its beauty, and would be glad to pay for the privilege. He mounted his doorstep, and, with a courteous gesture that took them all in, made a little speech.

"I am poor, therefore money is important to me. But other things are more important. I see my land with eyes different from yours. That you who have traveled so widely should find it beautiful, does me great honor. The land is at your service."

For graciousness and dignity you couldn't beat it.

"That man was no kin of Pablo's," Evelyn says, "but he might have been. They come of the same stock. Pablo was the son of people like that."

On the way home, Pablo's poise was shaken only once. Naturally, he was all eyes and ears and attention. The plane, the crowds, the shower-bath he'd have turned on and off all day if John hadn't pulled him out, the shoes that cost 35 pesos! These were all wonders, but understandable. He kept his composure. The only thing that threw him was the hotel elevator.

They crowd into this small little room with many others. A strange performance. But it seems all right with his father, so it's all right with him. The door closes—and opens on a whole new change of scenery. Also peculiar. They go to their room, wash up, and come out again. Leading Pablo to the stairhead, John

points down. "Oh!" squeals Pablo, reeling back with a grand gesture as the truth hits him. In that small little room, crowded with many people, they've been borne to this great height. When the small little room returns, he takes an enormous stride over the crack and squats promptly in a corner. Father or no father, this is something he doesn't trust.

At no other point was his equilibrium upset. When they took him home from the airport, there was no tearing around to touch this or admire that. His feeling seemed to be: "This is your house, you've brought me here. When you want me to see it, you'll show it to me." That first night at dinner, faced with an array of silver, he watched without embarrassment, to see what John and Evelyn would do and followed suit. This was how they ate in America. Being the son of Americans, he would now eat this way.

It was a rule he seemed to adopt from the start. The week he arrived, Evelyn couldn't bear him out of her sight, and took him along to the studio where seven different kids were testing with her for the part of Tommy. At the end of the scene, each kid had to plant kisses all over her face. Having watched it seven times, Pablo must have reached the conclusion that this was how children kissed mothers in America. He's been kissing Evelyn that way ever since. She hopes he'll never find out that American 12-year-olds consider it sissy to kiss their mothers at all.

To Pablo, John and Evelyn are as truly his parents as if they'd been his parents from his birth. Their home, their friends are his. It's something beautiful that's happened to him, he's thankful for it, he loves them dearly, as they do him, and that's that. They're all relaxed about it. If you're bent on rubbing the Hustons the wrong way, call them benefactors. They'll tell you the benefaction's on the other foot. They know what the coming of Pablo has meant to them. Whether they've done right by him remains to be seen.

"How can you tell?" demands Evelyn. "He was happy down there—the best adjusted human I've ever met. It must have been pretty exciting Saturday nights, hanging around the cantinas, with the dancing and music and even the brawls, and no mother to say don't go. Maybe life's dull for him here. So he's got a bed, and he's supposed to be in it by nine o'clock. Where's the fun in that? If John said, 'Come on, let's sleep on the lawn tonight, or over there on the mountain across the way,' I'm sure that would make perfect, good sense to Pablo. He's a child of nature. We Americans are full of complexes and self-consciousness. How do I know we've done him any favor?"

Meantime, Pablo's not kicking. Maybe the comforts don't matter, but the love does, and being part of a family. While Mommy and Poppy work, he keeps his end up by tending the lawn after lunch. He still finds it diverting that what Mommy and Poppy do should be called work. To him, the studio is a large playground. People sit around. Then they walk into a make-believe room and chatter. That's work? Work is with muscles and with callouses on your hands. Meantime, he does enjoy the few movies he's seen. These he attends with three friends. Manuel, who speaks Spanish, acts as interpreter. The Hustons have it in mind to adopt a brother for Pablo—an American near his own age.

"I envy him," sighs Evelyn, "growing up with Pablo."

Toward Mommy, Pablo assumes certain masculine responsibilities. Like making her rest when she's tired. Or getting up to see her off when she has an early call. It's also his job to pass on her clothes. She'll be dressing to go out, with Pablo watching as she adds the finishing touches.

"Vairy good," he'll comment on a new hairdo or dress, and sometimes, "No—no good." His vocabulary doesn't run to explaining why it's no good, but the judgment's always made with serene finality.

his mother's keeper . . .

About smoking, he hasn't quite made up his mind. Today he'll let it go, tomorrow he'll take issue with it. As Mommy picks up a cigarette, she'll find the finger wagging to and fro. "Okay for Poppy, no good for Mommy."

"You're perfectly right," she'll agree, and drop it back in the box.

This pleases him no end. On the other hand, he'd do as much for her. His single-minded idea is to give them pleasure. For instance, he draws, and very well, too. Each night when John came home, Pablo would have a drawing to show him. At first, to encourage him, John's praise was unreserved. Then he grew critical, pointed out flaws. Next night, no drawing. Poppy had the devil's own time, explaining that criticism wasn't active loathing.

Within these few weeks, Pablo's grown to be more of a kid. Like any kid, he loves to play jokes. Late one morning, Evelyn found him in bed.

"What goes on here? You should have been up long ago—" She pulled off the covers, under which lay Pablo, fully dressed. This he considered the rib of the ages.

Like any kid, he hates to go to bed. "Jost leetle beet more," he pleads. "Jost wahn more pool." And like any kid, he can be a pest. This doesn't bother his folks. They enjoy seeing the years drop off. One day he was being a pest as they sat round the swimming-pool, teasing, monopolizing the conversation.

"That kid needs squelching," said John, like any father. He picked his son up, hauled him struggling to the end of the diving-board, and dumped him in. Though he swims well, Pablo had never jumped. Now he clambered out and, without a word to anyone, ran up the diving-board and jumped, himself.

Then his face appeared at the pool's edge, radiant with the grin which had first enchanted them both.

"Good boy now?" inquired Pablo, who no longer walks alone.



"'I wanna drink of water I wanna drink of water' Do you suppose I'll get *any* sleep this winter?"

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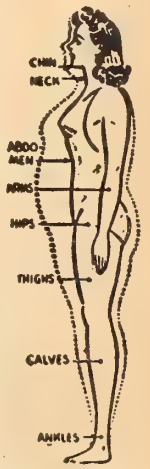


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THE DAY WAS THANKSGIVING

(*Continued from page 29*)

so much else crowding in, and nothing to remind her of her own American holiday. In England they had no Thanksgiving. Naturally. No Pilgrim Fathers, no Plymouth Rock, no Thanksgiving. But across the sea there'd be snow in New Hampshire maybe, and if not snow, then that beautiful zing! in the air, and you'd take a walk for the simple pleasure of breathing it, and scuffing the leaves underfoot, and watching clouds scud high through the blue overhead. Then back to the fire roaring and the turkey roasting and the family gathered round.

Twisting, she flung herself face down on the bed, and let the storm of misery tear through her.

This was the climax of what had started months back.

Over a period of time, Bette and her bosses had differed on the subject of pictures. Who was right and who wrong is no concern of this story. Let's play it cagey, and say there was much to be said on both sides.

So we arrive at a picture called *The Man with the Black Hat,* which nobody mentions now, and we touch on it briefly only because of its part in advancing the plot. Against every instinct, Bette made it, dusted her hands off and decided the next one would have to be good, or the law of averages was certainly going to the dogs.

Up comes the next one. "This," said our forthright heroine, "is the most diabolically boring script I have ever read."

"It is nevertheless the script of your next picture."

So Bette walked off the lot.

two irresistible objects . . .

Now there's nothing phenomenal in that. Stars walk off lots every Monday and Thursday, and after a while somebody makes an overture and the star comes back, and everything's divine again. Only this time nobody made an overture. Firm in the right as God gave them to see the right, the parties of both parts stuck to their guns. Allowed to stay off the screen for months, Bette's position grew ridiculous. An actress who wasn't permitted to act. Not to mention a bank account battered by the law of diminishing returns.

At this juncture, a producer named Toplitz rushed in where others feared to tread. Would Miss Davis make a picture in England? Miss Davis would adore making a picture in England, but she was, after all, under contract to Warner Brothers.

The contract was studied under a lens. The consensus of opinion was that in England it wouldn't be binding.

"But if I'm injuncted," said Bette, "are you willing to fight it in the English courts?"

"If you're injuncted," Toplitz agreed, "we'll fight it."

Well and good. Bette packed. But every time she caught sight of a man with papers, she'd duck. On the advice of experts, she flew to Vancouver, trained across Canada, sailed from a Canadian port. By the time she set foot on English soil, men with papers had lost a certain sinister quality.

Till a courteous voice at her elbow said, "Miss Davis?" And a courteous man with a paper handed it to her.

Recovering from the shock, Bette's spirits rose to the challenge. She'd have had the thing to fight sooner or later. Okay, gentlemen, let's get it over with.

The law was in no hurry. First, you waited for the preliminary hearing. Then for the judge's decision as to whether the case was worthy of trial. It was. Then you engaged counsel. Then you fooled around two months more till the case came up.

During these months she discovered the little inn at Rottingdean, where living cost so much less than in London. Loneliness was better than crowds who stared, and newspaper people who asked questions you wouldn't have answered. even if your counsel hadn't warned you to keep quiet. Not till the evening before the trial did a slim, gray-suited figure slip into a London hotel and sign the register.

"I want a back room," she said, "away from the street."

That sounded nice and elegant, as if one couldn't endure the noise of traffic. It was nobody's business that one couldn't afford a front room.

The trial lasted four days. Now, even in England, where journalism is supposed to be less flamboyant than ours, any movie star makes news, and a battling movie star is good for headlines. But the quiet girl in the courtroom proved disappointing. The press craved drama.

All Bette wanted at the end of the day was to make that back room, and stay there. All the newshounds wanted was news. Morning and evening they waylaid her. First they were baffled, then they grew desperate. Failing everything else, they picked on her clothes. Ah Hollywood, ah luxury, ah purple and fine linen —ought to be color there. But Bette wore the same gray suit with a change of blouses.

"How about another outfit tomorrow, Miss Davis?"

"Sorry, this is the only suit I brought along."

From this, some enterprising scribbler—probably a husband—whipped up a feature story, slanted at wives. "Bette Davis," he chided, "wears the same suit in court every day. Who are you to want more?"

She couldn't get back to Rottingdean fast enough. There she waited again, but with a difference. Now everything hung on the judgment of one man. A kindly man—that was clear from his manner. But kindliness had nothing to do with the law.

At first, things had seemed to be going her way. Then some legal twist had sent them in the other direction. Now, where the balance would fall was anyone's guess.

Don't think, she cried to herself, try not to think of anything, put your mind to sleep. But you couldn't keep the surge of agonizing suspense from rising every so often to suffocate you.

Toplitz phoned the day before the verdict was to be read. "Don't you want to come up to London to hear it?"

"That," said Bette, "is the last thing in the world I want."

"Very well, then, I'll phone you. Keep your chin up."

Good old Toplitz, good old England, keep your chin up. How did you keep your chin up when you were a mass of quivering nerves? How would she ever get through this night?

People are tougher than they give themselves credit for. She got through the night and some hours of the following day, and across the room to the phone when Toplitz called.

"I'm sorry, the verdict's against us."

At first, the blow had been cushioned. Before she'd really taken it in, Toplitz had added: "But I think we can still make the picture. I'm coming right down to talk it over with you."

She hung on to that. If they could still make the picture, if she could work, if she could go on fighting, then there was hope. Toplitz must know what he was talking about. She watched the hands of the clock crawl round, she stood at the window, mentally pushing his car along the London road, she flew down to meet him when at last he turned into the drive.

one more chance . . .

His plan was simple. They'd make the picture in Italy. There wasn't a thing anyone could do to stop them. He'd gone over and through it and criss-cross, hunting for loopholes. It looked air-tight. It looked as if they'd be strictly legal in Italy.

For a day that had started so black, it wound up all right. That evening a cable came from Ruthie. On hearing news of the verdict, Bette's mother had packed bag and baggage into a car, reserved space on the next steamer, was even now tearing cross-country and would shortly be with her daughter, car and all. Ruthie to the rescue, bless her, as she'd dashed to the rescue on so many other occasions.

Then the crusher fell. A cable from the releasing company in the States. Terse and unanswerable. Wherever it was made, they wouldn't touch a Davis picture.

"We're licked," said Toplitz. "We're licked 100 per cent, and we might as well face it."

At a dock on the New York waterfront, they were lowering a dusty car into the ship's hold as one of the passengers raced to the purser's office.

"I'm sorry, you'll have to get my car ashore. I'm not sailing."

Her hand clutched a cable. "Have to come home," it read. "Leaving Friday, the 27th. Wait for me there. Bette."

She lifted her head from the pillow. Well, now she was really through with tears, if only because there couldn't be an ounce of moisture left in her. Come on, do something useful. What, for instance? All but the last-minute stuff was packed.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Hollywood Boulevard was crowded with cars and pedestrians, and my family and I added to the confusion by trying to make a left-hand turn in our ancient jalopy. We were right in the middle of a beautiful jam and traffic was being held up in both directions. Suddenly, a tall man stepped out into the road and, like a very good-natured policeman, held the pedestrians back and cleared the way for us. He then bowed deeply to us, and with a flourish of his arm, motioned us through. As we gratefully completed the turn, we recognized our benefactor. It was the screen's beloved "butler," Arthur Treacher.

Pat Adams
Los Angeles, California

She must look a sight. This the mirror confirmed. Better start making herself presentable before her guest arrived. Wringing out a towel, she lay down again with the damp coolness over her eyes.

Think of something pleasant. All you've got to be thankful for today—health, family, friends. Think of your friend, George Arliss.

"I'd like to come down to see you on Thursday," he'd written. It was so gracious of him, to make the long trip from London. But he'd always been kindness itself. Since that faraway day in Hollywood.

She'd been ready to return to New York, convinced that she and the movies could never mean a thing to each other. Then the phone, and a voice saying, "This is George Arliss," and the incredible wonder dawning that it *was* George Arliss, and he wanted her for a picture called *The Man Who Played God*.

That was the beginning, that was the picture she'd clicked in. And this was the end. Her head moved wearily.

Mr. Arliss had come and gone. They'd had their tea in a corner of the rambly living-room, and you wouldn't have known Bette for the same girl. Outwardly nothing had changed, yet the whole world looked different.

"He's coming," Bette had thought, "to cheer me up."

That was part of it maybe, but not the principal part. He came because he was a man of imagination, and knew she'd be desperate and guessed what form her desperation would take. Because he was old and seasoned, because she was young and proud and mutinous. Because the years had taught him a lesson he wanted to pass on.

"There are just two things you can do," he told her. "Continue your rebellion or take your medicine. In the first case, you'll go off somewhere and hide. That's a child's trick. You're grown up, my dear."

"You don't mean go back and give up? Oh, I couldn't do that!"

"What's to prevent? All it requires is courage," he observed blandly, "and you've plenty of that."

"Not enough, I'm afraid. They could put me through purgatory."

"I don't think they will. But whatever they put you through, you must accept it. Because, either you work in California, or you never work in this industry again. One road or the other, you've got to choose."

She heaved a miserable sigh. "That's the trouble. I can't face either."

"Face one, and you'll find half the trouble's gone. You've carried the fight to the last gasp and you've lost. Maybe the fighting was important, but the outcome isn't. All your thinking is poisoned by the notion that there's something shameful about defeat. Win or lose, nothing matters but the spirit in which you take one or the other. Kipling said it this way: 'If you can meet with triumph or disaster, and treat those two impostors just the same—' Impostors, because they have no value in themselves, only in what they do to you. If you refuse to let defeat make you bitter, it's powerless against you. Rise above it, and you'll be a bigger person than if you were going back at the head of a parade."

Long before tea was over, the blinders had dropped off Bette's eyes. George Arliss pierced the confusion of her mind with light, re-established her values and gave her a measure of peace.

His judgment proved sound on all scores. Once she knew what she had to do, half the load was lifted. And to run ahead of the story a little, he was right about the studio, too. They were wonderful. The ordeal by humiliation never took place except in Bette's mind. The trial was never mentioned. Mr. Warner greeted her, said "Let's forget it," and put her into a memorable picture called *Marked Woman*. From then on, Bette's star zoomed upward.

None of which Bette could foresee that day. But bidding her old friend goodbye, she held his hand between hers. "This is Thanksgiving Day in my country, Mr. Arliss. You'll never know how much I have to thank you for."

That night she was ravenous, causing the waitress who'd watched her pick at her food for weeks, to beam. "I'm glad you enjoyed your dinner, Miss Davis."

"I did indeed." A funny little smile came over her face. "But I'll tell you a secret. You think that was beef and Yorkshire pudding you gave me? It wasn't at all. It was turkey and cranberry sauce and the most delicious mince pie I ever tasted."

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

(*Continued from page 47*)

it had to happen. Sometimes the girls fell in love with someone else. This was temporarily rough on the guys. When the news came, they were lower than barnacles on the bottom of a transport tub. And when the minor tragedy occurred on board the *Storis*, some two hundred shipmates tried to take the curse off the lad's suffering by singing, "I wonder who's kissing her now?"

One day came news that Rita Hayworth was about to wed Orson Welles.

Everybody but Mature took a deep breath and let go with the song. It echoed all over the North Atlantic. For seven days, Mature walked the rolling decks like a blind man. Then he announced that he was a well man. And he was, except for the small furies that disappeared into his subconscious.

Later, when a city editor got him on the telephone and asked how he felt about Orson Welles marrying "his" girl, Vic snapped quite cheerfully, "Well, I guess the best way to a woman's heart is to saw her in half." This flippery made all the headlines. So did Rita's marriage.

But why go into all that?

What has been happening recently is like watching two people try to live twice. It's a good trick if you can do it. The reunion began with a telephone call, the day Rita Hayworth arrived back in Hollywood from her European trip. The time was around midnight. Vic was studying his script of *Ballad of Furnace Creek*.

When the phone rang, he yanked the receiver up and said, "Yeah?"

A voice replied, "This is Rita."

And a half hour later two people were sitting in a parked convertible on the Pacific Palisades, but it wasn't so romantic. Or was it? After all, they don't build glove compartments in cars large enough to hold reporters.

This actress and this actor had a lot to talk about, so it was around dawn by the time he took her to her Brentwood home. Then he went back to his house which is four and eight-tenths miles away measured with a speedometer, but on the other side of the world under certain circumstances.

It's a funny thing about Hollywood. A romance is not a romance until you take

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a girl out in public and expose yourselves to that flash bulb tan. I could have scooped Louella Parsons at the time, because I was having a drink with the actor when the phone rang, and Rita said she would like to be picked up from a business conference. I went along, like a fifth wheel.

As Vic eased his cream-colored convertible down Sunset Boulevard, I suggested we stop in somewhere for a cup of coffee or whatever.

Rita said, "That's a good idea—where'll we go?"

"Let's go to a nice quiet place," I said. "Let's go to Mocambo."

I felt that the best was none too good for these friends of mine, and besides, maybe Gus Gale and Bob Beerman would be around to take some romantic pictures. I'm scoop-happy.

Rita is a very bright girl. She said she didn't want to go to Mocambo. So they wound up on their first date in the polo lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel. A couple of nights later, it was Ciro's. I tried to pay close attention to them like I knew the boss editor would like me to, but I had a beautiful blonde problem of my own. (Reporters got to live, too.)

Then, all of a sudden, Rita asked me to dance. Rita's very sweet, but she knows I dance like a tired banker. I excused myself from the celestial blonde, and was about to take Rita in my arms, when the music stopped, so I never did get to hear what she wanted to say.

I didn't have to hear. I got the general idea.

Vic was giving her several brands of merry old hell in a quiet sort of way. If I didn't know better, I'd have thought he was being a sadistic so-and-so. Anyway, Rita was saved by the bell because Harry Richman got up in the spotlight and sang a lot of wonderful songs. Afterwards, Rita and Vic danced together for awhile.

When they came back I said, diplomatically, "How can you stand to dance with the guy? All he knows is the Charleston."

friendly enemies . . .

Rita said that was a lie. She said that Mature was a very good dancer, indeed. Then eight photographers came up, and the two of them posed like they were strangers and wanted to stay that way. Only it wasn't so, and I can prove it.

That afternoon, Vic had spent three hours playing with Rita's little girl, Rebecca.

Rebecca calls Vic "Man."

He calls her "Peeks" because she always does.

It's darned near a romance.

The other night, several of us went to a party. The emotional content of the evening was so normal and like old times that I couldn't stand it. I went out and jumped into the swimming pool, putting on a pair of trunks first, of course. I talked with the spectacular blonde some more. She had stars in her eyes, and was enjoying a vicarious thrill from what was going on.

"Those two are so perfect together. Isn't it wonderful that they can forget everything that happened before and pick up where they left off?"

I don't know. Is it?

I remember when I lived in a mausoleum of a house in Beverly Hills during war time. Vic moved in with my family while he was on leave. Somehow, they couldn't understand his habit of forgetting his key at night, and putting his fist through French window panes so he could get in. He broke about eight windows that way, and gave other indications of violent feeling, including almost marrying a couple of girls on the rebound.

Some people might say he was carrying a torch, but it wasn't that so much. He'd just misplaced his incentive. Let's put it this way. Consciously, Vic and Rita were definitely through with each other, but in their subconscious minds the pulsations had merely gone into a coma. Anyway, it makes a nice plot.

And it could happen, you know. Even if you read in a gossip column that Rita and Vic didn't resume their romance after all. It could simply be that more living is prescribed before that wrong chapter can be torn completely out of their book.

It seems to be pretty well established now that Mature is a solid actor with an important future. *Kiss of Death* did that, just as *My Gal Sal* was a turning point for both Rita and Vic. Both of these people have grown up considerably on the screen. There's some talk of putting Rita into *Carmen.* My suspicion is that she would be exceedingly unhappy if Vic were to be ruled out as her leading man in that one, whether for personal or business reasons.

That's the trouble. Life has its fly-in-the-ointment department. Vic has been more than casually interested in a girl who is not in the movie business. He doesn't want to do an adagio dance into the wrong person's life, and neither does Rita. The bright boys like myself who interpret Hollywood lives would like to see Rita grab a six week Las Vegas or Reno divorce and then marry Vic. Would be a whale of a good story.

But if they go for it, I'll be surprised.

As I write this, Mature is still whipping up an occasional rough attitude during which he gives Rita what-for. He has to get it all off his chest. Rita mostly sort of takes it on the chin. Enjoys it a little, too, I think.

It's like she feels she has it coming to her, and in the process her mistake, if it was one, will be completely erased.

And since neither one of them will probably ever speak to me again, after the going over I've given this situation, I might as well say a couple more things:

When Vic was hung up in a conference with his agent, he asked me to please call Halchester's and have them send Rita a dozen gardenias. I took the risk of overegging the pudding. "Make it two dozen," I said. After all, it was the first time he'd sent her flowers in more than four years.

Also, that weird sound that howls through West Los Angeles every now and then these days is not a new type of fire siren. It's Mature calling Rita on the phone in a pet way that seems to make sense to both of them.

"Sweeeeeeeeeeeeetie!" he hollers. "SWEEEEEEEEEETIE!"

I SAW IT HAPPEN



This past summer, Oscar Levant, whom I have always admired and wanted to know personally, appeared as guest-soloist with the Louisville Philharmonic. Mr. Levant's program was entirely Gershwin and he played many encores. Finally, he asked for requests. Encouraged by his informal manner, I was the first to call out. "Embraceable You" I shouted. He paused a moment and then, bowing with great dignity, he said, "Why, thank you." Then he played "Embraceable You"—at my command.

Evelyn Rae Windhorst, Louisville, Ky.

CROSSROADS

(Continued from page 24)

seems to have flown out the window.

Sometimes it works, too, as in the case of Cornel Wilde and Patricia Knight, who sailed off together for Honolulu and a new honeymoon after a trial separation during which they had a lot of dates together. June Haver and Jimmy Zito tried the same thing, but the results weren't so happy with them, since June finally filed for divorce.

Danny and Sylvia are making a desperate effort to see eye to eye, and get their matrimonial bark back on an even keel. I saw them just the other night at Romanoff's, dining together, toasting one another in champagne, and having a lot of laughs, in very evident enjoyment.

But when the evening was over, Sylvia went back to the family mansion alone, and Danny retired to the solitude of his hotel room.

The only utterance he has made is this: "We're just having a trial separation, and doing our best to adjust our differences without a final and permanent break."

Everyone knows Danny's fanatical devotion to baby Dena, and maybe this will be the tie that holds them together.

Sylvia says nothing at all, but goes rather bleakly about the business of bossing production on Danny's next picture. This is to be the first under his new contract at Warner Brothers and, as has always been the case, Sylvia has a lot to say about the conditions under which he will work. She moved into very flossy new quarters at the studio in mid-September, and plunged into the vast mass of detail with her customary practiced skill. But not a word from her for publication to anybody.

She has maintained throughout her ordeal a calm and dignity which must be described as admirable, and if her heart is sad, she betrays no sign. At night, she leaves her round of tasks to go home and be a mother to Dena.

One fact seems to stand out in the current strained situation, and that is that the old-time gay companionship of Danny and Sylvia that marked the days before he struck pay dirt as a Samuel Goldwyn star is no more.

Some of their closest mutual friends have assured me that they were seeing too much of each other, both at work and at home. Sylvia was omnipresent in every phase of Danny's life, and hers was the decisive voice in every question that arose affecting his career.

At times, she was almost shrewish with the press and with the crews working on his films. He sometimes reflected her mood, and got the reputation of being hard to work with. For no apparent reason, he would duck interviews set up for him with important columnists. Goldwyn's publicity experts tore their hair over the problem of maintaining favorable public relations for their star who can exert such irresistible charm when he wants to turn it on.

Then, all of a sudden, everything changed. Danny welcomed the press, he had a fund of funny jokes to tell, and he never seemed depressed. This new mood came to be noticed first during the making of *The Kid From Brooklyn,* in which blonde, sophisticated Eve Arden had an important role.

Soon persons close to the picture were talking. Danny and Eve had such a lot to tell each other that they wouldn't find time between scenes, so they took to going out together evenings. This left Sylvia very much to herself, and naturally, she didn't like it. What wife and mother would? Buzz, buzz, buzz went Hollywood's gossip-mongers.

Eve went quietly about shedding her mate, Ned Bergen, agent, via Las Vegas. The buzzing shot up in tempo. Some of this gossip must have reached the ears of Sylvia, because she made some very sharp and pointed remarks to Danny, which resulted in his moving out. The separation was announced with due formality and reserve, but there was pointedly no mention of an impending divorce.

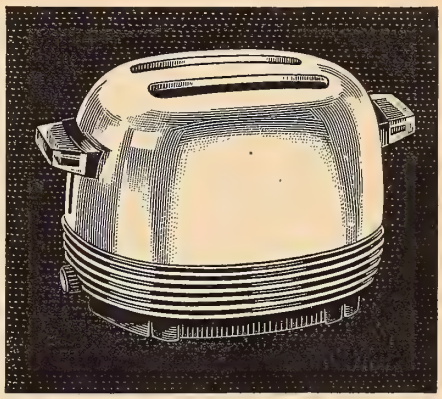
I cannot remember during a long term of observation of the Hollywood scene any other wife who has been so inextricably identified with her husband's career and success as Sylvia.

She's an exacting task-mistress, and she's driven herself at top speed. At the studio, long hours every day, she was in on every conference involving stories,



"Find the proud father," is the appropriate title for this picture, as Danny Kaye shows off pictures of Dena to his house guests: night club entertainers Jackie Miles, Joey Adams and Joe E. Lewis.

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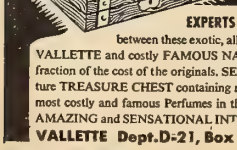
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songs, publicity, and every angle of production. Her say-so carried heavy weight.

The first break in this rule came with the making of *A Song Is Born*, Danny's current and final starring picture for Goldwyn. Sylvia's absence at the start of this picture was so conspicuous that it started tongues wagging anew. When she did go to the studio, she stayed away from the sound stages where her husband was working. The long consultations and conversations between husband and wife were no more.

Sometimes Danny betrayed uncertainty in how to play a scene, or put over a bit of business before the camera. He seemed conscious that something was missing, because he was accustomed to the presence of a friendly critic to point out his mistakes and give him a hand when his work was wonderful.

Could it be that Sylvia, one of the smartest gals in the business, was playing a smart game in staying away, and letting Danny do the best he could on his own?

You can't help recalling an almost parallel case. That of Red Skelton and his ex-wife, Edna, now Mrs. Frank Borzage. Junior, as Edna calls Red, took another wife, but Edna still manages him. He lets her decide what's best for him, and it's an arrangement that seems to work.

The question Hollywood is asking now is: will Sylvia Fine take a leaf out of Edna's book, and will she be content to assume the role of guide and friend, while abdicating that of wife and sweetheart? Or is that the way Danny wants things to be?

No matter what happens, it's certain Sylvia will figure very importantly in his life at least for the next seven years, the term of the Warner contract that establishes her as associate producer on all his pictures. Sylvia has a great deal of quiet pride. There will be no plush carpet laid out for Danny unless and until he definitely makes up his mind that Sylvia is the only girl in his life.

A baby, and especially a baby like little Dena, whom Danny loves to rave about, can make a lot of difference in the life of a sentimental gentleman of comedy.

And one wonders if perhaps there may have been a note of prophetic irony in the song that Danny warbled tenderly to Eve Arden when they were appearing together in *Let's Face It* on Broadway in 1943. The title of the song was "Let's Not Talk About Love."

THE FANS

(*Continued from page 86*)

job is listening to the fine things your stars say about YOU! And we think we're violating no confidence in letting you in on some of their comments:

FRANCES LANGFORD: "I am fully aware of the wonderful work that fan clubs are doing and I want to tell my fans that their interest in me and my career is very heartening. I wish to thank them for this and for their loyalty . . . Sometimes we get blinded by our success and it is through suggestions by our loyal fans, writing to us from time to time, and letting us know what they think of our radio shows and pictures, that keep us on our toes."

JOHNNY COY: "I always compare a solid well-organized fan club with the cheering section of a football squad or baseball team—every player wants to know that he has friends rooting for him in the grandstands. I hope the fans realize that their interest and enthusiasm are greatly appreciated."

JOHNNY LONG: "People don't stop to consider the constructive work lots of the clubs do. They provide a healthy social outlet for naturally sociable youngsters, who might otherwise spend their time . . . in a not too choice environment . . . Most clubs publish periodicals . . . they send out members to report on the movies, radio shows and personal appearances of the star. Many develop a publicity or reportorial sense that might prove useful later on . . . Club members are passing through an important, formative time of their life. It's a time when they develop lasting opinions and ideas. That's why I think it's important that they learn how to get along with each other, regardless of any little differences in physical makeup or family background."

CHARLES KORVIN: "Response to one's performance on the stage is one of the most rewarding things an actor can ask for, and this is where fans enter in a most important way. Through their letters of appreciation, of encouragement, and even of criticism, does a movie actor get his reward for his work. Without that, one would be working in a vacuum . . . Some people think I am crazy because I spend so much time reading all my fan mail. I was told after my first year here that I will not do it very long. However, I have been doing it and intend to do it, as the letters are to me what the faces down in the audience are to the actor on the stage. They are the applause after the final curtain is down."

HINTS FOR JOURNAL EDITORS: Every club paper should have a title page, which lists the official name and address of your club, the full names of your star and club officers, journal editors, staff contributors, artists, etc., date of publication, honoraries, affiliations, etc. All work that appears in your journal (articles, poems, art work, etc.) whether original or reprinted from another source, must be credited with the author's or artist's name. Although a paper should be as friendly as the spirit of the club, remember your journal is not a closed corporation for members only. Would a non-clubber who chanced upon your journal be confused by a mass of "I's" when you mean editorial "we's?" Do you use first names only in recounting a meeting or event, forgetting

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Not long ago, Johnnie Johnston was appearing at the RKO Theater here in Boston. While he was on stage with Jan Murray, the comedian, a few boys in one of the boxes began to throw pennies down onto the stage to attract their attention. Jan Murray asked them to stop because a roller-skating act was next and the skaters might trip. Then Johnnie said, "You're right, Jan. And boys, don't do it again . . . you remember the name of the animal that throws a scent!" That got a bigger hand than any of the other jokes that were told.

Diane Kennedy,
Burlington, Mass.



Harry Lewis, Marilyn Maxwell, Nelson Eddy and Janis Paige at the L.A. Fan Club Convention.

that new members may not be familiar with all your club officers or regulars? When editing a journal, be objective. Try to imagine that a stranger from Mars (or, at least, a non-clubber) is going to read your journal over somebody else's shoulder. If the stuff you put in it is going to confuse him, make him feel like a rank outsider, he's not going to want to join your club. (Say, how do you collect dues from Mars, anyway?) Miscellaneous: No mush-stuff about your star, please. It's embarrassing to everybody. No pages filled with corny jokes, either. A joke that's really funny makes a good filler, but when our editorial staff reads a whole page devoted to sad little egg-layers, it starts thinking, "What's the matter? Don't the clubbers have anything to say about their star, movies, books, records, or any of the million-and-a-half subjects that should interest them?"

CLUB BANTER

Parties: We don't want to steal Louella's thunder, but we certainly have a batch of fine parties to cover this month: First, there was the picnic the Bobby Beers Clubbers held at Jackson Park in Chicago. Bob was there, along with several members of the Lawrence Welk Ork, who served as guest ant-shooers . . . Dixie Jean Gibbs' Jack Smith Club attended a super beach party at Dixie Jean's home which was loads of fun . . . and the Esther Williams group, headed by Jane Griffis, reports the spectacular success of their first lawn party . . . Helen Gerald hostessed a theater party for her boosters . . . the new Bedford chapter of the Fultonites put on what is perhaps the first "double feature" party on record when they attended a performance of two of Joan's pics, *Michigan Kid* and *Buck Privates Come Home* on the same bill . . . way over in England, Betty McKeown's Perry Como Conclave threw a bang up swimming party to discuss new ideas (they were *not* all wet) . . . and back in New York, the Martin-eeks put over a little shindig with the aid of cokes and ice cream, at Ted's music store . . . the Milton Berle clubbers were pretty excited about Milton's appearance at the Roxy and bought him "a little something" to present to him at the dinner he's planning for his club . . . the Glenn Miller Memorial Clubbers were looking forward to Tex Beneke's appearance at the Moonlight Gardens in Cincinnati and planned to swoop down on him for a gay evening . . . and some local lucky Charles Korvin-ites had a mad con-fab with their honorary when he stopped in New York on his way to Europe. **Meetings:** A brand new Gene Autry Columbia film in Cine Color may be previewed at the Autry convention in New York . . . Jordine Skoff held a meeting in her home for local members of her Johnny Desmond Club when he was appearing in person in Buffalo, and sure enough, Johnny was there! . . . Jack Smith attended a special meeting of Barbara Stoney's club in his honor in Carmel, Calif. . . . British Frank Sinatra Club hopes to be 700 strong at their London Convention in December . . . Como's Cream City Club, headed by Margaret Staley, held a meeting to start work on their first journal. **Cancer:** The Frank Keys, Frank and Nancy Club, Nancy's Pop Club and Our Boy Swoonatra Club pitched in with a Detroit department store to stage a Teen Town party for the benefit of the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund for Cancer Research . . . Bev Bush's Melody of Sinatra Club attaches Cancer Prevention seals to all correspondence . . . Peggy Kress' Sinatra-Ettes have donated $25 to the Cancer Fund . . . Danny Scholl Clubbers have raised $15 for the same cause . . . Arthur Kennedy clubbers, $7 . . . Betty Schwarz's Lanny Ross Club, $3, and others who are busy fighting cancer with cash are the International Teddy Walters club and the John Tyer club (the latter donated $25) . . . **Publicity:** Loretta Verbin, prexy of Jack Carson's club has already appeared on two San Francisco radio programs, and hopes to appear with Jack on another when he hits her town for personal appearances. Also, the management of the theater where Jack is to appear has invited all Carson Bay City Clubbers to a special radio party . . . Betty Norris, publicity director of King James Court (Mason, Fitzmorris) has posted a sign in her local theater lobby, announcing a contest on "Why I'd like to join James' club," and James himself has contributed autographed pics as prizes . . . Dorothy Reisser's James Melton Club is going to have special folders printed about her club and distributed in music stores . . . Anne Anderson, Jack Smith prexy, is trying to interest her local record shop owner in her plan to insert little slips in the jackets of Jack's records, with the legend, "If you like Jack Smith's recording of—, why not join his club?" . . . the Wild over Wilde fan club rated a plug in the Chicago Times . . . Jack Owens Swoonsters snagged a feature story in the New Bedford Times . . . Myrla McDougall of the Sarnia, Ontario, chapter of the Gene Autry Club, has gotten her local theater manager so enthusiastic about Gene's club, he's inaugurating a Gene Autry Friendship Club Day every Saturday that Gene's pictures are booked at his theater. **Miscellaneous:** Teddy Walters Club prexy, Gloria Hoyle, was Teddy's guest at his Phila. home, met his 83-year-old grandmother . . . Ginger Bagnall asks will we please announce that Alice Frost (Pamela on the "Mr. and Mrs. North" program) is looking for a new fan club prexy for her club, which already numbers 150. If interested, please write a letter, stating your qualifications, to Ginger, at 12 Lafayette Ave., Summit, N. J. . . . Willard Parker Club sponsoring free membership to first person from each state, Hawaii and Alaska who writes in to us.

* * *

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT: Here's the good news you've all been waiting for! The new revised Fan Club Chart, with the very latest list of approved and promising fan clubs, will be ready on or about November 15. Over 350 clubs, prexies' names and addresses, names of journals, interesting facts, etc. The most comprehensive list of fan clubs published anywhere! Also, tells you what to do about joining a fan club, how to make inquiries, when to send dues, what you can expect from a well-run club, etc. For your copy of MODERN SCREEN'S *Exclusive Fan Club Chart, send 10c and a 4x9 inch, 3c stamped self-addressed envelope to: Service Dept.,* MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16. Note: Do not address your request to Fan Club Dept., but to SERVICE DEPT.!*

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 23*)

Ingraham would never think of looking for His Royal Majesty at work as a farmhand.

But all of a sudden, Katie's little farm becomes considerably less obscure. There arrives a mincing, prancing character who calls himself Pinner (Robert Coote) but insinuates he is really King Charles. On his heels arrives a luscious, scented creature direct from the French court. A countess, no less, she (Maria Montez) is thoroughly familiar with the real Charles, from a past love affair. Then Ingraham arrives. All of this explodes on poor Katie's farm, in a sizzle of racing horses, clashing swords and general melee. Such fun.—*Univ.-Int.*

OUT OF THE PAST

You'd be surprised how snarled up a guy's life can get when the girl he's in love with commits a murder. Of course, the life of Jeff Bailey (Robert Mitchum) was snarled even before that. In fact he was bucketed straight into trouble from the moment he met racketeer Whit Sterling (Kirk Douglas).

Jeff is a private detective and Whit has a job for him. It sounds all right—just go to Mexico and find a girl named Kathie Moffatt (Jane Greer). It seems Kathie has walked off with $40,000 of Whit's money.

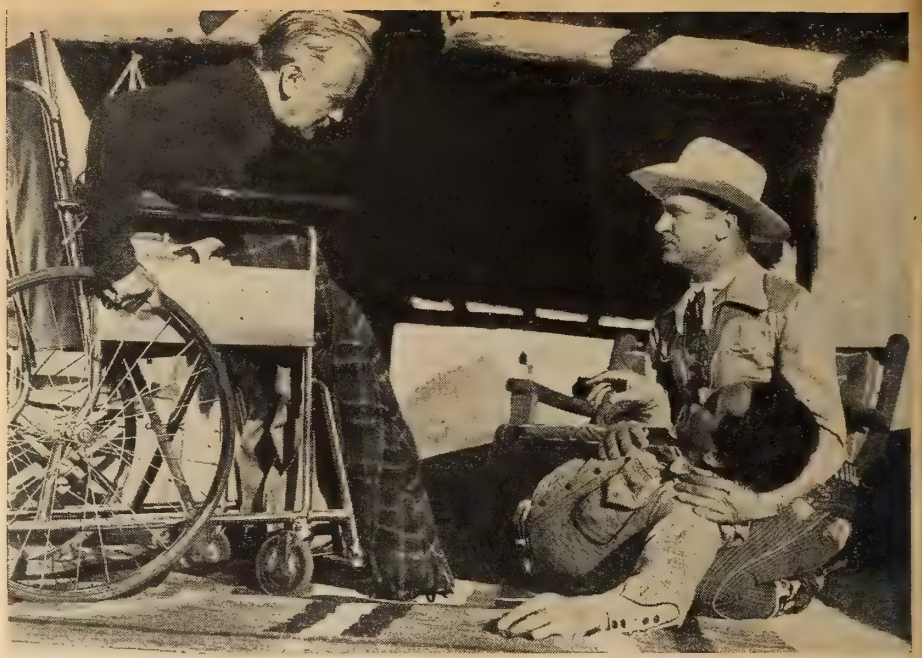
That, really, is what crosses things up. Because when Jeff finds Kathie, he doesn't want to take her back to Whit who is still in love with her in spite of what she did. No, Jeff wants her himself, so badly, that he's willing to toss over the whole job, and also take a chance on Whit's putting a bullet in him as a reminder of what private detectives are *not* supposed to do.

Quite a girl, this Kathie. They hide out in San Francisco for awhile, but an old partner of Jeff's finds them and starts a little plain and fancy blackmail. So Kathie shoots him. She leaves Jeff to explain the body to any curious people, such as the police, and goes back to Whit. Jeff was fun for awhile but he's run out of money.

Jeff gets out of that particular jam, but later Whit maneuvers him into a position where he seems to be responsible for still another murder. Frankly, if I needed a detective, this Jeff Bailey is the last guy I'd hire. He doesn't seem to know which way is up. And even Robert Mitchum can't make him very convincing.—*RKO.*



Out of the Past: Private detective Bob Mitchum goes to Mexico to find Jane Greer and $40,000 that isn't hers. He falls for her, but she loves his money and involves him in blackmail, murder.



The Last Roundup: Ralph Morgan tries to stir up trouble among the Indians and to cut off the water supply to Mesa City. Autry opposes him, but is accused of killing his own pal, Russ Vincent.

THE LAST ROUND-UP

Gene Autry has moved over to Columbia and Columbia has rewarded him by giving him a good, fast Western for his first picture. There's plenty of shooting and a stampede or two and all the other ingredients, including Gene's horse, Champion.

The locale is a little western valley near Mesa City. Everyone's been living in peace and comfort, minding their own business. Then, with complete unexpectedness, comes the news that an aqueduct bordering the Indian reservation will leave the whole valley as dry as a buffalo nickel. Mesa City needs a bigger water supply and the aqueduct is the only way they can get it. But what about the Indians who live in the valley?

There is one man whom everyone trusts to try and work out a deal for them. This man is Gene Autry. But what Gene doesn't know is that there are two men right in the valley who are doing their best to mess things up. If Charlie Mason (Ralph Morgan) and his son, Matt (Mark Daniels) can grab off the land for themselves, they don't care what trickery it takes to do it.

Their first move is to start a stampede among Gene's cattle just when he's ready to address a town meeting. They don't want him explaining things to the people. The less everyone knows, the better off the Masons will be. Besides, young Matt doesn't like the way pretty Carol Taylor (Jean Heather) has been looking at Gene lately, so he has a personal grudge.

The Indians have always been especially friendly toward Gene, but the Masons fix that, too. They cause a fight where several tribesmen are killed and make it look as if Gene was to blame. Even Gene's best friend, an educated Indian named Jeff (Russ Vincent) won't trust him any more. It looks for awhile as if the Mason clan will win out, but then the riding and shooting really starts, and no one is as good at either as Gene.—*Col.*


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Your Skin's Softer! You're Lovelier with just One Cake of Camay!



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the former Barbara Jean Carpenter
of East Orange, N. J.
bridal portrait by Ulmer

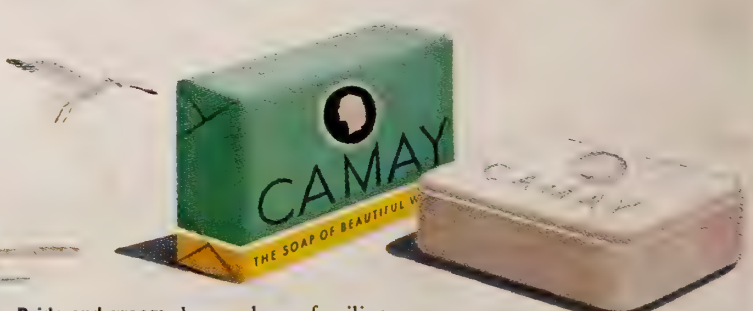
MEET THE MILLARS!



The Millars honeymooned in Bermuda. Neighbors all their lives, they'd only met a few years ago. She's gorgeous! She says: "My *first cake* of Camay brought a softer, clearer look to my skin."

There's sorcery in a lovely skin—a soft, clear complexion holds hearts in its spell! That's true—and you can win a smoother, lovelier skin with just *one cake* of Camay.

Just give up careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Follow directions on the wrapper—and watch your beauty grow!





Bride and groom share a love of sailing. Both can set a spinnaker or tie a clove hitch. Expert, too, in complexion care—Barbara helps guard the loveliness of her skin with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

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JUNE ALLYSON

Here's to Romance—win a Smoother Skin with just One Cake of Camay!



Your complexion is the measure of your beauty! You're lovely when your skin is soft and clear. Yes, and you can win a softer, clearer, more appealing complexion with just *one cake* of Camay—if you'll give up careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Follow the easy directions on the Camay wrapper. Use Camay and Camay alone—and watch your beauty grow!



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"I don't belong to any man"

Two kinds of men...two kinds of love...in her life...and when she chooses it must be forever!



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HENRY FONDA *in*

Daisy Kenyon

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A 20th CENTURY-FOX ROMANTIC HIT!

Produced and Directed by OTTO PREMINGER • Screen Play by David Hertz • Based on the Novel by Elizabeth Janeway

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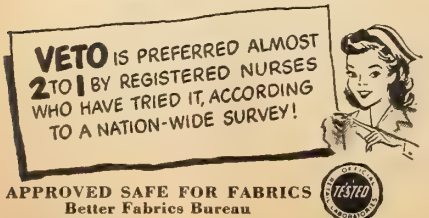
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JANUARY, 1948

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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GOOD NEWS





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Look who's in it!..songster Mel Torme "The Lazy Voice."

M-m-m-meet that McCracken girl! The swinging-stepping star of Broadway's big hit "Oklahoma."

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JUNE ALLYSON

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DIRECTED BY CHARLES WALTERS • PRODUCED BY ARTHUR FREED

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



Lana Turner and Keenan Wynn came as Tartars to the Press Photographers' annual costume ball, held at Ciro's. Lana will meet Ty in N. Y. on his return from Africa, while Annabella may be getting a divorce in Paris.



There were over 200 guests at $12.50 per plate—the largest turnout to date. Only professional photogs and actors attended. Scantily-dressed Indians Paul Brinkman and wife Jeanne Crain gave cameras an eyeful.



An old-time lifeguard, complete with brush moustache, was John Hodiak. Seems as if he saved Ann Baxter from life in a harem. That's her—a be-jewelled dancer from the Orient, with a gown sheer as Salome's veils.



No one would ever suspect that Bowery bum Bob Hope had been offered $40,000 for a week's engagement at the Capitol Theater. Walter Winchell carries his costume on his hat—a press card, labeling him as writer.

Good News GOOD NEWS GOOD NEWS Good News good news GOOD NEWS

louella parsons'

■ The words are the same, "Happy New Year!"

But, back of this cheerful greeting to 1948 is the deep prayer from all of us that this CAN and WILL be, a happy new year.

These are restless and desperate times, affecting men and women with a feeling of bewilderment and futility—and the men and women of Hollywood are no exception.

1947 has been one of movietown's most disastrous years where the home and marriage are concerned. True, the divorce rate was up all over the country—but as usual, Hollywood stars were in the spotlight. One encouraging thing, however, is that many stars who "rifted," for a variety of reasons, eventually saw their errors and kissed and



As soon as they got word of the ball, the ladies ransacked their studio wardrobes. Elizabeth Taylor and Janet Leigh found lovely Spanish gowns. Janet's husband Stanley Reams (left) and Tommy Breen followed suit.



Once a year, and this was it, the stars let down their hair in public. Betty Hutton and husband Ted Briskin were slinky adagio dancers. Betty is on maternity leave from Paramount—expecting her 2nd child in April.



A couple out of the 1890's are Bob Mitchum and his wife, Dorothy. Life was rough and ready in those days. Even now, it can be tough, especially for Bob, who's just lost all his savings, $68,000, in a bad investment.



Kathryn Grayson and Johnnie Johnston may look as if they're at the height of feathery fashion. But Kate's gown is just a pair of panties in the back, and Johnnie's well-pressed trousers are really snappy shorts.

made up before the year was out.

Right after the war, the experts blamed "war nerves" for the crash of many homes in and out of Hollywood. Now, what shall we call it? "Lack of security" nerves? "Restless" nerves? "Desperation" nerves?

Yes, I see these intangible hazards of our times as the direct causes of many of Hollywood's marriage battles and divorces during 1947. Whether they are conscious of it or not, too many people and too many stars are saying, "Who knows what will happen? Life is insecure. I'll take my happiness where I find it."

"Happiness?" Where a home, a wife, a husband are concerned? Often, where little children were concerned?

Of all the marriage operations that came under my microscope last year, Mark Stevens was the most honest patient. In trying to analyze why he had walked out on his pretty little Southern wife, Annelle, and their baby, for three months of "freedom," he told me:

"I was confused, Louella. I was a fool. All I can say is that I was all mixed up. I wasn't 'sent' back to my wife. I returned because I realized how much she and my home and my baby meant to me."

Mark got the socking of his life from some of the press for saying this. It was considered "ungallant" to Hedy Lamarr, the beauty with whom he had spent so much time during his separation, particularly after Hedy had said that she sent him home because she didn't want to cause anyone unhappiness.

Let's look at it this way: If Hedy had her pride to save, so did Mrs. Mark Stevens. It hurts way down deep to reconcile under the impression that a husband has been sent home as one would return a pup who has strayed from the home and hearth.

I'm not saying that Hedy was to blame in saying what she did. She did not separate the Stevenses. Mark's nerves and bad health worked the first wedge between them. Hedy, too, was going through a miserable period of unhappiness following her separation from John Loder, at the time she met Mark. They were two unhappy people who ignited a spark when both were at low ebb.

The Loders are another case in point of

(*Advertisement*)

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At the first blush of Womanhood



by
VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you approach womanhood. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and is especially evident in young women. It causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

No need for alarm—There is nothing "wrong" with you. It is just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl. It is also a warning that now you *must* select a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers to overcome—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this age when a girl wants to be attractive, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills odor instantly, safely and surely, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for many hours and keeps you safe. Moreover, it protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. The physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion of the teens and twenties can cause the apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration. A dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend as well as ruin a dress.

All deodorants not alike—Don't take chances! Rely on Arrid which stops underarm perspiration as well as odor. No other deodorant gives you the same intimate protection as Arrid's exclusive formula. That's why Arrid is so popular with girls your age. They buy more Arrid than any other age group. More nurses—more men and women everywhere—use Arrid than any other deodorant.

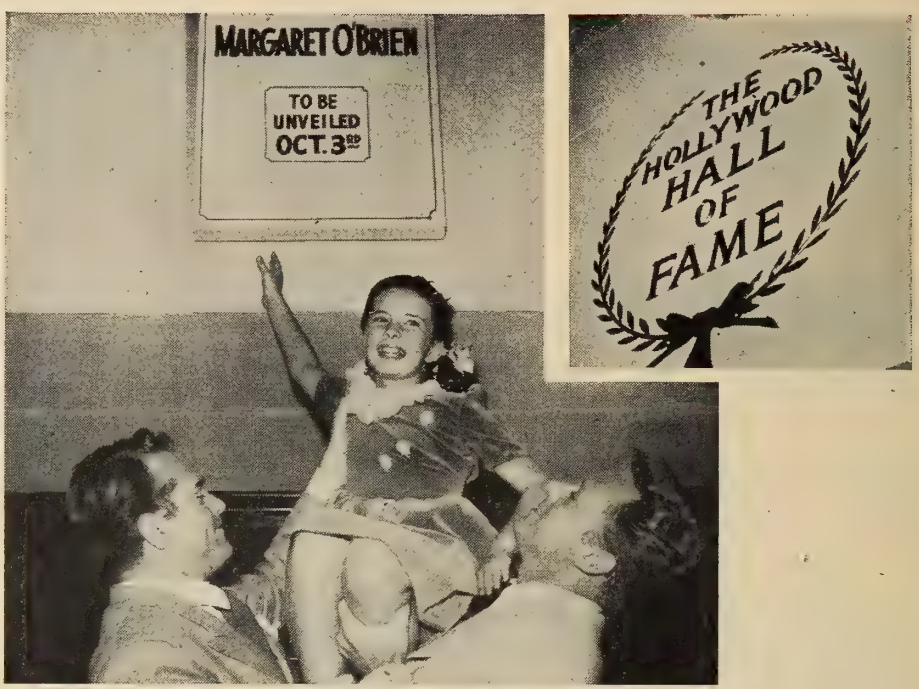
How to protect yourself—You'll find the new Arrid a snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears in a jiffy. Never gritty or grainy. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Gentle, antiseptic Arrid will not irritate skin. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely!

Don't be half-safe—During this "age of courtship," don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid right away, only 39¢ plus tax at your favorite drug counter.

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Good News GOOD NEWS GOOD NEWS Good News good news GOOD NEWS

louella parsons'



Sid Grauman, who first asked stars to put their foot-prints in cement, has inaugurated a "Hollywood Hall of Fame" at his Egyptian Theater. Red Skelton, Mag O'Brien and Van Johnson were among first to be so honored!

frayed "nerves" wrecking a marriage where three children were involved. Hedy was almost at the point of a nervous breakdown just before their separation.

I talked with her at that time and I shall never forget the mixed-up things she told me, although she did not realize it.

She said that if John could only work and keep busy, their problems might not have come about. (He made four pictures last year and was East for a show for over two months.) She said he couldn't do little things around the house. (How many men can?) She said he resented her career. (And he is an actor!)

I was surprised that she seemed to miss what, to my way of thinking, was the REAL source of their trouble in a maze of imaginary ills. Loder has a tendency to be exacting and critical and it is difficult for Beauty with a capital B to live with that. In spite of their two children and a little boy Hedy adopted, I do not believe this marriage could be saved under any circumstances. Fire and cold water never mix.

Ah, but I can and do shake a finger at the Danny Kayes, who have not definitely parted at this writing, but they have openly separated for no good reason that they, or anyone else, has yet given.

I know that Danny says he and Sylvia decided they would be "happier apart."

I know that Sylvia backs him up, at least in insisting that they have never been as friendly in years as they have been since he moved out of the house.

But here are two young people who struggled up the ladder of success side by side, joy by joy—and now heartache by heartache. Danny is the first to say that Sylvia's routines for his numbers are largely responsible for where he is today. They are still working together on his new contract at Warners. They still dine together. Danny is frequently at the house to see the baby.

Where two people have loved so deeply and accomplished so much—it is sheer tragedy if they don't adjust the differences they are going through. There is no greater happiness in the world than understanding and companionship. Perhaps these twin virtues give a slow, steady glow but they burn longer than any other light in the world, including the *grandes passions* of life. And there's no sadder illumination than a torch burning after it is too late to recapture what has been lost.



The most musical musical ever ever!

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"IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT"
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"A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN"
"BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON"
"MY EVENING STAR"
"MY NELLIE'S BLUE EYES"
"MOTHER MACHREE"
"DEAR OLD DONEGAL"
"WEE ROSE OF KILLARNEY"
"IF I'M DREAMING, LET ME DREAM"
"LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY"

DENNIS MORGAN

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Directed by DAVID BUTLER · Screen Play by Peter Milne · Based upon a Book by Rita Olcott
Musical Numbers Orchestrated and Conducted by Ray Heindorf · Produced by WILLIAM JACOBS

Good News GOOD NEWS GOOD NEWS Good News

louella parsons'



When Virginia Mayo and Michael O'Shea spent part of their honeymoon in Phila. (at Sam Goldwyn's request), Ginny was interviewed by local school paper editors, and queried on long skirts, how to get into the movies.



Joan Carroll and Ingrid Bergman did *Bells of St. Mary's* for Screen Guild radio show, for which stars donate their services to Motion Picture Relief Fund. Ingrid's daughter Pia now wears same short hair-do as her mom.

Verneva Jo Burgay, beauty contest victor, who won the title, "Vickey Bobbie Girl," visited Ken Murray, producer of *Bill and Coo*, and actress Joan Hunsaker, during her two weeks' prize trip to the movie capital.

Wives who love will wait for men—but not forever.

I hope that the Kayes go back together again just as Susan Hayward and Jess Barker did after their short rift, and the Mickey Rooneys, and Linda Darnell and Pev Marley and even the temperamental Cornel Wildes. The latter two, at least, are trying to hold on through storm and strife.

The divorce scandal of 1947 is the Brian Donlevys', battling through mud and mire and property settlements to obtain the custody of innocent little four-year-old Judy, their daughter. It's sickening—the whole thing.

If you don't know the details, you must have been behind an iron curtain of your own. I won't repeat the charges and counter-charges.

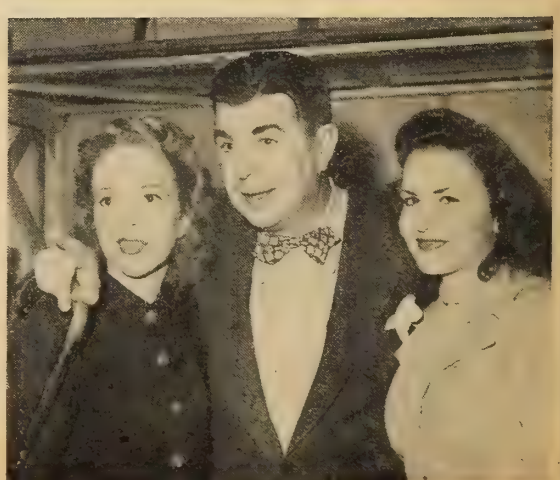
But the mud from this mess has tarred all Hollywood. People write me, "I suspected things like this were going on in movie marriages. This just happens to have come out in the open."

How unfair and unjust for people like the Donlevys, who have had so much good from this industry in material and artistic things, not to have felt a greater responsibility to the hand that fed them fame and fortune before they started slinging their divorce darts.

The Donlevy case is no more "typical" of Hollywood than the many marriages and divorces of Tommy Manville are "typical" of the manufacturing industry.

On the other hand, I must say that the divorce of Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles IS a typical Hollywood divorce. Too much "genius" under one roof made it impossible for Rita to live with him.

I've been accused of "having it in" for Welles and, meeting the accusation head on—I have. I think there is very little he wouldn't sacrifice to advance his career as an actor-director-producer big shot. Once, he terrified an entire nation with a sensational broadcast that sounded like Men from Mars were descending on our defenceless heads. Many



of the stories he has produced have had barbed implications, causing heartaches to others.

But we are asked to accept all this under the guise of "Genius" interpretations. Well, I can't take that for an explanation. And neither could Rita. I believe the entire trouble between them was his career which came above everything else, including his wife and daughter.

Greer Garson's career was too big for her marriage, too, but with what a difference. Greer never flaunted the fact that she is a great star in her home. To the contrary, she made a valiant effort to be modest and unassuming in her private life role of Mrs. Richard Ney.

Richard, and I like him very much, was the first to say after he asked for his release from M-G-M, "I want to freelance because I do not want to trade on my wife's name and standing at her home studio."

And, when he went out on his own, after returning from service in the Navy, he did very well. He received interesting assignments in good pictures because he IS a good actor. But he is not a star.

If there is a bitter pill that it is hard for any man to swallow in a marriage it is the uncomfortable feeling of not leading, of not being the strongest in the union. Although neither Greer nor Richard could help it, and I know she has deep affection for him and he will always adore and respect her—they couldn't get over the hurdle that her career had outdistanced his.

The most heedless divorce was that of June Haver and Jimmy Zito because it was the most heedless marriage. When, when, WHEN will these young girls stop to think and to realize what marriage means before they plunge into a union that can wreck their entire life?

I don't think June, who is 22, was even blinded by infatuation. She just wanted to get married and admits it. Did it matter that the man she selected hadn't been part of her world or of her life for many years? Did she stop to think whether or not they were companionable? Apparently not.

She had a bitter and unhappy awakening in less than three months of marriage. She discovered too late that she didn't know Jimmy at all, that he wasn't the man she had idealized for so many years. She has cried tears of desperation for her mistake and she may have ruined her life. I say this because if she is unable to get a religious annulment, she may never be able to marry again.

What a price to pay for a moment of reckless decision! I feel like saying to all girls who want to get married for surface reasons—because you want to get away from home, or because you want children, or because some man has the money to support you—think long and hard before you make that "forever" vow!

The divorces that hurt the most are those that parted fine people who have been mar-

Is Peter Lind Hayes Unfair about Women?



ARLEEN WHELAN AND PETER LIND HAYES CO-STARRING IN "THE SENATOR WAS INDISCREET", A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE



Unfair?

Arleen Whelan says:

"Peter Lind Hayes judges a woman by her hands. Velvety smooth hands—or she doesn't rate. Unfair? Oh, I don't think so. It's easy to use Jergens Lotion and have just darling hands. Oh, yes—I use Jergens." Jergens Lotion is, 7 to 1, the hand care the Stars use.

See your own hands become even smoother, softer (like the Stars' hands). Thanks to recent research, Jergens Lotion is even finer today—protects longer, too. In Jergens—the same 2 ingredients many doctors use for skin-beautifying. Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). No oiliness; no stickiness.



Used by more women than Any Other Hand Care in the World

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use Jergens Lotion

FREE

"TRY-IT" BOTTLE of this hand care the Stars use. Simply mail coupon—

Mail to: Box 27, Cincinnati 14, Ohio. (Paste on penny postcard if you wish.)

16-A

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(Please print plainly—Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only)

Good News GOOD NEWS GOOD NEWS

louella parsons'

Good News GOOD NEWS



Vanessa Brown decorates Michael Leavitt (105 years old) at a benefit for Jewish Home for Aged.



Dining at Slapsy's are pert-hatted Gloria DeHaven and John Payne. They're not expecting another baby as was reported. Recently, in fact, the Paynes returned from a bear-hunting trip with signs of more marriage trouble.



A while ago, Ava Gardner said she was going to skip men for her career. Since then, she's been out with almost every unattached male in town. Here, with Pete Lawford at Ice Follies.

ried many years. There were too many of them: The Jesse Laskys, who have been married 30 years. The Edward Arnolds who have been together over 22 years. The David Selznicks, over 15 years. And the latest, Margaret Sullavan and Leland Hayward, breaking up after 11 years.

Believe me, there are many heartaches in the breaking up of these homes. Certainly, in these cases, the marriages had been tested and founded on strong ground.

Why, then, did they part?

I believe that puts us right back where we started from in the beginning of this discussion. These restless, desperate times have cast their shadows deep into the homes of the nation and of Hollywood.

* * *

Now that I have all that off my chest—let's look around at more cheerful events of Hollywood this past month.

Merle Oberon gave the most delightful dinner party in a long time. Maybe it's a hangover from her days of being Lady Korda, but Merle lives in great luxury. Her home in Bel Air is adorned with the most beautiful and valuable paintings and her china, linens and silver service are just out of this world.

Even when she is entertaining twenty or thirty, it's usually a formal "sit down" dinner when Merle entertains, and this occasion was no exception.

Paulette Goddard, just back from Paris, was a sensation when she walked in wearing the latest thing in padded hips—a black velvet skirt with a stiff crinoline under-flounce that made it seem to stand by itself. Her bodice was white and she wore her hair long, shoulder-length. I noticed during the evening, she borrowed a heavy hairpin from Joan Crawford because she said her hair felt uncomfortable. Leave it to Paulette to do the unusual—dress to the teeth and then swoop her hair up on top of her head with a single hair-pin!

Mrs. Gary Cooper was wearing one of those new tight corsets.

"Gary will have to get me out of this dress," she said, "it's that skin tight." Rocky said she was having a heck of a time breathing—but the pale blue dress was certainly becoming. (Well, I can't see myself getting into one of those corsets if every woman in the world wears them. I remember my mother having the whole family lacing her into tight stays too well and too uncomfortably!)

Our hostess was gowned by Orry Kelly who does those luscious things for the screen—I mean gowns like Joan Fontaine wore in *Ivy*. It was filmy and delicate, in at the waist, but not flared like Paulette's or corseted like Mrs. Cooper's. Virginia Zanuck looked chic plus *comfortable* in a dress that conformed to the styles as we know them in America.

Joan Crawford, the clothes horse, compromised in her gown. She made a concession to the new styles with a lace ruffle around her hips, but it was transparent so you



"What a fall guy I am . . . thinking just because you're good to look at—you'd be good all the way through!"

BURT LANCASTER

And

LIZABETH SCOTT

In

HAL WALLIS' Production

"I WALK ALONE"

With

WENDELL COREY
KIRK DOUGLAS
KRISTINE MILLER

And

George Rigaud · Marc Lawrence
Mike Mazurki · Mickey Knox

Directed by Byron Haskin · Screenplay by Charles Schnee · Adaptation by Robert Smith and John Bright · Based upon an original play "Beggars Are Coming to Town" by Theodore Reeves · Produced on the Stage by Oscar Serlin · A Paramount Picture

Good News GOOD NEWS GOOD NEWS Good News good news GOOD NEWS

louella parsons'



It's a surprise for Bill Bendix when he hits the right note. At a benefit show for *Variety Girl*, Colonna, Dot Lamour, Hope and Ladd join him in a mellow quintet.



Diana Lynn and Bob Neal stop to chat at Somerset House. Diana got a diamond bracelet on her 21st birthday, but set no wedding date.



This man and his ice-cream pop won't be parted. It's Jimmy Durante and Danny Thomas at the recent *Variety Girl* benefit show.



Maybe Marshall Thompson's camera-shy, but he'd like to speak publicly to students about their civic roles. Here, with Faye Marlowe.

could still see what wonderfully slender lines she really has. Smart girl!

* * *

Bette Davis thinks nicknames are important, so she has endowed her daughter, Barbara Davis Sherry, with a nickname of which she approves.

It's "BeeDee" and if you look closely, those are the baby's first two initials—B. D.

* * *

Close-Up of Bogey—Mr. Humphrey Bogart to you: He not only calls Lauren Bacall "Baby," he calls most women he likes "Baby". . . . He doesn't go in for social distinctions on a set. Half the time a prop boy or an electrician can be found dozing in a chair labeled "Mr. Bogart" while he sits on a plug box or anything else handy. . . . He hates to go out socially—but once he accepts an invitation, he's the first guest to arrive and usually the last to leave. . . . He loves to get a rise out of people, prodding them about their political beliefs particularly. . . . He doesn't smile much, but he has a roaring laugh when something strikes him funny. . . . He's never made a "best-dressed man" list. . . . He doesn't like fussy, frilly clothes on women but he thinks all femmes should have a very feminine boudoir. . . . He likes the new dark stocking colors. . . . When he dies and goes to heaven he hopes it will be on a boat. It wouldn't be heaven without one. . . . He likes highly seasoned foods, and anything labeled "good for him" he swears gives him a stomach ache. . . . He wakes up in a good humor but wants a cup of coffee before indulging in much conversation. . . . He considers himself something of a mug, but his several wives have all been very glamorous women. He keeps his male friends forever. Add it all up—and this is the one and only Bogey.

* * *

I wonder if the next big romance in Jimmy Stewart's life will be Margaret Sullavan, now that she is free?

There are friends who will tell you that the spark Jimmy once felt for Maggie has never really gone out, although he has remained in the background as the good family friend through three of her marriages to other men.

A girl who was once crazy about Jimmy, herself, told me: "I don't think he realizes it consciously. But I think Margaret is and always will be the real love of Jimmy's life; no matter how many girls he takes out, she's in his mind.

* * *

Well, that's all for this month.

We're all starting on a new year with new opportunities, and believe that I mean it from the bottom of my heart when I wish you health, happiness and peace of mind for this coming year.

One old habit I want to keep is your letters coming in. I wonder what the new year will bring us to talk about. Not all these divorces in Hollywood—I hope!


ON GUARD!
ADVENTURE CALLS
...AND BEAUTY BECKONS!
in TECHNICOLOR!
COLUMBIA PICTURES presents
LARRY PARKS
The Swordsman
WITH
ELLEN DREW
GEORGE MACREADY · EDGAR BUCHANAN
RAY COLLINS · MARC PLATT
Original screenplay by Wilfrid H. Pettitt
Directed by JOSEPH H. LEWIS
Produced by BURT KELLY
A DASHING NEW ROLE
FOR LARRY PARKS . . . EXCITING STAR
OF THE JOLSON STORY and DOWN TO EARTH!
COLUMBIA PICTURES

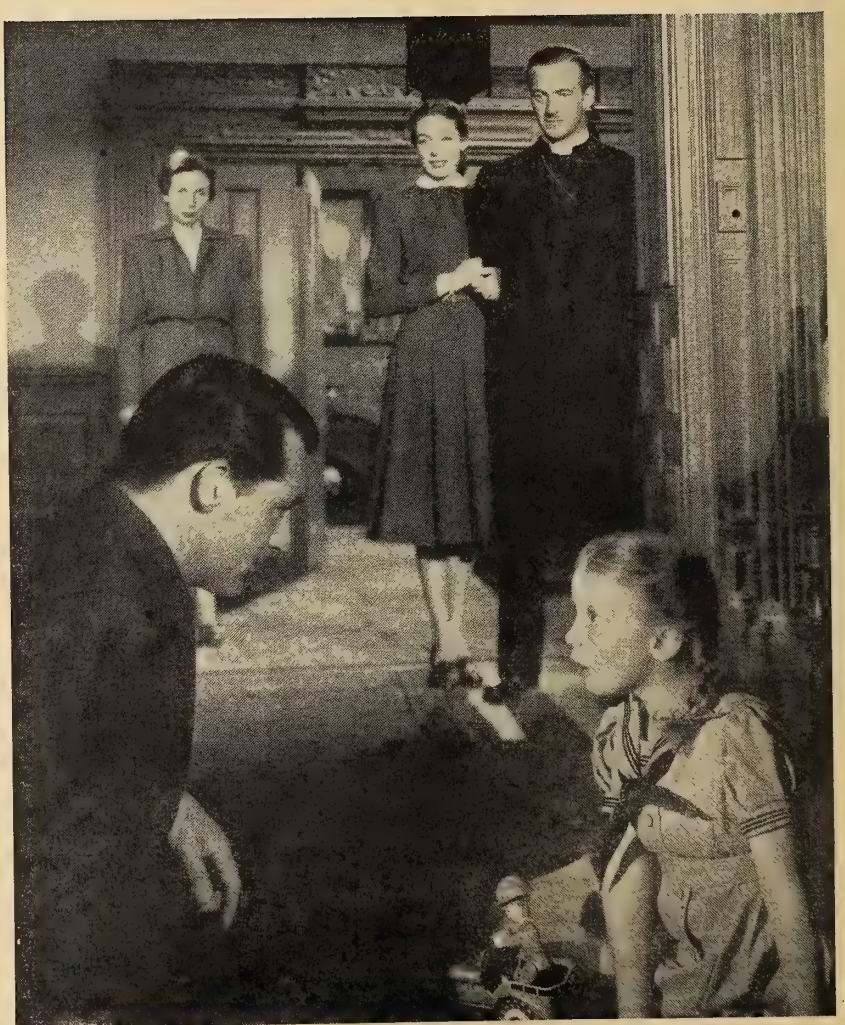
dorothy kilgallen selects "the bishop's wife"

■ As a normal member of the female population, I always have considered Cary Grant "divine" in the colloquial sense of the word, but I must confess it never occurred to me that he would make a splendid angel.

It did occur to the astute Samuel Goldwyn, however, and the result is *The Bishop's Wife*—as tender, humorous, intelligent and heart-warming a picture as you may hope to see in many a Hollywood moon.

In fact, only my morbid familiarity with the workings of editors' minds restrains me from just writing *"The Bishop's Wife* is a wonderful picture" one hundred times and letting it go at that. For there, in seven words, is the literal truth about a film that not only delights but inspires, and cannot fail to remind millions of people in this tired age that the Golden Rule as a way of life is dated, perhaps, but infinitely desirable.

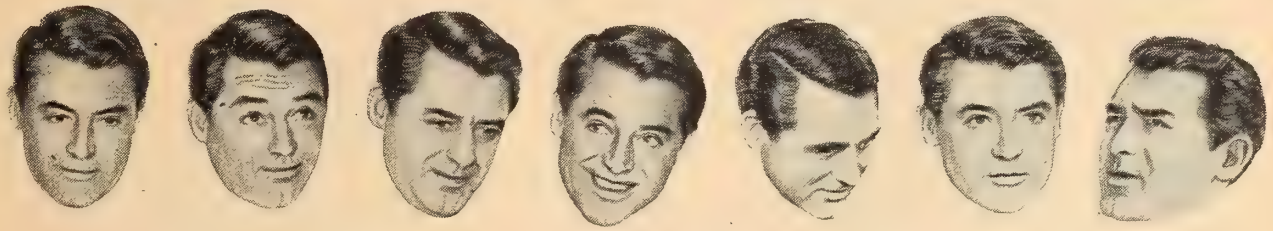
In (*Continued on page 85*)



Cary Grant, Sara Haden, Loretta Young, David Niven and Karolyn Grimes head the cast.

WHAT AN IDEA FOR A PICTURE!

Samuel Goldwyn who brought you "The Best Years of Our Lives" and "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty", now presents a heart-warming comedy—"The Bishop's Wife."



Cary Grant ... an out-of-this-world guy with worldly ideas.



Loretta Young ... the bishop's wife—thought the ideas were good!



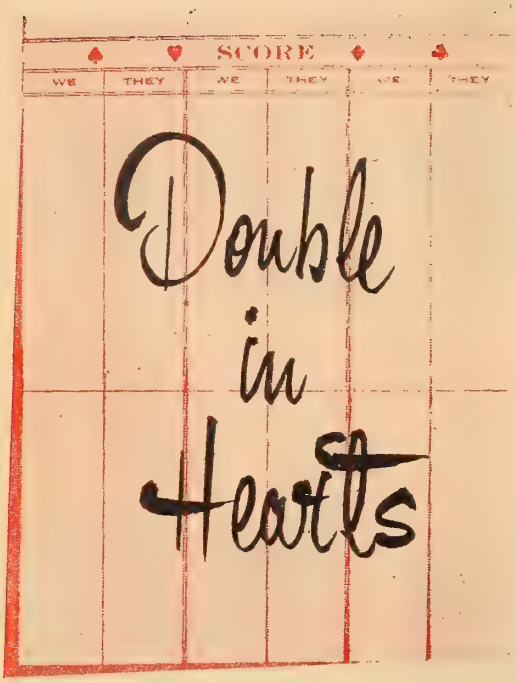
David Niven ..... the bishop who had some ideas of his own.

The Bishop's Wife ... a comedy that will leave every wife smiling and thinking ... every husband smiling and wondering ... and every sweetheart? ??

with MONTY WOOLLEY

JAMES GLEASON • GLADYS COOPER • ELSA LANCHESTER and THE MITCHELL BOYCHOIR

Directed by HENRY KOSTER • Screen Play by Robert E. Sherwood & Leonardo Bercovici • From the Novel by Robert Nathan • Released through RKO-RADIO PICTURES, Inc.



THE MARRIAGES OF JUNE HAVER AND MARK STEVENS RUN A GAMUT OF COINCIDENCE. HERE'S THE LATEST CHAPTER—PLUS A STARTLING CONFESSION BY JIMMY ZITO!

by Florabel Muir
Special Modern Screen Reporter

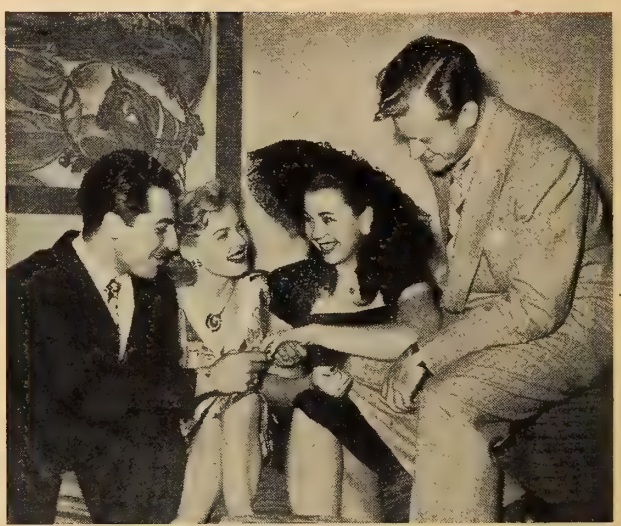
■ Sitting in a movie theater enjoying *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now,* you'd bet the two stars, June Haver and Mark Stevens, were two of the favorite children of the goddess of good luck. You'd risk a buck that the two of them were up to their neck in heaven-sent happiness.

Well, you'd lose, on both counts. But —if you bet you could name the most miserably confused boy and girl in the world, and your choice fell on this same pair, you'd win, hands down.

A strange parallel runs disconcertingly through the tangled careers of these two. Both were married in the month of March, after highly romantic courtships. Mark Stevens became the husband of lovely Annelle Hayes on March 13, 1945. She was a beauty from Dallas, Texas, with a definite acting talent of her own, and she gave up a career bright with promise to marry Mark and become the mother of little Mark, Jr., born in November, 1946.

June Haver eloped to Las Vegas with Jimmy Zito, talented band musician, on March 2, 1947.

One thing is a certain cinch—if June or Mark had been (*Continued on page 85*)



Jimmy was present at June's pre-wedding party for Jane Withers and Bill Moss. It was the last time the two were together before June filed for divorce. Now she wants to adopt a baby!



Mark has admitted he's sorry for humiliation caused his wife; took Annelle to N. Y. on a second honeymoon. Mark, Jr., celebrated his first birthday by cutting hand, requiring 10 stitches.

TOUGH!... TENSE!... TERRIFIC!... and TRUE!



SEE killers trapped the way it hurts most—through their women!

SEE hammering fists of vengeance batter a man to death!

SEE a squealer get his... scalding death with live steam!

T-MEN

THE SCREEN-SHATTERING STORY OF THE TREASURY'S TOUGH GUYS!





starring

DENNIS O'KEEFE

with

Mary MEADE • Alfred RYDER • Wally FORD
June LOCKHART • Charles McGRAW

Produced by AUBREY SCHENCK • Directed by ANTHONY MANN
Written by John C. Higgins • Suggested by a Story by Virginia Kellogg

A Reliance Picture • An Eagle Lion Films Release

WATCH FOR IT!
Coming Soon To Your Favorite Theatre.

Despite her many affairs, the one true love in Amber's life is Lord Carlton (Cornel Wilde). Defying her husband, the Duke, she nurses him through the Black Plague, aided by Mrs. Spong (M. Wycherley).



Amber's career reaches its climax when she becomes mistress of the King (G. Sanders). She is jealous of Carlton's wife (Jane Dall) and tries to impress her. Soon after, the decline of Amber begins.





Realizing that her son Bruce would lead her sort of life if she kept him, Amber gives him up to his father, Lord Carlton. Then her husband dies in the Great Fire.

Movie reviews

by Virginia Wilson

FOREVER AMBER

The version of *Forever Amber* presented for you on the screen is somewhat sterilized, naturally, but I think you're going to like it. There's Linda Darnell as an "amber blonde." (And why aren't there more of those around? Pretty!) There's George Sanders playing King Charles II in the best bit of acting he's ever done. There is also Cornel Wilde as Lord Carlton, the one true love of Amber's life. I consider Cornel definitely miscast in this role, but I'm probably a minority of one on that point. Richard Greene has humor and charm as Almsbury, and Richard Haydn does an effective bit as Amber's husband.

You will see some particularly resplendent Technicolor, and gorgeous costumes. You want plot, too? Okay. Here it is.

Amber St. Clare starts as a village wench, when she meets Lord Carlton and Almsbury as they're passing through her town. With no encouragement, she follows them to London. Before long she is pregnant. Carlton has gone off to sea, and she has managed to get herself robbed of the money he left.

She comes close to bearing Carlton's son in Debtor's Prison but by a combination of luck and beauty, finds a new protector to get her out. He is a highwayman who is soon caught and hung, but by then, Amber has met Captain Morgan (Glenn Langan). She is kept by him for some time, but like all fashionable courtesans, goes on the stage. And because of it meets Carlton again.

This has the unfortunate effect of getting Captain Morgan killed in a duel, and sending Carlton off in disgust. Even Amber is somewhat chastened and hastily marries a Duke. He is at least eighty and shouldn't give her any trouble. In any case, that's the way she figures it.

Unfortunately, he turns out to be unexpectedly narrow minded about her nursing Carlton through the Black Plague. It was just as well the old man was killed in the Great Fire of London, or he might even have prevented her from becoming the King's mistress!

Eventually, of course, Amber's sins find her out. But, in the meantime, you've had a fairly exciting evening!—*20th-Fox*



The Swordsman: Larry Parks and Ellen Drew, offspring of feuding Scotch clans, fall in love.

THE SWORDSMAN

It seems there used to be "a-feudin' and a-fussin' and a-fightin' " even back in 1700, in Scotland. A Highland Fling version of the Hatfield-McCoy feud is on exhibit in Technicolor. Larry Parks does some of the fanciest dueling seen in years, as young Alexander MacArden.

The MacArdens hate the Glowans and the Glowans kill a MacArden on sight. But young Alex, just back after ten years in the comparative civilization of Oxford, can see no reason why he shouldn't fall in love with beautiful Barbara Glowan. He does, however, have discretion enough to tell her his name is Donald Fraser. On this basis, he is invited to the annual festival at MacArden Castle.

The idea amuses his father who allows him to go, hoping he will win the javelin-throwing contest—the big event of the year. Alex does win it, too, from young Murdock (Mark Platt), the only one of the Glowan clan, except Barbara, who seems half-way human.

Robert Glowan (George Macready) guesses Alex's identity and when Alex leaves starts after him to kill him. He doesn't get Alex but does succeed in murdering an old family servant of the MacArden clan. He also, in a completely treacherous move to foment the feud, kills his own brother, Murdoch, blaming it on Alex.

Barbara, on her way to a stolen meeting with Alex, hears that news. In her first horror, she gives Robert a clue to where Alex is waiting. He is captured there and taken off to Glowan Castle as a prisoner.

Barbara offers herself as hostage to the head of the MacArden clan, to prove her love for Alex. But she soon finds it will take more than this to stop the fighting between the clans. Even after Alex is free again, the feud goes on in blood and anger and death. It is through a discovery of Barbara's that, at last, peace comes to the Highlands.—*Col.*

GOOD NEWS

A Broadway musical of some years ago has been hypoed into what looks like a

Are you in the know?



To a clever hostess, what's a good mixer?

- ☐ *Cement*
- ☐ *Circus party*
- ☐ *Cola and Hamburgers*

When it's your turn to entertain, be different! Pin up home-made circus posters . . . have your guests come dressed like a Big Top troupe. It's a mixer that can't miss! And don't *you* miss the fun—even if your calendar says "Killjoy is here"! Whatever your costume, those *flat pressed ends* of Kotex prevent telltale outlines. And what with that exclusive *safety center* giving you *extra* protection—you'll be gay as a calliope!





If you're chatter-shy, which date is wisest?

- ☐ *Dancing*
- ☐ *Dinner*
- ☐ *An active sport*

Maybe you're no whiz at small talk. Suggest some active sport you shine at—and conversation will take care of itself. You're confident, too (on "those" days) with the comfort of *new* Kotex. For there's never been a napkin like this new Kotex! With downy *softness* that *holds its shape*. Made to *stay* soft while you wear it. And you can bend as freely as you please, for your Kotex Sanitary Belt doesn't bind: it's adjustable, all-elastic!

She'll cut more ice with *him* if she—

- ☐ *Grooms those gams*
- ☐ *Goes in for hockey*
- ☐ *Plays oh-so-helpless*

On a skate date, can your pegs take a close-up? Are they fuzzless . . . shapely? To slim them, do this at home, twice daily: Lying on left side, raise right leg as high as possible, touching ankle with right hand. Repeat ten times with each leg. Helps whittle 'em down to glamour-size. On problem days, the proper size of *napkin* aids your self-assurance. Choose from the *3 sizes* of Kotex . . . there's one that's perfect for your own special needs!



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

Kotex comes in 3 sizes: Regular, Junior, Super

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"I Can't Chance 'Travel Stomach'— That's Why I Carry TUMS!"

Says MORTON DOWNEY
Singing Star of Radio, Stage and Screen

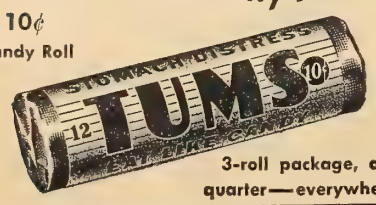


"I travel a lot and my throat couldn't hit a high note if I ever let acid indigestion bother me," says Morton. "So I carry Tums. They always bring me sweet relief jiffy-quick!"

Whenever, wherever acid indigestion pops up, put it down *fast* with Tums. One or two tasty Tums not only neutralize excess acid almost instantly—Tums also coat the stomach with protective medication, so relief is more prolonged. Tums settle fluttery, sour stomach. Chase heartburn, gas and that bloated feeling. And when excess acid keeps you awake, don't count sheep—count on Tums! No soda in Tums—nothing to overalkalize and irritate your delicate stomach. So *never* overalkalize—always neutralize excess acidity with Tums. Nothing surer, nothing faster! Get Tums today—*genuine* Tums for the tummy!

Night and day, at home or away, always carry Tums!

10¢
Handy Roll



3-roll package, a quarter—everywhere

TUMS ARE ANTACID—not a laxative. For a laxative, use mild, dependable, all-vegetable NR (Nature's Remedy). Caution: Take only as directed. Get a 25c box today.



Good News: J. Allyson, P. Lawford, Joan McCracken and Mel Torme in a campus musical.

screen hit. June Allyson and Peter Lawford play the leads. Joan McCracken is wonderful as June's best friend and Ray McDonald, Mel Torme and Robert Strickland are all part of the general laugh-bait.

The picture and its hit song are both called *Good News*. There are other songs like "Lucky Day" and "Varsity Drag" which will probably have you humming them the way people did back in the twenties.

The plot is fairly predictable but no one expects surprises in a musical. It concerns Tommy Marlowe (Peter Lawford), Tait College's football hero. Tommy is dynamite on the gridiron and TNT in a sorority house. He's also about as pleased with himself as any one guy can be.

He has never even noticed Connie Lane (June Allyson), who is working her way through college, in the school library. But after all, football heroes don't spend much time in libraries.

The glamor girl of the campus is Pat McClellan (Patricia Marshall), who is concerned with two things—her own beauty and her search for a millionaire husband. Tommy can't understand why she doesn't swoon at the sight of him the way the rest of the girls do. It's because Pat has discovered that Peter Van Dyne III (Robert Strickland) has a large fortune tucked away in the family vault.

Tommy's ego is so wounded by all this that he actually strays into the college library one day, where he meets Connie. He persuades her to tutor him in French so he can impress Pat, who is fond of tossing French phrases about like confetti. He likes Connie enough, so he even asks her to go to the Prom with him. She accepts ecstatically, but then Babe (Joan McCracken), strictly as a gag, tells Pat that Tommy is heir to a pickle fortune. Things are tough for awhile but in the end it's all "good news."—*M-G-M*

THE MAN FROM TEXAS

In a small Texas church, in 1880, a man and his wife are getting married. I know—that sounds crazy, but please keep reading. You see, the El Paso Kid (James Craig), a bank robber of some note, and his wife, Zee (Lynn Bari), were actually married eight years before by a Justice of the Peace. They have a couple of children to prove it. But Zee has always wanted a church wedding and now she's going to have it—or know the reason why!

However, the ceremony is interrupted somewhat abruptly by the arrival of the sheriff. The Kid and his best man, Billy (Johnny Johnston), take off in a hurry. The Kid knows how Zee is going to feel about it and before he goes home he tells Billy he has decided to become an honest man. He will open a little business and keep Zee and the children happy and unworried.

Next day he walks into the office of the local bank president, known as Pop (Harry Davenport), to ask for a five-hundred-dollar loan. Pop, not unnaturally, when he sees the Kid, thinks he's about to be robbed. He is relieved when the Kid only asks for five hundred. The former robber asks him not to tell anyone about the transaction but Pop runs to the sheriff immediately and pours out the whole story.

In spite of the difficulties in the situation, the Kid does manage to start a business in another town and everything is going fine. Then some of the members of his old gang show up. The Kid decides to pull one last robbery to get some capital for his business, in spite of Zee's protests. This will be the last time, he promises.

He robs a stagecoach which turns out to be empty. At the next stop he robs a bank collector which he considers practically legal. Things get more and more complicated, and Zee leaves him. But eventually it all straightens out, so don't worry.—*Eagle-Lion*



The Fugitive: Dolores Del Rio aids Henry Fonda, a priest fleeing from anti-religious rulers.

THE FUGITIVE

I don't know just how much symbolism is intended in *The Fugitive*, but it seems to be quite a lot. At any rate, it's the story of a young priest (he is never called by name), played by Henry Fonda. The priest is pursued throughout the picture by the anti-religious government of the small Central American country in which he lives.

He is deeply loved by all the people of the country except one half-breed (J. Carroll Naish) who wants to betray him and get the reward offered by the government. He is never called anything but "the *Mestizo*" which is, apparently, Central American for half-breed.

There's a girl among the priest's parishioners, named Maria (I'm glad *somebody* in this picture has a name). Maria is a sweet girl but a little too obliging in her relations to men. The priest chides her, but when she has an illegitimate child, he baptizes it, and forgives her.

Later, when the police are hot on his trail, Maria saves his life. She hides him, and uses such effective delaying tactics on the policeman in charge that the priest gets completely away.

However, the *Mestizo* finds his new hiding place, and decides this is a good chance to get the reward. He knows the priest will never refuse a request for the last rites of the church. So he tells the Father that an American (Ward Bond), who is wanted by the police for a bank robbery, is lying near death in the mountains. Now the priest is an intelligent man. He realizes that the *Mestizo* will probably betray him. Even so, he won't take the one chance in a hundred that would mean letting a man go without the aid and comfort of the church. So he goes.—*RKO*

MAN ABOUT TOWN

The old Chevalier charm comes through on all cylinders in *Man About Town*. From the moment he steps out with his top hat and cane to sing the GI favorite, "Place Pigalle," he once more captivates you with his warmth and humor.

The picture itself is told in French, but don't let that worry you. Chevalier, besides playing the lead, is right there with a running commentary. He twists long French sentences into short American slang phrases, takes a few liberties with the plot and leaves





REMEMBER "I MARRIED AN ANGEL"? Who could forget! Zorina *danced* like an angel . . . her Pacquins-cherished hands an ode to enchantment! Soft, exquisite hands of cameo perfection. "Any follower of the Ballet knows how eloquent a part the hands play in expressing the mood," declares the fabulous Zorina. "So I must keep my hands *groomed* for their roles. *I* groom them, of course, with Pacquins!"

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CATHERINE HART, R. N., says: "Nurses and doctors scrub their hands 30 to 40 times a day. It takes a cream like Pacquins to protect *our* hands. And Pacquins was originally formulated for us."

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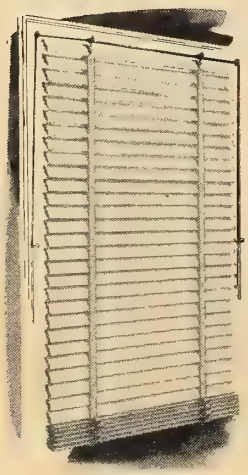


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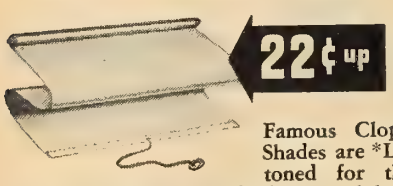
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you completely happy, as you should be.

The story takes place in 1906 in the early days of French motion pictures. Chevalier plays Emile, a more-than-middle-aged film director. As such, and as a perennial man about town, he still meets a great many pretty girls, and Emile is not the man to pass them up.

The leading man he uses in his films, whose name is Jacques (Francois Perrier), doesn't seem to the experienced Emile to know half enough about love. So he gives him a few lessons in the delicate art of picking up pretty girls and showing them his etchings. Then Jacques goes off for a month's military service.

Right then, the heroine of this slight but diverting story appears. She is the daughter of an old flame of Emile's. Now that her mother is dead and her father off on a tour, she has come to Paris.

"Do you know anything *about* Paris?" the astonished Emile inquires.

"Just that it's a good place to be an actress, which is my ambition."

Emile shudders in horror. This lovely young girl (Madeline Marcelle Derrien) must not be exposed to the wolves of Paris.

So he takes the pretty Madeline to live with him, discreetly chaperoned by an old servant. And of course he falls in love with her. It never occurs to him that Jacques will soon return, and begin to apply the principles Emile has taught him!—*RKO*

PIRATES OF MONTEREY

Pirates Of Monterey has beautiful Technicolor, beautiful Maria Montez, and a plot of which I was able to make neither head nor tail. Maybe you'll be luckier. Anyway, it's all about a Spanish Royalist uprising in California. This was 1840 and California was owned by Mexico. Hollywood wasn't even a twinkle in Cecil B. de Mille's eye.

A young American named Kent (Rod Cameron) is on the Mexican side against the Royalists, and is leading a donkey caravan loaded with new guns to Monterey. The trip would have been considerably less eventful if he hadn't encountered a luscious dish in a run-away carriage. The dish, one Margarita (Maria Montez), and her duenna,

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Here we are again with an offer of 500 free three-months subscriptions to MODERN SCREEN. And the way to get them is as easy as ever, because all we'd like to know is how the stars rate with you. Just answer the questionnaire below. If you're among the first 500 to mail it back to us, you'll get the February, March and April issues free. Simple? You bet!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our January issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

The Little Crib (Teresa Wright) ☐

Double In Hearts (June Haver-Mark Stevens) ..... ☐

A Xmas She'll Never Forget (Ingrid Bergman) ..... ☐

Our Town by Mayor Wm. O'Dwyer ☐

The Winner! (Larry Parks) ..... ☐

Is It True What They Say About Junie? (June Allyson) ..... ☐

If I Were Queen by Dorothy Kilgallen ..... ☐

Modern Screen Goes To Timberline (Bob Hutton-Cleatus Caldwell) ☐

Miss Perfection (Claudette Colbert) ..... ☐

Peace On Earth (Louis Jourdan-Maureen O'Hara-Viveca Lindfors-Ricardo Montalban) ..... ☐

The "Brat" Gets Married! (Jane Withers) ..... ☐

Pomona And The Queen (Robert Taylor-Barbara Stanwyck) ..... ☐

Aloha, Joan! (Joan Crawford) ... ☐

Philadelphia Idyll (Roy Rogers-Dale Evans) ..... ☐

Anniversary Story (Jeanne Crain) ☐

Pardon My French! (Dennis Morgan) ..... ☐

Louella Parsons' Good News ..... ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST? .....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues: List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference .....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference .....

.....

My name is .....

My address is .....

City ..... Zone ..... State ..... I am ..... years old

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

stow away on Kent's caravan and when he finds them, Margarita talks him into taking them to Santa Barbara. After all, it's hard to say no to a girl who looks like Margarita.

However, the caravan is ambushed and Kent, disillusioned, decides Margarita is a Royalist spying on him, and that she has caused the ambush. He gets rid of her in a hurry and goes on with his guns to Monterey. And who does he meet at the Governor's Mansion? Margarita, who is, it seems, engaged to an old pal of Kent's—Carlos (Philip Reed).

That night, Margarita drops her handkerchief and Kent finds it. On it is the Royalist crest! That's dandy. Here is a leader in the opposition movement cozily ensconced in the Governor's house, probably sending word to her friends right this minute that the garrison has only a hundred men instead of the five hundred that it needs to defend it.

Carlos is shot and wounded by a prowler around the arsenal. That keeps him in bed for the next few days, which gives Kent and Margarita a chance to find out they are in love. Kent then saddles his horse and rides nobly off into the night. But if you think it ends like that, you're crazy. Why, you haven't even gotten to the pirates of Monterey yet!—*Univ.*

TYCOON

High up in the Andes Mountains there are two struggles going on. One is between man and the forces of nature. The other is between two men—Johnny Munroe (John Wayne), who is digging a tunnel through the mountains, and Frederick Alexander (Sir Cedric Hardwicke), the local tycoon who has given the contract to Johnny.

Alexander expects everyone, including Johnny, to jump when he cracks the whip. But Johnny just isn't the jumping type. He has contracted to finish the tunnel by a certain time for a certain amount of money and has every intention of doing it. Then he finds it impossible, because he can't drill farther through the soft rock without a concrete re-enforcement to protect his men.

"That's *your* problem," Alexander tells him. "I'm not giving you a cent more for this job."

Johnny, of course, is raging. What kind of guy is this, if men's lives mean nothing to him?

Johnny is to learn in an even more personal way just how rock-hearted Alexander can be. Because Johnny falls in love one day—bang! just like that. And the girl is Maura (Laraine Day), Alexander's daughter.

The tycoon promptly forbids her to see Johnny and Maura just promptly starts to meet him secretly. Eventually, they marry, and Maura comes to live at the camp. Pop (James Gleason), Johnny's partner, does his best to keep things going but that camp just isn't a pleasant place to be. The men know they're risking their lives each day, and they know Maura's father is responsible for it. A final rockfall defeats Johnny's plans completely. The tunnel can't go through now in time, no matter what anyone does.

Maura goes home in an effort to help him, an effort which Johnny completely misunderstands. His struggle to save both his marriage and his construction project makes quite a story. There is plenty of excitement in *Tycoon.*—*RKO*

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

If there had been juke boxes back in 1910 or thereabouts, every tune on them would have been sung by Chauncey Olcott. He was the Dream Man of the Gibson Girl, the Danny Boy of Mother Machree. He was the sentimentalist of the generation, and that's quite an achievement.

Chauncey (Dennis (*Continued on page 81*)



Tycoon: Laraine Day comforts husband J. Wayne, knowing her Dad, the tycoon, is his enemy.





"She's so-o-o-big," says Mrs. Busch about Mary, born Sept. 12. Teresa's with her constantly, before leaving for London to make *Secrets.*

Teresa entered the nursery with the new baby in her arms, and suddenly, she felt so happy. Because Niven, who'd wanted a boy, had painted the crib—for Mary.

by HOWARD SHARPE

the little crib



■ Mr. Sebastian, owner and proprietor of the Valley-Vue Hardware (Everything For The House and Garden) glanced out the window, and turned with a sigh to his clerk.

"Better get out the samples, Joe. Here she comes again."

As he spoke, the door opened and in came a young woman with the smug smile and clumsy costume that are the symbols everywhere of approaching motherhood.

"Good morning, Mr. Sebastian," she said, or rather sang.

"Good morning, Mrs. Busch." Mr. Sebastian observed the proprieties. He would never think of calling a customer—even a famous film star like Teresa Wright—by anything but her married name. "Joe has the samples ready for you." And he solicitously brought forth a stool.

Teresa waved it away.

"I won't need it," she said. "I've already decided the color I want. It came to me this morning while (*Continued on page 93*)

An open letter to the motion picture industry...
by Albert P. Delacorte



for a happier new year...

■ Americans are changing. We are becoming international in our thinking, with the shift most noticeable, perhaps, during the year which has just ended. Even those of us who do not care to dwell on this cannot escape the fact. It is brought right into our homes by many things. By the size and price and availability of the loaf of bread we buy. By every second word of our leaders. Or by every other story in our papers.

We two billion people in this world are discovering that we are closer to each other than we had supposed. We are close enough to have fought a global war. Fortunately, we are also close enough so that we can turn around and *help* each other when help is needed. And we know now that it must come to this . . . or else!

But when? How? For at least one important reason there can be no quick answer. This reason is that we just do not know each other well enough. It takes time to really know your neighbor. It takes time to understand even the person who lives on the other end of town. It takes longer to get to know the fellow who lives at the other end of our country . . . or of our world. We can't, all two billion of us, mingle in one big get-together.

We are strangers. Only the motion picture, throwing a live, human image on the screen, can introduce Americans to other Americans . . . and to the world.

Only the motion picture can touch the hearts of us two billion people. Only the motion picture, speaking the universal language of entertainment, can sell us Americans to the world and the world to us.

Not that all pictures are equally effective. Like anything else, pictures can work for good or for evil. Thank God, therefore, that your industry recognizes its staggering responsibility and its vital role in current history.

Those of us who were watching observed a growing force added to the screen in 1947 . . . a (*Continued on page 83*)



A XMAS SHE'LL NEVER FORGET

"To have you here," the men told Ingrid, "it's like coming home . . ."

by Abigail Putnam

■ Four years ago, Ingrid Bergman spent Christmas in Alaska, and discovered all over again the meaning of the day.

It was her husband's idea that she should go. She'd just finished *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. The thought of a USO tour had been long in her mind. But she was no Crosby or Hope or Danny Kaye. What could she do to entertain?

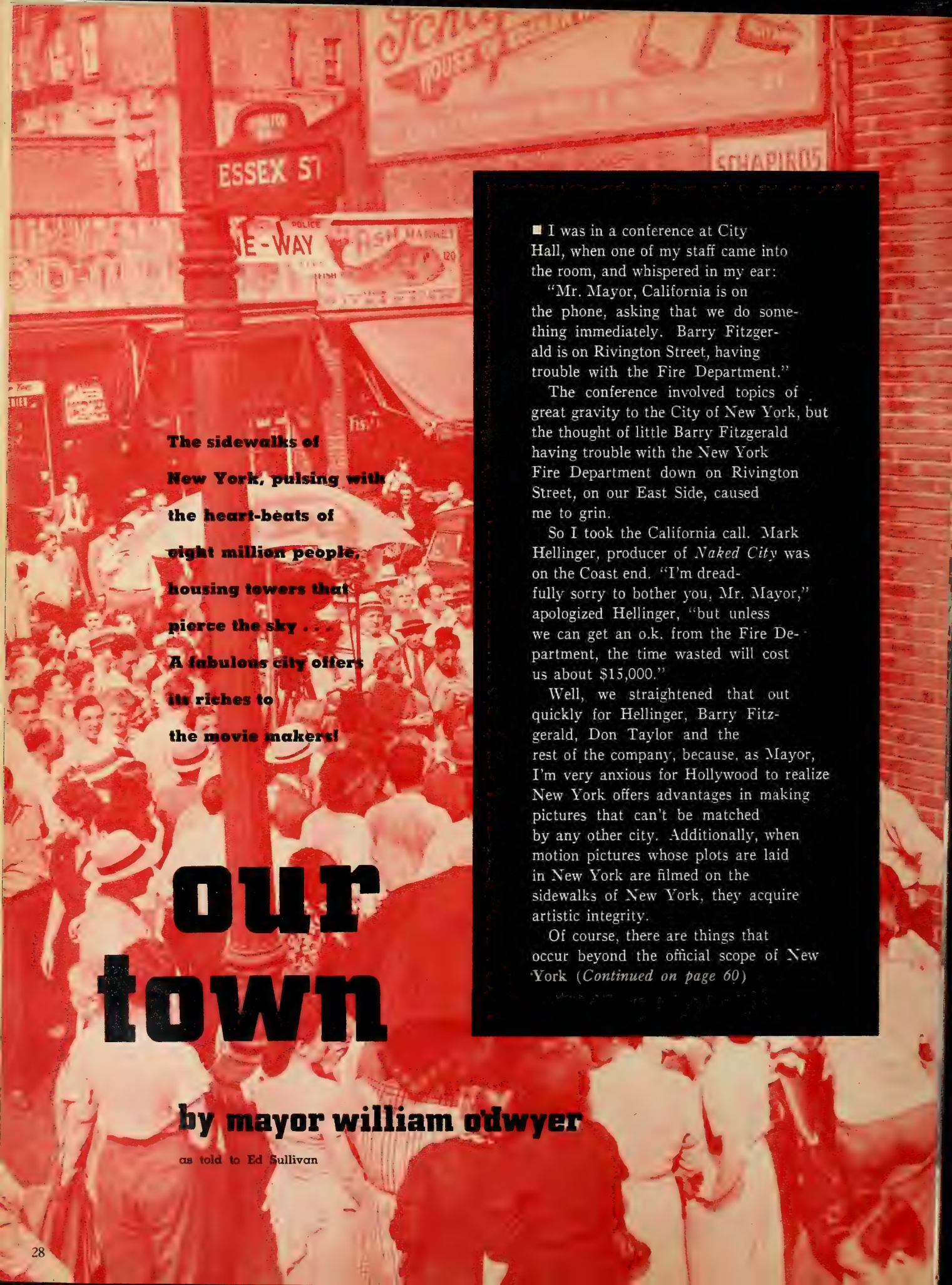
Day after day at the hospital, Dr. Lindstrom's contacts were among the sick. The soldier's problem, he felt, was not too different from the patient's.

"He is lonely, he is far from home. It's enough that someone should walk in from outside and say how are you. Especially now with the holidays coming."

So she talked to David Selznick, to whom she was then under contract. Would he find out whether the USO could send her some place where there hadn't been much entertainment?

Nothing simpler, chortled the USO, hauling out its maps. They'd be enchanted to send Miss Bergman to Alaska, where the boys had seen precious little entertainment. Miss Bergman, they hoped, had nothing (*Continued on page 94*)





The sidewalks of New York, pulsing with the heart-beats of eight million people, housing towers that pierce the sky . . . A fabulous city offers its riches to the movie makers!

our town

by mayor william o'dwyer

as told to Ed Sullivan

■ I was in a conference at City Hall, when one of my staff came into the room, and whispered in my ear:

"Mr. Mayor, California is on the phone, asking that we do something immediately. Barry Fitzgerald is on Rivington Street, having trouble with the Fire Department."

The conference involved topics of great gravity to the City of New York, but the thought of little Barry Fitzgerald having trouble with the New York Fire Department down on Rivington Street, on our East Side, caused me to grin.

So I took the California call. Mark Hellinger, producer of *Naked City* was on the Coast end. "I'm dreadfully sorry to bother you, Mr. Mayor," apologized Hellinger, "but unless we can get an o.k. from the Fire Department, the time wasted will cost us about $15,000."

Well, we straightened that out quickly for Hellinger, Barry Fitzgerald, Don Taylor and the rest of the company, because, as Mayor, I'm very anxious for Hollywood to realize New York offers advantages in making pictures that can't be matched by any other city. Additionally, when motion pictures whose plots are laid in New York are filmed on the sidewalks of New York, they acquire artistic integrity.

Of course, there are things that occur beyond the official scope of New York (*Continued on page 60*)



For Mark Hellinger's *Naked City,* producer Jules Dassin and cameraman William Daniels set up their camera high atop New York's Williamsburg Bridge.



Old swimmin' hole, Manhattan style. These kids enjoy a cool shower in a sweltering East Side street. Another "on the spot" scene from the picture.



For a sky-line shot, the *Naked City* crew works atop an unfinished building on Park Ave. and 57 St. California can't beat this, say N. Y. officials.



The camera's sharp eye captures two citizens of "Our Town" in the heart of colorful Rivington St. There's actor Don Taylor in the background.



Remember the *Dead End* kids? Here's the real thing! For movie's sake, these boys, swimming in the East River, find body of small-time thief floating by.



Both Mayor O'Dwyer and film critics agree that movies like *Naked City, Kiss of Death,* etc., filmed on actual sites, have "artistic integrity."



the Winner!



Larry and Betty visited Charley Foy's nightly to watch Sammy Wolf impersonate Parks as Jolson. Although not on suspension, Larry's refusing his salary until his dispute with Columbia is settled.

You voted him M. S.'s Man of the Year— but we're not surprised, because Larry Parks has won everything he's gone after, since he was a 9-year-old, yearning over a shiny train in a bright store window.

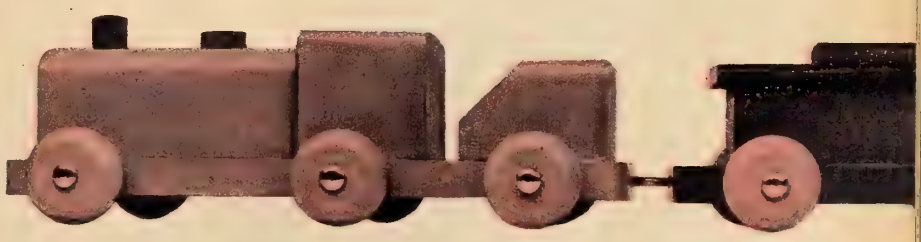
By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

■ His name was Malicious, and he was only a horse—but what a horse! He'd amble leisurely out the starting gate at Santa Anita, this nag, with the shout, "They're Off!" and rock along most of the race in the ruck, eating dust—until they rounded the turn into the homestretch.

Then came the grandstand roar horse-happy Hollywood still remembers with an affectionate thrill: "Here comes Malicious!"

And on he came, that dependable, dead-game pony, pounding past a flashy field to breeze under the wire at the finish—the winner!

Excuse our comparing Larry Parks, MODERN SCREEN'S Man of the Year, with a hustling Hollywood horse of times gone by. By now, Malicious is out nibbling clover in his ripe old age. And Larry Parks—well—Larry has just come from behind to win MODERN SCREEN'S famous 1947 star sweepstakes. He's our all-out, all-time Popularity Poll (*Continued on page 76*)





Customs vary, but the spirit of love is the same the world over. So stars from other lands bring you their tales of Christmases past . . .

By IDA ZEITLIN

Good will to men. Once a year we say it, sing it, feel it. A Child born 1,947 years ago left a message to illumine the world. It was very simple. Love one another, He said. By and large, we're making a shabby job of it, as this generation can testify, to its sorrow. We divide the earth into chunks with lines around them, and regard the other fellow suspiciously because his language or color or creed differs from ours. Then comes Christmas to dissolve the lines and create the feeling of brotherhood for a while. Peace on earth, we sing in warring Jerusalem, in hungry Europe, in America—most of us with a deep yearning to make it come true, if only we knew how.

Maybe some day we'll succeed. Meantime Christmas, with its hope and tradition, goes on. Here in Hollywood, Santa Claus Lane is aglow, and the trees on our lawns are strung with colored bulbs. That's our special touch. But Hollywood's also a cross-section of the world. Many who now celebrate here grew up in other lands, bringing along their memories of Christmas at home—memories gay and festive, yet solemn, and touched with nameless beauty.

All over, the spirit is the same, uniting the peoples of the earth. But the customs vary. By courtesy of some of our friends and yours in (*Continued on page 79*)



MAMA ALWAYS PLAYED PÈRE NOËL . . .



Both avid skiers, Bob and Cleatus hurried into their outfits and headed for the practice slopes. Bob's the expert of the family—did a gelandesprung (opp. page) for the photog.



The Huttons are normally finicky eaters, but the altitude and the exercise did things to their appetites. They tore into the hot platters of food served smorgasbord fashion.



In the evening, music was provided by Eric Lundberg and his accordion. Schottisches, hombos and Swedish waltzes were popular. Here, Bob and Cleatus toss off a neat schottische.

■ For Californians who get tired of changeless skies and pink and blue Christmases, there's a haven in Oregon called Mount Hood. As a matter of fact, you don't have to be a Californian. From all over the country, skiers come to frolic in luxurious surroundings. For Timberline Lodge, on Hood's south slope, is lavish.

It was built by WPA workers during the depression. It's of stone, and timber, and the walls of the first story are heavy native boulders. Inside, there are lounges, lobbys, beamed ceilings, natural wood paneling, hand-made draperies, and an air of carefully planned and expensive quaintness.

Outside, there are mountains, and snow. Four trails start at Timberline; one (West Log) for beginners, two (Alpine and Cascade) for fair skiers, and one (Blossom) for experts. A mile-long chair lift carries you 7,000 feet to Silcox Hut. If you're manly, you can use a good rope tow, instead. Two of these rope tows are available.

Because of so many slopes and elevations and kinds of snow conditions (from the dry powdery stuff up near the top, to the softer sticky snow on the lower levels) Mount Hood's a magnificent testing ground for ski clothes.

The White Stag people, manufacturers of such clothes, have used the mountain for twenty years, putting their various articles through grueling tests, before they market them.

White Stag thought a young Hollywood couple like Bob Hutton and Cleatus Caldwell might enjoy a Timberline vacation, and do some testing for White Stag at the same time. Particularly since the Huttons are both highly enthusiastic skiers.

The Huttons thought so, too, and MODERN SCREEN, which took you to Palm Springs for a season in the sun, followed the Huttons to Timberline to bring you a season in the snow. (*More pictures on next page.*)

modern screen goes to timberline

Off to Timberline Lodge, high in the Oregon hills, went the Bob Huttons. Modern Screen went, too, and brought back ski-full memories of a season in the snow.

By LAUREN TRACY



modern screen goes to

timberline

Hansel, a nine-months-old St. Bernard puppy—140 lbs. without the keg, was their constant companion. Followed them to the ski trail and met them on their return. Cleatus thought the biscuits in Bob's pockets did the trick.







Cleatus (in *Susie Steps Out*) poses with her favorite escort, who's just finished *Wallflower*. Bob likes to act silly, and Cleatus loves it. He wanted to kiss her on skis to test which made his head whirl faster—Cleatus, or the altitude.



Ski clothes were provided by the White Stag Co. Cleatus wore a warm poncho that slipped over her head and belted around the waist—would come in handy on overnight ski trips.





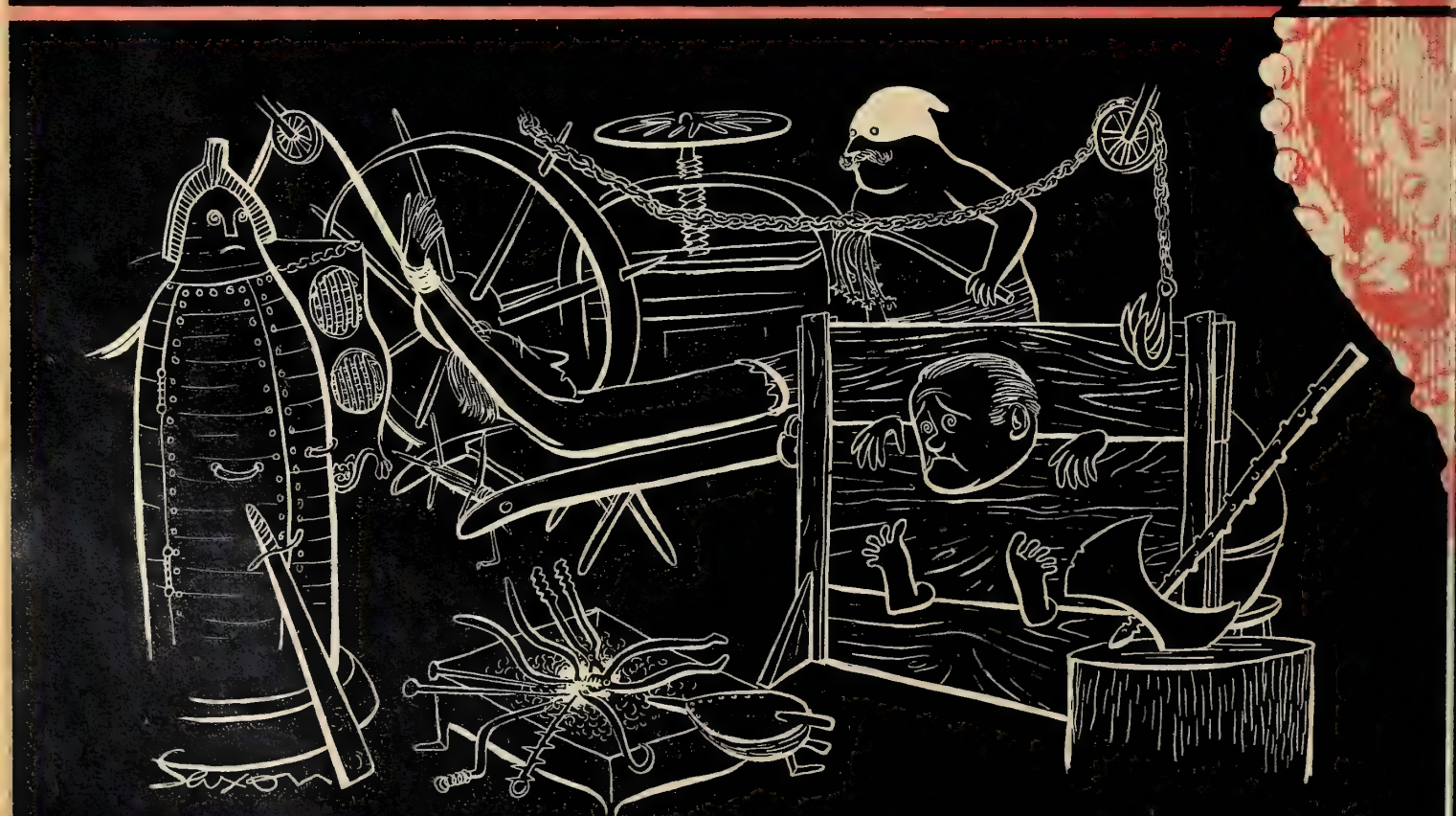
8,500 feet high, with Mt. Jetterson in the background, Bob and Cleatus took time out to breathe. The mountain sun, reflected by the snow, gave Bob a burn. He had to apply tannic acid for relief.



Outside, snowdritts almost buried Timberline Lodge, but the lounging rooms were kept cozy by well-stocked fireplaces. Bob even prepared a hot buttered rum for Cleatus, plunged a searing poker into the mixture.

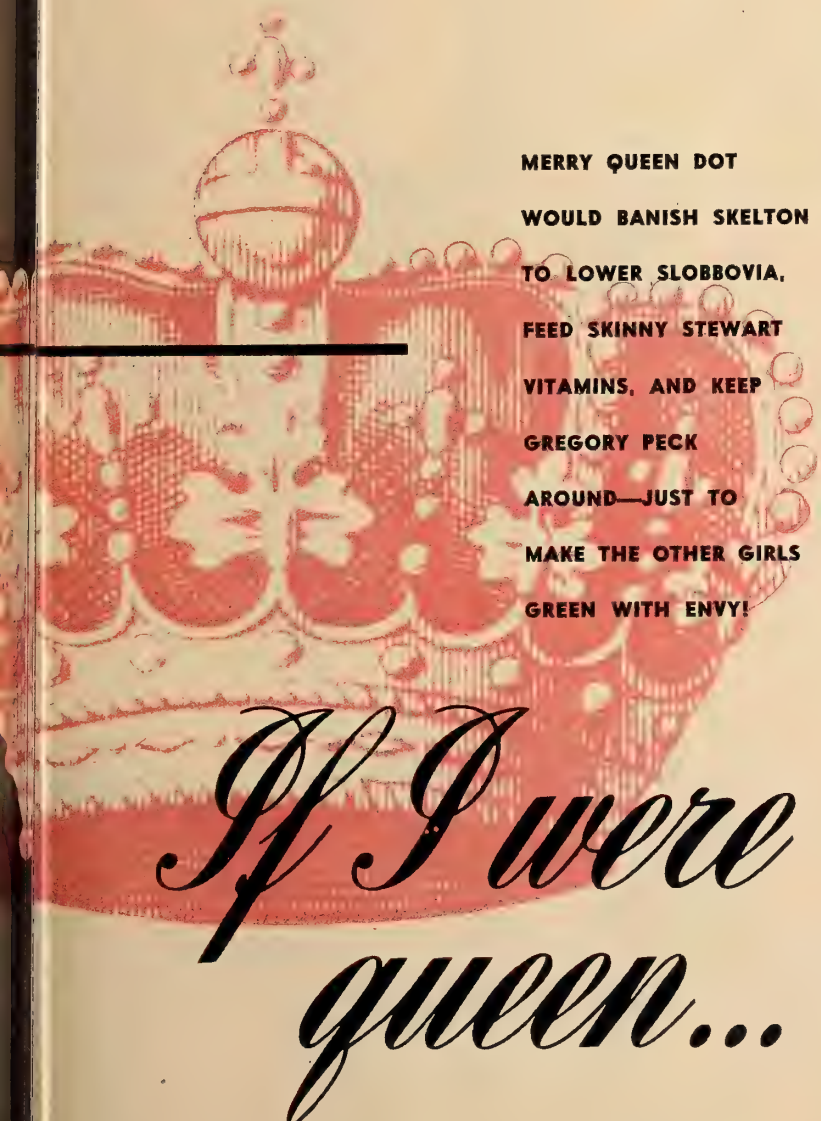


"A stalk of fresh Iowa corn and a crate of catsup for David Selznick."



"For Abbott and Costello, fifty years in a vaudeville house basement."

by dorothy kilgallen



MERRY QUEEN DOT WOULD BANISH SKELTON TO LOWER SLOBBOVIA, FEED SKINNY STEWART VITAMINS, AND KEEP GREGORY PECK AROUND—JUST TO MAKE THE OTHER GIRLS GREEN WITH ENVY!

If I were queen...

■ Some girls, like Cinderella, spend their happiest hours yearning for a fairy godmother to happen by and furnish them with Special Upholstered Dream Number Seven, complete with beautiful prince. Others more practical like to lie in the sun and ponder the possibility of a wizard godfather—fat and fifty, perhaps, but waving a pen that writes under swimming pools—who some day will appear with an ermine coat and a contract marked "Hollywood Star."

Personally, I combine my romantic bubbles. My secret wish, on rainy afternoons, is to have someone cry, "Abacadabra! Zanuck!" over my everyday rags and turn me into the Queen of Hollywood, equipped with suitable magic powers, for 24 hours.

What fun I would have! What punishments I would level; what rewards bestow!

I can see it now.

Sitting on my golden throne in my air-conditioned, candle-lit marble palace, with Jose Iturbi playing softly on the Steinway in the corner, I would idly review the events of the year, summon culprits and heroes, and with happy high-handedness fix everything around to suit myself.

It would be a busy day. I'd have Don Loper whip up a set of coronation robes for me (they'd have the New Look, no doubt, but I'll bet my bottom sceptre they'd have the same old astronomical price tags) and have James Wong Howe take my portrait in Technicolor, to record the royal flush for a poker-faced posterity. I'd make Jimmy Durante and Bob Hope my court jesters, and instead of Ladies in Waiting, I'd have Gentlemen in Ditto: namely, Gary Cooper, John Garfield, Cary Grant and Gene Kelly.

Then I'd dress Gregory Peck in a silver suit of medieval haberdashery and put him out in the hall just to make the other girls jealous.

I'd never allow Errol Flynn, Lawrence Tierney or Charlie Chaplin to be presented in court. They must all be so bored with that routine by now! But I'd have a choir of platinum trumpets sing out a royal welcome to such bright new Hollywood recruits as Coleen Gray, Richard Basehart, Arthur Kennedy, Geraldine Brooks and (*Continued on page 73*)



Modern Screen had about decided June Allyson was a myth. She seemed too good, too cute, too gay. So we put a reporter and a photographer on the case. "Go tear this story apart," we said. The reporter went and was overpowered by charm. The photographer went, and his evidence is on these pages. Is it true what they say about Junie?



Is it true what they say about Junie?

■ "Lou," they said, "it's like this."

And then they told me what it was like. "There's this June Allyson," they said. "Nice kid. Very upsetting."

I nodded solemnly. I'm not one to get upset about nice kids, but who argues with editors?

"Her sex appeal isn't wrapped like Turner's," they said. "She can't strip your nerves like Davis. Bergman's face is more beautiful. But for four years, we've been polling our readers, and our readers have been yelling 'Allyson'! Howcome?"

"Howcome?" I parroted.

They said that that was what I was supposed to find out. Clinically. They said they had it figured it must be personality. The only thing was, whose?

Did the personality that emerged from the pages of MODERN SCREEN month after month actually belong to June Allyson? Was she truly a creature composed of two-thirds whimsy, and the other third dedicated to the idea that wrinkling one's nose was irresistible?

Or was this personality a hoax, a creation of MODERN SCREEN, destined to wrinkle its nose down the years, while the real Allyson marched off in six other directions, ignoring her fictional alter ego?

A lot of caustic readers had questioned the Allyson of the stories, already. "Nyah," they sneered. "There ain't no Santy Claus. There ain't no fairies. And there ain't any sich a person as (*Continued on page 87*)

by
hedda hopper

"The smartest, canniest, smoothest 18-carat acting lady in the business." That's what Hedda calls Colbert—the gal with a king-sized brain, a Midas touch and a knack for calling her own shots!

miss perfection

■ The last time Claudette Colbert saw Paris, she went with her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, to visit a world famous French ear, nose and throat specialist. That's Joel's specialty, too, but Joel was shy about his French and Claudette had the translator's job.

Claudette stood by as Joel interviewed the great man. "Attendez," he said at last, disappearing into his office. He returned with a plate bearing a pickled human head, sawed neatly in two to reveal the passages. This he handed to Claudette with a *"S'il vous plait,"* and while he and Joel peered at the grisly object, she translated their medical jabberings as best she could. That is, until she felt her knees begin to sag.

A nurse caught her and the pickled head as both of them started toward the floor.

To my knowledge, that's the only time in her life that Claudette Colbert ever came near losing a head.

I've known her a good twenty years, and I think she is just about the smartest, canniest and smoothest 18-carat acting lady I've seen cross the Hollywood pike.

Claudette knows her own mind better than any star I've ever met. She added herself up long, long ago and came out with the right answers—in every little thing.

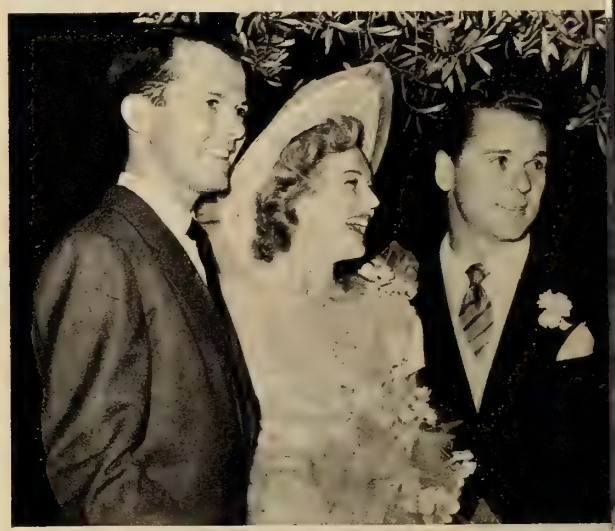
A few years ago, I did a picture with her. Our parts called for swanky get-ups, and one day Claudette and I decided to (*Continued on page 91*)



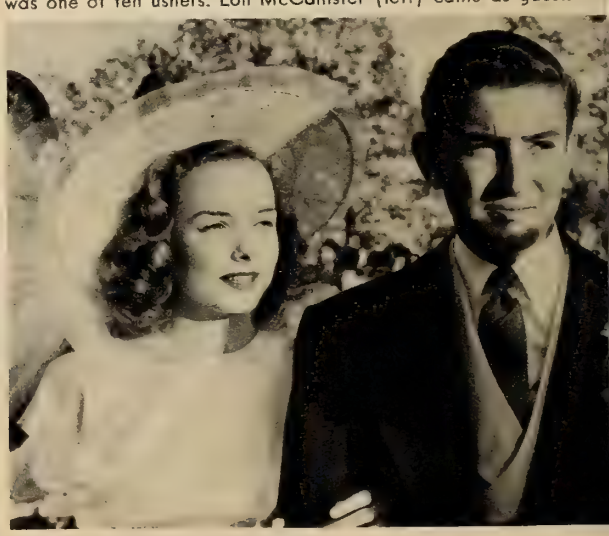




Jane was kept busy attending showers in her honor—all nine of them. Here, it's a linen one at June Haver's house. Audrey Totter supervises cutting of the ice-cream cake.



Bridesmaid June Haver wore pale blue satin and carried a tiny muff of baby orchids. Jane's old friend, Jackie Cooper, was one of ten ushers. Lon McCallister (left) came as guest.



It looked for a while as if Diana Lynn would be ill for the wedding, but she rallied in time and came with her steady, Bob Neal. Afterwards, she almost caught bridal bouquet.

They stood
together in the garden
as the night moved
softly through music
and dancing—
Jane and Bill—listening
to the laughter of their guests,
the tinkling glasses,
hearing only the song
in their hearts . . .

By BEVERLY LINET

the "brat" gets married



Jane made sure Bill wouldn't forget the ring—went with him to choose it. They kept the destination of their honeymoon secret, said they'd build a house in Westwood later.



They were married on September 20, at the 1st Congregational Church of Los Angeles by Dr. Louis Evans. Jane designed her own eggshell satin gown—had a 4½-yard train.



Setting up house is easy, if you're as popular as Jane. Two rooms of her playhouse held the gifts. Shirley Temple sent a set of little pitchers with half-dollars forming the bases.

■ It had always been a pretty church, but today it was so beautiful you caught your breath. If you had any breath, and she didn't have.

She moved slowly down the aisle, leaning against her father, with the organ sounding in her ears, and the smell of flowers almost suffocating, and through a haze, she could see pale, tall candles burning softly.

The rest, it was hard to remember in any sequence. Bill at the altar, the minister speaking, Dennis Day's voice from the choir loft, and finally the music again, the rush from the church . . .

She was twenty-one years old, and this was her wedding day, this September 20th, but if you stopped to think about it, you found yourself not believing. She'd met Bill in 1946, and they'd dated a few times, but what did that prove? You date lots of men, and he dates lots of girls, and when do you know it's love?

He knew first, as a matter of fact. By Christmas, '46, he knew.

"I'm really a wonderful fellow," he told her. "I'm going to produce movies—"

She laughed. "But there's another boy. *He* wants to



One of Jane's best friends, Jeanne H. Schmid, helped pack the trousseau, stayed the night. She was Matron of Honor.



Fittings at Bullock's Wilshire were fun for bridesmaids Tanis Chandler, June Haver and Kathleen and Sheila O'Malley, sisters.

the "brat" gets married

give me an engagement ring—"

"Give you two rings," Bill said. "A rolling Moss gathers some stones—"

Then they got serious. "Give me two weeks," she said. "By then, I'll have it figured out."

The next day, she called him. "I have it figured out already. It's you—"

Over the phone, you could almost see him grin.

He never gave her a conventional engagement ring; he gave her a sapphire heart surrounded by 21 pearls.

In July, they came to New York and cornered the linen market. They bought nearly everything they saw, and then went home to plan the wedding.

The plans almost got away from them. Not that they'd told themselves it was going to be a "quiet, simple ceremony;" they knew too many people who'd be insulted, but somehow they hadn't figured on the huge affair they ended up with.

They'd check, and check again, and still it came out nine bridesmaids. "Nine," Jane gasped. "Bill—*nine!*"

Bill smiled dazedly. "'At's fine, honey. All sweet, pretty girls—"

If you've got nine bridesmaids, you need the rest of the trimmings. So there was a matron of honor, and then Bill's sister to be maid of honor, and of course a best man and a couple of flower girls.

From time to time, Jane and Bill would sigh. "If we get any more attendants, we'll have to find a bigger church. This one only holds twenty-five hundred people!"

There were nine showers for Jane, and she got (*Continued on page 87*)

There were about 800 guests at the reception in Jane's garden. She and Bill were on the receiving line for nearly three hours, but came through smiling. Here, the Stuart Erwins give congrats and advice before signing guest book.





Jane met Bill at the Mocambo where she was celebrating the completion of *Faces in the Fog* with Eric Sinclair. Her marital career comes first now, though. She won't work for several years, then may go into movie production with Bill.

Dennis Morgan felt like an intruder in this land of delicate colors and battered splendor—until he discovered you don't have to know a language to understand people.

by MARY MORRIS

"PARDON MY FRENCH"

■ "Get down the French dictionary," Dennis Morgan shouted, roaring through the front door, on an evening in June, 1947. "If we like this script," he said, tossing a 3-pound document into Lillian's lap, "your stay-at-home husband will travel this summer to Paris, France!"

Secretly, Dennis hoped he'd hate the story. He and Lillian and the three children had been looking forward to a summer of family fun.

But the script, *To The Victor,* turned out to be an exciting story, full of punch (an authentic picture of life in post-war France) and the role "such a departure from my usual assignments" (no singing) that Dennis said yes. Lillian agreed. The following week was spent filling out forms down at Los Angeles City Hall and at the French consulate (*Continued on page 83*)

In a Montmartre curio shop, Dennis bought "câdeaux" (gifts) for his kids. He went daffy over these masks but decided they'd frighten Kristin.





Dennis and Viveca Lindfors, at Croney, France, ride in a typical Normandy cart for a scene from *To The Victor*, story of post-war France.

Dennis chats with a Paris shopkeeper, as Bob Burks (hands raised) lines up his camera and director Delmer Daves (seated) smiles his approval.





To obtain authentic backgrounds, Dennis, Viveca, Burks and Daves were flown to France to photograph scenes on the Normandy beachheads, the surrounding countryside, and Paris. Above, a love scene in the village of Treviers.



Interior shots like this were made on the sound stage at Warners, where Dennis now ranks as top money-maker. According to the Treasury Dept., he paid the highest tax of any star at his studio!

"CHEER UP," THEO SAID, "IT'S YOUR VACATION." AND JOAN SMILED WEAKLY, BECAUSE SHE WAS SEASICK AND LONELY AND ON HER WAY TO HONOLULU, WHILE THE KIDS WERE WAITING AT HOME . . .

By Leslie Towners

■ It was something to sustain her through the long, involved production of *Daisy Kenyon*. Whenever the lights seemed too hot, or her temper too uncertain, she could think of it. Hawaii. Long, cool nights, and palm trees, and stars. Long, golden days, and clean sand, and water stretching to the other end of the world.

Then, in the middle of packing, she weakened. "I don't know, Theo—" Theo Larsen, her friend and secretary, slammed the catch shut on a small suitcase, and turned to glare. "You may not know, but I do. You're worn out, and you're going."

"Three weeks," Joan said miserably. "And the kids not coming."

The kids, Christopher and Christina, had already ensconced themselves in the car, and were waiting for their mother, their mother's luggage, and the chance to drive to the dock and see the Matsonia.

The Matsonia, a troop transport during the war, is now converted into a glamor boat, and it's the only luxury ship which makes the trip to Honolulu.

It im- (*Continued on page 89*)



Aloha, Joan!



After completing *Daisy Kenyon*, Joan sailed on the Matsonia for a Honolulu vacation. Christina and Christopher came to her stateroom to say goodbye—but lonely Joan returned two days later on same boat!



When they arrived in Honolulu, Joan and secretary Theo Larsen were welcomed by the Mayor and 15,000 others. Hawaiians decked them with traditional leis.



Wherever she went, Joan was followed by fans—even when she dipped in the surf at Waikiki Beach. She stayed at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel and was entertained by a hula troupe and the Royal Hawaiian Serenaders.



It was to have been a rest, but Joan brought along 30 scripts, 12 books and 100 balls of knitting wool—also found time for some tennis and fun in an outrigger canoe.

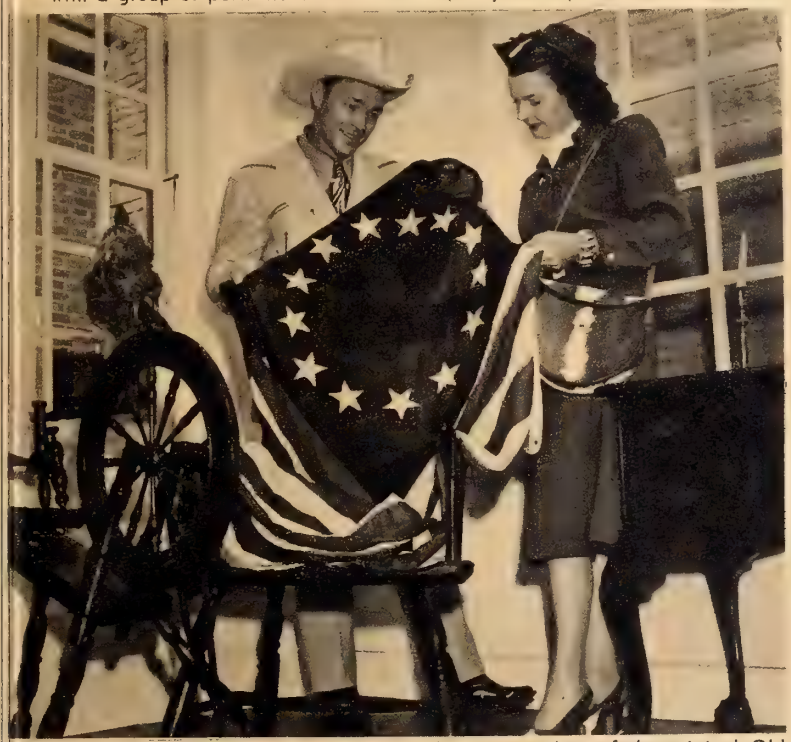
"George Washington sat here,"
Roy Rogers said, as they sank into the pew.
And Dale Evans smiled, thinking
she would never forget Philadelphia, or
this very breathless moment—this moment
when her feet stopped hurting.

philadelphia idyll





On Chestnut St., Roy and Dale visited the most historic spot in America—Independence Hall. The table on which the Declaration was signed is exhibited with a group of portraits and relics. Here, they look up into the Liberty Bell.



Next stop was The Betsy Ross House. Flag is a replica of the original Old Glory supposed to have been made by Betsy in 1777. A visit to the oldest zoo in America followed (below). Zoo has over 2,000 birds, reptiles and mammals.



■ "I will not be in Westerns," she had said with simple dignity.

She figured they'd listen closely. Republic had signed her for high-budget musicals, and she was planning to do wonders for them.

They listened closely all right, and then they put her in Westerns, and she said nothing further. You can talk big, but you have to know when to stop, and her job was important to her.

She came from Texas, but she couldn't ride, at the time. That's one thing Westerns have done for her. She's made twenty-four Roy Rogers pictures, and now she rides like Paul Revere.

Dale was the only female in the Rogers troupe—you know the set-up: Roy, the Sons of the Pioneers, Gabby Hayes. She also had a face that started strangers spilling their tales of woe to her. She became everybody's confidante.

The troupe could be on location, and there could be a perfectly adequate seamstress along, but if one of the guys needed a snap in his shirt, he'd get Dale to sew it on.

It was the beginning of a lot of friendships. Dale got to know the wives of all the boys; if a birthday or anniversary was coming up, she'd help with shopping. Roy's kids were crazy about her; she was adopted aunt to twenty children.

When Roy's wife died, last November, Dale was one of the people who stood by, took the two older children, Cheryl and Linda, off his hands some Saturday afternoons, was a quiet, understanding companion on the set.

He was grateful, and the friendship deepened.

This year, they've had some nice times together. Recently, Roy had his own rodeo on tour, and the first city they played was Philadelphia.

Dale was excited about the prospect. "I've never been there," she said. "There's so much to see—"

There was so much to see, and no time to see it in.

There were performances, and autograph fans, and more performances.

"I'll show you the city," Roy kept saying, and then, miraculously, a free day came along, and they decided that this was it. (*Continued on following page*)



By the time they'd finished their tour, Dale's feet were crying for help, but she considered the agony worthwhile. Here, Dale and Roy pause before the Washington Monument, near the Philadelphia Free Library.



It was reported by Louella Parsons last Oct. 19, that Roy and Dale would wed on Jan. 1. Meanwhile, they enjoy each other's company over ice-cream, beside the Delaware River Bridge.

philadelphia idyll



All the kids come down from the upper seats and crowd the wire fence when their idol comes slowly around the arena on Trigger. Roy has three kids of his own—has bought 342 acres atop a mountain so they can grow up in the open spaces.



Roy was the first cowboy to use a plastic saddle. Here, he shows a custom-made one of red, white and blue to Tim Spencer and others of the Sons of the Pioneers. His new interest is the raising of palomino ponies—has 28 brood mares.

At the hotel where the troupe was staying, Roy advised Dale to eat a good breakfast, and then they embarked on a tour, with juvenile screechers following them from museums to bridges to statues.

Occasionally, Dale would make small noises about "My feet."

"You asked for it," Roy teased.

Toward the end of the afternoon, they came to Christ Church, and they went in and sat down in the pew where George Washington had always sat, and gazed around them.

The church was cool; it was good not to talk, and when they came out again, all the children seemed to have disappeared, and even their tiredness was rather pleasant.

"I could sleep for a week," Dale said.

"Till tomorrow!" said her boss. "The show goes on!"

And they both laughed, walking through the dusk to the hotel.



Sally Hockett (right) and her friends from Wilmington, Delaware, came all the way to Philly to see the rodeo, and get permission to start a Roy Rogers Fan Club of their own.



The cowgirl skirts are longer, too, and Roy doesn't seem very happy about it as he measures the change. It's a woman's world, after all, Dale admits. She's just finished *The Trespasser*. Roy's latest is *The Gay Ranchero*.



Lots of things happened to Jeanne Crain in 1947. First, almost 8 lbs. of red-haired Jr., a new home, and work on *Chicken Every Sunday* with Dan Dailey (below). Off-screen, husband Paul (opp. page) carves the bird.

It was twelve o'clock
and everywhere
the New Year's bells
were ringing,
but for Jeanne and Paul
there was no end
and no beginning—
only this wonderful now,
when time
stood still . . .

Anniversary story

by jeanne crain



■ I was dancing the rhumba with my husband, Paul, last New Year's Eve when the lights went out.

The orchestra broke into "Auld Lang Syne" and the room broke into New Year's din. "Come on," said Paul. I took his hand and we slipped outside, closing the noise behind us. We wanted to be alone, because that New Year's Eve meant more to us than just 1946 going out and 1947 coming in. It was our first wedding anniversary. The first wonderful year of our married life was over, the second just beginning.

On the terrace by ourselves, we watched the city lights twinkle, heard the whistles hoot in the distance, the far-away pops of pistols and firecrackers.

There wasn't much moon, but moon enough, and time was standing still for us. Through the dark, I could see Paul's white smile.

"Happy New Year," he said.

And I said, "Let it be another wonderful year, just like the last one!"

If I sound slightly sentimental about New Year's (*Continued on page 89*)





"Praise-agent," Barbara and Bob scoff at Helen Ferguson when she gets enthusiastic about her two famous clients. They're really shy, says Helen.

Pomona and the Queen

BY HELEN FERGUSON

■ "Hey, you!" the usher barked. "Where d'ya think you're goin'?"

I was slipping into an empty seat beside Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck in a Broadway theater, when a hand roughly grabbed my arm and turned me around.

We hadn't been able to get these seats together, for the play. But during intermission, Bob had said the one next to them was empty. "Sit here with us, Helen," he suggested. And that's what I was starting to do.

"Lemme see ya stubs, lemme see ya stubs!" As I fumbled in my purse quite automatically, I felt hackles rise all

THE TAYLORS' "PRAISE-AGENT" TELLS ALL! HOW BARBARA ADMITS TO 40, WON'T DYE HER GRAYING HAIRS, AND SHRUGS OFF HER GOOD DEEDS, CLAIMING "I'M JUST BRIBING MY WAY PAST ST. PETER."



Bob, who'll be in *High Wall* next, was surprised when newspapers quoted his testimony before Un-American Activities Comm., wished he'd said more!



The Taylors (dining above, with friend Robert Short, at the Crillon) have bought land in Bucks County, Pa., and started proceedings to adopt twins. On the *B. F.'s Daughter* set, Babs has the reputation of always being punctual, letter-perfect in her lines.

around me. Bob was up first, his chin out, his shoulders back. "What's it to you, bud?" he gritted. I heard another seat slam back. That was Barbara coming up just as mad. Bob backing me up, Barbara backing him up.

The usher retreated. "Sorry, Mister Taylor. I thought it was maybe a fan botherin' ya."

"No fan," Bob snapped, "and anyway, I like fans, see? And we can take care of ourselves with fans or anybody else."

"Right," seconded Barbara, right out loud.

I laughed. I was there, in my capacity as a publicist, to "protect" Bob and Barbara—and here they were protecting me! I'd come to New York and got them involved in a schedule of Manhattan interviews and press appointments when they returned from their European trip last spring, but, as usual with the Taylors, it was hard to tell just who was handling whom. Bob had rustled the theater tickets, filled my room with flowers, grabbed the dinner checks. He'd even given me an osteopathic treatment one hot day when I'd collapsed in their suite!

I should have known what to expect after eight years. It's impossible to regard "The Queen," as she's most frequently called, and "Pomona," as she calls him, only as clients. Not since a couple of days I'll always remember.

I'd been handling Barbara's publicity for about three years. Neither Bob nor Barbara is demonstrative on easy acquaintance; our relationship all that time was strictly business.

One day we were shooting a home layout, and while Barbara was busy making up in her dressing-room, I chatted with her maid and hair-dresser about my recent trip to the East. Just making conversation, I happened to mention an (*Continued on page 61*)



Dentyne – *part of the fun of going places...*



Always right there with what it takes for enjoyment—Dentyne Chewing Gum, *it's keen chewing gum!* That refreshingly different, long-lasting flavor really satisfies.

And Dentyne's special plus is its pleasantly firm chewiness that helps keep teeth sparkling white!

Chew Dentyne and smile. Try the other Adams quality gums too – they're all delightful. Always –



buy gum by Adams





Reg. Trade Marks

OUR TOWN

(*Continued from page 29*)

City. For *Naked City,* Producer Hellinger shot one scene in the Park Avenue apartment of restauranteur Toots Shor. One of the grips, forgetting that he wasn't in the Universal Studio, drove a nail into the living-room wall. To smooth the natural reaction of Mrs. Shor, I understand that Hellinger had to buy a painting to cover up the havoc caused by the nail!

We have gone all out in New York to cooperate with Hollywood, and bring a greater percentage of motion picture business to this city. In the first place, labor relations in New York's motion picture area are not subject to jurisdictional dispute. All affected labor unions have agreed to refrain from such disputes for the next five years, and to permit the Mayor to arbitrate, with his decision binding.

Judge Edward C. Maguire, my Director of the Division of Labor Relations, has done a magnificent job of streamlining city rules in order to help Hollywood units. He and the Corporation Counsel's office have done this without sacrificing the safety or welfare of the 7,800,000 residents of our city. It wasn't an easy task.

For a deeper appreciation of the job which had to be done, let me point out how many city departments were involved. There was the Mayor's office, the five offices of Borough Presidents, the Police Department, the Fire Department, the Department of Parks, Department of Marine and Aviation, the Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity, the Department of Housing and Buildings, the Department of Public Works, the Port of New York Authority and even the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. This last organization has an active interest if a child under 16 years of age is engaged to make a picture, but in the case of Margaret O'Brien, I can assure you she'd have the written consent of the Mayor! I'm one of her fans.

Last winter, to illustrate the complexities which had to be cleared away, the *Portrait of Jenny* company secured a Dept. of Parks permit to shoot an ice-skating scene on a Central Park lake. When the company arrived at the lake, a thaw had

MODERN SCREEN



"I told you to bring her right back!"

set in. No ice. So the director decided he'd take another scene which had to be shot on the Park Mall. Only for that, he needed another permit. Several hours and much money were wasted, pending the trip downtown and the issuance of the second permit. This no longer can happen, thanks to Judge Maguire.

New York is a city of enormous vehicle and pedestrian traffic. To shut off a street, or part of a street, is an involved operation. You just can't set up cameras and tell your actors to start emoting. The Police Department and its Traffic Bureau have licked this problem.

Once the Hollywood companies become more aware of our problems, and eliminate last-minute planning, they will find their pilgrimage to our city easy and satisfactory.

Furthermore, private investors in New York are prepared to construct motion picture studios which might be rented by movie companies.

In other words, Hollywood need not make any capital investments in New York City! I know of no fairer proposition than that.

Henry Hathaway, one of the fine directors, who has filmed such pictures in New York as *Kiss of Death*, and *The House on 92nd Street*, is enthusiastic about the city's advantages. Its skyline, its skyscrapers, its great bridges, the exciting panorama of Broadway—and also a vast, untapped reservoir of acting talent. Mr. Hathaway says that no other city in the world can offer so much to Hollywood.

New York offers something else, too, it seems to me.

The staccato pace of Manhattan is a blood tonic and a nerve tonic to any artist, a challenge to his creative ability. Some performers who have never given great performances in the studios of Hollywood have risen to artistic heights in this exciting, cosmopolitan setting.

As Mayor of the City of New York, I say to Hollywood: "Come east; come to New York—where a hearty welcome awaits you."

POMONA AND THE QUEEN

(*Continued from page 59*)

amethyst ring I'd seen in New York and had wanted to buy. I had no idea that Barbara could hear me. I forgot all about it.

Shortly after, I flew again to New York. A cryptic wire awaited me at The Essex House. "If the man from Trabert and Hoeffer's comes to see you," it read, "don't throw him out. Barbara." I was puzzled—until the man from that jewelry shop did come, and with him a 44-carat amethyst ring, the most beautiful I'd ever seen!

That was a pretty dizzy day for me. You see, it wasn't only the exquisite gift that threw me—I knew Barbara's generous habit of presenting golden gifts to those within her small circle of close friends, and my ring meant admission to that circle! I was proud to bursting!

The other day I won't ever forget was the one before Bob left for Corpus Christi for boot camp. Every photographer in town was at the house to get the only pictures Bob and Barbara had made together since their marriage. When the last one had gone, and Barbara went upstairs, I said goodbye to Bob. "God goes with you," I finished, and we shook hands, hard.

"You take care of the Queen," he said, unsmilingly. I knew I'd been given a trust, and I knew I'd been admitted to Bob's close circle, too.

for a Velvet Blend in Candy use Carnation



HERE'S fudge so delicately smooth and creamy that it simply *melts* away! Carnation *Velvet* Fudge . . . made with a milk that's heat-refined and homogenized to *super*smoothness for the same *velvet blend* in candy that it brings to *all* milk-rich dishes. Definitely . . . the fudge recipe you've always dreamed of finding!

CARNATION VELVET FUDGE . . . WITH VARIATIONS

3 cups sugar
2 tablespoons corn syrup
3 1-oz. squares bitter chocolate, shaved
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 cup Carnation Milk, undiluted
3 tablespoons butter
1 cup nutmeats, chopped

Mix all ingredients except butter and nuts. Boil until syrup reaches 238° F. or until a soft ball is formed when a small amount is dropped in cold water. Remove from heat, add butter. Cool until lukewarm. Beat until creamy, add nuts, and pour into buttered pan. Cut into squares.

Velvet Kisses—Instead of pouring into pan, drop from teaspoon onto waxed paper to form kisses.

Velvet Nuggets—Continue beating till fudge loses its gloss. Mold into small balls and roll in natural or tinted coconut.

Velvet Roll—Continue beating till fudge loses its gloss. Form into a long roll. Roll in chopped tinted nutmeats. Wrap in waxed paper and chill. Cut in thin slices to serve.

WRITE for the "Velvet Blend Book" of exciting new recipes—to Carnation Company, Dept. X-1, Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin.

"From Contented Cows"



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halos
for your
ankles
...heavenly
for
your feet



Velvet step
SHOES
feminine to the tip of your toes
Manufactured by PETERS SHOE CO. SAINT LOUIS 3

It's not easy to write what I feel about Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck. They are allergic to praise. They usually muffle me with a wisecrack—and both are trigger-quick in that department.

One summer Sunday just after they were married, I got a request for Barbara to do a free broadcast for The Children's Society. Barbara's evenings and Sundays are reserved for Bob, but I knew how she loved kids, so I called her. "Sure," she answered. The day turned out to be a scorcher—hottest of the year. But Miss S. drove all the way from the Northridge ranch to Los Angeles and, after one run-through rehearsal, went on the air and put her audience in tears. Afterwards, I ventured, "You are really wonderful, Barbara, to do this." She gave me an oblique look.

"Wonderful, hell," she grinned, "I'm just bribing my way past St. Peter!"

Bob and Barbara are both really shy. Each has a distracting habit of scuttling off when you aim a camera at the other. They never take it for granted that you want them both in publicity pictures. Bob and Barbara figure their acting careers as separate deals entirely.

I was put straight early in our association when I called the house. I recognized Bob's voice when the phone was answered. "Is Mrs. Taylor in?" I asked. "*Miss Stanwyck* is in the shower," he said. "This is Bob Taylor. May I help you?"

I never forgot it.

on with the show . . .

Barbara, of course, came to Hollywood from "show business." She lives by its creed: the show must go on.

In one of the first pictures she ever made in Hollywood, she and her leading man had to ride horseback. The man drew too fiery a nag and refused to risk it. "We'll switch," offered Barbara, "I'll ride him." She did, and was thrown and trampled upon. She got up, insisted upon remounting and finishing the day's work. She worked all that day on pure guts. When the whistle blew, she collapsed. The doctors couldn't believe she'd been able to walk after that fall. "I had to," she said simply, "I was too scared to give up."

The only time Barbara ever actually held up a production was on *The Other Love*. She had a beaut of a cold, and an outdoor swimming scene. November can be nippy in Hollywood. She swam all day, stayed wet. She had fever and flu that night and it was ten days before she could wobble again. She went to work and insisted she was okay. But it took three months to shake a nasty cough. But do I mention it? I do not. "Lay off my aches and pains," warns Barbara.

Barbara and Bob would both shrivel me in scorn if I tried to gild the basic facts of their lives. Barbara's forty. She's always cracking about it. She has no terror of the several silver threads which have multiplied in her dark red hair. One day at a party, a certain sharp-tongued lady spied them and cooed, "I think your new blonde hair's so attractive, Barbara."

"Blonde, my eye!" snorted Miss Stanwyck. "That's gray." She asked Bob pronto, "Does it bother you?"

"Hell, no," he came back. "I love it."

"Then that's how it stays," she said. And that's how it is.

My favorite example of the Queen's back-of-me-hand approach to vanity took place when she made *Remember The Night* with Director Mitchell Leisen. Mitch is meticulous about feminine glamor and in one scene Barbara wore a very chic hat. Before she stepped into the scene, the wardrobe girl brought the chapeau over and put it on her head. Stany strode straight to her place before the camera. "Okay," she said, "let's get started."

"My God, Barbara!" gasped Mitch, "aren't you going to look at yourself in a mirror?"

"What for?" asked Stanwyck. "The front's in front and the back's in back. What else can you manage to do with a hat?"

Barbara's just as frank and unpretentious about any less opulent chapter of her own life. In London, she had her first personal ovation. British lords and ladies, government dignitaries and titled bigwigs saluted her at the world première of *The Other Love*.

I said, "Weren't you thrilled? Wasn't it exciting?" Her eyes grew large, remembering. "I looked over that audience," she said, "and all I could think of was, 'Well, kid, you've certainly come a hell-uva long way from Brooklyn!'"

Barbara was Ruby Stevens, a Brooklyn girl who rose from poverty to make a name for herself. She's proud of it. She met and bruised against a hostile world plenty, but she fought her way up—telephone operator, salesgirl, chorus girl—to earn recognition.

She hasn't forgotten. She doesn't intend to forget.

One day I noticed a new painting hanging in Barbara's bedroom. It was a semi-nude by Paul Clemens, a girl slumped in a chair, her feet resting wearily on another chair, her arms hanging heavily at her sides. A dancer in her dressing-room after an exhausting performance. "Nice," I said. "How did you happen to buy it?"

"Because," said the Queen simply, "my feet have ached that much!"

Because she knows what it's like to have-not, Barbara's heart has a habit of melting like butter. She packed eight pairs of shoes (*Continued on page 71*)

Marie McDonald . . .

M-G-M star now playing the romantic lead opposite Gene Kelly in *Living in a Big Way*. It's her first starring role and Marie dances with Gene in it—who could ask for anything more!

Marie came to New York for her honeymoon and was sweet enough to take time out to pose for us. Wasn't that the nicest thing! She's so-oo in love . . . and all we can say is that we think her husband is an awfully lucky guy! Marie was so pleased at the way she looked in this dress that she ordered it for her own wardrobe.

THE DRESS is made of elegant rayon faille. That's why it falls into those nice graceful folds. The bodice is strapless and that petal-shaped neckline is unbelievably flattering. The skirt is *yards* and *yards* wide—and the shirred lampshade effect makes it look even wider. It couldn't be more romantic looking—and you couldn't feel prettier wearing it.

It comes in other colors just as heavenly as the green we photographed: rose, gold, black, American beauty, and two shades of blue. Sizes 9 to 15 and 10 to 16.

By Kalman-Herbert — About $25

To find out where to buy this dress turn to page 71.


modern screen
fashions



What are you doing New Year's Eve?

Be the belle of the ball in this elegant gown. Show off just enough of you in a sweetheart neckline and cap sleeves. Whirl while you waltz in an extravagantly full pannier skirt. Made of Celanese rayon moire. Royal, green, topaz, blue, peacock. Sizes 9-15, 10-16. By David Klein.....$25.

For where to buy see page 71.

by Connie Bartel



Going Formal?

When the stag line asks
"Who's the girl in the plaid
dress?"—be sure it's you.
Strapless to show your pretty
shoulders—bustled to give
you an impudent look.
Rayon taffeta in multicolored plaid.
Sizes 9 to 15.
By Bon Ray.....About $30.
For where to buy see page 71.





What are you doing Christmas Eve?

Look as beautiful as the wrappings on his package when you thank him for his gift. This divine dress is made of the two most out-of-this-world fabrics—brocade top, velvet skirt. Cap sleeves and velvet edged double peplum. Two-piece. Black skirt with white, pink or blue brocade top. Sizes 9-15. Claudia Young Original . . . $19.95. For where to buy see page 71.





Dating your favorite man?

Look like the angel at the top of the tree in your off-shoulder dress. That oh-so-feminine boat-shaped neckline is velvet trimmed. Full princess skirt for sheer flattery to *any* figure. Black rayon faille. Sizes 9-15, 10-16. By Marie Phillips . . . $14.95.

For where to buy see page 71.



Going to a Party?

Be the center of attraction in this two-piece party dress. See the three rows of brass buttons? Well, they also light up the BACK of that flirty peplum, so you'll shine from every angle! Short sleeves. Tiny round collar. Cut-away peplum. Rayon bengaline. Black and navy. Sizes 7-15. By Doris Dodson . . . . $10.95. For where to buy see page 71.



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LETTER FROM THE FASHION EDITOR

Dear You:

We're writing this from the de-luxe cabin of a chartered Matson DC-4 Skymaster—high above the Atlantic. We've just left Paris, we're homeward bound from the most spectacular fashion trip we've ever been on—and we're still whirling!

Our hosts are The Manufacturers and Wholesalers Association of San Francisco, who flew two planes of models, designers, fashion writers and a huge collection of wonderful San Francisco clothes to France—to put on the best-attended fashion show Paris has ever seen.

Where shall we begin? The cocktail party Schiaparelli threw for us? The dinner given by French government officials? The day we lunched at Maxim's—and so did the Duchess of Windsor? Help! We'd need a book, telephone size, to describe to you the elegance, swank and general luxury of the trip. The fact that the San Francisco association had a plane full of fresh flowers flown over for the fashion show will just give you a *hint*.

However, there's one thing we've just *got* to get in—and that is, be glad you're an American girl! You ought to see your French sisters. Pretty, alert, full of that certain something—but with nothing to wear! The French girl dresses in clumsy ill-fitting shoes, poorly made jackets and skirts and whatever other scraps she can get together. She just can't *get* decent clothes at working girl prices. There aren't any.

Sure—Christian Dior and the rest of the famous French designers make beautiful clothes to order . . . and they're all yours, if you have $400 and up to spend. But the average French girl—who hasn't $400? Can she walk into a store, as we can, and find a smart dress that fits—at a working girl's price? Never! That's why the San Francisco clothes amazed Paris. The French had never seen clothes which looked so smart—were so well made—of such good fabrics—at prices beginning at $15. They couldn't believe that an average working girl anywhere in the U. S. could buy such clothes—right out of her salary check.

But the French know now. And of course you and I have always known.
Cheering for American fashion,

Connie Bartel

Campus Queen

. . . from your tiny white bengaline collar to the tip of your gracefully flared trouser-pleated skirt! Heavy gilt buttons trail off-side and the wide belt sports a real-looking "watch chain." Rayon serge flannel. Blush rose, powder blue, aqua.
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SIZE.....2nd COLOR CHOICE
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

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Decorating the tree?

Twinkle as brightly as the ornaments on the tree in this Gibson Girl dress. Multicolored plaid taffeta bodice has the most voluminous sleeves in town. Sparkling jewel-tone buttons add color. Black Labtex crepe skirt has a deep midriff to minimize waist. Teen Sizes 8-16. Teentimer OHriginal $10.95. For where to buy see page 71.

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices on merchandise may vary throughout country)

Kalman-Herbert rayon faille strapless evening gown worn by Marie McDonald in the full color photograph (Page 63)

Atlanta, Ga.—Davison, Paxon Co., Budget Shop, Third Floor
Cincinnati, Ohio—The John Shillito Co.
Dallas, Texas—Neiman-Marcus
New York, N. Y.—Lord & Taylor
Salt Lake City, Utah—Auerbach's, Better Dresses, Second Floor
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller, Collegienne Shop, Third Floor
Tulsa, Okla.—Seidenbach's

David Klein Celanese rayon moire sweetheart neckline evening gown (Page 64)

Boston, Mass.—R. H. Stearns Co., Fourth Floor
New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins
Philadelphia, Pa.—Dewees, Cosmopolitan Court, Fourth Floor

Bon Ray rayon taffeta off-shoulder, ballet length evening gown (page 65)

Boston, Mass.—C. Crawford Hollidge Ltd., Junior Miss Dept., Fourth Floor
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's

Claudia Young Original two-piece brocade and velvet dress (Page 66)

New York, N. Y.—Hearn's Little Figure Shop, Second Floor
Washington, D. C.—Lansburgh's

Marie Phillips rayon faille off-shoulder, princess style dress (Page 67)

Chicago, Ill.—Wieboldt's, Dress Dept., Second Floor
Evanston, Ill.—Wieboldt's, Dress Dept. Second Floor
New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th, Inexpensive Dresses, Fifth Floor
Oak Park, Ill.—Wieboldt's, Dress Dept., Second Floor

Doris Dodson two-piece rayon bengaline peplum dress with brass buttons (Page 68)

Atlanta, Ga.—J. P. Allen & Co., Junior Shopp, Second Floor
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Brothers, Fourth Floor
New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins, Half Pint Shop, Second Floor
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller, Doris Dodson Dept., Second Floor
Washington, D. C.—Frank R. Jelleff, Inc., Economy Juniors, Fourth Floor

Teentimer OHriginal taffeta and crepe Gibson Girl dress (Page 70)

Mankato, Minn.—George E. Brett Co., Teen Age Shop, Second Floor
Milwaukee, Wis.—Gimbels, Hi School Sub Deb Dept., Third Floor
New York, N. Y.—Gimbels, Hi School Shop, Fifth Floor
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbels, Hi School Shop, Fourth Floor

If no store in your city is listed write: Fashion Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

(*Continued from page 62*) in her bags for wear in Europe; she came back with one, scuffed and beaten. She'd given the rest away the first week in England.

Barbara never tries to duck a "knew-her-when" moment. The honor she's probably most sentimental about is a bronze plaque with her name on it in Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn. Erasmus was Ruby Stevens' idea of heaven at one stage in her struggling girlhood. She never got there; she had to go to work after the eighth grade. But even though it's an error, she's still proud of it. For years she explained carefully that she did not rate it. The name remained. So she relaxed, and enjoys the irony of that plaque, which lists the names of famous Erasmus graduates.

The only person I ever saw Barbara embrace in public was a waiter at the Stork Club. Reason: he was an old pal and benefactor. The Queen is reticent, as I said. When I met Barbara and Bob in New York after their European jaunt, we took in the Stork one night. The first thing Barbara said when we walked in was, "Where's Spooner?"

I knew about Jack Spooner. He used to be the head-waiter at Billy LaHiff's Tavern. When Ruby Stevens, and Mae Clarke and Wanda Mansfield, were struggling, often-out-of-jobs chorus girls tackling the Big Street, they got meals on the cuff at Billy LaHiff's. Now, Spooner worked at the Stork. And in he came, grinning from ear to ear.

Barbara leaned far across our table, threw her arms around him and planted a big kiss.

"Well, Stinky," cried Jack. "So you've been to Europe—see the King and Queen?"

"Not me," cracked Barbara happily. "When they heard I was coming, they ducked out to Africa!" Everyone in the place was smiling, sharing the delight of their reunion, laughing at the insults the two exchanged so gaily.

shy beneath the skin . . .

Ordinarily, both Bob and Barbara are crisp and taciturn on the surface. It takes a long time before they let you discover the sentiment under that protective crust. When Bob calls me, he still identifies himself: "Helen, Bob Taylor." First time I ever met Bob, I drove into their ranch in the valley. Halfway up the drive, a man leaped upon my running-board, poked his handsome head in the window and said, "Helen, Bob Taylor." Just like that. I almost ran into the rose bushes. When I call Barbara and she answers "Yep—" crisply, I make my business short and snappy. But when she says "hello" soft and easy, it's pretty sure she'll talk for maybe a couple of hours. The only subject she won't mention is her own generosity.

I remember one day my doorbell rang. I opened it and there was Barbara, her arms sagging with a half-dozen beautiful gowns. She looked as if she'd been caught raiding a bank vault, and glared as she thrust the dresses at me. "Dammit," she complained, "what are you doing at home? Here—take these." She whirled and ran back to her car. But pinned on the gowns was a typically Stanwyck note explaining that she couldn't use the party frocks, and she hoped maybe I could.

She's that way with all her friends—and Bob. When the Taylors were abroad, Bob, who's gun and plane happy, took in the continental shooting matches in Belgium. A certain hand-made weapon won the Grand Prix, which means it was at least close to the finest gun in the world. He wanted it. Barbara squawked. "You've got enough guns. Take it easy." But of course, the next day she personally tracked down the gunsmith who'd fash-



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scents of beauty



Deborah Kerr, M-G-M star, loves a flower fragrance.

Perfume can evoke the romantic mood, but use it with imagination for its magic effect.

BY CAROL CARTER, BEAUTY EDITOR

■ If you're susceptible to perfume—and who isn't?—you have your favorite, which you can only describe with a blissful sigh of ecstasy! It's strictly a luxury, but heady magic at creating a mood of enchantment. Since it serves no other purpose but to delight your senses, choose your perfume carefully and only after you've had a sample dab on your skin for a few minutes or longer. If your dream perfume is too utterly expensive, possibly it's to be found in a toilet water which is a weaker concentration of the same perfume oils and consequently budget-priced. In any case, don't compromise! A scent which does nothing for you emotionally is just so much barber water!

Perfume is most effective when worn on the skin rather than clothing. Use it with imagination and delicacy. The woman who knows how to use perfume distributes light little dabs of it here and there over her person rather than a lot on one spot. Touch the stopper to your eyebrows, the tips of your ears, the curve of your throat and in the bend of your elbows. Your hundred strokes a day with a hair brush will be a pleasure if you put a smidge of perfume on your brush.

There's one caution in the use of perfume and that goes for all scents. Don't put too much on. Let it be elusive, like fragrance from a lovely flower which seems to come and go, but is never overpowering. Remember there is such a thing as "olfactory fatigue," which simply means your sense of smell stops to rest itself ever so often. Take it for granted your perfume is still there and don't put on a supplementary application.

Along with this caution, a second suggestion: don't permit a confusion of perfume. If you like to dust a scented powder on your body after your bath, use a toilet water on your handkerchief and apply perfume behind your ears, let them be similar in character.

Keep perfume sealed as tightly as possible for evaporation of alcohol may change the scent.

ioned the Grand Prix shooter. Bob went out of this world when she gave it to him.

Barbara's even shyer of planes than she is of shooting irons. If there's one thing that turns her green, it's flying. Bob's a real flyer, and when he got his twin-engined Beechcraft, he begged "Missy," as he calls her sometimes, and as he named the plane, to let him take her for a ride.

"It's a long way down," vetoed Barbara, "and I've already seen the view."

Until, one morning, Barbara pulled another switch. She softly remarked, "I'm flying with you today." She and Bob hopped off to Palm Springs for lunch, and Bob walked on air for three weeks thereafter. You could tell he was dreaming maybe the Taylors would fly to Europe—maybe, come to think of it, around the world. The Queen cautioned him, after her fashion. "Don't dream it up too big, Bob. I left my stomach on that mountain bush near Palm Springs."

Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck both wear wedding rings. They're sufficient unto one another. They haven't a wide circle of Hollywood friends; they come close to being a closed corporation. That's why I appreciate having been admitted so many times to their thoughts. The other night they were outlining plans for another trip abroad at some later day. Barbara said suddenly, "Say, what about Helen going along?"

"She'd be a swell dame for a trip like that," Bob exclaimed. I was thrilled.

two of a kind . . .

Neither Bob nor Barbara likes big Hollywood parties. Each can order a meal for the other without changing an item—shrimp cocktail, rare steak, baked potato, green salad and coffee. Plenty of coffee. Both love horses but both gave up horse ranches when they analyzed the cost sheets. When Bob joined the Navy, Barbara followed him to his stations like any war wife, between jobs. When pictures kept her in Hollywood, she walked strictly alone. They share a consuming interest in their jobs and the industry. They see every movie Hollywood turns out, at their regular Saturday night screenings. It annoys Bob that Barbara's been nominated for Academy Awards three times and hasn't an Oscar yet. It doesn't annoy The Queen. "I just feel like one of Crosby's horses," she says.

I couldn't tell you who has the most devastating sense of humor because it's a tie. They both like to howl on Saturday night, but it's a mild form of howling. Just dinner—at La Rue most often—and the screening of two pictures at the studio. Bob likes a Scotch highball; if Barbara drinks at all, it is champagne. Both like to sit on the floor. They prefer to eat buffet style, and they agreed that the first installation in the house they're planning will be a tennis court. They adore a tiny French poodle, named the inevitable "Missy." Barbara likes Bob's moustache, and when she snipped her hair short the other day for *B. F.'s Daughter*, he raved about it.

The Taylors share, too, what they consider the greatest compliment ever paid them. It didn't happen in Hollywood but in Paris, where Bob and Barbara went before the London première. They'd just left the Arc de Triomphe, when a couple of American sailors trotted past, did a delayed "take" and stared back at those two famous faces.

"Hey," one said. "You Bob Taylor?"

"That's right," smiled Bob.

"You Barbara Stanwyck?"

"Uh, huh," grinned Barbara.

The gob whirled toward his mate down the street and cupped his hands.

"Hey, Steve!" he yelled as loud as he could. "Americans! *Americans!*"

IF I WERE QUEEN

(Continued from page 39)

Richard Widmark.

I would award a winged Oscar to Howard Hughes for the best performance of the year by an amateur. His appearance in the newsreels of the Senate investigation definitely put him in the class with Clark, Gary, Errol and the rest of the he-man idols, complete with indifference to klieg lights and a terrific sense of the dramatic.

I would exile Red Skelton to Lower Slobbovia.

David O. Selznick definitely won the how-bloody-can-you-get competition for that all-but-endless last scene in *Duel In The Sun*—the one in which Jennifer Jones and Gregory Peck crawled around in a mess of highly artificial Technicolor gore. I'd call him to the white velvet carpet in front of my 18-karat throne and toss him his just reward: a stalk of fresh Iowa corn and a crate of tomato catsup.

I'd toss half a dozen of Hollywood's best scribes into a custom-built dungeon equipped with plush-padded cells, built-in typewriters and hot-and-cold-running inspiration—and I'd keep them there for a year and a day, or as long as it took them to turn out a really good script for that long-suffering lass, Deanna Durbin.

And I'd prove conclusively that I'm a ruler who loves her subjects—her short subjects, that is. I'd make Bugs Bunny a baron, and Donald Duck a duke.

I would appoint make-up men—Max Factor, Jack Dawn and the Westmore Brothers—to work on statesmen and presidential candidates before they faced the newsreel cameras. President Truman could use a little treatment around the eyebrows, and Tom Dewey's mustache could stand re-styling. And if Robert Taylor, Dana Andrews and the other dream boys submit to pancake, why should Stassen balk?

command performance . . .

I'd command Olivia DeHavilland and Joan Fontaine to fight out their feud to a finish by co-starring in a picture with two equally important feminine roles. The critics could then decide who scored the Thespian knockout.

I'd give Abbott and Costello a sentence of fifty years in an old vaudeville house haunted by Joe Miller jokes, because they're baaad boys—and I do mean baaad—on the screen.

I'd tax the more taxing movie plots right out of existence. "A royal raspberry!" I'd cry, to bogus biographies of composers, as much like the truth as Spike Jones is like Beethoven; to saccharine sagas about a child and a dog and/or horse that Understands him (or the parents that don't); and to the super-tough detective thrillers in which the private eye is a public eyesore who tracks down more blondes than clues.

I'd toss a crate full of diamond-studded Oscars into the laps of the forgotten men and matrons of Hollywood, the character actors. They don't have stars on their doors or bobby-soxers under their beds, but they're as necessary to Hollywood as applause. I'm talking about artists like Henry Daniell, Samuel Hinds, Beulah Bondi, Frank Faylen, Elizabeth Patterson, Eduardo Ciannelli, George Zucco, Una O'Connor, Douglas Dumbrille, and many, many more in their unsung but indispensable class.

I'd assign Cecil B. DeMille to produce an intimate, one set, six character comedy—just for the royal fun of it.

And for the sake of the subjects of my



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The Toni Home Permanent Kit with reusable plastic curlers costs only $2 . . . with handy fiber curlers only $1.25. The Toni Refill Kit complete except for curlers is just $1. (All prices plus tax. Prices slightly higher in Canada).

Which is the TONI Twin?
Lovely Jewel Bubnick of Miami Beach, says, "My sister had an expensive beauty shop wave. I gave myself a Toni permanent—at home. And even our dates couldn't tell our permanents apart." (Jewel, the twin with the Toni is on the left).

Ask for Toni today. On sale at all drug, notions or cosmetic counters.



sweet and hot



By LEONARD FEATHER

****Highly Recommended**
***Recommended**
No Stars: Average

POPULAR

CHRISTMAS RECORDS—Your best bet is the perennial "Merry Christmas" album by Bing Crosby (Decca), aided by the Ken Darby singers, the Andrews Sisters, John Scott Trotter, et al. Johnny Mercer and the Pied Pipers manage to infuse the seasonal cheer pretty well (considering the sides were probably recorded in blazing summer) on their *Jingle Bells* and *Santa Claus is Coming to Town* (Capitol). Decca has reissued the Woody Herman treatments of these two tunes.

For the toddling brother or sister there are such novelties as *Santa Claus For President* by Sammy Kaye and *On The Santa Claus Express* by Freddy Martin (both Victor). Signature has a good album of all the best Xmas songs, with Monica Lewis, Ray Bloch, Johnny Long. To top it off, there are innumerable versions of *White Christmas*, the best by Frankie (Columbia), others by Eddy Howard (Majestic), Jo Stafford (Capitol).

But I'm sorry, I'll just take *The Christmas Song*, written by Mel Torme and sung by King Cole (Capitol). After you've heard this one, there just *aren't* any other Christmas records.

Merry Christmas!

I HAVE BUT ONE HEART—**Frank Sinatra & Pied Pipers (Columbia); *Tex Beneke (Victor); *Phil Brito (Musicraft); Carmen Cavallaro (Decca); Vic Damone (Mercury).**
A ninety-year-old Italian folk song, which Phil Brito does in the original language under the original title, *O Marenariello*. Frankie S. plays it safe by singing it in both languages, and good.

I'M WAITING FOR SHIPS THAT NEVER COME IN—*Buddy Clark (Columbia); Bing Crosby (Decca)
A hit of 1920 (through the lusty larynxes of Sophie Tucker, Belle Baker and Ted Lewis), and now a big revival.

IT HAPPENED IN HAWAII—*Jimmy Dorsey (Decca); Kay Kyser (Columbia); Hal McIntyre (M-G-M)
Publisher had to stop working on this one—he made the mistake of publishing it late in 1941. Now the above records, withdrawn after Pearl Harbor, have been reissued, and the publisher's back at his desk.

PAPA WON'T YOU DANCE WITH ME—*Doris Day (Columbia); Three Suns (Victor); Guy Lombardo (Decca); Skitch Henderson (Capitol)
One of a promising pair from the Broadway show *High Button Shoes*. The mate is *I Still Get Jealous*, done best by *Gordon McRae (Capitol) and Harry James (Columbia).

HOT JAZZ

LOUIS ARMSTRONG & JACK TEAGARDEN—**Fifty Fifty Blues (Victor)

CHARLIE BARNET—*East Side, West Side (Apollo)

LOUIS JORDAN—**Early in the Morning (Decca)

BILLY TAYLOR—*Flight of the Be-Bop (HRS)

LUCKY THOMPSON—**Just One More Chance (Victor)

First side has some great singing, and playing, by both Jack and Louis. Barnet's Bunny Briggs burlesques be-bop vocally. Louis Jordan does a vocal blues with rumba accompaniment—it's novel and delightful. Lucky Thompson's tenor sax solo of *Just One More Chance* is the greatest record of its kind since Coleman Hawkins' *Body and Soul* in 1939. Look out for Lucky.

FROM THE MOVIES

GOLDEN EARRINGS—Title Song: Dinah Shore (Columbia); *Peggy Lee (Capitol); Jack Fina (M-G-M)

THIS TIME FOR KEEPS—Un Poquito de Amor: *Xavier Cugat (Columbia); *Desi Arnaz (Victor); Noro Morales (Majestic). I Love To Dance: *Desi Arnaz (Victor)

VARIETY GIRL—Harmony: *Johnny Mercer & King Cole (Capitol). Tired: **Pearl Bailey (Columbia)

WHEN A GIRL'S BEAUTIFUL—I'm Sorry I Didn't Say I'm Sorry: *Mills Brothers (Decca); Tony Pastor (Columbia); Phil Brito (Musicraft)

realm, I'd order the royal economists to do something about making box-office admissions more economical!

I'd canvass the old carnivals, and buy a gold-plated, rhinestone-studded Love Meter for Lana Turner. If anyone West of the Hudson needs one, she does. But my gift to Jimmy Stewart would be a giant bottle of vitamin tablets. After all, if he's going to blow away in the next studio windstorm, he ought to have enough energy to yell for help!

To Maria Montez, who is rumored by many not to exist, I would furnish absolute proof of birth and affidavits testifying that she has been seen in the flesh (some flesh!), pinched, and fingerprinted. I would confiscate Rosalind Russell's soap box, take the wood and make a paddle, take the paddle and row Roz from the soup into acting again. I'd round up every Howard Hughes press agent who wrote copy for *The Outlaw* and assign them to enforced study at the Harvard Library for a period of one year.

I would summon Bette Davis, an actress of quality, and have a heart-to-heart talk with her about her career. I would explain that I knew she refused to bleach her hair and cap her teeth in the very beginning, and I admire her for it; but I would scold her for abusing her independence by making up her mouth so that she looked like a mammy singer in white face, and doing her eye-lashes and lids in a manner best described as ugh-y. I would suggest for her case a strong-minded story editor who could demonstrate to her that her emoting in vehicles like *A Stolen Life* and *Deception* resembled nothing so much as an Agnes DeMille staging of a Baby Ruth bar. If she refused to comply with my suggestions, I would sentence her to act forever with her hands tied behind her back.

from riches to Adrian rags . . .

For Joan Crawford, I would have my fanciest engravers concoct a citation naming her the Classic Embodiment of the Movie Queen—from rags to riches to Adrian rags to comeback, and all well done.

And for Harry Cohn of Columbia pictures I would order the court's best embroiderers to whip up a sampler, suitable for framing, bearing the words of the late Jimmy Walker, to wit: "Never quarrel with newspapermen. They go to press too often."

I would explain to Dane Clark that he can act convincingly and thrill the girls to pieces without that correspondence school strong man act. Shoulders inflated like Superman's don't make an Atlas out of Shorty.

And I'd warn Lionel Barrymore that if he doesn't stop masticating words and lowering like a daddy cow, he'll be that odd creature waiting at the end of Nightmare Alley—the Geek.

I'd give Betty Hutton a sedative before every picture, if I were Queen. I'd never allow Clark Gable to take a desk job in a film. And any writer delivering the line of dialogue that goes "Just stand there and let me look at you," would be sentenced to a year of watching old pictures. I'd make it compulsory for all theaters to have comfortable, heavily-padded seats.

I'd restrict Edward Everett Horton and Jack Oakie and Jack Carson to one "double-take" per movie. I'd permit Alan Hale no more than one political ward-heeler role each season, and I'd take Franklyn Pangborn out of the inevitable hotel lobby. I'd make Alan Ladd show fear *just once*. If one more director cast Alexis Smith as the "inspiration" for one more great man (as she was for Mark Twain, George Gershwin and Cole Porter)

I would not only scream at the top of my royal lungs but I would order him beheaded without trial.

I would film *The Life Of Johnny Meyer* with Mickey Rooney in the title role.

As one of my very first moves, I would command a major studio to cast Greg Bautzer as a leading man. He's captivated so many Hollywood stars, I think his charm should have a wider circulation.

I would be harsh with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which once had the greatest "stable" in Hollywood, but recently has amassed a record of bad pictures and spectacular mishandling of stars. As examples, I would cite Joan Crawford (her career was wrecked with bad M-G-M scripts, then they let her go and she zoomed back into the Academy Award class with her first picture for a rival studio), and Greer Garson and Van Johnson (they slid from two of the greatest box office attractions of screen history to virtual oblivion on the axle grease of poor vehicles). As a punishment for his sins of bad star-handling, I would sentence Louis B. Mayer to be locked in his private projection room and forced to view—without blinders, earmuffs or even popcorn to solace him—*Romance Of Rosy Ridge*, *Adventure* and *Desire Me*.

I'd make a Betty Grable out of Marilyn Maxwell. And I'd also wave my magic wand over Susan Hayward and make her a star because she's got so much of what it takes.

I'd put John Carradine on a French pastry and whipped cream diet, and I'd invent unpleasant incidents around Margaret O'Brien until she had a great big tantrum. (There must be at least ONE unsweet bone in that hardworking little body!) Then, to delight the Nelson Eddy fans, I'd produce an operetta version of *The Great Stone Face*, and type cast.

give the dogs to Mason . . .

Because of his almost embarrassing addiction to cats, I'd write James Mason's next film around a dog kennel. And I'd strike a special ruby-studded medal for any producer who showed a movie secretary typing, instead of modeling a brassiere.

My Courtier In Charge of Starlets' Contracts would insert clauses forbidding the pretties to date George Raft until he got his divorce, if ever. And I would proclaim a national holiday on the day of days when a non-fictionized, accurate biography—of anyone at all!—was recorded on film and sound track.

I would film *The Life And Loves of Keenan Wynn* with the real life lasses playing their original roles, and tell the Johnston office to get lost while it was being made. The phrase "You mean—?" would be rationed, and any film company wishing to use it would have to get stamps. All interviewers of Vic Mature would be supplied with copies of his previous statements to the press.

My royal advice to Shirley Temple would be to steer clear of dimpled darling, ingenue roles and try for smaller but meatier parts in strong pictures. I'd never let Eddie Cantor mention his daughters again. Doesn't he know it gives the women of the world an inferiority complex? I'd hire the best available comedy writers to concoct better scripts for sweepstakes winners in the newsreels. And I'd cast Sidney Greenstreet in a gentle grandfatherly role.

I'd give screen credit to all padding and toupees used in pictures.

I'd make Oscars practical instead of ornamental. In other words, my prize for the best actor of the year would be the role he wants most to play—not just a streamlined little doorstop of a statue.

And I'd banish double features from my kingdom forever!



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THE STARS WHO MAKE THE HITS ARE ON
RCA VICTOR RECORDS

RCA "HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

THE WINNER!—By Kirtley Baskette

(Continued from page 30)

Winner, with a record rush of ballots that's never been matched in MODERN SCREEN's long life!

Last January, Frank Sinatra had just nosed out Van Johnson in a photo finish for MODERN SCREEN's '46 floral horseshoe —and they both started the '47 handicap breathing easy and far out in front. Larry Parks? A pleasant-looking guy with prospects in the up-coming screen story of Al Jolson's life—but the other fellows weren't worrying about him.

And then, over 200,000 of you canny balloteers picked him out of a field of glamor guys. Because Larry stepped forward with the most amazing acting job a brand new star has turned in since Edison invented the flicker machine! *The Jolson Story* didn't win Larry his Academy Award—it missed by inches—but it won him MODERN SCREEN'S coveted Poll palm of the year.

So meet the champ—Larry Parks!

Away back in September, '46, our Hollywood seer, Hedda Hopper, warned "Watch Larry Parks!" in our own pages. Hedda said Parks was terrific. Came summer, and a blizzard of white rave notes turned June into January, right in our own editorial offices. Like Malicious, Larry started slow, and wound up flying. It's what he's been doing all his life.

One fall day in 1937, Larry Parks turned the back of his thin summer suit against a biting wind that slashed across 42nd Street and Broadway in New York. He shouldn't have been there by reasonable rights. He should have been right back at the University of Illinois, starting medical school; he had a scholarship that guaranteed the education. Inside his coat pocket were letters from his parents. "We'll be heartsick if you throw your future away," they wrote.

Larry shivered, and felt wet on his neck. Snow. Already the sky was gray.

All summer long, wherever Larry had stepped, a dozen other young, eager, energetic guys and gals had swept along with him, hounding producers, tracking down every threadbare clue to an acting chance, boxing him in. How many got their breaks, he never knew. All he knew was he hadn't. He turned up his coat collar and started off on the rounds again.

It wasn't until noon that it dawned on Larry Parks that something was queer. The familiar faces he'd seen all summer —they weren't around today.

fair-weather barrymores . . .

He stopped short on the sidewalk, snapped his fingers and grinned. "Gone with the snow," he told himself, "just like the birds. Gone home and given up—oh boy!" He was wobbly from living off noodles and bean sprouts at the Chinese restaurant up the street where you got dinner for 25 cents. He was frowsy and pale from the airless $2.50-a-week room on Tenth Avenue. The seat of his pants was mirror-slick. But what had scared out his sunshine rivals, Larry knew, was his opening. Now was the time to hit 'em again.

He headed straight for the Group Theater. He'd been there the day before, and the day before that. It was what he wanted most—like everybody else—to squeeze inside the exclusive group. All summer he'd been turned down by them, but this time he wasn't lost in a crowd. Later that afternoon he got the wire, "Please come see us." It was John Garfield and the Group Theater that started Larry Parks to Hollywood later on.

Larry has been a tough character to discourage on any project since he was nipping along in knee-pants.

Last year, after his mother passed on, Larry had the Parks family possessions shipped out from his home town, Joliet, Illinois. He went down to the storage place to look through them one day, and came home lugging a package. He sat down on the floor and spent the whole evening unpacking and setting up the first major prize he ever won—his electric train.

Larry spotted that train, bright and shiny, racing around a track in a department store window when he was nine years old. It was $34.50—with cars, track, switches, transformer and signals—and that's how Larry wanted it. But it might as well have been $34,000. That was three weeks before Christmas, and Larry knew his dad couldn't afford a present like that. He told about the train at dinner that night; he couldn't help hinting.

Dad Parks looked at his wife and then looked away. "Larry," he said, "tell you what. If you'll earn half the price, Santa Claus might dig up the rest."

Larry had $2.35 in his nickel bank, he remembers, and that left exactly $14.65 he had to rustle—in three short weeks. It was an appalling sum; in his entire young life he'd never earned that much. Sometimes he got ten cents on Saturdays for helping around the yard, and sometimes he didn't. It was winter and there weren't any neighbors' lawns to mow. The corner grocery store had a delivery boy. He tried the newspaper; the routes were all taken. After school, Larry chased around desperately on the trail of jobs. He collected a quarter here, carrying out ashes; he scraped snow off some sidewalks and earned some more. But the last week came, and he had exactly $5.15.

Any kid but Larry Parks might have settled for a pair of skates or a catcher's mitt. Larry Parks tackled the very treasure house where his dream train buzzed around the window. He went inside and told the department store manager about the project. The boss gave Larry a job dropping packages at doors and what's more, he said he'd sell him the train wholesale. Christmas Eve, Larry panted in with the money, and his dad's to match. Christmas morning, his train was racing around his own tree at home.

Larry was 13 when he entered Joliet High and for a peewee, he had gigantic ambitions. He weighed exactly 90 pounds, but he wanted to make the football team and win a scholarship to the University of Illinois. He wanted to be a doctor.

But when Larry had just barely started high school, he was hit by a blighting disease. Bell's palsy. It twisted the left side of his face out of shape. It's a fairly rare affliction and tragic. The nerves of your face pull up and twist.

That was bad enough, but almost at the same time paralysis struck his right leg and it withered away to half the size of his left.

Larry took all kinds of violent treatments, including dangerous strychnine. He had to start a campaign of rest and then arduous exercise—harnesses, weights, baths and heat therapy, to bring his paralyzed leg back to life again. He still works out with a weight harness three times a week, and you can still see where his right leg is smaller than his left—but he can use it as well as the next fellow now. The left side of his face, too, isn't his "good side"—even for a camera. For a long time an eyelid would droop, whenever he got too tired.

two strikes . . .

It would be hard to imagine a tougher handicap for a 14-year-old. He missed months of school, he couldn't try out for the sports he was dying to prove his tiny body in. By the time he was graduated from Joliet High, he had conquered his twitching face, was walking normally on his stricken leg. Not only that, but he'd actually made end on the lightweight football squad! He was active in student affairs, and even though his grades had suffered during his bedridden days, he went after that scholarship with everything he had. All the budding brains around his Illinois district were after the same thing, but 17-year-old Larry won.

Larry hit the campus at Illinois U. just a freshman lost among fifteen or twenty thousand milling students. Being Larry Parks, he had to do something about that. Besides, he had to earn cakes, coffee and coke money, because his scholarship provided for the future in medical school, but there was pre-med and his B.S. to tackle first. He made a good fraternity, S.A.E., took a job slinging hash at the Kappa Sig house. On the side, he earned his board juggling house finances for the Sig Alph brothers. As if that weren't enough—with his tough study schedule—Parks went all out for the campus theater workshop.

Around Urbana, where Illinois U. sits, they still call Larry's four-year era, '33 to '37, "The Golden Age of Talent." It happened that Larry bumped up against a rare flock of kids spilling dramatic genius all over the campus. Dozens of that crew have made good all over the land and in Hollywood, too. The competition was terrific, but before he helped himself to a sheepskin, Larry Parks had the theater situation at I.U. all sewed up. He was running the show.

What he went after, he usually got. In fact, the only time Larry got rocked back on his heels during those college days was when he tangled with sweet romance —and a red-headed woman.

Her name was Mildred and she was a gal who got around everywhere, and left sweet smiles and a come-on as souvenirs. Larry started reading blank pages in his study texts, forgot to show up at Workshop rehearsals, spilled soup down an indignant Kappa Sig's neck one night at dinner and almost got his block knocked off. He had it bad.

There was a certain campus Big Time Operator who had the same idea about

$5 WORTH OF GREETINGS

Maybe your stockings will be bulging at Christmas time, but probably, your pockets will be empty. We know. We have pockets, too—but right now, ours are full of crisp $5 bills. And they're yours for the writing! What happened when you saw that famous star? We know you got an autograph, but we'd like to hear more than that. Read our I SAW IT HAPPEN boxes and you'll see that we want true, amusing and unusual anecdotes. A long order, but we'll foot the $5 bill for every one we use. Send your contribution to the "I Saw It Happen," Editor, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Ave., New York 16, New York. Would you like to fill your pockets? Maybe we can help.*

Mildred. This BTO, moreover, held a handful of collegiate aces. He played on the varsity, for one, and was always tearing off for long Frank Merriwell runs at the big games, to Larry's disgust.

He had a profile like Peck, and a red convertible. Larry's love-sickness made him ignore that superman competition, and Mildred was not one to discourage anybody. She let Larry moon around and think he was head man, right up to her sorority formal.

Larry was snoozing happily in his bunk one night before the big dance. He was dreaming of waltzing Mildred to the formal. His roommate came in late, shook his bunk and woke him up.

"Hey," he said, grinning wickedly. "I've got news for you, Romeo. Guess who's just broken out with a pin!" Larry didn't have to guess. He rolled over and rammed his head in the pillow. "She had fat legs, anyway," he sighed. But he didn't trust a woman for years after.

The most rugged heat Larry Parks ever ran—and the one he looks back on with the most pride even today—took place one summer in his home town of Joliet, at the Goose Lake brickyard. Larry worked every college vacation because he had to scrape up a stake to start school with in the fall. One summer his dad knew the boss of that fire-brick factory well enough to land Larry a job.

no gold brick-laying . . .

He was 19 at the time, and not too husky for his years. The men he worked with were full-grown laborers with broad backs and seasoned muscles. They worked in teams of four, moving brick from the kiln to the sheds and boxcars. The three regulars weren't one bit amused at having a college punk shoved into their circle by the boss's friend. The Goose Lake Yard paid off by piece work—so much for shifting each 1,000 bricks—and the four-man team drew their pay as a unit. The job wasn't a vacation interlude for the brick-heavers; it was their bread and butter. If this kid slowed them down, they'd have less to eat at home.

Larry still aches, remembering that summer. His crew hardly spoke to him, they scorched him with dark looks, and they set out to work him to death so he'd yell "uncle" and quit.

They had the know-how and the strength to hoist 600 pounds of firebrick aboard the rubber-wheeled barrows and scoot them along. To Larry, until he learned, it was like hoisting the city hall. They were used to the white-hot kilns where the bricks glowed incandescent with heat and where, if the fan went out, you'd fry like a piece of bacon in a few sizzling seconds. But Larry clamped his jaws and sweated, choked and grunted until his muscles almost snapped. At night he went to bed almost crying from fatigue and he dreaded each dawn.

But he wouldn't quit, and after a month he was brick-tough himself, broken in and handy. So handy in fact that he ended up pals with his team and their four-man gang made more money than any crew in the yard. He got a job there the next summer, too, welcomed that time as a heaver who'd proved himself.

There's never been a sign of the white feather in Larry's makeup. If he hadn't been built to stick things out, we wouldn't be hailing him now as MODERN SCREEN's Man of the Year. Because he had to pitch plenty to stay in the Hollywood ball game, even after he'd won himself a lucky pass into the park.

That was after Larry's Broadway invasion, a fling at summer stock, and graduation from Illinois. You see, he got sidetracked from that medical career by all those college dramatics and the min-

the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION



SHIRLEY FROHLICH
director

GLORIA LAMPERT
associate

Hi, fans! Know what this is? It's our first anniversary! Although, actually, we're more than four years old, this marks the beginning of the second year that The Fans has appeared in MODERN SCREEN. And, even in our cautious opinion, it's been the greatest year fan clubs have ever known. We're not saying this idly, just because we're feeling festive and in a celebrating mood. We're looking at the record. Never have fan clubs received so much publicity in newspapers and magazines and on the radio. And for the most part, this publicity has been on the favorable, praiseworthy side. The public has at last become aware that our clubs are a constructive force for the advancement of many worthwhile community and world-wide projects. People aren't dismissing fan club activities as "silly" and "infantile" anymore; they're astounded at the charitable and humane work you clubbers are doing. Also, they've discovered at the Fan Club Convention last July that when several hundred clubbers get together, they behave no worse than any other group of Americans—and certainly much better than most. That's why MODERN SCREEN and its whole staff are still solidly on your side. That's why MODERN SCREEN remains the ONLY movie magazine that's supported fan clubs 100 per cent!

Now, we want to say a little about us. We haven't accomplished *nearly* all the things we've wanted to do in this short year; we haven't done justice in this small space to all your wonderful clubs. And, of course, we haven't enough Trophy Cups to offer to all the *good* clubs in MSFCA. Journals improve steadily with each issue. The sloppy, makeshift kind are almost out of existence.

In the coming year, we're going to try to be as fair and square to all clubs as is humanly possible. But you must help. If you want publicity, don't just write and tell us you're having a membership drive or a contest. Membership drives and contests go on all the time in fan clubs. It's the unusual, constructive kind of info we're looking for; the kind that will make other clubs want to follow suit; the kind that will make new readers want to join your club. Be explicit in your correspondent's reports. Give us all the important details.

And here's a final word: if you have any suggestions, send them along. We're anxious to have your ideas! And if you have any complaints, tell them to our face. Don't whisper about us behind our back. We're not Nora Prentiss! We're at your service; the MSFCA is your organization, so tell us what you want. Here's hoping the next year in fan clubs will be bigger and better than the last!

Entered our Writing Contest yet? The deadline is December 31, 1947. All you have to do is write a 300 to 400-word article about any MSFCA honorary. But remember, don't write it as a fan clubber, but as you would if you were a professional movie magazine writer. It must be objective, show originality of style and have a well-organized theme, but the material need not be original. Read the short biogs that appear in SCREEN ALBUM to get the right slant. You'll see what we mean. Submit entries to Writing Contest Editor, MSFCA, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C. 16. (See November MS for complete rules.) Winning articles will be published in The Fans.

* * *

The new, enlarged MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Chart is the only complete compilation of established and up-and-coming fan clubs available anywhere! Over 350 clubs to choose from. Find out where to write for an application to each club you wish to join; how much it costs; what you can expect for your annual dues; which stars have MSFCA official fan clubs. Send 10c in coin, plus a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope (size 4x9 in.) to Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C. 16.

* * *

6TH SEMI-ANNUAL TROPHY CUP CONTEST

Fifth Lap: (the following results are based on journals, reports, other data received at our offices between September 16 and October 10). Individual Prizes: Each winner in THIS IS MY BEST Contest receives a generous gift package of FABERGE's Perfume and Cologne. Best editors are each awarded a special assortment of POND's beauty preparations. Winning artist gets a handsome TANGEE Trip Kit for travel. First prize winner, CANDID CAMERA CONTEST, receives a year's subscription to FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE, a year's subscription to SCREEN ALBUM, and 4 Dell Mysteries. Other Candid Camera winners, a neat package of 4 Dell Mysteries. (Suitable prizes always substituted for male winners.)

"This Is My Best" Contest Winners: Zelda Friedman, "Sticky Business," *En-Tyer-ly Yours* (John Tyers). Jean Crocker, "Those Fabulous People," *Pete Karson Album*. Donna Dawson, "Miracle" (poem), *Bette* (Davis); Iris Perry, "A Rising Star" (poem), *Fans Fancies* (Sinatra, Pacillo): Rose Baylog, "My U.S.O. Tour," *Kelly Club News;* Estelle Eigenmacht, "Muddled Musings," *Kelly Club News*. **Candid Camera Winners:** First prize, Lee Dyer, Rand Brooks C. Others: Pat Turiano, Jacks and Jills for Jo (Stafford). Margaret Hummel, Jack Berch C. LaHamer Bramlett, June Allyson C. Eleanor Hein, Rise Stevens C. Ron DeArmond, Four Star C. **Best Journals:** League 1, none qualified 2. (tied) *Bette*, (Gene) *Kelly Club News, Ginger's* (Rogers) *Gems*. 3. *Merchant of Menace* (Dan Duryea, Maben). **Best Editors:** League 1, none qualified 2. Peggy Pearl, *Handsome* (Alan) *Ladd*. 3. Joel Pacillio, *Fan's Fancies* (Frank). **Best Covers:** League 1, none qualified. 2. (tied) (Jack) *Carson's* Collections, *Handsome Ladd, Kelly Club News, Spotlighting Allan* (Jones). 3. *Two Grand* (Whittemore and Lowe). **Best Original Artist:** Addie Gushin, John Tyers C. **Most Worthwhile Activities:** 1. Dennis Morgan C., for contributing records to four Teen Canteens in Denver. 2. Bette Davis C., for contributions to Greenwich House Camp Fund, enabling two children to enjoy 3-week camp vacation. 3. Racing With The Moon C. (Vaughn Monroe), for contributing to support of 3-month-old foundling, being cared for at local hospital. **Best Correspondents:** 1. Berenice Olson, Gene Autry C. 2. Nell Ambrose, Club Friendship. 3. Beverly Bush, Melody of Sinatra C. **Greatest Percentage Increase in Membership:** 1. Dennis Morgan C. 2. Alan Ladd C. (Pearl). 3. Como's Cream City C. (Staley).

Leading Clubs so far: League 1: Gene Autry C., 1150; Dennis Morgan C., 1100; Bill Boyd C., 1000; Bingang (Ness), 750. League 2: Joan Crawford C., 1550; Bette Davis C., 1300; Alan Ladd C. (Pearl), Gene Kelly C., 1050. League 3: Sinatra (Ling), 1050; Dan Duryea C. (Maben), 1000: Joe Cotten C., Sinatra (McMullen), 850.

ute he slipped out of his cap and gown at Commencement, he sat down and wrote fifty letters to summer stock companies he'd read about in Theatre Arts Monthly. The law of averages fixed him up. He got twenty answers and seven offers. He picked the Manhattan Players at Lake Whalom, Mass., on the straw-hat circuit, then buffeted Broadway in the fall. That's when he outlasted the fair weather boys and girls and got that last minute job with the Group Theater. John Garfield, who'd traveled on to Hollywood after stage fame in the Group's *Golden Boy,* soon had a job for Larry in movieland.

It was to play Johnny's brother in a picture called *Mama Ravioli* at Warners. Larry hustled out to Hollywood on a bus, ready and set to go. Old eight-ball Parks, they call him. He was in Hollywood with an acting job one Saturday night. By Monday morning the picture was cancelled, the job gone, and he was broke.

Once he'd skinned knuckles enough rapping on studio gates, he started beating his brains out about the business of eating.

minstrel-man parks . . .

He's told before about the house he and two old Illinois U. pals hammered together. They parlayed a $400 loan into a $4,000 house, sold it and cleaned up enough to coast along on for months. But I'm not sure he's ever revealed the Hollywood variety career of Larry Parks and Co., songs, dances and snappy patter.

"We swiped blackouts, skits and sketches from anywhere," Larry confessed. "No show was safe. And sometimes we made up a killer-diller of our own."

Larry and his boys (a lot of other hungry hopefuls) were ready day and night to fling a show—anywhere. They operated all over Southern California—Kiwanis banquets, sales conventions, and firemen's balls. Once they whipped together a complete musical show in three days, and they got $200 for that. Another time they ad libbed a show off the back end of a truck and collected $5 for the whole act, split four ways. It wasn't elegant or a road to riches but it kept Larry alive.

Most everyone knows by now that Larry Parks first slipped into Columbia with a pinch hit reading of Robert Montgomery's part in *Here Comes Mr. Jordan.* They weren't testing Larry really, but Barry Fitzgerald for a key part. Columbia's head caster, Max Arnow, needed someone to make the test with Barry. He called Larry and asked if he'd like to fill in the test—no promises made.

Larry stepped inside the lot that morning when the gates opened. Minute he saw the set where the test was scheduled, he raced back home and snatched his roommate's dark blue suit. He'd spotted the white marble set, and his brain clicked. Barry Fitzgerald showed up in a light suit and faded into the white background when the film was printed. Larry stuck out like a sore thumb and loomed twice as tall and impressive as he really was. Barry Fitzgerald didn't get the job in *Here Comes Mr. Jordan,* but Larry Parks got a contract at Columbia. He had to laugh, later, when the studio big shots looked him over in the flesh. "We thought you were bigger," they muttered.

Whether that let-down did it or not, Larry Parks found a stock contract was no pass to fame. He had to chug along unhonored and unsung for several years.

He made thirty pictures. He played waiters, chauffeurs, mashers, bums. He filled in in mob scenes, he did dangerous stunts because he was cheaper than a Hollywood stunt man. He wallowed in Western shoot-em-ups, *Blondie* serials, gangland chillers. When he did see a little light, as in *Counter-attack,* it got snuffed out, pronto.

Larry struggled through that picture for weeks, with high hopes. He was Paul Muni's friend in a war story, and he had a hero's part. Most of his role was played in a swamp—a studio water tank—and if you've ever seen one of those torture tubs, you'll know it was no picnic. It was cold and dirty and Larry stayed there, sopping wet, day in and out, giving everything he had.

He hustled eagerly down Hollywood Boulevard the night of the preview. On the marquee of the Pantages the banners read: *Counter-attack* with Paul Muni, Marguerite Chapman and Larry Parks. He could hardly believe it. "This is it," he said to himself, glowing.

But you'd have needed a torch to find him in that picture. His part, he soon realized with a sinking heart, had been scrapped. What few feet remained saw him wandering around in dim light between the swamp and a bombed out cellar and you couldn't tell whether that hazy character was Larry Parks or the Shadow.

He stalked home to his room and wrote a girl named Betty Garrett, back East. He told her the punctured payoff, as he'd told her his hopes. "Never mind," he scribbled, "I can out-wait 'em."

Betty knew Larry would crash through someday. She knew him pretty well by then; she was his bride.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I was sitting in the lobby of a large Washington hotel, when a hungry-looking cowboy wandered up and down the floor, eyeing the swanky dining room. He seemed hesitant about going in. Finally, in a hoarse whisper, he asked his friend, "Do you think they sell sandwiches in there?" I started to chuckle when someone near me said, "Gosh, that's Gene Autry!"

Mary Joyce
Washington, D. C.

They'd met in New York and again in Hollywood, at the Actor's Lab, and Larry knew what he wanted.

Two careers kept Betty and Larry Parks apart all during the toughest stretch of Larry's career, the eight month marathon to his long-delayed fame in *The Jolson Story.* Betty was starring in *Call Me Mister* on Broadway, and a 3,000-mile-away wife was just one more misery Larry had to bear in that most important year in his life. Most of the others you've read about:

How Larry—who wasn't a real singer—had to mimic perfectly one of the greatest of them all, Al Jolson. How he started the picture stone cold, with no chance to prepare, being cast at the last minute. How he put across twenty dynamic Jolson numbers, all different, and matched every Jolson quiver and mugg to the flicker of an eyelash. He slaved 14 hours at a stretch, day and night, through those eight months until he almost lost his mind, till the old facial palsy threatened to come on again. It wasn't made easier by the knowledge that his mother, who lived with him, had cancer, was getting steadily worse and would die, perhaps before she could see the success he was striving for. But maybe that helped him last out the race.

Because when he thought he couldn't stand the strain another minute: when he was ready to explode, he thought of his mother.

At home she was pretending not to know what was wrong with her. "If my mother can be as calm and cheerful as she is, I can certainly take my troubles without any kicks," he figured. So he didn't let up for a minute, and his mother lived to see her boy come through. *The Jolson Story* and Larry Parks are big, bright events in Hollywood's spangled history. It will be a long time before a player and picture miss an Academy Oscar by as little as Larry Parks and *The Jolson Story* did.

All that is a year gone by for Larry Parks, and he isn't looking back. But he's still hustling along the hard way, running an obstacle race. It seems to be his destiny.

He hasn't been able to clinch the biggest break of his life as most screen star sensations do, because practically every minute since *The Jolson Story* he's been feudin' and a-fightin' with Columbia and his boss, Harry Cohn. Larry hasn't stepped on a movie set, at this writing, for nine long months.

What makes him fret about the whole knotty business is that most people think his sudden fame has made him hard to handle. He'd like to clear that up.

Larry's battle with his studio has nothing to do with money. What he's wrangling about concerns a contract signed before, not after *The Jolson Story.* It boils down to this: Larry says he has a year more to go on his contract. Columbia says he has five. He's up for a suit for "declaratory relief." That's lawyer language, but it means a verdict to clear up Larry's studio future. If he wins, he'll go right back to work for another year, and then call his own shots. If he loses, he'll be Mister Columbia for five more terms. Larry's betting he's right and, like we've been saying, the boy has a habit of winning.

But win or lose, Larry Parks will always find something around Hollywood to go after and get. Battle's the breath of his life—even if it's only with himself. While he's been idle, Larry licked a complex he'd been lugging around ever since *The Jolson Story.*

gentleman in the dark . . .

It wasn't all because he played "the silent Jolson" in his big hit, didn't sing a recorded note, and everyone knew it, that Larry found himself saddled with a very real psychosis. What built up the fixation was Larry's natural love for singing, and his flop feeling in public when he couldn't, because he didn't know how to do it right.

He'd travel around with Betty to the GI hospitals and Betty would whip right into a number that scattered sunshine all over the place, while Larry, who had a good baritone, couldn't even think of using it without being terrified.

Betty understood. She brought Sy Miller, her voice coach, over to the house and they ganged up to coax Larry into a song or two. Sy told him the truth—that he had a good voice, could train it and learn to sell a song like the best of them. Larry snapped at the chance.

He's been taking voice lessons all-out and faithfully, three times a week for the past six months. His last set of recordings were so good they banished his bugaboo. Right now, Larry and Betty are working out a family singing act which they'll perform in public the next time they're asked.

The song they plan to sing is from *Annie Get Your Gun.* It's called "I Can Do Anything Better Than You," and while Larry's too modest a guy to believe it, the song's a pretty good theme for him. He can do almost anything better than almost anybody. Could be that's why he's MODERN SCREEN's Man of the Year.

PEACE ON EARTH

(*Continued from page 32*)

the movie colony, MODERN SCREEN's going to fly you across the boundary lines to Christmases far away and not too long ago . . .

Louis Jourdan and his brother Robert, in Marseilles (Pierre, the youngest, hadn't been born yet) always knew exactly how their letters reached Le Pêre Noël.

First, they were very accurately addressed to Le Pêre Noël, Le Paradis, Route du Ciel. Second, you hung them on the telegraph pole nearest your apartment house. Next time you looked, they were gone, so naturally they'd been whisked by wire to the sky. Third, you got an answer, thus:

"My dear Louis:
I have received your amiable letter. If you are an obedient boy, and try to do your school work a little better, then for this year you will have what you wish. I will visit you, as last year, at 12 o'clock. I will come by the chimney. Do not forget to put your shoes by the fireplace.
Bien à vous—Le Pêre Noël"

So, to two very obedient boys who'd tried for at least a week to do their school work better, came Christmas Eve and The Tree, and the bite of supper to stay them till after midnight, and the smaller gifts grouped round their shoes on the hearth—by whom, they never asked. But this was only the overture. The curtain itself wouldn't rise till 12.

For the Jourdan children, it was their young-hearted mother who played Pêre Noël. At 11 or so, she would say: "Now I must go to Father's office for a while. If I miss Le Pêre Noël, please make my excuses." The boys never questioned that, either. Father was in the hotel business, and often had to go out at night. Tonight, Mother went instead; it was very simple.

clock watchers . . .

After she left, they glued their eyes to the clock, as the hands crawled around, their ears straining for the peal of the bell he carried. At the crack of midnight, just in time to keep them from suffocating—kling, klang! Louis ran to the door. He entered—white-robed, white-hooded, white-bearded, pack on back. What child could have dreamed that this large and venerable ancient was his masquerading mother?

His voice rumbled explanations. "I'm getting old and tired. I have many children to see. Therefore I come by the elevator instead of the chimney. It's quicker. Also a little cleaner. Have you been good children?"

"Yes, Papa Noël," quavered the boys.

His presence was awe-compelling. As Louis explains it today: "He had a kind of super-power over you. He was human yes, but a human who has always been there and *will* always be there and knows more than any other human in the world. When he says something, it shakes you."

The gifts were distributed. "I would like you to sing my song," said Le Pêre Noël. The boys drew close together, and to their father they suddenly looked very small. "Begin. Mon beau sapin—"

"Mon beau sapin, roi de forêt—" and so on to the end.

"Good. Now I must go. I am busy. Do not forget me—"

They kissed him on both cheeks. "Au 'voir, Papa Noël. Merci, Papa Noël."

Then he was gone, and the solemnity with him, and all of a sudden you felt

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Bev and Rory Calhoun at Withers reception.

INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

A week in Hollywood, again, and this time to cover JANE WITHERS' wedding. Events began with a bang when DICK CLAYTON rushed me to a preview, and then to a party at SHEILA and KATHLEEN O'MALLEY'S, where I rediscovered BILL and BOBBY MAUCH. Then came a series of lunch dates with GLENN LANGAN, RICHARD WALSH, DAN DURYEA, and JOAN LORRING, who invited me to the set of *Big Sam*, and introduced me to GARY COOPER and ANN SHERIDAN. Wandered over to the *Portrait of Jennie* set and watched JOSEPH COTTEN, and JENNIFER JONES, at work. Met ROSS HUNTER who took me driving, and got back just in time for my dinner date with BOB ARTHUR. Friday was wonderful. Dinner with DICK CLAYTON, DIANA LYNN, and BOB NEAL, followed by Jane's wedding rehearsal, where I met and chatted with lovely JUNE HAVER. Then left the gang, and went with handsome, blond, RKO actor MIKE STEELE to Ciro's, where we danced alongside of LANA TURNER and PETER LAWFORD. Saturday was devoted to the wedding, which I attended with ANN BLYTH, LON McCALLISTER, JUDY CLARK and RORY CALHOUN. Rory drove me to the reception, and there it was a series of reunions with, and introductions to BUDDY PEPPER, DON DEFORE, SCOTTY BECKETT, MARSHALL THOMPSON, JOHN DALL, CESAR ROMERO, BOB HUTTON, AUDREY TOTTER and many others. Our crowd then went to the Mocambo, where I had a chance to see and meet GAIL RUSSELL, LOREN TINDALL, CARY GRANT, DICK POWELL, JUNE ALLYSON, PHILLIP REED, and DAVID ROSE who gave me a beautiful lei of gardenias. Sunday consisted of breakfast at the McCALLISTERS', GAIL RUSSELL'S birthday brunch, and my wonderful farewell party at the O'MALLEYS', with 40 of the young Hollywood crowd dropping in to say goodbye. It was all such fun, and I managed to gather loads of info for you, so if there's something you want to know, write to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. and enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

very gay and relaxed, and Mother came home and you opened your gifts and the Christmas feast was served—turkey and champagne and la bûche de Noël—pastry in the shape of a Yule log. And next day Mother and Father went to mass with you at your school and all together, parents and children, you sang:

"Il est né le Bon Enfant—
Chantons-nous son avènement—"

Christmas for Maureen O'Hara began early. One advantage of being an Irish girl in Dublin is that you start chopping suet and preparing the other ingredients for the pudding, way back in September.

"For Christmas," Maureen says, eyeing Bronwyn, her only child, a little wistfully, "you need a large family."

The O'Haras were a large family, four girls and two boys. With Mother and Dad and two in help, that made ten around the kitchen table, chopping suet. You bought it in a lump, and chopped on a wooden board with a long knife. Every night you got a little done, and wrapped it up tenderly in cheesecloth till the following night. You also chopped candypeel, and grated bread crumbs. Storemade breadcrumbs? Perish the thought! You'd have grated your fingers raw before giving up one of those lovely, laughing sessions round the kitchen table.

Then came the mixing, on a Saturday night, with all your relatives there. While Grandfather lived, he mixed the pudding. Straight and tall, he stood at the head of the table, and that was the first time Maureen couldn't catch her breath.

"My memory of Christmas is being so breathless with wonder, I never could get enough air into my lungs."

the stirring moment . . .

On Mixing Night, the high moment came with your stir. Because once the pudding was well and truly mixed, everyone got a stir, starting with the elders and on down in order of age. The stir itself was exciting enough but, more exciting, you could take a wish with it, and the wish was bound to come true unless you told it to someone—which you'd rather die than do.

Next day, the pudding was cooked for five or six hours, then tied into a pudding cloth like a ball and hung behind the kitchen door. Every time Maureen passed it, she'd give it a loving pat for hanging there so sweetly to remind her that Christmas was on its way. . . .

For Anders, Margarita and their little sister Viveca Lindfors, the holidays started with Lucia Day. In Sweden, the days begin growing longer on December 13th, which is called Lucia Day, the Day of Light.

lucia, queen of light . . .

At home, Mother was Queen of Light, and served you breakfast in bed, which gave that day a special color to begin with. But the real glory was Mother as Lucia. You weren't supposed to wake till she came in. But from sheer excitement and not wanting to miss the first glimpse of her, you did. Snuggled under the covers, you'd watch for the door to open and there she'd stand—her long white gown belted in red, on her head the Lucia crown of lingenberries and lighted candles, in her hands a tray with hot chocolate and saffranskusan, the special cake of the day. On account of the candles, she had to walk very slowly, so you had plenty of time to rub your eyes and pretend you'd just awakened. Not that Mother was ever deceived.

From that moment on you had the Christmas feeling. At school, one of the girls was Lucia, and there'd be a party with coffee and saffranskusan. And at night, the torchlight procession. Always you hoped for snow, and almost always you got it. Under falling snow, Stockholm looks like a fairytale, and especially with the trees and windows a-glitter, and the sleighbells ringing, and the Queen of Light riding in a huge sleigh with Gammelfar, the old Christmas Man. The Queen, chosen by contest, was always blonde and beautiful.

"But never," smiles Viveca, "so beautiful as Mother. . . ."

nine nights of song . . .

Three evenings later, in Torreon, Mexico, Ricardo Montalban would be setting out with a bunch of his friends for the first *posada*. *Posada* means inn, or shelter. For nine nights, Mary and Joseph sought shelter vainly before finding it in the Manger. So, on each of the nine evenings before Christmas, Ricardo and the others would gather in the patio of friend or neighbor, and lift hopeful young voices in the *posada* song:

"Weary pilgrims, we come to your door—
Shelter from darkness we beg and implore—"

"No, no, no," came the hard-hearted answer. But these were children in Mexico, not Mary and Joseph on the road to Bethlehem. So, after a few more carols, and a little more imploring, the door would be opened into a house in darkness. You'd be led inside by the hostess, a blindfold tied over your eyes, a stick placed in your hand. By a rope from the center of the room hung the piñata—an earthenware jar filled with candies and little toys, and dressed in bright paper to look like a rooster or peacock or a huge flower. The trick was to break the piñata with your stick. Each child got three whacks, but whoever held the rope would try to maneuver the piñata out of reach. In the end, of course, somebody hit it. You'd hear the crack, snatch off your blindfold, up went the lights and off you'd go scrambling for anything you could grab.

Ricardo was born in Mexico of Spanish parents. So he had the benefit of both Mexican and Spanish tradition. The *posada* was Mexican. So was the letter he wrote to El Niño Dios, explaining what he would like for Christmas. This precious paper he entrusted to Mama, while across the ocean Maureen's note to Santa went up the flue of the fireplace. Among them, the O'Hara kids had it figured out that Santa sailed around with a gardenstick, jabbing letters out of chimneys.

And on Christmas Eve, the night Louis Jourdan was visited by Le Pêre Noël, Viveca Lindfors received her presents, too. In the Lindfors family, a huge laundry basket was placed under the piano on Lucia Day, and into this everyone dropped packages. Day by day, the bright pile mounted and, when no one was around, the children would pick things up and shake them and try to guess what was inside.

It happened that Mother's birthday fell on the 23rd, so they always had the tree finished by then, and the children always helped. Instead of our colored balls and tinsel, they used glittery cotton and scarlet apples and animals made of gingerbread—and right in the middle of the tree, where he could watch the proceedings comfortably, sat Gammelfar, the Christmas Man. From year to year, the same old Gammelfar, without whom Christmas would have been unthinkable. He was so important that when Mother married, Grandmother gave her a Gammelfar exactly like the one she'd had from *her*

(*Continued on page 82*)

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 23)



My Wild Irish Rose: Singer Dennis Morgan falls in and out of love with Rose (Arlene Dahl).

Morgan) begins with a tugboat in Buffalo, New York. He has an understanding mother (Sarah Allgood) who gives him her blessing when he decides to go on the stage, although she has no particular faith in his singing ability. He tries Broadway, but Broadway regards him with a cold and fishy eye so he goes back upstate. He starts working in a small hotel bar for Nick Popolis (George Tobias), who is the proprietor.

It certainly isn't the stage, but there is a very pretty girl around named Rose Donovan (Arlene Dahl). She almost makes up for the lack of an audience. Chauncey and the bellboy, Hopper (Ben Blue), manage to contact the Haverley Minstrel show which has just come to town, and by some extra-curricular activity actually get Chauncey a job singing with them in black-face. It looks as though Chauncey is on his way to a successful career on Broadway—at last!

When the show goes to New York, Rose, who lives there, brings her wealthy father to see the show. He is definitely not impressed. Anyway, he wants Rose to marry Terry O'Rourke (Don McGuire) and no more nonsense about minstrels. Terry, in fact, sends some of his "boys" around to beat up Chauncey. They'd no idea he had been taught to fight by William Muldoon, the Iron Duke, himself.

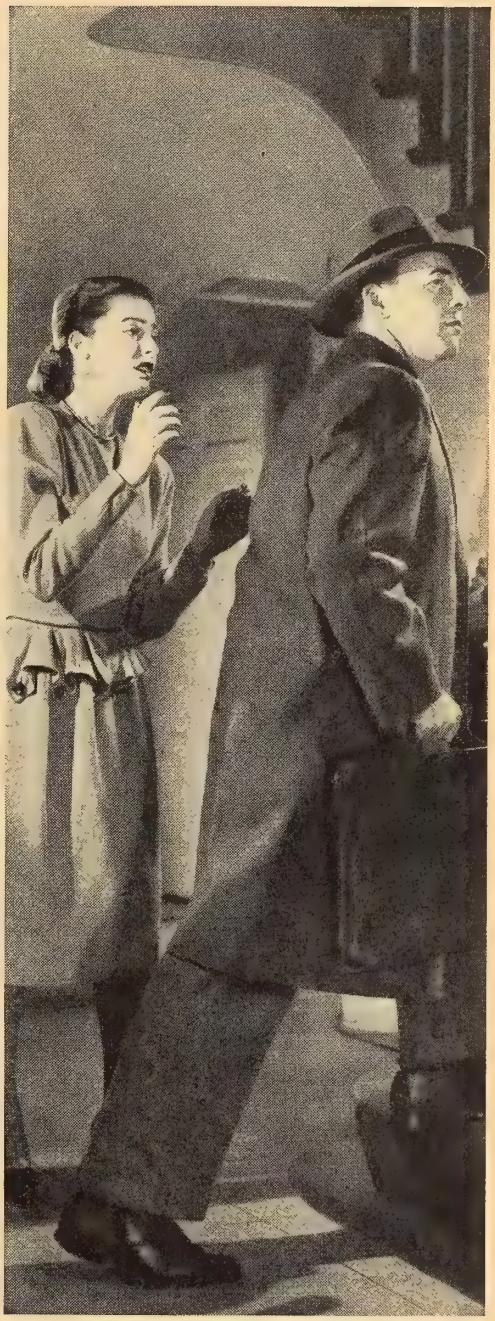
But the fight causes Chauncey to lose his job. It isn't until he meets Lillian Russell, the famous beauty, that his luck begins to turn. Before you can sing "Polly Wolly Doodle" (which he does), he is Miss Russell's leading man. Even then "My Wild Irish Rose" remains his favorite tune. If he loses Rose for a little while, it's his own fault.

For a highly colorful finale, there is a production number called "The Puck Fair."—*War.*

ADVENTURES OF CASANOVA

Casanova (Arturo De Cordova) in this latest version of (Continued on page 96)

Is your marriage failing
because you still live in
Shameful Ignorance?



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(*Continued from page 80*)

Mother, and now Viveca has one, too, who will sit on her Christmas tree this year in California.

After breakfast on the 24th, the whole family went together to deliver gifts to relatives, who treated you to a sweet hot drink called glögg. The best things about glögg were the almonds and raisins in it. To a Swedish child, Christmas means almonds and raisins. They may turn up through the year as well, but it's not the same. They *belong* to Christmas.

At four, you sat down at home to Christmas dinner.

"Nobody," says Viveca, "goes away to somebody else. You stay with your family. It's always the worst day for bachelors."

Dinner was served in the kitchen, a custom handed down from other times when, for this one day, master and servant sat on equal terms. In modern Sweden, there's no such sharp sense of division, but the custom remains. The family and those who work for the family eat together in the kitchen. There's a big smorgasbord, and ham baked with prunes and a very thin hard bread that comes from the north, and a special fish called luthsk, which Grandmother cooked. Not to hurt Grandmother's feelings, Viveca always took some on her plate and waited for Anders to sneak it off. She thought it tasted awful. He was crazy for it.

Before coffee and cookies, a rice pudding was served with one almond hidden in it, and whoever got the almond would be married before the end of next year. Viveca got it at the age of eight.

"I don't wish to be married. I think I am not old enough."

"I agree with you," said Father.

"Still I would like to eat the almond—"

Mother saved the day by exchanging it for another, that had no nonsense about it.

Afterward, you trooped into the living-room, and Father pulled the great basket out from under the piano and read aloud the little verse he'd written for each gift, before handing it out. And once the packages were opened and exclaimed over, you all joined hands in a circle to dance and sing round the Christmas tree.

By then you were pretty tired, but even if you hadn't been, it was time for bed. Because next morning you'd be going to church at five. Of all the Christmas wonders, that morning remains with Viveca as the most wondrous.

a white Christmas . . .

Getting up in the hushed darkness. The sleigh waiting outside, and the bells tinkling as the horses tossed their heads. The torch Father gave you, warning you to hold it carefully. Driving across the white snow through the clean air, looking up at the stars that had shone on Bethlehem. All the other sleighs going in the same direction, torches aflame, bells ringing, and the way the sound of the bells seemed to heighten the stillness of the air.

In front of the church, before going in, you thrust your torch deep into a snowbank. Viveca always turned at the door for a last look. It was so beautiful. Torches burning quietly in the quiet snow for the birthday of Jesus.

What Ricardo remembers best is the sense of warmth and intimacy, the feeling of how dearly he loved everyone, and how they loved him on Christmas Eve. How gay they were at table with turkey and roasted chestnuts and dried fruits and the Christmas candy from Spain which is called *turron*, and wines of all colors. How still gayer after dinner, with their songs and stories. How Father, more or less stern as a rule, was so jovial. How Ricardo danced with his mother.

Since his brother and sister were so much older, Ricardo was like an only child. It was to him alone that Mother at last said: "Come. El Niño wishes to see children in bed when they should be in bed."

The grownups wouldn't go to bed for hours. They'd stay up till 3 in order to attend Rooster's Mass, the Mass of the Cockcrow. So Ricardo bade them goodnight and placed his shoes on the sill outside his bedroom window, and tried like mad to go to sleep very quickly, in case El Niño Dios should find him awake and be angry.

In the morning he'd open his eyes on a bright package lying on the pillow beside him. Another at the foot of the bed. Two under the chair. You never knew where they'd be, or how many. And always, in the shoes, some extra gifts that you hadn't even asked the good Niño Dios for.

After church, you'd visit your friends, and carry with you the thing you were proudest of. Nor was that the end of Christmas for Ricardo. His parents had brought from Spain the custom of celebrating also the Day of the Wise Men, which fell on January 6th. The gifts of the Wise Men were as splendid as Christmas gifts, and Ricardo was grateful to them and loved them.

"But not so well as El Niño," he told his mother once. "He was small like me."

As torches in the snow held pure enchantment for Viveca, so did the carolers for Maureen. Night after night, six children hung from the windows of the O'Hara house, wrapped up against the cold by parental order. The carolers were coming. Clear and sweet, you first heard the faint chime of the bells they rang as they walked. Then closer and closer, till you could hear the voices, and at last they rounded the corner—crimson caps and scarves and mittens, lanterns held aloft at the end of a stick, for all the world like some picture in a Christmas card.

"O Little Star of Bethlehem," they sang, and "Once Upon a Midnight Clear," and the children ran down to give them money to buy gifts for children who might otherwise have none.

By Christmas Eve, the house was beautiful with holly and serpentine. A sprig of mistletoe hung in the hallway. If a young man kissed you under the mistletoe, he had to give you a pair of gloves, so you'd find the girls sort of hanging around. Not that kisses were much of a treat at their age, but gloves were always nice.

Like Ricardo, they were sent to bed early, since the big day with the Irish is the 25th. The children slept two in a room, Maureen with Margot. From the foot of each bed hung two long, black stockings. Charlie and Jimmy, youngest of the brood, wore socks and said it wasn't fair and tried to get away with hanging their pillowcases.

"Greedy children get nothing," said Daddy, but he did let them borrow stockings from their sisters.

All the bedrooms had fireplaces. Unlike Ricardo, Maureen tried like mad to stay awake and catch a glimpse of Santa. She never succeeded. But if she had, she'd have seen him. Daddy was taking no chances. When he tiptoed in to leave the gifts in the fireplace, he was in full Santa Claus regalia, in case one of his darlings should wake up.

come all ye cousins . . .

At 5:30 or 6, the squealing and chattering started, continued through breakfast and till they left for church. Dinner was at three. With uncles and aunts, there were sixteen round the O'Hara Christmas table. First, you pulled the cracker at your plate, and stuck the paper hat on your head, and laid the whistle aside for later. Then you polished off the Christmas bird with accessories, and the pig's head, cooked and covered in chocolate icing. Then the table was cleared, and Mother disappeared kitchenward.

Maureen knew exactly what Mother was doing in the kitchen. There sat the pudding on a platter with holly all around, and the very best bit of holly that came into the house stuck on top. Now Mother was pouring brandy all over it. Now she was striking a match, setting fire to it. Now the lights were turned out and a hush descended.

Enter Mother, bearing the pudding all aflame, signal for pandemonium. Pounding and stamping and whistles blowing and hugging one another and crying, "Merry Christmas—oh, merry, merry Christmas." And suddenly, the tears running down Maureen's face.

"What are you crying for, silly?" demanded Charlie.

"Because it's Christmas, silly," sniffled Maureen.

"And a very good reason, too." Daddy, who never missed much, was smiling at her from the head of the table. "Now let's all have our pudding."

"In Ireland," says Maureen, "you say Merry Christmas to every stranger on the street. Because at Christmas time nobody's a stranger—"

"It's like a fresh new world," says Ricardo. "As if for the first time you all really knew each other—"

"You send clothes and food to people who don't have them," Viveca says. "Nobody has to be hungry at Christmastime. Everyone has to be kind to everyone else. It's the day Jesus was born—"

And Louis Jourdan says: "When I think of Christmas, I don't see any more Le Pêre Noël, but my mother and father. Especially my father, who died two years ago. It's the day you forget little details against each other, and draw closer together. Not only with your family, but with all human beings. It's the day for bringing human beings together. What a pity it shouldn't be this way also tomorrow—"

What a pity indeed! For not till it is, will peace come to our earth.

DO YOU CARE?

Christmas dinner this year may once again be a gala affair at your home—as it should be. But throughout the world there will be too many, too sick and too hungry to enjoy the true spirit of Xmas—UNLESS YOU HELP THEM. You can feed a whole family in Europe for a month, or keep a baby alive and warm, or bring happiness to an orphanage. You can do this through the CARE Christmas Plan. First, decide whom you'd like to help. Perhaps you have friends or relatives in Europe. Perhaps you only know that you'd like to help someone—a nurse, a child in Greece, a widow. Whoever it may be, talk it over with your family and friends. Ten dollars will provide 22 pounds of food or a carton of warm clothing. A postal card or a phone call to CARE (Cooperative for American Remittances to Europe) 50 Broad Street, New York 4, N. Y., will get you more complete information. Make your own Christmas a merrier one by giving someone else your CARE!

FOR A HAPPIER NEW YEAR

(*Continued from page 25*)

force that worked through entertainment —but beyond it. Pictures like *Best Years* and *Gentleman's Agreement* showed us Americans as we are. Human—imperfect —but trying always to fashion a better America in accordance with the simple moralities of life. Such pictures carry the torch of international understanding. They have believability. They stimulate an inner feeling that all of us in the world are alike. They nourish the instincts of love and friendship and sympathy on which our survival is based.

The recognition of this truth has guided you strongly in your work in the immediate past. We are proud of you. Proud because you proved to all the world that in the midst of your search for entertainment, you in Hollywood have stopped a little and thought and struck at the forces of disunity.

We trust you will continue fighting, guided by the same high principles, in the critical time ahead. Certainly you will not achieve what you are after with every picture, every attempt. No one does; neither a mother in her every effort to teach her child; nor a diplomat in his every effort to chart a nation's course. You, as they, are subject to failure, occasionally privileged to triumph. You are criticized when you fail. You criticize yourselves. You ask for no praise when you succeed. The good is there—for the world and for you, because you are in the world.

May your efforts to make ours a better world prevail in 1948!

PARDON MY FRENCH

(*Continued from page 48*)

—a passport and a French visa being required. Six days later, Dennis was on the train to New York, his luggage filled with soap, cigarettes and books on how to learn French in a hurry.

Director Delmer Daves and leading lady Viveca Lindfors—the new Swedish star—were already in Paris. The idea was to shoot all exteriors (about one-third of the movie) in France, and finish off the interiors, duplications of actual rooms in French buildings, on stage 16, Burbank, California.

In New York, Dennis caught a TWA plane. First stop, Newfoundland; second stop, Ireland; third stop, Paris. When the plane let down at the Paris airport, Dennis was still a "one-word-French-speaker," despite the books in his luggage. (As a singer, he had learned to pronounce the language with authority, but that was the end of it.) Five minutes on French soil, and the Hollywood star found himself encircled by reporters from the Parisian dailies. They fired away and he listened hard, but this man who can sing the whole of *Manon* and *Faust* in French couldn't make out what they were asking. "Je suis very dumb about French," he was telling them, when a representative of the Warner Brothers' Paris office came to the rescue.

They went directly to the hotel, the George V, which had housed Nazi officers during the occupation, and now is filled mainly with American travelers and a very few Parisians. The hotel prices are out of the reach of the normally well-off Frenchman. Dennis describes the hotel as "modern and swanky" but with certain odd features—his room was two floors above the elevator's last stop. There was no soap in the bathrooms because there is virtually no soap in France. The only other inconvenience at the George V was the four-day dry period.

Dennis had come back to the hotel, weary and wilted, after a day of shooting in the Paris streets. The heat, 105 degrees with lots of humidity, had broken all records since the inception of the Paris weather bureau. Dennis threw off his clothes, got into the shower, turned on the spray. No water.

He called the hotel desk: "What's up?"

A main had broken. Repairs might take several days because of material shortages. They were sorry. Dennis paced the floor for a few minutes. Then he called the porter. A short time later, a hot and grimy Delmer Daves strode in and found Morgan relaxing in a tub of six gallons of bottled water. A happy bath, even if it did cost Warner Brothers eight dollars. Daves trotted right back to his room and did likewise.

With this exception, the life of a foreign traveler in Paris was exceptionally comfortable, though expensive. In the top restaurants, meals were true to the many-course French tradition. And the wine was divine. Back in Hollywood, Dennis had heard about European food shortages. "They've had a hard winter; the papers say more than half the wheat crop of France was ruined," he told his boss, Jack Warner. "Won't we be unwelcome, extra mouths to feed?"

Warner said no, and explained that before the war, American tourists had spent a lot of money in France, and were a large factor in her trade balance. France was now desperately short of dollars with which to buy food, fuel and raw materials in this country, and for this reason was actually *anxious* for tourists.

So Dennis ate his first French meal with a clear conscience. It was a fabulous meal at a fabulous price—3,000 francs ($25).

"That's a typical price for a first-class restaurant meal these days," says Dennis. "The ordinary Parisian can't afford such prices since an average salary runs about 8,000 francs a week. There is practically no meat for sale in Paris except on the black market. We saw several horse meat stores, and people queued up in front of them.

The bread, people complained, was worse than during the war—it had been taken off coupons, was back on again. Butter was rationed and wine had just been taken off in an effort to keep people's minds off the poor bread.

Gas is rationed, even to taxis. Drivers work until their ration is exhausted. There were 20,000 taxis in Paris before the war; now there are 8,000. As a consequence, the drivers are apt to demand more than their meter reads. One night, coming home from riding roller coasters with Viveca in a Coney Island sort of spot in Montmartre, Dennis was charged three times what the meter registered. The actor paid up but as he walked toward the hotel, the driver came running after him with his hand out. "Service, mon-

Reducing Specialist Says:



"Thanks to the Spot Reducer I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

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Miss Nancy Mace, Bronx, N.Y., says: "I went from size 16 dress to a size 12 with the use of the Spot Reducer. I am glad I used it."

Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, neck, buttocks, etc. The same method used by many stage screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The "Spot Reducer" can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room. It breaks down fatty tissues, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased, awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat. Two weeks after using the "Spot Reducer," look in the mirror and see a more glamorous, better, firmer, slimmer figure that will delight you. You have nothing to lose but weight for the "Spot Reducer" is sold on a

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE with a 10-DAY FREE TRIAL!

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Marie Hammel, New York, N. Y., says: "I used to wear a size 20 dress, now I wear size 14, thanks to the Spot Reducer. It was fun and I enjoyed it."

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sieur, service! S'il vous plaît."

All he wanted now was a tip!

Dennis found Paris beautiful, but not gay. "You see that she has been through something." The people are tired, worried about their second-rate position among nations. "There is not much happiness," says Dennis. On the streets he saw little of the much-publicized extreme styles invented by the Paris couturières. He's not the sort of fellow who'd be caught dead at a fashion show or even shopping for female apparel (his coming-home present for Lillian was perfume) and the only glimpses he had of long dresses was in fancy restaurants and hotels. Only the inflation-money class, and Americans, can afford "the new look."

american in paris . . .

In his time off, Dennis was a typical tourist, although the heat was awful, the streets almost deserted. He bought flowers for his French friends from the outdoor stalls in the Place de la Madeleine, looked over the little bookshops along the quay by the Seine. They were selling "Forever Amber" there, as "L'Ambre," for the outrageous price of 1,000 francs ($8).

In the burning sun, "a Van Gogh sun," he walked through the Bois de Boulogne, down the Champs Elysées, stood in the Place de la Concorde, strolled on under the great chestnut trees in the Jardin des Tuileries. The dahlias were out, and there were geraniums and yellow fuchsias. Everywhere, the colors were wonderful; delicate, warm colors—reds, blues, whites and blacks—old, black stone walls around white houses, like the paintings of Utrillo.

In the rain one day, Dennis went to the Ile de St. Louis—a little island in the Seine—to admire the Cathedral of Notre Dame. "It was so exciting, at last, to see what I'd read about. To look up at the gargoyles, for instance, and suddenly discover they were there for more than just decoration—they stretched out from the towers spitting rain-water."

He was awed by this church, and by the many other examples of Gothic and Renaissance architecture. "To think that men could build such terrific edifices without machines or even the help of steel!"

The first day's shooting on Dennis' picture took place in the Place des Vosges, "and old, old square—pink brickwork and pale blue shutters—built before 1600." Dennis and Viveca spent most of the day getting in and out of a taxicab in front of the palace of Cardinal Richelieu, and great crowds gathered to watch.

Dennis spent a great many evenings with members of the French crew that worked on the picture. A good feeling developed, despite their difficulties with language, between the visiting Americans and the Frenchmen—most of the fun taking the form of not too hilarious practical jokes which were more easily understood than conversation. But Dennis was often homesick, and apparently there wasn't anything more welcome than the sight of another American in Paris.

He saw Marlene Dietrich, Merle Oberon, a few Los Angeles businessmen; he and Paul Lukas (who was in Europe to work on another American movie) played some doubles with Marcel Bernard, the present tennis champion of France, and Toto Brugnon, one of the four great all-time French players. They played in the Bois at the Racing Club de France on those beautiful, brick-red *en-tout-cas* courts, surrounded by clumps of green trees. Dennis was paired with Bernard, but they lost. "I was nervous, to put it mildly."

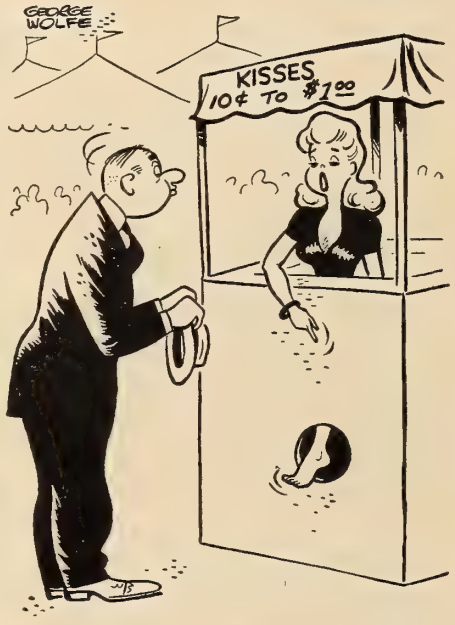
One night at the Café de Flore, meeting place of the literary world, he caught a glimpse of the most famous post-war Frenchman, Jean-Paul Sartre, playwright, magazine editor and founder of the philosophy called Existentialism. Their slogan: L'Etre et le neant (Being and nothing). Too deep for Dennis, he says.

It was not the season for theater or opera, but he heard a little story about one great French soprano, and it made him wish especially that he might hear her sing. The time was during the occupation. After a performance of the opera, a Nazi officer presented himself at the singer's dressing room to pay his compliments. When the Nazi heiled Hitler in greeting, the opera star took a long wait, then made the sign of the cross!

How a citizen behaved toward the cupiers is still a matter of burning importance, Dennis found. Those who took the easy way and accepted favors have not only been politically purged, they have been purged artistically as well.

Dennis saw a good many people living in houses pockmarked by shells and rifle fire, and he saw railroad tracks with white patches in them everywhere—temporary patches made after the fighting was over.

MODERN SCREEN



"What do you expect for a dime?"

The French underground had been tremendously successful in sabotaging the railroads, but then, after the war, they had to suffer the awful problems of having almost no transportation system at all.

It was virtually impossible, for a long while, to get food distributed evenly, hence the days in 1944 and '45 when people were reported to be burning butter to light their houses in Normandy, while in Paris, butter was selling on the black market at fantastic prices. Since then, a miraculous job has been done on the railroads which are running almost normally again.

Like all good tourists, Dennis devoted one evening to the Folies Bergère, a lavish spectacle with low comedy, torrid dances and beautiful girls clad only in plastic fig leaves. Dennis found the show less sizzling than its reputation. He was more impressed by the set designs than by the numbers and the music.

His favorite nite spot was the Monseigneur. The place seats about 75 customers, who are richly entertained by an orchestra of 38 ambulant strings—the players wandering among the tables.

Most impressive part of the trip, however, was the period of living in a small town in Normandy, and shooting on Omaha Beach, scene of the 1944 invasion. "One of the great sights of my life," Dennis says. "It gave me a funny feeling inside." Terrible reminders of the war are still there on the beach—mangled landing craft and German gun installations.

"When you look over the tremendous number of gun installations, made of five-foot-thick concrete walls and reinforced by pieces of iron, you wonder how our men ever, ever got through. Only a direct hit or a grenade could knock them out. The great guns criss-crossing the beach, holding everything under their cover. In between, machine gun nests. Yet our men came in and went right up that hill! Makes you feel like you're in church, a sacrilege if you don't remove your hat."

Just a few hundred yards from the beach, on the other side of the hill, he visited a small, well-kept cemetery. The hastily constructed sign stands there as it was originally written: "First American cematary in France, World War II."

Twelve miles in from the coast, in the town of Treviers, Frenchmen like to point out a small church, partially destroyed by American shells. The clock on the steeple is intact but stopped—the hands standing at 6:30 (6:30 A.M., June 6, 1944). In the courtyard, a bronze statue of a French soldier, monument to Frenchmen killed in World War I, still stands.

peace comes to omaha beach . . .

Today, people swim among the landing wrecks on Omaha Beach, and the children play happily in the sand-filled pillboxes. The American tag has taken hold, the locals still call the spot Omaha Beach. There are even streets in Normandy named for GIs. When the troupe from Hollywood set up cameras and began shooting, crowds gathered and friendships were made despite the language barrier. Dennis met some of the F.F.I. resistance fighters, and gained a notion of their part in the invasion. Their code phrase, meaning the invasion at last is about to start, was "Nancy a le torticolis." It means, "Nancy has a stiff neck."

Dennis talked with a young resistance fighter who had been caught by the Germans and taken off to a concentration camp. He told of men being made to stand in the snow with no shoes, and how they worked carrying stones and of being made to put one finger on the floor and crawl round and round with the finger held in one place, pretending they were gramophones. The man, Dennis noticed, couldn't move one of his feet.

When they returned to Paris, Dennis was more homesick than ever. Every glance at the photos of his family, which he'd stuck under the glass on his bureau at the George V, made it worse. Suddenly, one day, he turned to the phone and put in a call for home. He could hardly wait for the wonderful American sounds of his children. "Hi Dad," they'd probably say. "What's cookin'?" The wait was long. Finally he got through to them. His daughter, Kristin (aged 10), came on first.

"Bonjour Papa," he heard, "comment ça va? Le chien est tombé dans la piscine, et moi, je l'ai sauvé."

"Piscine, what's piscine? You worry me," he said.

"Oh Daddy," she said, "how could you be so ignorant? Everybody knows that's the swimming pool. Now listen! Reviens à la maison bientôt—et apportes-nous beaucoup des câdeaux."

A few hours later, he was remembering all this with a smile. Maybe, he thought, he'd better find out about câdeaux, so he searched around in his luggage for one of those books—and it's a good thing he did, too, because he learned he had some shopping to do before he caught that plane for home.

DOROTHY KILGALLEN SELECTS "THE BISHOP'S WIFE"

(*Continued from page 14*)

the simple story, adapted with taste and economy by Robert E. Sherwood and Leonardo Bercovici from Robert Nathan's novel, Cary Grant plays Dudley, an unorthodox but captivating angel who appears in a set of brilliantly tailored mufti on the streets of an American city and performs deeds of helpfulness and charity ranging from the merely Boy Scout to the truly miraculous.

His great good deed is accomplished when he responds to the prayer of an earnest but temporarily over-worldly young bishop (played by David Niven) and after irritating him considerably, brings him back to the realization that Heaven is served in slums as well as in great cathedrals, and that comforting the poor often is more rewarding than impressing the rich. Dudley is assisted in this reformation by the bishop's wife (Loretta Young), a creature so kind, unselfish and genuinely virtuous that she makes an admirable aide for an angel.

It is a long time since a movie has dared to exhibit such a faultless heroine; she could easily have turned into a caricature of Pollyanna or an annoyance to every other female in the audience. But Loretta Young plays the part with feeling, sincerity and a commendable lack of glamor in the false-eyelashes sense of the word, with the result that it comes off beautifully.

The entire cast is fine—David Niven, who is properly harassed but charming, Monty Woolley who is a joy, the ever-competent Gladys Cooper and the always satisfying James Gleason.

And that Cary Grant! He is not only more attractive-looking than ever before, if possible, but he is guilty of some of the most brilliant acting of the year in *The Bishop's Wife* (such timing! such a sure sense of comedy!) and I hereby sentence him to an Academy Award.

I have no complaints about my own guardian angel, whom I have never seen. Quite the contrary—he has been remarkably efficient in getting me across streets, keeping airplanes containing me in the air, and getting me out of various types of hot water. But if he looks like Dudley, I certainly wish he'd materialize. And if he hovers over me while I sleep, I go to bed with makeup on—starting *tonight!*

DOUBLE IN HEARTS

(*Continued from page 16*)

able to read their stars, they certainly would have shunned the month of March for marital ventures. It was certainly another odd coincidence that spurred them to tell the world that they were both washed up with the effort to find wedded bliss on the very same day—June 16, 1947—and just about an hour apart.

Strangely, June and Mark have never been in the least interested in each other. They have starred together, but they have little if anything in common, run with entirely different crowds, and see very little, indeed, of one another away from the studio.

But isn't it an irony to watch them in 20th Century-Fox's musical portraying the life of Joe Howard, the songwriter—wondering "Who's Kissing Her Now"—and to realize that Mark and June were battling their own heartbreak at the very moment they were making those ardent scenes.

Shall we put it down as another coincidence that another songwriter like Joe Howard is pouring his heart out in another torch ditty? A 23-year-old lad named Jimmy Zito sits in his lonely room writing a song which he has already titled "Junie," turning his heartbreak into a melody about the girl he loved and married, but couldn't keep.

They had one of those story-book love stories, June and Jimmy. It all started with what our elders call "puppy love," in the summer of 1941. Jimmy was blowing the trumpet in Ted Fio-Rito's band. A cute little blonde from Rock Island, Ill., chock full of talent, and as pretty as a Watteau painting, walked into a rehearsal session for a tryout as vocalist. Ted took one look at her, and June got the job. Her first salary was $75 a week. Jimmy Zito, then just turned seventeen, took one look at her and fell in love. She was fifteen, and her smile even then was an angel's. Jimmy was earning $125 a week, and though he was helping to support his mother, he began planning a little cottage for two.

But the path of true love was never smooth for June and Jimmy. Ted Fio-Rito brought his band to California. Not only did June come along; her father and mother and two sisters also pulled up stakes for the land of sunshine. Her career as a band singer hit a snag as soon as they arrived. She was under age—much too young for the California law to let her be a thrush in night clubs where liquor was served.

Jimmy traveled around the State with the band while June stayed behind in Beverly Hills concentrating and studying very hard with the idea of carving out a career for herself in the movies. Both youngsters had their eye on the ball. Jimmy was a precocious kid to be tooting his horn with an important name band. He was up where the competition is scorching hot, and he didn't get there by fooling around. He had marvelous talent, but talent alone isn't enough. You've got to have a "hard lip" to play the trumpet, and that means long, grueling hours of work and practice.

Then came the time when he was struggling to get his own band established—and there again, the competition is hotter than the inside of a jet motor. Nevertheless, he found time to phone June regularly.

What I'm going to tell you now never has been told before for publication. It's the real, inside lowdown on what went on between Jimmy and June.

I found Jimmy Zito at Immig Manor, a popular de luxe resort hotel at San Diego, where his band was playing a long engagement.

"I called June an awful lot on the phone," he told me. "Why? Well, I just couldn't resist it, that's all. Say, during all the years we were separated after we met in 1941, I talked to her so many times that even the telephone company must have lost track. I've always loved June, always wanted her, and I've never stopped for a minute. Even if I go to South America, which I'm seriously considering, I know I'd never forget her. She's under my skin for the rest of my life."



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No, one, through all those years, ever suspected that Jimmy was carrying a sizzling torch, or that June was the least bit serious about him. I remember when she was dating Victor Mature, and there was much talk of an impending elopement to Las Vegas with the volcanic Vic.

June's mother quickly nipped that romance in the bud. Next, June and young, personable Dr. John Duzik, a Wyoming youth who set up as a dentist in Hollywood, dated steady. But during all this time, June would hurry home to listen for the tinkle of the bell that told her Jimmy was on the phone.

There was one time when June called Jimmy. She got him on the phone in Chicago.

"I'm so tired of all this playing around," she told him. "I want to belong to you, Jimmy. Let's announce our engagement!"

"What she said made sweeter music than any I ever heard from a band," Jimmy said to me. "I rushed right out and invested $4,000 in an engagement ring, and in nothing flat, I'm flying to Hollywood with the ring snugly tucked away in my trumpet. And I slipped it on her finger—oh, happy day.

"But my dreams blew up three days later. June handed me back the ring and said she guessed it was all a mistake, maybe we shouldn't be engaged after all. She said it was a big, expensive diamond, and she shouldn't have accepted it in the first place. Well, so what? I sold the ring for less than half of what it had cost me, and believe me, I was a disillusioned guy.

"That's when I suddenly realized June was away up in boxcar figures when it came to her paycheck. I heard she was drawing around $2,500 a week, and it's a lucky hot lip boy who gets that much in ten weeks. So I took myself and my trumpet right out of her life. But she wouldn't let us stay out. Soon she began calling on the phone again—and so did I.

"I came out to Hollywood in January, 1946, with Tommy Dorsey. I had to loaf around because I didn't belong to the union here and had to get that straightened out. I didn't call June at all.

"One day, I was in Beverly Hills playing baseball with a bunch of boys in a park. I looked up, and there was June walking toward me. I don't know how she found me, but it started over again.

one big happy family . . .

"Oh, those wonderful weeks that followed! Her family liked me, or at least they acted as if they did. When we decided to go to Las Vegas and get married, they all went along. While June and I were honeymooning in Santa Barbara, we never had a cross word. But after we came back, and I went to work at the Meadowbrook Club, and she was going to the studio every day to play in *Scudda Hoo, Scudda Hay,* it seemed we were both so tired all the time we began getting on each other's nerves.

"Then, too, we were living with her mother. After the first few weeks, I began to feel more and more like an intruder.

"Instead of turning to me, her husband, for advice, June turned to her mother. Then there was a whispering campaign started against me. I couldn't put my finger on it, but so many things were said about me that June must have known in her heart they weren't true. After all, let's face it, we weren't strangers. We'd known each other pretty well for six years.

"I had to go to Salt Lake, and June said she would join me there as soon as her picture was finished. I had a sinking feeling that she wouldn't. I believe that if we had gone to live by ourselves in our own apartment from the very beginning, we never would have separated.

"She called me in Salt Lake the day after her twenty-first birthday to break the news that she wanted a divorce. It knocked me silly. I chartered a plane and flew to Hollywood. It cost me $600, and all I got out of it was three minutes of very cold and formal conversation. I found it impossible to see her alone, so I gave up and returned to Salt Lake after telling her I would sign any papers that were needed for a quick divorce. She sent me the papers, and I went through with signing them, but she didn't file them. And then, the first thing I know, she's calling me again, and I'm calling her.

"When the band went to Seattle, she joined us there, and toured a lot of small towns in Washington and Oregon, even singing with the band, like in the old days. We were in love—listen, I mean in love—and so, so happy. We came back to Hollywood again, and she wanted me to live in her house, like before, but I refused. I told her we had to get a place of our own. I went to live with friends and she went back to her mother.

"One weekend, she left her mother in Catalina, and picked me up early in the morning. We went to her house and made plans to take an apartment. We found a little place, a motel called Carl's, at the beach. Her mother thought that wasn't good enough for June. We moved then to Sunset Towers, a swanky place on the Strip.

expecting . . .
shirley temple
on our february cover

modern screen
on sale
january 9

"That ran into a lot of money. I found I couldn't keep up my end. After all, I was just getting my band together, and it takes a long time and a tough battle to get in the black these days. We finally found an apartment that I thought was just right, and signed the lease. But it was too good to be true. Her mother said she thought it was silly for June to live cooped up in a little apartment when she had such a lovely home. She said she would go east to visit friends, and we could have the house all to ourselves. Yeah, we bought that idea, too.

"Her mother didn't leave town. We saw her every day just the same as always. June arranged a reconciliation party with a few friends of mine and hers. Everything was going fine until, toward midnight, who should show up on the scene but her lawyer?

"I daresay I made myself heard after our guests had departed, and there we were, breaking our hearts all over again. I packed my things and left, and the very next day she filed her divorce complaint. But listen—I'm not going to let her get that divorce so easily. I'm fighting it, and I'm fighting because I know I love her, and I think she loves me. If we could just be left alone until we could get over the adjustment time, I think we'd make it."

Thus Jimmy Zito baring his heart for the first time. The boy has taken a lot on the chin. I'm not saying who's right or who's wrong in this regrettable crack-up, but this I do know—gossip has been cruel and merciless to that boy. He's been writing songs to take up the slack of his lonely life. There is one he has finished called "Jamie," the name he and Junie had picked out for their first baby.

June, too, is trying to forget. She announced recently that she intends to adopt a baby from The Cradle in Evanston, Ill. Her religion will not permit remarriage, if the divorce goes through.

"Why does she want to adopt a baby when we can have one of our own?" Jimmy wonders impatiently.

the brighter side . . .

We wouldn't know. On the other hand, it's pleasant to report that the affairs of Mark and Annelle Stevens show every sign of being on the mend.

Last authoritative word I had was that there were still a few kinks to be ironed out in their financial arrangements. Mark assures me that everything's wonderful. When he decided to go back home, it was almost embarrassing to hear the things he was saying about what a fool he'd been, but no one can say either that he didn't earn his self-abasement, or that it didn't go all the way. The boy was practically abject, marveling that he could have been such an idiot as to have left his wife.

He went around town beating his breast like a town crier, calling attention to the nonsense he'd been guilty of. He even went on Louella Parsons' air show and told all who would listen that he'd made a fool of himself, but it was all over, and from here on in, he intended to fly right.

There's no denying that through the ordeal, he's had a very level-headed little girl at the helm of his marital bark, and a very understanding one, too. A woman does not easily forgive and forget when a man's peccadillos have been so prominently in the public eye. Those romantic days at Lake Tahoe when Mark and Hedy Lamarr were discovering each other were idyllic enough, but not to a bride.

I've learned that one of the difficult issues in the Stevens family concerned finances. Mark seemed to take the attitude that the heavy coin he was being paid by 20th Century-Fox was only stage money, to be tossed down the drain. Annelle has a very lively sense of thrift. She looks to the future—especially to their son's future. The reiterated talk about frugality eventually gave Mark a severe pain in the neck. He'd worked long and hard to win his place in the cinematic sun, and he wanted to relax and enjoy it.

He worked very hard in *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now.* Then with little rest, he went right into *The Snake Pit* with Olivia De Havilland, an exacting chore. Maybe we can't blame him too much for suddenly spinning off as part of a romantic tandem with the beauteous Hedy. She didn't lecture him about thrift and economy, though she does know something about a buck herself.

Perhaps Annelle realizes all these things by now. Perhaps she knows she didn't speak idle words when she took her marriage vows. There are a lot of reasons for taking a wandering husband back, and doubtless she knows 'em all. Anyway, when I talked with them, they were planning their trip to New York, a sort of second honeymoon.

But don't ask me to gaze into a crystal ball and predict the future of Annelle and Mark, or of June and Jimmy. It takes a superman or superwoman to battle all the marital hazards of Hollywood and lick 'em.

THE "BRAT" GETS MARRIED

(*Continued from page 47*)

so many presents Saks-Fifth Avenue will have to get married if it wants to get some of its stock back.

June Haver and Diana Lynn, both bridesmaids, gave two of the showers. June had an ice-cream cake made up in a Cupid and heart shape, and no one was allowed to have a piece until Jane had finished photographing it.

"Hurry up," June complained. "It's melting."

"No sentiment," Jane complained back. "Thinking of your stomach, and my happiness in the balance."

June dimpled sweetly. "Balance it quick, and let's eat."

Friends also gave Bill a shower. Every guy who came brought a bottle with him, and Bill stood there, staring. "Liquor shower," they explained, as they filed in, one by one. "You're all wet, old man—"

He was touched. He said so. "I'm touched," he said. "In the head, I guess. Look at the kind of friends I've got."

The wedding was scheduled for Saturday, and the Thursday night before, Bill was given a bachelor dinner at Lucey's.

Everybody sat around and went to work on him. The usual stuff. But he refused to feel like a condemned man. He was happy. After dinner, he picked up his wine glass and held it high. "Jane!" he said solemnly, and they all drank that down, and then Bill dramatically hurled his glass against the mantel piece.

It would have been very effective except for the fact that a chip of glass flew back and hit him in the nose.

"Wounded already," a kind pal said. "And the battle not yet begun."

At 6:30 Friday night, the wedding rehearsal started. Mrs. Withers and Mrs. Moss cried, and everything went beautifully.

The wedding was Saturday, at four.

Jane had tried on the dress so many times. It was a dream. Conventional bridal satin, yards of it, and the trim of tiny seed pearls, and the head-dress straight out of the French Renaissance. Or if it wasn't, it was close enough.

And now she was getting into it for the last time, and she had thirteen hands, and none of them any good to her. Bill had given her a small white Bible to carry; she picked it up shakily, and somebody hung two lockets around her neck —something old, something blue.

There was a borrowed penny from Jean Schmid, the matron of honor.

"You gave it to me when I was married," Jean said, handing it back.

"Did I?" Jane asked brightly. "Did I, really?"

Somebody stuffed her bouquet into her hands. Roses and lilies, and white satin ribbon. "Hold it up, don't trip—"

All the things leading up to the minutes in the church; all the half-remembered fragments, until finally she was standing there, while the minister spoke, and then Bill was kissing her self-consciously, the way people kiss in public, and she grabbed him, and kissed him again, on the cheek.

They were out in the street, eventually, and then in the car, and then at the Withers' house.

The reception was in the garden. From the terrace of Jane's playhouse, an orchestra played. There was an improvised dance-floor laid under the trees, and white water lilies drifted in the pool.

In the playhouse, the wedding presents were on display, and all around the garden, tables and bars were loaded with bottles of champagne, if you felt like floating. If you were in a more solid mood, there was ham and turkey and a whole lot of caviar.

And if you felt like shaking hands, there were Jane and Bill under a canopy, doing the honors.

Shaking hands was the least of it.

People kept coming up with questions. "Where're you two going?" they'd say cutely.

"Away," Jane and Bill would say, equally coy, and when they got weary of that, they'd start making up other lines.

"Around the world," she'd say.

"But not first class—" this from Bill.

"Tramp steamer—"

And everybody'd grin, but the funny part is, they meant it. Not for then, of course. Only some day—

Bill will have a few pictures finished, and they'll be settled enough so they have a place to come home to, and one morning they'll take off.

But for the moment, they laughed with their guests, and glasses tinkled, and the pool was cut into smaller pools by odd, bright reflections from the lights, and the music got softer as the night pushed on, as though the men who were playing had grown a little mellow, or a little tired.

From time to time, Jane would look at Bill. So many important things to say, and out of them all, she'd come up with, "Nobody fell in the pool."

He'd think the thing over, giving it careful consideration. And then he'd say seriously, "No, nobody did." And grin. "It's been a lovely party."

IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT JUNIE?

(*Continued from page 41*)

Junie-bug."

MODERN SCREEN had thereupon taken the problem to Dick Powell. "Look," it had said. "Write how she isn't always cute, your wife. Write how she doesn't bless everybody's pointed head."

But he couldn't. When he finished his article, she was still cute. Cuter, even.

So they—the editors—finally settled on me. "He's her husband," they said deprecatingly. "But you—you're unprejudiced. Go see the girl. Take a stop-watch. Stay away from ice-cream sodas. Go there coldly, fishy-eyed.

And let us have it straight. Is she there, or did we make her up?"

I went. But first I checked everybody else in town who'd ever heard of Allyson to find out all there was to know. I read her official biography at M-G-M. It said she loved sailing, among other things. Yet everyone in Hollywood claims Dick Powell sold his boat because June couldn't stand the water. Significant? If you're me, yes.

You check with Dick at RKO, where he is making *Stations West*, and show him the biography. He says it's wrong. June hates sailing. You check back with M-G-M, and they say biographies are based on stars' own statements, and therefore there can't be a mistake.

Then you find out from people who know June well that she used to be wild

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about sailing, but changed after her marriage. You dig further, and finally a confidante of June's snitches.

Both Dick and June love to sail. But June soon noticed that Dick always got bad sinus attacks after a cruise. Knowing he'd never admit that his favorite sport got him down, she didn't point it out. Instead, *she* began to complain of not feeling well after a sail. That was different. Dick decided he wasn't going to make June suffer, and he got rid of the boat. And June's eyes narrowed into that adoring little squint of hers, as she thanked him for being so thoughtful! (When Dick reads this, it's going to be a surprise. He *still* thinks she can't stand the water.)

The idea for a bit of feminine strategy like that just doesn't come out of the blue. You have to sit down and think it out. June, if she is to be credited with any advantages, did have to start thinking early in life. Her not too happy childhood, spent a good part in hospitals, and later in steel back braces, as a result of being hit by a falling tree-branch, may have had something to do with it.

She remembers her first dance, at the age of fourteen, because she was wearing a brace under her dress at the time. She also remembers it because of the look on the boy's face when he put his arm around her and felt the metal. His mouth fell open, and with the clumsiness of youth, he started to ask her what she had on. June fled, tears spouting, and never went to another party or talked to another boy until she'd won her first job on the stage, freed at last from the cage she'd had to wear so long. It was during the period between the party and her first job that she started her thinking and planning to get somewhere in life—somewhere even further than girls who had never suffered from a trick back.

The odd thing is that many youngsters with this sort of beginning grow into rather grim, introspective adults. June, however, had a natural interest in people, and learning how others felt and thought helped her to manage her own life and affairs.

She was dancing in a Broadway show when her first movie bid came in the form of a telegram from Louis B. Mayer of M-G-M. She didn't call her agent. She didn't have one then because she didn't think she was important enough to interest one. She proceeded to negotiate a contract all by herself. The wires went back and forth between Hollywood and New York for two months. At the studio Mr. Mayer was surrounded by a battery of legal experts on contracts. In New York, June was surrounded by the none-too-cheerful decor of a furnished room.

best brain forward . . .

The studio wanted her for just one picture, *Best Foot Forward,* which she had done on the stage. June insisted on a term contract. She got it. As they will tell you now at M-G-M, June not only knew what *she* wanted, she knew what M-G-M wanted! It is one of Mr. Mayer's pet jokes.

It was a nice piece of business, but June isn't particularly proud of it. She is more proud of being fair in life, of something, for instance, that happened only recently in connection with her latest picture, *Good News. Good News* is a top production, boasting some of the studio's most important stars, yet its director, Chuck Walters, never directed a picture before in his life! He had only handled dance sequences.

June's friends rose up in protest. Her agent cried no! How could the studio entrust one of its biggest stars to a man making his debut as a director?

There was a conference between June and the studio heads. They told her they had only one thing to say. They had taken a chance on her when she made her first picture; was she willing to give another newcomer similar consideration? June got up, said, "Of course," and the meeting was over.

Now, for those who doubt June's personality, here was a working demonstration of June applying a little shot of it. What do you suppose Chuck Walters thinks of her for helping to give him his first chance? Or any of his friends? Or any of two hundred other people around the studio who were closely connected with the production and wanted it to have June's star-power? Or, leaving the studio, what about the company's salesmen who have to sell the picture and the exhibitors who have to play it? They knew they were going to get a film version of *Good News,* but they hardly dared hope it would have a top star like June to make it doubly appealing.

Take another incident. It is pretty well known that Edwin Knopf, who has produced some of June's best pictures, is crazy about her. You ask why, and someone says it's because Knopf considers her one of the most considerate and cooperative of stars. You pin down your informant, and you get a typical example.

When Knopf was making *A Sailor Takes a Wife,* the picture fell behind schedule. Late one afternoon, a new scene was being set up and the cameraman ran into difficulty lighting June. The lights seemed perfect for her stand-in, but didn't seem to click on June at all. Finally, the cameraman gave up fussing with the arcs and went up for a close look at her.

"June, what's happened to your complexion?" he asked. "Your face has a ruddy look to it, that I can't shade out."

She had no answer. On impulse he touched her forehead. "Why, you're burning up!" he cried. "You've got a fever!"

She nodded, and slumped into the nearest chair. A doctor found she had a temperature, and ordered her home. She had known that morning when she awakened that something was wrong, but she also knew that Knopf was behind, and she didn't want to delay him any more.

Maybe you would have a good slant on June if you happened to be a bit player in one of her pictures. Even if you have only two lines to say to her, June will rehearse with you as conscientiously as she will with a principal or the star playing opposite her. More than that, she'll help you on your lines, and then ask you to coach her on her own. "She partners up quick," comments one extra.

June is human. She has done some mean things in her life. She still does. But when realization hits her, she marches right up to the party she has hurt and makes a full confession—and a staunch friend. When she was nine years old and in a hospital ward, she stole the money-bank of a little boy in the next bed. She was going home the next day. That morning, dressed and out in the street, she couldn't stand it any longer and ran back to the boy. In front of him and the nurses she told what she had done. Everybody cried.

Soon after she started at M-G-M, June became jealous of Gloria De Haven. Gloria was gorgeous. The makeup experts fussed with her for hours. June they disposed of in fifteen minutes. Soon after that Gloria began to get in wrong with the director; she was always coming in late on the set, while June was always on time. Gloria said nothing but looked at June in a puzzled way. Then, one day, Gloria did something very thoughtful for her.

It was too much for June. She ran to the director and told him the truth. She had made it her business to watch for Gloria's arrival at the studio every morning, and then duck into the makeup chair just ahead of her. There she would stall and insist on elaborate attention until she knew Gloria could never be made up in time for the set call.

a true confession . . .

After she told this to the director, June ran right to Gloria and repeated the whole story. She didn't spare herself; admitted her jealousy of Gloria's beauty.

There is only one reason this story can be told. June and Gloria are the best of friends. If any two girls understand each other, they do. June makes it her business to be on the same footing with everyone else she meets or works with.

Perhaps one of the most revealing things about June is that you never hear just average comments on her. They are all specialized, as if well thought out.

Talking about her work, one producer will say, "She has magical presence on the screen. Some of the most talented actors and actresses know that the second they get in front of the camera they'd better start acting or there will be a lull. Their presence counts for little. It's the opposite for June. Just seeing her is almost enough."

At the opposite end of the studio personnel is the young, third-assistant director who has to summon June to the set when a scene is ready to go. "She doesn't play hide-and-seek with you, like so many others," he says. "She knows I'm responsible for having her ready. Just when I'm told to get her, I turn around and there she is coming up and giving me a reassuring wink. Boy, is a girl like that a comfort!"

I considered the testimony gathered so far:

". . . considerate and cooperative . . . fair . . . gave me my chance . . . honest with herself . . . magical presence . . . boy, is she a comfort . . ."

But wait a minute! According to the MODERN SCREEN Popularity Poll, June was something new and unbelievable in personalities. And these things that her friends said about her, they were nice, but weren't they just the plain, old-fashioned virtues? Could the answer be as simple as that?

I didn't know, so I went to visit June, myself. And I'm still gasping; I'm bowled over. What charm! What gaiety! What a personality! And they wanted me to tear that cute little girl apart! I'm insulted.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When Victor Mature returned to his home town of Louisville, Kentucky, to play a one night stand, the theater was jammed. After the show had been going about fifteen minutes, a loud commotion broke out in the aisle. A local photographer who had worked his way down front with his camera, discovered he'd forgotten his flash bulbs. Mr. Mature said, "Well?" The photographer started back up the aisle, but Mr. Mature called, "Wait!" Then he reached in his sock, threw him a flash bulb, and posed for the shot.

Sgt. Don Edlin
San Francisco, Calif.

ALOHA, JOAN!

(*Continued from page 50*)

pressed Christopher and Christina considerably. At the party in Joan's stateroom, they scrambled around inspecting portholes and trying beds, while Joan grew tearful.

"I thought for a minute you were going to follow them clear off the boat," Theo said later. "Cheer up. Think of the good long rest in Honolulu."

Joan thought, and was mildly cheered. Six hours later, she and Theo were both so sick they had to keep each other from jumping overboard. Theo was sicker; she couldn't even go down to eat. Joan had dinner at the Captain's table, but she didn't gorge.

And when they docked at Honolulu, there were 15,000 fans lined up to see her arrive. "Oh, no, no, no," she murmured, torn between pleasure and despair. "How lovely of them to come, and how I wish they hadn't—"

She was terribly grateful and proud that 15,000 people should have cared that much about her, but she needed a rest, and it looked as though she wouldn't be getting it.

By the time she got to her room at the Royal Hawaiian, she'd decided that she and Theo would take the Matsonia right back, on its return voyage.

Before that, though, they had a couple of days on the island, and the days were wonderfully pleasant, full of sun, and exercise, and as few autographs as possible.

When they got on the boat again, Joan was wearing a lei she'd been given, and as the Matsonia pulled away, she threw the flowers overboard. (This is a custom which signifies the flower-thrower's intention to return some day.)

All the way home, Joan and Theo were only moderately seasick, and had to take fewer seasickness pills, which was fortunate, because they'd about run out of their supply.

They talked, casually, sprawled in chairs on the deck. "I think maybe I'll head for New York next," Joan said. "See some shows—*Finian's Rainbow*—buy some clothes—"

Theo began to sneer.

"—and take the kids with me," she went on.

"Oh," said Theo thoughtfully. "I see."

ANNIVERSARY STORY

(*Continued from page 57*)

Eve, it's because I've got sentimental reasons. It was on a New Year's that I had my first date with Paul, and felt my heart skip beats for the first time in my life. New Year's, two years later, my reaction was even more wobbly. In fact, a few days before *that* New Year's I thought I'd never last it out.

I'd been having the time of my life making *Centennial Summer*. We were on the very last shot, and I've never had a simpler scene.

I was sitting in a café set with Cornel Wilde and Bill Eythe, I remember, and Cornel was asking me to go somewhere with him. My line was easy as pie, just: "No, I can't. I've got something very important to do." But the words stuck in my throat. Heaven knows how many takes I wrecked before we finally made it, and I escaped, pretty much of a wreck, myself.

I couldn't say those words because I *did* have something important to do—the most important thing in the world to me. I was going downtown with Paul to get our marriage license, only it was a secret then and I couldn't tell a soul. And on Dec. 31, 1945, we started our honeymoon as Mr. and Mrs. Paul Brinkman. So I won't exactly forget that New Year's Eve.

Last year, my head was spinning as we drove home from the New Year's party—not from the champagne; one glass was my limit—but with all the wonderful things that had come our way. They say the first year of married life is the hardest, but it didn't add up that way for us. We'd found new friends, new interests, brand new worlds packed with wonders that only newly married couples discover. On top of that, I had finished *Margie*, and it was a hit; Paul's business was humming, too.

We still camped in an apartment so tiny we had to keep most of our clothes and all our wedding presents at our parents' houses. Our only family was Shah, our lion cub, who got dumped furtively in the laundry basket when the landlady came around.

But last New Year's we had definite prospects in both those departments. Our favorite Hollywood hilltop was already leveled off for our dream house, and the foundation was in. And we were going home early from that New Year's party because of doctor's orders. We knew before very long our baby would arrive.

All in all, back then I didn't see how 1947 could come up with anything more wonderful or exciting than 1946 did. But it has. During our first year together we planned our dreams. This year, they came true. When I look back through 1947 and count my blessings, I feel a little guilty.

Our prize thrill of the year, of course, was our son, Paul, Junior.

Last Christmas, before he was born, we were putting his presents around our tree and tagging them "For our darling baby boy, Paul." Somehow, I knew. I even described him to Paul. "He'll be just like you—brown eyes, brown hair. And," I stuck my neck out rashly, "he'll be born on your birthday."

He was a boy all right, but I didn't do quite so well on that father-and-son birthday project. Paul's birthday is April 10th, and Paul, Junior, arrived April 6th.

When Paul's birthday arrived, four days later, I had the birth certificate, complete with footprints, and all vital statistics, done up in blue ribbon and framed for him.

There could never be another year in our lives as memorable as this one.

There were the fears, worries and responsibilities of having our own live doll to raise and protect. There were those annoying two, four and six o'clock feedings we'd heard about, which turned into the happiest minutes of the day, even though they busted a night's sleep all to pieces. The first crawl, the first toddle from chair leg to chair leg. The first smile, and laugh. The first tooth.

And then one day I called Paul at the office. "He just said your *name!*"

"What?" yelled my husband. "Hold



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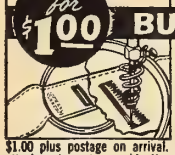
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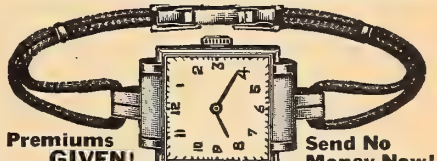
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everything. I'm coming home!" Soon his car raced up our curving drive, tires screaming, and Paul bounded into the house, out of breath. We bent over the crib, tense and eager. He finally said it, "Da-dee." Not long after came my turn, "Oh-mom"—and you can't tell either of us yet that Paul isn't the smartest baby ever born!

Scenes like that reel through my memory of last year like a movie—only I never saw a script that could catch my heart like a baby. I was never as proud of any job I've ever done in Hollywood as I was of the one measly little pair of socks I knitted for him. They were sort of cock-eyed and out of shape, but I got more kick out of seeing them on his tiny feet than I would have got from a row of Oscars on my mantelpiece. That's how you get. How we got.

When my friends showered me with four huge baby books, I thought, "Good Heavens, what will I ever do with all these?" Already the four are full and bulging. Paul and I have taken enough film of our baby to make another *Gone With the Wind.* We're hopeless, proud parent types, I'm afraid. It's a bore, I'm sure, to others, but it's not to us. Not for a minute.

vacation for a new mother . . .

For a screen actress, I had the fantastically lucky leisure to enjoy my first months of motherhood without the distraction of a part to play. Most actresses must snatch precious moments of home life from a time-demanding career. It's a town tradition.

At the hospital, the studio phoned anxiously every day: "How long before you think you'll feel like working?" I was trying to rise to the occasion, but what I knew I wanted most was just days and days at home with our new baby.

Just as I thought I'd have to drag myself away, my picture, *Chicken Every Sunday,* was postponed indefinitely, and I had nothing but time on my hands! Only a brand new mother can appreciate what such a break meant. A few weeks later on, when *Julie* was scheduled, the same thing happened. (That time I was well up and around. In fact, I dashed daily down to Terry Hunt's gymnasium and took exercises to get in shape. *Julie* was to be a dancing picture and there was plenty of conditioning for me to do.)

I couldn't believe that second reprieve. It just doesn't happen that often in Hollywood. But it did to me. I didn't work for four months after Paul was born. By then I was dying, of course, to get back on a set. I had Paul brought over one day when Dan Dailey and I were making a scene in *You Were Meant For Me.* Paul paid me no attention, fell in love with my hairdresser, grabbed director Lloyd Bacon's glasses, and gurgled right in the middle of a take—Hollywood's unforgivable set sin!

No thrill can ever match the time I first held my baby in my arms, but next to that, this year's Big Moment for the Brinkmans was the day we moved into our home, at last. Paul and I had had the hill, four-and-a-half acres of it, all through 1946. It was up in Outpost, overlooking Hollywood, with a gorgeous view. We knew every pebble on it personally. Paul used to pick me up at lunch hours while I made *Margie* and we'd race through traffic and up our hill, against the clock, nibbling sandwiches while we planned.

That house was the symbol of our life together. When I knew I was going to have Paul, Jr., I made a resolution that he'd come home from the hospital to our house.

It was pretty rash to race the stork against a crew of builders, in times when vital materials were short, but I have a one-track mind about some things.

Well, the suspense was terrific. It seemed as if that frame would never, never rise, that the roof would never go on.

When I went to the hospital, the floors still weren't down. It looked to most people like my pet project was impossible. Both my mother and Paul's were pretty firm about bringing the baby to one of their homes. I just shook my head. Paul wanted our baby home as much as I did and I knew it. I checked with the hospital. "There's no shortage of beds right now," I told him, "and I can stay here as long as I like."

"That's expensive," grinned Paul. "Maybe I'd better get busy." I don't know how he ever managed it. Me—I stayed in the hospital two and a half weeks and three other mothers came and left before I did!

But when Paul lifted me across the threshold of our own house, I had baby Paul with me. And the floors were all down. The walls were plastered and the heat and plumbing in, too, but there wasn't any light, heat or hot water. There wasn't a rug in the place, and not a stick of furniture besides the baby's bassinette, our bed and two cots for the cook and the hospital nurse from the Abbey Rents. But there was a kitchen to cook in and running water and what more did we need? It was home sweet home to us.

In fact, the best times Paul and I have had all year are the days and nights we've spent working around our house. Paul's a great gadgeteer and fixit man. I'm a wonderful kibitzer. Paul, Junior, had a lullaby of hammers and saws, concrete mixers and the Diesel tractor gouging out the swimming pool. He slept right through it all, and got fat.

I was at the building site one day when a truck rolled up the hill and in the gate, and the driver handed me a gift card. "All my love with your gift-of-the-month," Paul had scribbled. Inside the truck was a big jacaranda tree! Our gift-of-the-month plan began when we were honeymooning, and it's been carried on ever since.

The jacaranda tree was promptly planted, and then it was my turn. I gave Paul ten different kinds of citrus trees, and he set them out. He topped me with the brick barbecue. I gave him another one right back, an inside electric one for the kitchen, with a rotating spit. That was the only mistake of all our gifts-of-the-month, I'm afraid. Paul's got our cook wild messing around the kitchen with it, and one night when we had dinner guests, they had to wait three hours before they could eat, because Paul insisted on cooking everything on that electric spit!

We've got the reputation of stay-at-homes, and we deserve it. When you're not measuring the windows for draperies around a new house, you're planting rose bushes, hunting chairs.

Paul and I had our first Father's and Mother's days this year, and Paul got a wonderful old Civil War officer's pistol (he loves guns)—from the baby, of course. I got another book on my favorite painter, Michaelangelo, and a white purse from my newest boy friend. For next year, maybe, I'll have the portraits I'm starting on both father and son ready for that paternal honor day. The one of Paul, Sr., is almost finished, and he wants to hang it beside the impression I painted of myself one reckless week last year. I won't let it inside our nice new house, so Paul keeps it out in his workshop—the "doghouse," he calls it!

Maybe by next year I'll have the studio with the North skylight Paul has promised to build me up by the waterfall, so I won't be cluttering his shop with all my paints and choking his gun racks with my canvas and brushes. And maybe then I'll paint better pictures.

Tops, too, on our must list for 1948 is another pet to replace Shah-Shah, our cute lion cub, who grew so big that we had to find her a new home in the zoo. We're very animal happy, and it broke our hearts to let Shah go, but cubs do grow up and get rambunctious.

visiting an old friend . . .

We took Shah over to her Griffith Park cage and left her there with her teddy-bear which she loved to play with around our yard. When Paul and I went back to see her again the other day, she almost tore down the cage trying to lick our hands and when we left, she had tears in her eyes. Yes, she did. That Shah is a very special type lion and we love her still. But we have a mountain ranger friend of ours hunting for a baby fawn. We can't wait to see Baby Paul's eyes when he spies that deer. Paul, Junior, is busy learning to walk right now, and he'll have a lot of plans, too, for the New Year, like growing, cutting a few more teeth, exploring the new world that widens for him every day—and bumping his curly head a few times.

But we all hope to take time off this New Year's Eve to celebrate our Second Anniversary where Paul and I spent our honeymoon—at Furnace Creek Inn in the heart of Death Valley. There's no lovelier place.

Not being the seventh daughter of a seventh son, I don't know what 1948 will hold, but it will be hard to top 1947 for us three Brinkmans—especially me. When at last you have both the baby and the house of your dreams, the husband you love and you go back to the work you love, what more can you ask?

The other day on *You Were Meant For Me* we came to a crying scene, and I ran into trouble. It's the hardest acting job of all for me, to break into tears on a set.

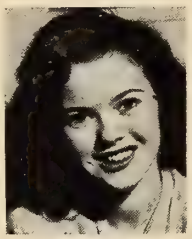
My director, Lloyd Bacon, volunteered advice. "Think of something sad," he suggested. "Run back through the year and see if you can't feel sorry for yourself."

I tried. I started with last New Year's and ran through all the twelve months. It didn't work. The only halfway sad thing I could dig up was Shah-Shah's trip to the zoo. But even there, I knew she was better off. "It's no use," I sighed at last. "I've been through 1947, day by day—and every one of them was perfectly swell."

He grinned. "Okay then," he said, "cry because you've been so happy."

So I did. *That* worked.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I was eating lunch at one of our local drug stores, when someone next to me told the clerk she would have a sandwich on white bread. She was corrected by someone on the other side of her who said it would have to be on dark bread since it was more nutritious. Glancing up, I was surprised to see Shirley Temple and her parents by my side.

Thelma Cook
Marysville, Calif.

MISS PERFECTION

(*Continued from page 24*)

call on Antoine, the famous hair stylist, before we started shooting. Shorties were stylish then. I sat in the great man's chair first, and got glamor-sheared like a lamb in no time; then came Claudette's turn.

Antoine flashed his shears and made possibly three snips—clip, clip, clip. That was all. "No," said Claudette suddenly, halting the operation.

"But, Miss Colbert," protested the coiffure king, "this is the new style."

"Maybe it's new," replied Claudette firmly, looking critically in the mirror, "but I know how I look best."

When we walked out, Claudette's coiffure was maybe a mite shorter all around, but otherwise exactly as it was when she went in. Exactly, I might add, as it was when she first came to Hollywood, and exactly as she wears it today—a close bob, curled at the ends by her own hands. It's perfect for Claudette, and she knows it.

She can do practically anything for herself better than anyone else can. When she was a little girl, she wore button shoes and her mother, Mme. Chauchoin, used to try to button them up for her when she got dressed. "I wouldn't let her," Claudette told me once. "I knew she could do it in five minutes and it would take me a half-hour. But I had to do it myself. I'm still that way."

Sometimes I have to laugh at Claudette's utterly practical approach to her job. I visited her set on *The Egg and I* one day, and she was doing a hilarious farm scene with Fred MacMurray that called for her to tumble in squishy mud. It was nippy weather and the prop boys, who love Colbert, had heated the mud so she wouldn't get chilled.

One take passed, the director cried "Cut" and everybody left the set for a breather—except Claudette. She stayed in the mud.

"Hey," I said, "aren't you coming out? Do you like it there?"

"Yep, I do," came back Claudette. "If I come out, I'll get cold—and I'll have to get right back in, anyway. This mud's nice and warm. I'm staying."

paramount on parade . . .

Claudette came to Hollywood—and Paramount—before the parade of glamor queens hit. She watched them breeze in—Marlene Dietrich, Carole Lombard, Mae West—all in the spotlight, and certainly in the case of Mae and Marlene, a spotlight highlighted with shenanigans, poses and personal acts. Colbert didn't go in for that sort of thing; she just kept on playing good parts in good pictures and she was still there when the battalion of beauty rivals had bowed out. Yet all the time—then as now and ever—she was getting her way. She's called her own shots on every picture she's made in twenty years of stardom.

Except for once, she has never played a picture without reading the entire script in advance. The one time she skipped that canny rule, I happened to have a little bit to do with it. But Claudette's keen mind weighed the odds and made her decision.

That was when David Selznick offered her the part of Jennifer Jones' mother in *Since You Went Away.* What made her knit her cautious brows was the unfinished script. Selznick shot *Since You Went Away* pretty much on the cuff. It was his baby, and he wrote a lot of it as the camera rolled.

"Listen, Claudette," I pointed out one afternoon, "you know David Selznick has never made a bad picture."

"What's more," I went on, "you know if a picture isn't good at first, he'll do it over until it is. That happened with *Gone With the Wind,* the pappy of all box-office hits, and a couple of others, too.

"Okay," I summed up. "You're an actress. You like the part so far. You know you can trust David Selznick. It looks like a good risk, doesn't it?"

She thought just a few seconds. "That's right," she said. And right then she decided to do it.

Frank Capra, Mitchell Leisen and Ernst Lubitsch are her favorite directors. Frank made her first picture, *Love O' Mike,* years ago, also her favorite and Oscar-winner with Gable, *It Happened One Night,* and now he's got her again for another hit in *State of the Union.* Mitch Leisen steered a great Colbert movie, *Arise My Love.* But I think the one she likes to work with best is jolly, shrewd, twinkly Ernst. He's got a bead on that canny French head of Claudette's.

I remember one scene Claudette did with Gary Cooper in *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife.* She was supposed to jump on Gary's lap, muss him up with kisses and nibble onions at the same time.

so shy . . .

Sometimes Claudette gets a streak of shyness, and Gary's certainly no greeter. They were both self-conscious and stiff as boards. Before the scene, Claudette broke down completely.

"Oh, Ernst," she confessed, "I don't think I can do that—it's, it's just impossible!" She was actually blushing, and Gary was fidgeting dismally in his chair with exactly the same bashful block.

"Watch me," said Ernst, springing right onto Gary's startled lap, cigar and all. He cooed to the beet-red Coop, kissed him, snuggled and snapped off the scallions like the most coy cutie in the world, until Claudette and even Coop—shaken though he was—broke into uncontrollable roars. They did it themselves the next take, and had fun. I've always thought that Gary turned in his gayest, screamiest comedy in *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife.*

Lubitsch gets the palm for that breakdown—but another time, well—I tell her I'll always believe she cracked her ankle in *Arise My Love* on purpose.

Things weren't so rosy on that set before Claudette sprained and half-busted her ankle. Her leading man was stiff by nature and standoffish, even a little surly at being stacked up against an actress like Colbert. I'm not saying seriously, of course, that she twisted her foot as a cagey maneuver—but when she did, and had to be carried to and from the set and her dressing-room in the strong arms of that standoffish guy, what followed were some of the greatest love scenes ever put on film.

And I know something else, too. Not long after a certain young man won himself an Academy Oscar, he and his wife had dinner with Claudette and her husband in New York. The Oscar-winner arrived fifteen minutes ahead of his wife, and Claudette could tell he had something on his mind. Finally, he came out with it.

"Claudette," he said, "I want to thank you for my Oscar. If I hadn't played with you in *Arise My Love,* I'd never have won my award for *The Lost Week End.*"

His name? By now you ought to know. Ray Milland, of course.

Claudette's first interest, however, is her own career. It comes above everything

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else—save possibly her marriage. Most of her marvelous self-discipline stems from her deep-rooted Gallic desire to be efficient, good, and in shape, always.

I've had dinner at Claudette's when she stuffed her guests with rare morsels like sauerkraut cooked in champagne and crêpes suzettes for dessert. I lapped 'em up, but not Claudette. She has herself in training and under control always.

Claudette's a little embarrassed when you quiz her about her success. "I never really had any struggle at all," she says apologetically. She was a little French girl brought to America, raised in New York. She wanted to design dresses originally, sold a few sketches around New York for $3 apiece and decided that would never make her rich. So she gave a few French lessons to help out, and one of her pupils, a Broadway actress, said, "I can get you a part on the stage." Claudette's been acting ever since; part followed part, money followed more money—a Broadway hit, New York movies and then Hollywood.

dough-girl . . .

Claudette's one of the richest girls in town today. Away back when she was earning those first $50-a-week checks on the stage, she started a trust fund for her old age. By now she has a pack of gilt-edged securities. Her brother, Charlie Wendling, is her business manager and agent, but she works right along with him. Claudette's on my best-dressed list, year in and year out, but that doesn't mean she buys clothes every hour on the hour.

We two were wailing about the fashion revolution the day I saw her. "What are you going to do about these new hemlines?" I asked Claudette. She whisked up her skirt to show me her hem—four or five inches full. "I've always had all my suits and dresses made with a deep hem," said Claudette. "For insurance. Now I'm going to let 'em down."

Claudette's one big extravagance is her house. She wanted a beautiful colonial house, and she got it. Trouble is, it's too big—seven or eight servants can get lost around the place. During the war, Claudette moved into an apartment.

Because of her thrift, wealth and her direct, businesslike attitude, Claudette has been painted now and then as a tight-fisted Madame Moneybags. It's not true.

Just the other night, I was at a benefit for the Nursery School for Visually Handicapped Children at Harold Lloyd's beautiful estate. I was raising money, and I asked for $1,000 donations from the movie rich. Claudette's hand was the third one up, which is typical.

Claudette may have a heart for gold, but it's of gold, too. The day I dropped in to check up on her for MODERN SCREEN, she was rummaging through her clothes and stacking them in a huge heap. It seemed she'd given her French maid a vacation to visit her family in France, and when the maid returned and told Claudette of their desperate need for clothes, Colbert dropped everything and dove for her racks.

What Claudette's most wrapped up in currently, I think, is the wonderful plan her husband, Dr. Pressman, and some other visionaries have for a new hospital in the Beverly Hills-Westwood-Bel-Air section.

Dr. Pressman, a strong, intelligent, top-drawer physician, is every bit as much a worthy character as Claudette. He's a man of distinction, without the highball, a medical scholar, who dropped his private practice for duty as a Navy flight surgeon aboard a carrier. There's a little leather framed picture of Claudette in her den that he carried all during the war. Claudette giggled when I spied it. "Don't tell him, but it's a picture I had taken 15 years ago!"

Joel runs absolutely no risk, and never did, of becoming "Mister Colbert." Once in Paris, he and Claudette were scheduled to go to a very ritzy affair to meet the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. Came the night and Joel begged off. "Mind if I don't go?" he asked Claudette. "There's a chance to talk to Dr. So-and-So (another French medical expert) tonight." Claudette understood perfectly, went on, and came back to find Joel and the scientist deep in discussion at their hotel when she returned. That, incidentally, was the first time she knew her husband could speak French. He'd been too shy to spring it around his expert wife, though.

If anyone can influence Claudette's ideas and tastes, it is Joel. He even worked the miracle of making her air-minded, though she hated flying until he came home from the war, got a plane of his own and started buzzing around. "It just shows you," Claudette sighed to me, "what you can do when you love a man. I fly now."

Claudette and Joel circulate in a fairly tight little social set; you never see them at a night club, and when the Pressmans are entertaining, the food is a chef's dream, the wine exactly right, the service faultless. Claudette isn't domestic, herself; she's too practical for that. "Why should I cook?" she once asked me, frankly, "when I can get someone a lot better than I am to do it for me?" Well, why should she?

I heard the other day that she was quitting acting in three more years, and I called her right up. "I'm coming out to do a story on you," I told her.

She laughed. "Well, since it's you." That was pure flattery, but a compliment, too. Nothing makes Claudette ache like talking about herself.

She was curled up in one of those comfortable chairs in her drawing room, when I got there. The sun came streaming in through the wide window, and Claudette wore a rust-colored shantung silk suit. It gave her a golden glow.

"Look," I said, "it's not fair to anybody, including yourself, to retire from the screen."

new career for colbert . . .

"Who said retire?" came back Claudette. "I'm just switching canvas chairs. I'm going to direct. I'm forty-two. In three years, I'll be forty-five. Cameramen can't keep this face and figger beautiful forever!"

For once I wasn't impressed.

"You look *twenty*-five," I told her. "Besides, what's forty-five to a modern woman?"

"Time to change," grinned Claudette, paying my remarks no mind at all. So three years from now, I'll bet she'll be the best lady director in Hollywood history, and I'll bet she'll make a ton of money, too. She always does. Why, a trust fund she started away back when she was a girl for her "old age" came due recently, and paid her off several thousand, and she put it in a certain silly-sounding venture and then was ashamed to tell even her brother and her lawyer.

"It was strictly my money," explained Claudette, "and I decided I'd have a fling with a folly and probably lose it." Uh-huh! Guess what she put it in—that Bub-a-Loon outfit with Matty Fox, the Hollywood gadget promoter, who hit a pure gold mine with those plastic bubbles the kids are blowing like mad all over the land. Heaven only knows how much money will come rolling in from Colbert's "folly."

"Lucky!" I sighed enviously. But luck, of course, has nothing to do with it. That gal just can't miss. Even when she blows bubbles, Claudette Colbert picks gold ones that can't burst!

THE LITTLE CRIB

(*Continued from page 24*)

I was sandpapering the crib. Green."

Mr. Sebastian nodded with professional approval. "What shade of green?" he inquired.

"Oh dear, I don't know." Teresa let her eyes wander to little strips of colored paint that Joe had carefully arranged on the counter. "This is pretty: Lettuce Green. But isn't that a lovely shade of yellow? Maybe yellow would be better after all."

crib of a different color . . .

She sat down on the stool. It was such a problem. If it were a girl, of course, pink would be perfect for her crib. But it would never do for a boy. And although blue would not be *too* bad for a girl, still, if it *were* a girl— A compromise color would be much safer. But would green be too masculine, or yellow too feminine? Or was it vice versa?

One hour and seventeen minutes later, Mr. Sebastian rang up a sale of $0.65 on his cash register, and Teresa Wright left with a small can of paint under her arm. White paint.

Two seconds later she was back.

"I forgot to ask," she gasped. "Does this paint have lead in it?"

Mr. Sebastian assured her that it had not.

The color of the crib was only one of the dilemmas that Teresa faced throughout the spring and summer. In many ways, she decided, the second child offered more perplexities than the first. When she had presented Niven with a son three weeks before Christmas in 1944, it had been a relatively simple matter. She had brought the baby home, named it Niven Terence for its father, and put it to bed in a nursery that had been furnished for the purpose. There hadn't even been, as she remembered, any conjecture as to its sex. She was interested only in having a baby, and Niven took it for granted that it would be a boy.

Now it was different. Teresa admitted to herself, as she would to no one else, that this time she wanted a daughter. She was not sure about Niven. With Peter and Tony, his two sons by a previous marriage, and Terry, it would seem likely that he was at last in a receptive mood for a girl. But when she had told him, in February, that she was going to have a baby, he had kissed her and said something rather strange.

"If it's a boy," he had remarked, "we'll have a polo team in the family."

If any other husband had said that, it would have passed as a lame sort of joke. But with Niven Busch, who objected to his career as a novelist only on the grounds that he could not write on horseback, it was probably no joking matter. He had already frightened his wife half to death by trying to teach two-and-a-half-year-old Terry how to ride bareback. And it was quite possible that he was all too serious about a polo team.

She considered this, as she thinned out the paint and prepared to apply it to the crib.

And there was the matter of Terry himself. Both Teresa and Niven recognized the psychological effect the arrival of a second child sometimes has on the first-born. It would take considerable care and patience and understanding to prepare him for the birth of a little sister or brother, so that when he (or she) arrived, Terry would accept him (or her) without resentment or jealousy. It was a delicate undertaking, and they started on it one bedtime, when Niven was telling Terry his nightly story.

The bedtime story had long been an institution with Terry and his father. At first, Niven had spun tales of the Old West, complete with cowboys and cattle-rustlers, until Teresa had put her foot down.

"That's no kind of story to tell a baby," she had said firmly. "You'll give him nightmares. He should hear something more elevating. Like Bible stories."

So the next night Niven told him the story of David and his sling-shot.

The following night Terry asked to hear about David again.

"And his sling-shot?" his father asked.

"No. Tell me about David and his bicycle."

And so a new cycle of latter-day legends was slowly built up around the Old Testament hero. There was "David and His Baseball Bat," "David and His Ice-Cream Cone," "David and His Monkey," and many, many more.

Then one evening, Terry found his mother sitting on his bed, quietly telling him that before long she would have another baby, and that Terry would soon be a brother. When she had finished, she waited for the usual torrent of wide-eyed questions. But he had only one.

"Can Daddy come now and tell me a real story?" he asked.

Teresa left the room, deflated and depressed. She had tried so hard; chosen her words so carefully, and failed so utterly to make any impression.

In this, however, she was not entirely right. For a little while later, when Niven took his accustomed place by his son's bed, and asked what the subject of tonight's story would be, Terry deliberated for an unusually long time before he answered.

"Tell me about David," he said at last, "and his monkey's baby sister."

And novelist Niven Busch obliged.

The baby was due in October, and as the hot summer wore on and finally out, the Busch homestead in Encino echoed with the sound of hammers and saws, as additions were added and porches glassed in. Teresa kept working on the crib. In July, she read somewhere that Samuel Goldwyn had finished *The Bishop's Wife*, the picture she was to have made, and perhaps she felt a little pang of regret. Or maybe it was the baby kicking.

the time is now . . .

By September, she had the crib almost finished, ready for its final coat. It was, as a matter of fact, while she was mixing the last batch of paint that she decided somebody's timing was off. A hurried trip to the Good Samaritan Hospital confirmed her suspicion. Mary Kelly Busch was born on September 12, a full month before she was expected.

Mary Kelly Wright was the name of Teresa's grandmother, and perhaps her warmest admirer. When Muriel, as she was called then, decided she wanted to go on the stage, it was Grandmother Wright who supported and encouraged her. There were times, as a matter of fact, when she gave her almost too much encouragement. Like that night in Provincetown, when Teresa was playing a walk-on, and Grandmother Wright started applauding when she made her entrance and kept on clapping until she left the stage. Or that other awful time, during another performance, when Teresa, in the midst of a dramatic scene, heard the fa-



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miliar old voice suddenly boom out: "That's my granddaughter up there."

So when Teresa found herself on Broadway, as the ingenue in *Life With Father*, she delayed inviting Grandmother Wright to see the play. She was afraid of what might happen, and thought it would be better to wait until the excitement of the opening subsided and the play settled down to a long run. She'd have grandmother come in then some Saturday morning, and they'd have lunch together, and she could see the matinée. But before that happened Grandmother Wright died, and Teresa never entirely forgave herself.

She thought of these things as she lay in her hospital bed, watching the nurse exhibit the tiny parcel of blankets and pink skin that seemed to be her daughter. Then it was time for her to "rest." When she opened her eyes again her husband was beside her.

"She's a beautiful baby," he said. "How do you feel?"

She managed a smile. There was a pause.

"You know," he added thoughtfully, "there's no reason in the world why a girl couldn't play polo. If she were taught to ride properly, that is."

A few days later Teresa and Mary came home. While she was in the hospital, Teresa had covered reams of paper with diagrams showing Niven exactly how the baby's furniture was to be arranged in the nursery, and even careful catalogues describing what articles of clothing were to be placed in each bureau drawer. But when Niven carried her upstairs to show her the room, she let out a shrill cry.

"The crib! What's happened to it?"

Even from the doorway she could see the brush-marks, the black fingerprints, the coagulated rivulets of dried paint running down the surface like varicose veins.

"I thought you'd be surprised," her husband said. "We finished it for you while you were in the hospital. Terry helped."

And suddenly, Teresa Wright found that she was laughing. It was the laughter of relief and joy and wonder.

It was all over. And it was just beginning.

A CHRISTMAS SHE'LL NEVER FORGET

(*Continued from page 27*)

against snow.

Snow was all she needed to hear. Through winter after winter among the palms and sunshine of California, Ingrid had ached for Christmas in the snow. Alaska would be perfect. Only, before definitely committing herself, there was another member of the family to consult.

Pia was five then, a little young for understanding. Yet Ingrid explained so that Pia understood. About the soldiers who'd been in that faraway country for two and three years, to make the world a better place for Pia and children like Pia to grow up in. About how Ingrid wanted to go and thank them, but it would mean being away from Pia at Christmas time. Would Pia forgive her?

Listening, the little girl's eyes clouded with pity. "Oh yes, I *want* you to make them laugh."

"The only trouble," said her mother, "is I don't know what to do for these soldiers."

"Why don't you tell them stories like you tell me?"

That gave her her first idea. Hunting through story material that would fit Christmas, she found O. Henry's "Gift of the Magi," and made a simple dramatization of it. Then she could sing them some Swedish folksongs.

For that, her friend, Ruth Roberts, dug a Swedish peasant dress out of her attic. It was cleaned and made over to fit. For the rest, Ingrid packed simple things; not so much as a cocktail dress. Just plain clothes that the boys would feel at home with.

To round out the program, she wanted something serious, and decided on a couple of Maria's scenes from the Hemingway picture.

People warned her against this. "It's not even released yet. Besides, the boys don't go for that heavy stuff."

Maybe not, thought Ingrid, but it wouldn't hurt to try. If she found that Maria bored the boys, she could always drop her.

They were a group of five who left by train for Seattle. Ingrid, Neil Hamilton, actor and master of ceremonies, Joan Barton, the pert little radio singer, Marvelle André, hula dancer and Nancy Barnes, whose accordion supplied their only music. Her husband, captured early in the fighting, was in a German prison camp. On receiving the news, Nancy had picked up the accordion she'd never played professionally, and applied to the USO. Through all the weary years of waiting and wondering whether her own soldier would come home, she went wherever they sent her to bring what cheer she could to other soldiers.

At Seattle, the five got their Arctic issue—parkas and fur boots—then off to the north by Pan American Clipper. For Ingrid, Christmas started the evening they landed at Anchorage—when she stepped from the plane and lifted her face to the snowflakes, falling softly over layers already fallen. When, at Clemendorf Field and Fort Richardson (it was a huge base, combining the two) she saw their welcome, glowing in the men's faces. When they were taken to meet General Buckner—the same gallant Simon Bolivar Buckner who eighteen months later was killed on Okinawa—and he spoke his simple words of greeting and appreciation.

The big doings were scheduled for Christmas Eve. In the afternoon, they'd gone from ward to ward of the hospital. Now they stood in the wings on the stage of the auditorium. The boys had gone to work on the auditorium walls, painting them with reindeer and sleighs and fat Santa Clauses and—in one quiet space—the Manger and Child and the Three Wise men on their donkeys. Maybe it wasn't art, but it was certainly Christmas.

Neil went out first, then he introduced Nancy. Watching her, Ingrid felt that her manner set the keynote for them all. "None of that here-I-come-and-give-you—" she described it later. "Nancy just sat there and played, as if she were playing for her husband at home."

Next came Joan, dark-haired and laughing, doing her comedy songs. She put them right in the mood for Marvelle's hulas. Marvelle soloed first, then coaxed a couple of the fellows to dance with her. Neil followed this with a few magic tricks, assisted by Joan, after which the boys clamored for another song.

something to remember her by . . .

"What would you like?" she asked them.

And as if with one voice they called: "Oh, give me something to remember you by."

An old tune, and not at all a gay one, Ingrid noted, as the plaintive melody rose, and the house fell still. Well, then, maybe she hadn't been wrong about Maria.

Now came the moment she dreaded. Stage fright? No. Even worse than that. Now she must listen while Neil introduced her.

Famous actress from Hollywood, great honor to have her with us and so forth and so on—

"Please don't, Neil," she'd begged, at rehearsal. "It will make them laugh. They've been up there so long, they've never even seen me."

"I don't care," said Neil. "Sooner or later they'll see you."

So she stood there blushing, waiting for the cue, imagining the whispers:

"Who is she, did you ever see her?"

Ingrid won't tell you of the roar that went up to greet her, but Joan and Nancy will. Some of the boys must have seen *Casablanca*, or else they just liked the way she looked. Joan and Nancy will also tell you about the moment when liking turned to love.

To break the ice, Ingrid, too, did a couple of magic tricks with Neil. Then he left the stage to her and Nancy.

"I brought this Swedish dress all the way from home," she began, "for an excuse to sing you some Swedish folksongs."

If you saw *Bells of St. Marys*, you know how charmingly she sang them.

One song in particular—"A janta a ja"—went over big. They thought the ja-sounds were very funny.

"It would be nice," said Ingrid afterward, "to sing it together, and it's really not difficult. You listen and say the words after me. A janta a ja—"

"A janta a ja," they roared obediently.

"Alto polanda vegen a ja—"

"Alta polanda vegen a ja—"

"I think we can still make it a little easier. Are there any Jansens and Svensens in the audience?" A lot of blond boys got to their feet, grinning. "That's fine. We Svensens will lead."

It brought down the house. Flushed and laughing, she waited for the hubbub to die.

"Now, to finish this part of the program, I would like to dance a little polka that I learned as a child—"

What followed was completely spontaneous and unrehearsed. A GI jumped up and rattled off some Swedish at her. She smiled and nodded, rattling off some Swedish back. An invitation to the dance, as the others soon found out, and the lady had accepted. Down the aisle ran the soldier, vaulted to the stage and took his place opposite her. Nancy started the accordion.

"And there," says Ingrid, still laughing at the memory, "we went off jumping."

From that point on, they'd have sat enthralled while she did the multiplication table.

She did Maria, instead. Neither then, nor at any of the spots they played later, did the boys seem to find Maria too serious. On the contrary. Many who knew the book realized that what had happened years earlier among the mountains of Spain had a very direct connection with their presence here. Ingrid told them about the movie and how it was made. She sketched the background leading up to each of her scenes. And it was their response that sent her home to tell all who'd listen: "Make an overseas tour, not so much for the boys as for yourself. It's an audience you'll never find among people who come in and pay to see you.

It's the kind of audience actors dream about."

Gift of the Magi, with Neil playing the man, wound up the show. But that was only the shank of the evening. Out of the auditorium, under the starlit night, they streamed across the snow to the big canteen, where the Red Cross had prepared a Christmas party. Mountains of ham and turkey, acres of pie, rivers of coffee.

Nancy and Ingrid, Joan and Marvelle helped serve the customers—some too bashful for more than a smile as they took their food, others so eager to talk that it took a dig in the ribs from their buddies to get them going.

There were gifts, too, packed by the Red Cross, which the girls helped distribute. Then the jukebox was started for dancing, and of course the boys stood in line to cut in on the visitors who never got more than a few whirls with each. But even while they danced and laughed, their eyes remained sad. And why not? What did the immediate future hold for them but more grinding monotony and loneliness at best? And at worst—

She was glad when the dancing stopped, and they sat down on the floor to sing Christmas carols. Now, at least, they wouldn't have to pretend. You can sing without forcing a smile on your face. You could even perhaps get some kind of release from those songs dedicated to the birth of the Man of Sorrows.

where do we go from here? . . .

As if to put the mood into words, a boy stood up. He couldn't have been more than 19, and he spoke very simply.

"I'm not for speeches any more than the rest of you, so what I've got on my chest I'll get off it quick. This is my first Christmas away from home. The same goes for a lot of you guys, and on the other hand, some of you haven't seen your folks in two and three Christmases. We don't know how long we'll be hanging around here, or whether we won't be in some worse place a year from now. But so far we're safe and healthy and alive, and that's a lot to be grateful for these days. So I think we ought to sing The Lord's Prayer to thank Him."

For Ingrid, who's heard it before and since but never so movingly, The Lord's Prayer will always mean a great shadowed room, flickering with Christmas lights, and the voices of hundreds of men.

When it was over, nobody stirred for a moment. Then a door was opened on the frosty air and the spell was broken and they dashed for hats and coats. It was 11:30. At the Post church, they were preparing to celebrate midnight mass.

By the time services came to an end, the moon was out, and the boys obviously had something more up their sleeves.

"Of course," they said, polite but wistful, "we don't want to keep you girls up if you're tired *but—*"

But the baseball park had been flooded for skating, and it looked unbelievably lovely in the moonlight, and of course the girls wouldn't have missed it for anything, so they skated their legs off until 3 in the morning, then went home and gathered in the kitchen for fruitcake and wine, sent over with the compliments of General Buckner, while they opened Christmas packages from their families.

They didn't expect nor want nor get much sleep. But they couldn't figure out the sound of sleighbells next morning which seemed to come from right inside the house. Marvelle rolled out of bed and trailed the jingle to its source.

"It's the phone," she squealed. "The telephone rings like sleighbells."

And it kept on ringing, bringing so many invitations to breakfast and lunch that the girls divided forces and ate at different mess halls. Again they went to the hospital, and sang the same songs over and over. But mostly that day they sat and talked to the boys, though Ingrid remembers with humor and compassion the boy who didn't talk.

All he said to her was yes and no, looking hunted, and finally he shoved his chair back in desperation.

"You'll have to excuse me. It's two and a half years since I talked to a girl. I don't know how any more." And he turned and fled.

But he was the exception. For the most part, in ward or mess-hall, what struck Ingrid was their hunger for talk.

It wasn't your being in the movies that made it important. They were just as happy, says Ingrid, to talk to Nancy, who wasn't a professional at all. They asked questions about Hollywood, but many more about home. What was it like in the States now? What were people doing? When did they think the war would be over? They showed you snapshots. An MP, the father of four children, drew Ingrid into a long and earnest discussion on the raising of youngsters. One boy said: "Just to see someone from home—it's a little as though you'd been home yourself."

And through all their talk ran one ever-recurring theme—that Neil and the girls should have come for the holidays, at a time when everybody most wanted to be with their folks! That Ingrid should have left her little girl—

To be thanked was more than she could bear. "We come for a few weeks. You others are doing so much more—"

"It's our job."

"It's our job, too. And," she added, "a great privilege, besides."

the real meaning . . .

Next day, as the plane rose over Elmendorf Field on its way to their next stop, Ingrid felt it was she who owed a debt of gratitude. Almost every year since coming to America, she'd been working at Christmastime. Working till the last minute. Scrambling to buy gifts. Resting all Christmas day because she was too tired for anything else. Somewhere in the shuffle you lost the meaning of the season. Here, it had been restored. Christmas was nothing unless you gave of yourself to meet the need of others, whatever that need might be—the warmth of a coat or the warmth of a friendly hand. Actually, you were giving *to* yourself in values that couldn't be measured nor bought in a shop.

"It's their gift to me," she thought. "A Christmas I'll never forget."

Six weeks later they were home, the whole thing a howling success but for one disappointment.

Pia had expected her mother to bring back a bear.

That was four years ago.

This Christmas, Neil Hamilton's in New York, after a road tour with *State of the Union*.

Marvelle, married to the police chief of Burbank, has retired from professional life.

Joan's still in radio and has just finished *Mary Lou* for Columbia.

Nancy's husband did come back. They have a baby.

Since first starting in movies, Ingrid's dream of dreams has been to do Joan of Arc for the screen. This Christmas her dream is coming true.

Most of the boys at Anchorage—those who stayed safe and healthy and alive—are at home. The war is over, but the peace isn't won—largely because all over the world except here people are hungry. That's why Ingrid holds tight to what she re-learned four years ago. That Christmas is nothing unless you give of yourself to meet the needs of others.



For once they actually agree!

Hope and Crosby, in the movies, seldom see eye to eye.

But there's one thing they really do agree on—they both think U. S. Savings Bonds make wonderful Christmas gifts!



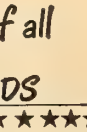
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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 81)

his exploits is ready to stop fighting a duel to make love as he is to stop making love to fight a duel. In Eighteenth Century Sicily he has achieved quite a reputation in both fields. At present he is in Malta, having followed a beautiful blonde that far.

The patriot forces which have rebelled against the emperor need Casanova's fighting ability badly. Lorenzo (Turhan Bey) goes to get him. Casanova comes back enthusiastically to fight for his beloved Sicily.

He institutes a new system of guerilla warfare, and kidnaps the governor's brother. By using him as a hostage he persuades the governor to give the people more food. He also meets the governor's daughter, Lady Bianca (Noreen Nash), and somewhat to his disappointment finds she is engaged to his best friend, Lorenzo. Anyway, she has a very pretty lady in waiting, Zanetta (Lucille Bremer), who suits his taste better.

Zanetta, dressed as a man, comes to the patriot force with a message that Lady Bianca is going to join them. Casanova greets her politely, and pretends he has no idea she *isn't* a man.

From here on, everyone so far mentioned gets captured by one side or the other.—*Eagle-Lion*

CALL NORTHSIDE 777

In 1932 there was a crime wave in Chicago that made every other crime wave look like boys playing cops and robbers in a vacant lot. And in 1932, a policeman named Bundy, among others, was shot. Eventually, two men went to prison for the crime.

Eleven years later, the city editor of the Chicago Times, Kelly (Lee J. Cobb), finds himself staring at an ad in his own paper. It says "Information wanted on the murder of Officer Bundy. Five thousand reward. Call Northside 777."

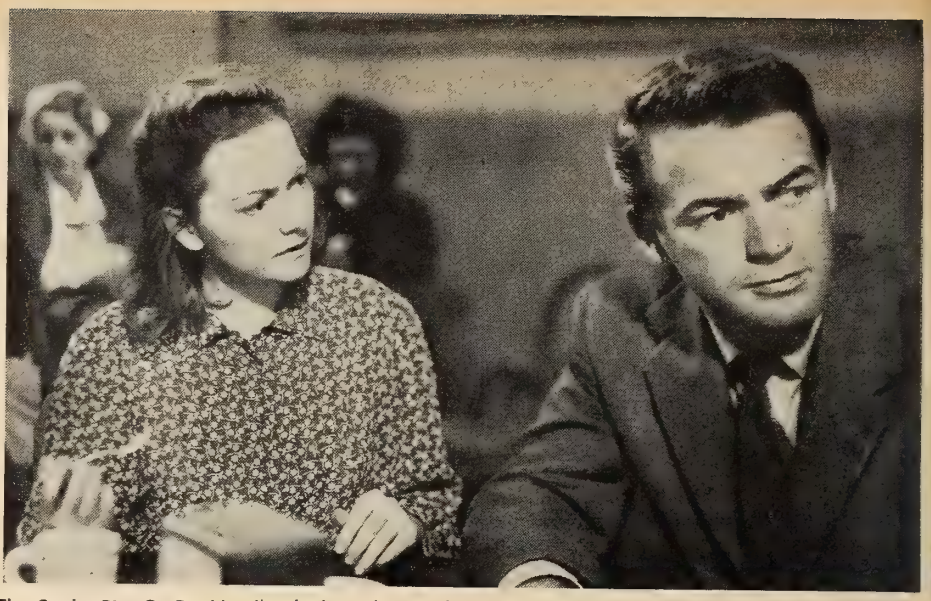
Obviously, something is up, and obviously Kelly wants to know what it is. The man he picks to find out is McNeil (Jimmy Stewart). At first, it seems like a bad choice. McNeil's sympathy lies more with the murdered policeman than with the men Wiecek (Richard Conte) and Zaleska (Richard Tyne), who are supposed to have shot him.

Then he meets Wiecek's mother. It's she who put the ad in the paper.

So McNeil goes on up to the prison and talks to Wiecek. He still isn't convinced, one way or the other. But he agrees to investigate. He finds that Wiecek's wife has divorced him and re-married. When he talks to her, she says, "He made me do it, because of our son. He doesn't want the other kids telling him his dad's a jailbird."

There is a little evidence here, a little there. Most of it points to Wiecek's innocence. But against it is the damning, terrifying evidence of an "eye-witness." Her name is Wanda Skutnik (Betty Garde).

McNeil is a stubborn man. He has seen enough to convince himself of Wiecek's innocence and he's going on from there. Not Wanda, nor anyone else in the world, can stop him.—*20th-Fox*



The Snake Pit: O. De Havilland plays the psychopath who can't remember husband M. Stevens.

THE SNAKE PIT

In the old days they threw insane people into a pit full of snakes, hoping the shock would cure them. Even modern science uses shock treatment, though of quite a different kind. It still isn't pretty, but neither is the fact that one out of every twenty people in the U. S. spends part of his life in a mental hospital. Think of that when you watch the picture.

Snake Pit tells the story of Virginia Cunningham (Olivia De Havilland), who wakes up one bleak November day and finds herself in a state mental hospital. She has little or no memory of anything since the May before. Now she is surrounded by insane people, and by doctors and nurses who are too hurried or too hardened to care about what happens to her as a person.

There's an exception to this. Doctor Kik (Leo Genn). To him, a patient is always an individual. He is particularly interested in the case of Virginia. In her denial that she has a husband, although Robert Cunningham (Mark Stevens) comes to see her every visiting day. In her violent reaction to the rag doll another patient gives her. In the fits of violence which set her back just as she seems to be improving.

Virginia gets shock treatments. She gets cold baths and wet packs. She gets the works. And she still goes berserk now and then because of things that are going on in her mind. Things she thinks she can't tell even Dr. Kik. So she goes back, eventually, to the violent ward. That's as far back as you can go.

Curiously enough, it is here that Virginia begins to realize she is regaining her mental equilibrium. She recognizes Robert now when he comes to see her, and feels the old kinship with him. And now, at last, she devotes all her efforts to getting well—well enough to go home.

There are superb performances in *The Snake Pit*. I happened to like Leo Genn best. You may prefer Olivia De Havilland or Mark Stevens or Celeste Holm. It's a picture you should see.—*20th-Fox*



Adventures of Casanova: Dashing Sicilian lover, A. De Cordova, toasts court lady Lucille Bremer.

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Here's your big Bath-Size Camay!

LOOK! IT'S SO MUCH LARGER!

THE BIG BEAUTY NEWS OF THE YEAR!

BEAUTIFUL ARMS!
BEAUTIFUL BACK!
BEAUTIFUL YOU!

SAME FINE, SMOOTH TEXTURE!

BE LOVELIER ALL OVER!

DELICATE, FLOWER-LIKE PERFUME!

MORE LATHER!
MORE LUXURY!

Now there's a Bath-Size Camay! And this new and bigger Camay makes it easier for you to give all of your skin the very finest complexion care. Bathe every day with Bath-Size Camay and you'll be lovelier from head to toe. And you'll rise from your bath with your skin just touched with the delicate flower-like fragrance of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women!

CAMAY

CAMAY
New Large Bath Size

CAMAY NOW IN 2 SIZES!

Use Regular Camay for your complexion—the new Bath-Size for your Camay Beauty Bath.

Bath-Size Camay

FOR YOUR CAMAY BEAUTY BATH

"Party line out of order, Honey?"



GIRL: What do you mean, *party* line? I *never* get a buzz to go to a party. As far as men are concerned, this is strictly a dead wire!

CUPID: For whom the bell doesn't toll, eh? Well, Gloom Child, didn't it ever occur to you that the big-time operators like their party girls equipped with dazzling smiles?

GIRL: And where do I phone for one of *those?* I brush my teeth—but *regularly*. And I *still* wind up with the same old wrong-number smile!

CUPID: Hmmmm . . . Been noticing any "pink" on your tooth brush these days?

GIRL: Uh-huh—the *loveliest* shade of pink you ever—

CUPID: For your information, Cookie, that "pink" means *see your dentist*. Could be serious. Or could be that soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise. In which case, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and gentle massage."



GIRL: And—zing! —I get a smile that sparkles like sequins, I suppose?

CUPID: Listen, dateless-and-mateless: A sparkling smile depends so much on firm, healthy gums. So if your dentist advises Ipana and massage, pay attention! Get yourself an Ipana smile, Honey . . . and you'll have to get a switchboard to handle your calls!



Ipana



Product of Bristol-Myers

For your Smile of Beauty



Follow your dentist's advice about gum massage. Correct massage is so important to the health of your gums and the beauty of your smile that 9 out of 10 dentists recommend it regularly or in special cases, according to a recent national survey. Same survey shows dentists recommend and use Ipana 2 to 1 over any other tooth paste! *Help your dentist guard your smile of beauty!*

Colgate's New Deodorant

Veto

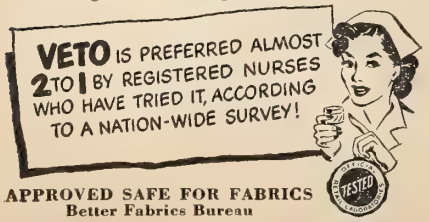
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FEBRUARY, 1948

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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STOCKING CAP GLENTOP BY GLENTEX

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Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY · Produced by ARTHUR HORNBLOW, JR.
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

louella parsons' good news



At the Calif. send-off of the Friendship Food Train were Van Johnson, Claude Jarman, Jr., and Bev Tyler. Radio commentator, Drew Pearson, dreamt up idea—food collected in the U.S.A. will be sent to Europe.



Strictly from hunger is the sound coming out of Red Skelton's horn. Lauritz Melchior used his cigar as a baton, but Van just wouldn't listen. Ava Gardner smiled bravely for the cause at the Friendship Train party.

■ Up till now, the $164 Question has been, "Will Lana Turner marry Tyrone Power?"

But as I write this, their romance is off. The squabbling all started when Ty hung up on Lana from Rome, after he heard she had stepped out, but love was ever thus. He called back in a few days, and according to Lana herself, everything was sunshine and roses.

"You sure everything is all right?" I asked her.

"Oh, yes, oh, yes, indeed!" she told me. "He's going to see me first of all."

There had been rumors Ty had a new girl in Rome, and Lana was so furious that she gave her smiles to an old flame, whose name I refuse to mention.

Lana had seemed depressed and very dispirited for a few weeks. Then, with that mercurial change that is so Lana-like, she was radiant again.

By this time, Annabella has probably filed her divorce in Los Angeles. Of course, there is a year's wait in California before it will become final. I happen to know the reason Annabella is suing is that she has her own love life. She is madly in love with a young Russian prince who belongs to the Romanoff family. He is in the perfume business. He's no relation to Mike Romanoff, but is honestly and truly a relative of the late Czar.

Will Lana and Tyrone marry? As of today, I doubt it very much. They seem to have made a clean break, but anything can happen in a year. I do know that the separation, while Ty was in Europe, wasn't the least bit good for them. Some people flourish when they're apart. Not Lana and Ty, who are among those who should have stayed side by side if they wanted their romance to prosper and continue.

If Lana and Ty really had cared as much as Lana told me, and as much as Ty said before he went abroad, maybe it would have meant marriage, but who could ever dare hazard a guess where that Turner girl is concerned?

At the moment, it looks as though the two have made a clean break.

* * *

The clock had just struck two o'clock in the morning when Mrs. Burt Lancaster nudged her sleeping husband and said, "Honey, I think you'd better take me to the hospital."

Now, ordinarily, in a case like this, when the Stork is flapping wings—you would think it would call for a lot of excitement. But five times in the past, Mr. Lancaster had taken Mrs. L. to the hospital—and five times he had brought her home. False alarm!

So he merely said, "You sure?"

And she answered, "No. But, maybe."

So the Lancasters arose, decided they were hungry, made coffee and scrambled eggs before Burt got out the car. Casually, they motored down to the hospital where he left her with the following comment:

"Have a good night's sleep, honey. I'll pick you up in the morning—same as usual."

"Okay," said Mrs. Lancaster, yawning. "I wish I had a good book."

Five hours later, the telephone rang, announcing that Mr. Lancaster was the father of an eight-pound, ten-ounce son.

"My God!" yelled Burt. "It can't be! *I didn't pace the floor!*"



Ermine-wrapped Mrs. Harry Karl (Marie McDonald) and Elizabeth Taylor added glamor to the Friendship Train festivities. Friends say that Marie, whose M-G-M contract expires soon, may give up her career.



Things were fine in the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel when this snap of Diana Lynn and Bob Neal was made. Since then, there've been rumors that their marriage plans are off; Diana's dating others.



Gene Kelly came to Lana's N. Y. cocktail party with his foot in a rocker-like cast. He broke his ankle doing a routine, but he'll dance again.

(Advertisement)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

At the first blush of Womanhood



by
VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you approach womanhood. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and is especially evident in young women. It causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

No need for alarm — There is nothing "wrong" with you. It is just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl. It is also a warning that now you *must* select a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers to overcome — Underarm odor is a real handicap at this age when a girl wants to be attractive, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills odor instantly, safely and surely, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for many hours and keeps you safe. Moreover, it protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. The physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion of the teens and twenties can cause the apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration. A dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend as well as ruin a dress.

All deodorants not alike — Don't take chances! Rely on Arrid which stops underarm perspiration as well as odor. No other deodorant gives you the same intimate protection as Arrid's exclusive formula. That's why Arrid is so popular with girls your age. They buy more Arrid than any other age group. More nurses—more men and women everywhere—use Arrid than any other deodorant.

How to protect yourself — You'll find the new Arrid a snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears in a jiffy. Never gritty or grainy. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Gentle, antiseptic Arrid will not irritate skin. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely!

Don't be half-safe — During this "age of courtship," don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid right away, only 39¢ plus tax at your favorite drug counter.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★



The Friars' Club gave a testimonial dinner for Bob Hope at the Biltmore Bowl, but Jack Benny said they should have stayed home to listen to his radio show (it was Sunday). Gags flew, and the evening ended with songs by Jolson. Around Bob are Jessel, Benny, Cantor, Burns, Kyser and Al.

louella parsons' good news

If ever two people belonged together, it's Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan. Because they are both old and dear friends of mine, I hate to report they're at the breaking point, with Jane sitting it out alone in her hotel room. Ronnie refuses to take any parting from Jane seriously, believing that now she's just completely exhausted from her last film, *Johnny Belinda*. I sincerely hope he's right, for they based their marriage on too solid a foundation to wreck it.

* * *

If I had planned my New York trip that way, I couldn't have hit the Big Town when there were more Hollywood stars on hand. Every place I went it was like "Old Home Week," waving to Irene Dunne, Lana Turner, Joan Crawford, Greer Garson, Gene Tierney, Frank Sinatra, the Fred MacMurrays, Joan Fontaine, Ann Sheridan, Marlene Dietrich—and, oh well, EVERYBODY!

I want to say right here that I couldn't have been prouder of the Hollywood contingent. During my entire stay, I didn't see anyone from movietown do anything out of line—and that's more than I can say for a few of the "sassiety" lights.

For instance, at the wonderful cocktail party Sherman Billingsley gave in my honor at the Stork Club (a party I shall never forget!) Marlene Dietrich was there—also 72-year-old Mrs. Frank Henderson, of the New York social set. Just a few days previous, Mrs. Henderson had hit the front pages of the newspapers by putting her feet up on a table between acts of the opera.

Even so, everyone was flabbergasted when she swept down on Marlene at my party saying she wanted her legs photographed with Dietrich's famous gams so the world could compare their respective stems.

Poor Marlene was in a spot. But Parsons wasn't. I said, "No picture!" and meant it.

I was also impressed with Lana Turner's sweetness and thoughtfulness in getting out of a sick bed to come to my party.

It was wonderful seeing Joan Fontaine, so much the lady and so perfectly groomed.

The most modest guest of all was Frank Sinatra, conducting himself so inconspicuously in the big crowd that he might have been a young business man instead of the idol of the bobby-soxers.

Gene Tierney and Ann Sheridan looked far less like typical movie stars than several debutantes present.

"Flashy" Hollywood movie stars? Don't make me laugh.

* * *

One of the best times I had in my New York whirl—and I mean whirl—was doing the town with Bob Hope and Dolores.

Bob, you know, covered the Command Performance and Princess Elizabeth's wedding on my air show, so, of course, we had many conferences before he sailed. But it wasn't all business—not by a long shot.

The beautiful Dolores and Bob met me at the Stork Club, and from there on—we just kept going.

The most fun was at Leon and Eddie's, for a very special reason. When the Hopes

"An Ideal Husband has to look to his future ... a woman has to look to her past!"





PAULETTE GODDARD

Alexander Korda's production of

Oscar Wilde's Most Scandalizing Comedy

An Ideal Husband

with MICHAEL WILDING · DIANA WYNYARD

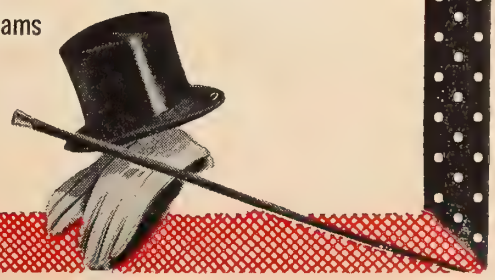
Glynis Johns · Constance Collier · Sir Aubrey Smith · Hugh Williams

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Produced and Directed by ALEXANDER KORDA

Screen Play by Lajos Biro · From the Play by Oscar Wilde

A London Film Production · Released by 20th Century-Fox



louella parsons' good news



Edward G. Robinson congratulated Jean Hersholt, celebrating his 10th anniversary as Dr. Christian, at a party given by Jean's sponsors.



Hersholt party marked opening of Beverly Hills Hotel's Crystal Room. Bette Davis and husband William G. Sherry made a rare social appearance.



Mr. and Mrs. Kirk Douglas listen to Cornel Wilde, in an expansive mood, at the Hersholt party. Reason for Cornel's happiness is that wife Pat Knight, after a brief New York jaunt, is now back with him in Hollywood.



Instead of regular dramatic sketch, guests, including Joan Bennett, Ted and Betty Hutton Briskin, joined with Jean and cast in an informal broadcast direct from Crystal Room.

were courtin' they did most of their hand-holding in this place. In fact, this is where he asked her to marry him.

Talk about celebrations—they turned the place inside out. Bob had everybody rolling in the aisles with his wisecracks, but I'll have to admit that for one of the few times in his life—someone else stole the show from him.

I mean—Dolores, who hasn't sung professionally in over twelve years, surprised everyone by getting up and putting her heart into "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes"—and she was wonderful.

That's the song that was the big hit when they first fell in love, and it will always mean something special to them. It was a marvelous, nostalgic evening, and I'm so glad they asked me along.

* * *

The only person I met who didn't have a sensational time in New York was Greer Garson—and that wasn't her fault. Greer had been in a whirl, appearing everywhere with attractive beaux, when suddenly, she was taken ill.

Without saying a word to anyone, she went off to a Boston hospital all by herself and underwent a minor operation.


THE NEARER THEY GET TO THEIR TREASURE
THE FARTHER THEY GET FROM THE LAW!
...And the more they yearn for their women's arms, the fiercer is their lust for the gold that must be torn from those dangerous hills!
THE TREASURE OF THE SIERRA MADRE
WARNER BROS.
hit a new high in high adventure... bringing another great best-seller to the screen!
STARRING HUMPHREY BOGART AND WALTER HUSTON
TIM HOLT · BRUCE BENNETT
DIRECTED BY JOHN HUSTON · PRODUCED BY HENRY BLANKE
SCREEN PLAY BY JOHN HUSTON · BASED ON THE NOVEL BY B. TRAVEN · MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

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We're heroes to the countless women who use DeLong Bob Pins . . . They fasten a medal on us every time they step up to the counter and ask for DeLong, *the Bob Pin with the Stronger Grip* . . . We're grateful, too. That's why we spare no effort to turn out a better Bob Pin, one made of stronger steel that keeps its snap and shape longer and stays in your hair dutifully. Always remember DeLong for—

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Won't Slip Out



Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SNAPS PINS SANITARY BELTS

louella parsons' good news



Contrary to Friars' rules, ladies were invited to Hope Dinner, so Ron Reagan brought Jane Wyman. They're back from location on her pic, *Johnny Belinda.*



Gloria DeHaven and John Payne enjoyed combined talents of several million dollars' worth of entertainers. Johnny's difficulties with 20th Century-Fox are ironed out and he goes into *Sitting Pretty.* He was miffed when Vic Mature got *Ballad of Furnace Creek.*

I felt so sorry for her, both ill and alone.

I wish something awfully good or happy or romantic would happen to Greer to help her forget all her worries of last year.

* * *

Interior Decorating Tip to Bachelors: Like to read the funny papers? Well, Lon McCallister covered a couple of end tables in his bar with strips of the comic section, shellacked them, and they are the "hit" of the newly-decorated room.

* * *

Dana Andrews isn't going to let his children see *Daisy Kenyon*—and not because he didn't enjoy working with Joan Crawford and Henry Fonda.

"I don't want the kids seeing me playing a chiseling husband trying to take another's man's wife away from him," Dana says—and I say, good for him. If other parents were as careful, it would be a great thing.

Speaking of the popular Mr. Andrews—he certainly gave his wife a big thrill when he walked in, on their eighth wedding anniversary, with the most gorgeous pin—a snow flake design set in moonstones.

This is the first year they have ever exchanged anniversary gifts.

"Before this, we were too poor and needed the money for more practical things," Dana says.

* * *

I am really sorry Humphrey Bogart got in that Washington mess, because it is going to take a while for the fans who idolize him to forget it. Most of them feel he shouldn't have put himself in the position of sympathizing with the people accused of being Red.

However, I don't intend to go into the Communistic question. I just want to say that no motion picture star should get mixed up, in the future, in any of these so-called "causes". John Garfield told me he has learned his lesson and is no longer on a soapbox.

* * *


A RAFT OF DYNAMITE!
STAR FILMS presents
GEORGE RAFT
IN
"INTRIGUE"
with JUNE HAVOC · HELENA CARTER
TOM TULLY · MARVIN MILLER · DAN SEYMOUR
Screenplay by Barry Trivers and George Slavin
Directed by EDWIN L. MARIN
A
SAM BISCHOFF
PRODUCTION
Released thru United Artists



I've warned this girl before—but I'm going to do it again!

Your "innocent" little flirtations on the set are going to break up your supposedly happy marriage!

Maybe it doesn't mean anything that you and your leading man drive off the lot for lunch, or that he frequently picks you up at the beauty parlor.

But big debacles from little actions grow and you are headed for our next "surprise" separation unless you mind your conduct.

* * *

Don't you believe those rumors that there's a feud on between 20th's two good looking "gangster" stars—Victor Mature and Richard Widmark. Those kids are a mutual admiration society.

Vic was telling his boss, Darryl Zanuck, how good Widmark would be for *The Chair for Martin Rome*. Darryl said, "Well, he isn't going to do it."

"Why?" asked Vic.

"Because I've assigned it to you," answered the Head Man—and that's the first Vic knew he was going to make that picture.

* * *

Nancy Sinatra was on the long distance 'phone in Hollywood telling Frankie in New York that what they hoped for was true—they were going to have another baby—when the radio blared out the absurd news that they had had a big quarrel and were separating!

I'll say one thing for that Nancy. She keeps her head. She was angry and annoyed, of course, at the ridiculous gossip. She had not expected to tell the world the news about the new arrival for several months, because she thinks it bad taste to announce news like this the split second you yourself hear about it.

(But, I heard it and not only had a "scoop", but I believe I was a factor in assuring Frankie's wild-eyed followers that there is no trouble at the Sinatra's.)

Then, Nancy packed her bags, and she and the two children took off for Palm Springs—but not to hibernate. She has been at the Lone Pine Hotel, having a good time with the other Hollywooders there, including the Lou Costellos, the Bill Holdens and Betty Hutton and her husband.

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Do you like what we write? Do you care for our choice of stars? We're really interested in your opinions. We're giving away 500 free three-months' subscriptions to MODERN SCREEN just to find out how we rate with you. Check the questionnaire below, and the first 500 of you who send it back to us will receive the March, April and May issues absolutely free. Just speak your mind. But don't delay!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our February issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

Tough Break, Gene! (Gene Kelly) by Fred Astaire ☐
They Knew What They Wanted (Roy Rogers-Dale Evans) ☐
Speaking Frankly (Pat Knight-Cornel Wilde) ☐
There Ought To Be A Wife (Guy Madison) ☐
North To Frisco (Gregory Peck) ☐
The Years Between (Richard Greene) ☐
Goddess In The Family (Maureen O'Hara) ☐
Homecoming (Esther Williams) ☐
Dream Girl (Shirley Temple) ☐
Stork Club ☐
Command Performance ☐
Artful Dodger (Bing Crosby) by Hedda Hopper ☐
It Happened In Hoboken (Frank Sinatra) ☐
Easy Street (Richard Conte) ☐
The Ladds, Inc. (Alan Ladd) ☐
"V. J." Day (Van Johnson) ☐
First Love (Jane Powell) ☐
Dark Man In Your Future (Ricardo Montalban) ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues: List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone..... State..... I am..... years old

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN

149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars are Lux Girls!



"A Lux Girl? Indeed I am!" says this famous star

Betty Hutton is one of the hundreds of famous screen stars who use gentle Lux Toilet Soap beauty care. "It really makes skin lovelier," she says.

Betty Hutton

star of Paramount Pictures' **"DREAM GIRL"**



Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company

Here's a *proved* complexion care! In recent Lux Toilet Soap tests by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions became lovelier in a short time! No wonder famous screen stars trust their million-dollar complexions to this gentle beauty care.

"I always use Lux Toilet Soap—it's wonderful the way this beauty care gives skin quick new loveliness!" Betty Hutton tells you. "I work the fragrant lather in thoroughly. As I rinse and then pat with a soft towel to dry, my skin is softer, smoother!" Don't let neglect cheat you of romance. Take the screen stars' tip!

Lux Girls are Lovelier!

they knew what they wanted



Roy and Dale, exhausted by their hectic rodeo tour, announced in November that they planned to marry New Year's Eve. They'll honeymoon in Sun Valley; Dale will retire from films after that.

Roy and Dale worked hard for fortune and fame, but now they'll have what they've wanted even more—life under the open sky. Hunting, fishing, riding through the California mountains, together . . .

BY CYNTHIA MILLER

■ I sat under a sycamore tree weighted down with mistletoe and had a heart-to-heart talk with Roy Rogers, handsome and athletic King of the Cowboys, while he was on location making *Under California Skies* for Republic, the last picture he'll be doing until he's had a real and needed rest. The mistletoe, a fungus growth on the giant sycamore, made us think of kisses—naturally—and kisses made us think of romance—naturally. And the first thing I knew, Roy was telling me about the plans he and Dale Evans had made for their marriage on the last day of the Old Year. He told, too, of his hopes for this bright New Year which, he's praying, will mean renewed health and happiness for him.

If ever a fellow deserved health and happiness, it's Roy. But King Roy is, at the moment, "plumb tuckered out." This popular and indefatigable star has made ten pictures without a single break!

King Roy made a picturesque sight as he stretched against a boulder to talk. He had just done battle with the villain of the film, and his face was bruised and battered. Red gore, the kind that makeup artists sprinkle out of a bottle, smeared his ruggedly attractive face.

"The feller with the black bag and the pill bottles told me I (*Continued on page 16*)

"Sleep, my Love"

. . . the most terrifying words a man ever whispered to a woman!



Mary Pickford presents

the cast of the year in the picture of the year!

CLAUDETTE COLBERT · ROBERT CUMMINGS · DON AMECHE

in "Sleep, my Love"

with RITA JOHNSON · GEORGE COULOURIS · RALPH MORGAN and **HAZEL BROOKS**

Produced by Chas. Buddy Rogers and Ralph Cohn · Associate Producer Harold Greene · Screenplay by St. Clair McKelway and Leo Rosten

Directed by Douglas Sirk · Director of Photography Joseph Valentine, A.S.C. · A Triangle Production released thru United Artists

Peter Thompson's *one peeve against* Women



ANDREA KING, FEATURED IN "RIDE THE PINK HORSE", A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE, AND PETER THOMPSON

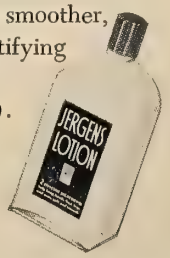
Andrea King speaking:

"Peter's so gallant—he'll never speak harshly of a woman. Except—he can't stand it if her hands are coarse and rough. No wonder! Our hands can be nice and smooth and soft if we always use Jergens Lotion. Jergens is my hand care!" The Stars, 7 to 1, use Jergens Lotion.



His Peeve?

Your hands deserve as good care as the Stars' hands. And today their hand care—Jergens Lotion—is finer than ever. Makes your hands feel even smoother, softer; protects even longer. Two skin-beautifying ingredients many doctors use are both in Jergens Lotion. Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). Never oily; no stickiness.



Used by More Women than Any Other Hand Care in the World.

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use Jergens Lotion

should take two or three months' rest." Roy drawled with his easy grin which lights up his whole face.

"The doc said I'd have to lay off work for a spell. And that's exactly what I aim to do for the first time since I meandered up to Sol Siegel in the dining room at Republic Studio back in 1937, and got my first job as a movie actor."

"What, no vacation in ten years?"

"That's my story, ma'am. Been too active getting my roots down so I could flourish and prosper. Takes a long time. You can be hustling along and it looks like you're headin' for all kinds o' prosperity, when boom! No, ma'am, you can't let go for a second or somebody's got your spot. Leastways you can't let go until you've moved ahead enough so you've got a breathin' space to look around and figure where you want to go."

I'm sure anyone would love the picturesque spot toward which King Roy's glances are directed just now—the wildly beautiful ranch which he owns near Antelope Valley some sixty miles from the scene of his spectacular Hollywood triumphs. He's looking forward to spending some time in those home diggings with his children and his lovely bride, Dale. Nerves have turned his tummy into a bundle of knots, and he's going to have to untie these snarls, or he'll not be able to enjoy the marvelous cooking for which Miss Evans is famous.

do it yourself . .

Yes, Dale announced flatly that she intended to do all the cooking for the household. Neither she nor Roy has ever got accustomed to having servants around. "Reckon we both found out a long time ago," Roy told me, "that if you want something done right, do it yourself—and if you can't, why, then you'd better learn."

Roy and Dale aren't throwing their money around foolishly. Here's a couple you'll never see in the gay night spots of the Sunset Strip. Roy and Dale are a team of Western stars who really love and live the life they portray so realistically on the screen. They find their fun hunting and fishing together, or just riding horseback through the rough California mountain country. Time has been, you'll remember, when the boys and girls who played heroic Western characters in celluloid were somewhat on the harum-scarum side in their private lives. I'm sure that one of the reasons why Roy got to be King of the Cowboys, and why he has maintained his high place for so long, is that Roy Rogers, the man, has clung to worthy ideals.

Let's glance back for just a brief mo-

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I was one of the fortunate people who saw Ingrid Bergman in Joan of Lorraine. *In the first act there's a scene where she is alone on the stage with a pet rabbit. She is talking to the rabbit, in a kneeling position. The night I was there, she gave the dramatic recitation, but as she started to get up, her knee cracked. Stepping completely out of character, she said, "Mmmm—must be old age," and then continued with her recitation as if nothing had happened. What an actress!*

Dolores M. Vanderbeck
Union, New Jersey

ment into the early lives of Roy and Dale. Years ago when he was Leonard Slye, working on a farm at Duck Run, Ohio—try to imagine a more rustic spot!—Dale was growing to girlhood on her father's sheep ranch near Uvalde, Texas. Here were two youngsters born and brought up in the heart of America, and spurred on by the ambition to make something of themselves that is the essence of our American heritage.

The two never met until she was assigned as his leading woman in a Republic Western. By that time, both had won considerable fame and a more than fair measure of financial success, singing on the radio. They made twenty-four pictures together, and the public lost no time in taking them to its hearts as filmdom's ideal outdoor sweethearts. Through the years, each came to admire and respect the other. Dale is a real whiz on a horse, a crack shot besides, but one thing you can bet your last dollar on is that she's too smart and woman-wise ever to outride or outshoot Roy even if she could, which I doubt very much. She is dainty and feminine, every inch of her, and the top of her head just barely reaches to his shoulder. He can just about span her waist with his two hands.

Through all their professional association, Dale continued to look upon Roy in a little sister-big brother sort of way. But in the summer of 1947, both she and he had come to realize that there was something more than just friendship between them. Dale had learned from life a lesson she expressed like this: "I guess there's no use trying to run away from destiny."

She had her career in mind when she said that; not romance. Last summer, for the first time in her life, she ran away from her destiny—or tried, at any rate.

She went far away from Hollywood and Roy. She engaged in professional activities on her own. And she thought things out.

She and Roy and Arlene, Roy's wife of ten years, had been good friends. The three of them had gone out together; Dale knew and loved the Rogers' kids. Cheryl, who's seven, and Linda Lou, who's four, were crazy about Dale. "We love you," they'd say, when she came to visit, and their parents would chuckle. "Good taste, those kids."

After Arlene died in 1946, things more or less fell apart. There was the darling new baby, Dusty, but Roy couldn't seem to pull himself together, even for the children's sake. The blow was appalling. His nerves were shot; he was physically ill.

Dale stood by. She was a tower of strength, and Roy came to depend on her. She got to know Roy's mother and father (they live on a chicken farm he bought them years ago) and they liked her. They'd brag about Roy (*Continued on page 64*)

OUR CHILDREN'S KEEPERS

Millions of children all over the world today are suffering a cruel and undeserved fate—a fate that is theirs because of geography. Put yourself in their place and then decide whether you can refuse to be these children's keepers. The peace for which we all fought together will never last, if we allow hunger to spread like a disease through more than half the world. We will have no citizens tomorrow, if we let our children die today. GIVE THEM THIS DAY . . . Contribute to your local American Overseas Aid—United Nations Appeal for Children; or to AOA-UNAC National Headquarters, 39 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.

I know a sweater is dynamite...



I'm a safety-first girl with Mum

Bright you are and right you are! When snug-fitting wool traps underarm odor, *other* girls catch the men! You play it smartly—help guard your charm with Mum!

Even in winter there's a heat wave under your arms. Odor can form without any noticeable moisture. *Everyone* should remember: a bath washes away *past* perspiration but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum safer for charm

Mum safer for skin

Mum safer for clothes

Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness and charm.

Because Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Snow-white Mum is gentle—harmless to skin.

No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.

As if I didn't have enough on my mind!

YOU USED TO HIT THE CEILING WHEN I DIDN'T KISS YOU. NOW YOU'RE MAD WHEN I DO! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, MARY?

JACK, THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY TROUBLE IF - IF ONLY YOU'D SEE OUR DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH, HONEY!

TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

"**Colgate Dental Cream's** active *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the *cause* of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and *safely!*"

LATER-Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

NOW THERE'S NO MORE WORRY, NO MORE CARE MARY AND I ARE A HAPPY PAIR!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM *after you eat and before every date*



Captain From Castile: Ty Power, caballero, befriends tavern wench, Jean Peters, and her brother, Robert Karnes.



Cesar Romero (Cortez) and Thomas Gomez find Tyrone in a Spanish prison. They all escape to South America.

Movie reviews

BY VIRGINIA WILSON

CAPTAIN FROM CASTILE

Nobody can swashbuckle quite like Tyrone Power. I have a feeling that there will be twenty swoons per reel among the feminine audiences seeing him in *Captain From Castile.* He's so-o-o handsome!

He plays a young caballero, Pedro De Vargas, who lives back in the days of the Spanish Inquisition. Pedro's father, Don Francisco Vargas (Antonio Moreno) is a man of influence, honor and position. Then, in one day, everything changes. Because Pedro makes an enemy of Señor De Sylva (John Sutton) who is head of the Inquisition Board, the whole Vargas family is thrown into the frightening old Spanish prison. Pedro's little sister dies at once, under the hands of the torturers.

Pedro, however, is not without friends, even though the so-called aristocracy is afraid to come to his aid. He has helped two people. One is a little tavern wench named Catana (Jean Peters) and the other is a stranger called Juan who comes from a far-off land called the New World. Catana knows the turnkey at the prison, and she also knows a highwayman who will furnish horses. Juan knows a safe hiding place at a seaport where they can get passage for the New World. So the Vargas family is whisked out of prison under the very nose of the unpleasant Señor De Sylva.

Pedro's father and mother head for Rome, where they have influential friends. The others, including Catana, who is not supposed to come at all, but has never had any intention of letting Pedro out of her sight, go to the seaport. There, an expedition is being fitted out for a great exploratory trip to South America—except that there is as yet no such name for the territory. It is headed by a man named Cortez.

That expedition turns out to be one of the most famous in history. Theoretically, its purpose is to "convert the heathen." Actually, all Cortez wants is gold. For Pedro and Catana it is at first romantic, then very dangerous, when Señor De Sylva arrives representing the Church of Spain. Better see what happens—you'll find it exciting.—*20th-Fox.*

"This Girl Belongs to Me

--and I dare any man to take her from me now!"

BOTH FREE!

If you join the Book League now

UNCONQUERED

Superb Drama of Wilderness Adventure!

and GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Dickens' Famous Novel Which NOW Is a Smash Movie Hit!

UNARMED and alone, Chris Holden stole the half-conscious Abigail Hale from a frenzied Seneca war party—then escaped with her through fifty miles of wilderness with Death stalking them every inch of the way!

Abigail was an indentured servant—one of England's "criminal scum," dumped on the New World in irons. Chris thought it an act of kindness to buy up her indenture papers . . . only to discover he had made it possible for the most brutal slave trader in the Colonies to have her *roasted alive!* How they cheated the vicious renegade of his booty . . . how their shy love-making flared into a bonfire of passion, is a story which will leave you *breathless!* You get this new Paramount movie-hit novel as one of *two* FREE books on this amazing offer!

RIGHT NOW, A Top Cecil B. DeMille Movie, starring GARY COOPER, PAULETTE GODDARD



GREAT EXPECTATIONS,

which you *also* get FREE with *Unconquered* on this amazing offer, is Charles Dickens' heart-warming story of Pip, the penniless orphan whose mysterious benefactor made him a rich young gentleman *overnight!* The brand new screen version of this dramatic tale is showing *now to* capacity audiences! "Perfect!" says the *N. Y. Times.*

BOTH BOOKS FREE with membership in "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club"!

IT COSTS you nothing to join this Club. And every month (or less often, if you wish) you may receive the current Selection—a best-seller by an author like John Steinbeck, Somerset Maugham, or Ernest Hemingway—a book selling for $2.50 and up in the publisher's edition. But you can get it for only $1.49!

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IN ADDITION, for every two Selections you accept, you get—FREE—a BONUS BOOK, an immortal masterpiece by Shakespeare, Balzac, Dumas, Zola, etc. These BONUS BOOKS are handsomely and uniformly bound; they grow into an impressive lifetime library.

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You do NOT have to accept each monthly Selection; only six of your own choice during the year to fulfill your membership requirement. And each month the Club's "Review" describes a number of *other* popular best-sellers; so that, if you prefer one of these to the *regular* Selection, choose it instead. No membership dues; no further cost or obligation.

Mail the coupon without money, and you will receive at once your *free copies* of *Unconquered* AND *Great Expectations.* You will ALSO receive, as your first Selection, your choice of any of these three best-sellers:

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THE SILVER NUTMEG—With every lovely line of her body beckoning his embrace, Evert Haan felt his hatred give way to an overwhelming desire!

YANKEE PASHA—How a young New Englander became owner of a beautiful slave in the exotic bazaars of Algeria.

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Send coupon—without money—now. At once you will receive, FREE, *Unconquered* AND *Great Expectations.* You will also receive, as your first Selection, the book you have chosen in the coupon here. Enjoy these three books—two absolutely FREE, the third at an amazing bargain price.

When you realize that you can get popular best-sellers like these month after month at a tremendous saving—and that you ALSO get FREE Bonus Books—you will understand why this IS "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club." Mail coupon—without money—now.

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Please send me—Free—*Unconquered* AND *Great Expectations.* Also enroll me, free, as a member of the Book League of America, and send me, as my first Selection, the book I have checked below:

☐ THE SILVER NUTMEG ☐ YANKEE PASHA
☐ WOMAN OF PROPERTY

For every two monthly Selections I accept, I will receive, free, a BONUS BOOK. However, I do NOT have to accept each month's new Selection; only six *of my own choice* during the year to fulfill my membership requirement. Each month I will receive the Club's "Review," describing a number of *other* best-sellers; so that if I prefer one of these to the *regular* Selection, I may choose it instead. I am to pay only $1.49 (plus few cents shipping charges) for each Selection I accept. There are no membership dues for me to pay; no further cost or obligation.

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GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
Brilliant Star... eloquent hands

LYNN FONTANNE
Flawless Actress... flawless hands

famous stars agree on this...

"Cream for your hands as well as your face"

These stars rely on a cream for soft white hands. Pacquins Hand Cream!

YOU *CREAM* your face for a smooth, soft complexion. Why not give the skin of your hands this same care?

Well-groomed women everywhere are switching to *creams.* And now *more women use Pacquins than any other hand cream.*

"Why not, indeed! But of course!" say these famous stage stars, and they *know.* Knowing all the "hows" of skin grooming is a vital part of their profession. They *must* keep their hands soft and eloquent!

Try this—starting tonight: Smooth on a dab of snowy-white, quick-melting, flower-fragrant Pacquins. Notice how your skin gratefully welcomes its soothing magic. Not sticky or greasy, Pacquins smooths away dryness and roughness. A 12-second rub-on with Pacquins — morning and night — will keep your hands lovely.



NURSE FRANCES ZALONIS says: "I always have a jar of Pacquins at the office because I scrub my hands 30 to 40 times a day. It takes a cream like this to protect my hands. And Pacquins was originally formulated for nurses and doctors."

Never sticky or greasy!

for "dream" hands — cream your hands with

Pacquins
HAND CREAM



At Any Drug, Department, or Ten-Cent Store.



Cass Timberlane: Spencer Tracy marries Lana Turner, a girl from the wrong side of town.

CASS TIMBERLANE

There's a judge in a small city in Wisconsin and his name is Cass Timberlane (Spencer Tracy). You've known judges like him, men who were admired and respected, and perhaps taken a little for granted. Most of the people in Grand River could predict his future easily. He would marry Chris (Margaret Lindsay), a nice, suitable girl for him. And he would go on living in the country club set, and perhaps give them a bit of a break in cases that came up, as judges are apt to do with their friends.

But Grand River's predictions don't work out, because Cass meets Virginia Marshland (Lana Turner). Ginny doesn't belong to the country club set, or any other except a boys' baseball club down in the tenement section. None of that bothers Cass, but what does bother him is the difference in their ages. He's a middle-aged bachelor. Ginny is twenty-three—and so beautiful you can hardly believe it. It takes Cass quite a while to make up his mind to ask her to marry him, and it takes Ginny a while to decide to accept.

Then suddenly, it's done, and she is Mrs. Judge Timberlane, entertaining at important dinners, yet knowing that she isn't accepted. It's that knowing which makes her turn to Brad Criley (Zachary Scott), who is friendly and admiring and makes her feel at ease. Brad goes off to New York, however, to pursue his law career and after that Ginny is very restless indeed.

So she persuades Cass to go to New York, too. He doesn't want to be a judge in a little dump like this, forever, does he? And Cass, worried, idolizing her, agrees at last. But the moment they reach New York he realizes he has made a mistake. This isn't for him—this surging tide of ambition, compromise, and slick, smooth promises, too easily broken. Ginny loves it. And Brad is here. Maybe she loves Brad. The thing to do, Cass feels, is let her stay. Let her be happy. Only it turns out that it isn't that simple for anyone!

Lana never looked lovelier, and Spencer Tracy's quiet simplicity is displayed to top advantage.—*M-G-M*



A Woman's Vengeance: Charles Boyer, married to an invalid, loves young and pretty Ann Blyth.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE

Take one middle-aged man married to a querulous invalid, one seductive little baggage twenty years younger, one spinster in love with above-mentioned man, and what have you got? In this case, murder.

Henry Hutton (Charles Boyer) has been married to Emily for eighteen years. For most of that time she has had a nurse, complained constantly, and handed her money over regularly to her worthless younger brother, Robert (Hugh French). It's no wonder that Henry has turned to the lovely Doris (Ann Blyth).

Unfortunately for Henry, he is goaded one day into saying he wished Emily were dead. By night she *is* dead, and there he is in as awkward a situation as can well be imagined. Her nurse, Braddock (Una O'Connor), has never liked him, anyway. And it was Henry who gave Emily her last dose of medicine.

At first, his old friend, Janet Spence (Jessica Tandy) is on his side. But then Janet finds out about Doris, which seems to provide sufficient motive for almost any murder. Particularly as Henry marries the girl almost immediately.

Rumors fly, of course, as they always do in small towns. However, nothing definite comes out until Nurse Braddock finds that Henry has given Doris an emerald brooch which she herself had expected to get in Emily's will. Braddock is so furious that she goes to the police and tells them she is convinced Henry murdered his wife.

There is enough evidence one way and another to warrant exhuming the body. An autopsy shows poison, and Henry is promptly arrested. Not only arrested, but tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged.

The only person who really believes in his innocence enough to do anything about it is Dr. Libbard (Sir Cedric Hardwicke), the doctor on the case. What he does is professionally unethical, but it works!—*Univ.*

I WALK ALONE

It seems to me highly unlikely that either the seductive Lizabeth Scott, or the fascinating Burt Lancaster would ever succeed in walking

(*Continued on page 23*)

Mrs. White Uses FELS-NAPTHA SOAP



This is lucky Mrs. "White", fast asleep on Washday Night—
Washday dreams *improve* her rest, since her laundry soap's the best.
It will soon be *lucky you*, if you use Fels-Naptha, too.

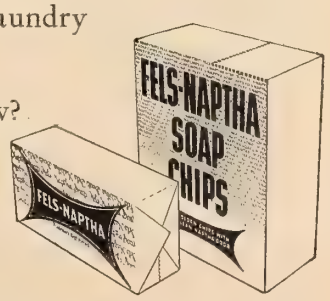
Mrs. Gray Uses... SOMETHING ELSE



Here is restless Mrs. "Gray", haunted by the coming day—
She knows she must rub and scrub, victim of the Washday Tub.
Mrs. G. will find there's hope, if she'll try Fels-Naptha Soap.

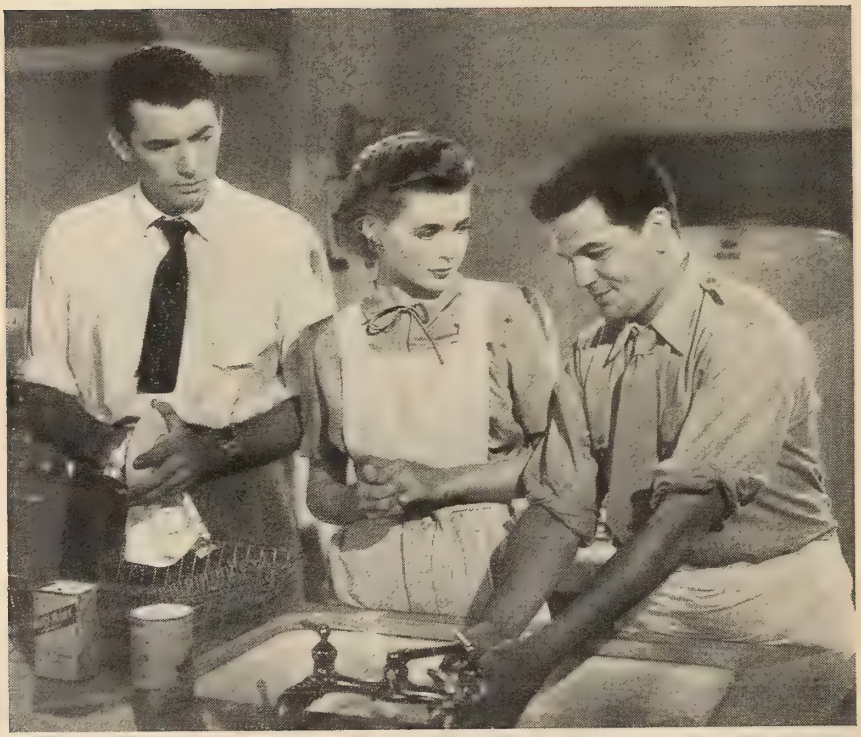
Every week there are more Mrs. "Whites" in the world—and fewer Mrs. "Grays". Women who want to make washing easier—who want their washes completely, fragrantly clean and sweet—naturally turn to golden Fels-Naptha in place of lazy laundry soaps. Or tricky "soap substitutes".

Why not mark your shopping list now? For whiter washes, brighter colors, easier washing, Fels-Naptha Soap.



Golden bar or Golden chips_**FELS-NAPTHA** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

dorothy kilgallen selects "gentleman's agreement"



Gregory Peck, as the magazine writer assigned to do a series on anti-Semitism, Dorothy McGuire, as his girl, and John Garfield as his Jewish friend, just out of service, in Darryl Zanuck's picturization of Laura Hobson's best-selling *Gentleman's Agreement.*

■ Best sellers do not always make best movies—but let it be said at once that *Gentleman's Agreement* in its celluloid form is even more powerful and cogent and frightening than it was as a novel.

As simple entertainment, it is one of the year's classics. As part of the history of the motion picture industry, it is a milestone. It rings all the bells and hits all the bulls' eyes—chiefly because of Moss Hart's taut and intelligent screenplay (which is rational where it must be, emotional where it needs to be) and the splendid fury of Gregory Peck's performance as the central figure. Peck was perfect casting for the part of Philip Green, and he plays it with passion and intensity and great conviction, as if he believed in the character with all his heart.

Of course everyone who read Laura Z. Hobson's book will want to know how closely the screen version follows the novel. The answer is very closely. No phase of the problem of anti-Semitism that was touched on in the book is omitted from the picture; the one noteworthy difference between the two media is that the screen, in this case, has far more force.

For this is a problem easier to face by the fireside than in communion with your neighbors. It is far easier to read the words "dirty Jew" in print and in privacy than to hear them spewed from the screen in a public theater. It is less shocking to watch viciousness and petty human brutality unfold in the pages of a book than to see them move larger than life and just as loud and unpleasant on the talking screen.

Elia Kazan has done a brilliant job of the direction, getting across the point of the story with force and honesty but allowing for tenderness and humor in many places, and showing a keen eye for some of the glossier aspects of New York life. His cast is on the whole fine—specific accolades should go to Celeste Holm, Dorothy McGuire and little Dean Stockwell—and the entire production is tasteful.

Gentleman's Agreement is sure to cause discussion and frequent hot controversy wherever it is shown. But it is high-powered entertainment as well as high-powered propaganda for decency, and I think only those with uneasy consciences will deliberately miss it.



I Walk Alone: Kirk Douglas betrays Burt Lancaster, takes his beating while Liz Scott watches.

(*Continued from page 21*)

alone for even a block. But that has nothing to do with the story, which is about Frankie Madison (Burt Lancaster) just out of jail.

Fourteen long years Frank spent there, and when he emerges, he goes straight to Noll Turner (Kirk Douglas), who owns the veddy swank Regent Club. You see, Frank and Noll used to be partners in a speak-easy in Prohibition days, and it was because of that that Frankie went to jail. They had agreed then to share and share alike.

Frankie is a trusting guy at heart. Otherwise, he wouldn't be so surprised to find that their partnership agreement isn't in effect any more. Sure, he remembers that Dave (Wendell Corey), the third member of the old gang, brought him some papers to sign in prison. But Dave said not to bother reading them, so he didn't. He had always taken Dave's word for everything.

Okay. Now he knows. Now he isn't going to believe in anybody any more. Most especially not in this tall, blonde girl with the husky voice, that Noll gets him a dinner date with. Sure, she's good looking. Sort of sweet, too, you'd think, under all the sophistication. She gets him to tell her all about himself and then goes to Noll with the story. Not that it matters, really. Noll knows it already.

Later, this blonde girl comes to see Frankie at his hotel. Kay (Lizabeth Scott), her name is. She tries to make him think that she's tired of Noll and his tricks and his conniving. That she cares about what happens to Frankie. It might even be true. But he hasn't time to find out now. He's going to get his share of the club back by violence, which is the only way he knows. It's a method that dates back to speak-easy days and it doesn't work. But it starts a chain of events that leads to murder.

Wendell Corey does an especially nice job as Dave. It's a fast-moving picture, well handled.—(*Para.*)

NIGHT SONG

Part of the blues of the world and its music come out in *Night Song*. Blues caught and held like crystal drops in a glass, blues that catch you unawares and hold on, because they are played by a blind man named Dan (Dana Andrews).

Dan hasn't always been blind. He wouldn't be now if he had the money to go to New York for an operation. As it is, he plays the

(*Continued on page 87*)



One Permanent Cost $15 . . . the TONI only $2

Your mirror will show you . . . your friends will tell you that your Toni Home Permanent is every bit as lovely as a $15 beauty shop wave. But before you try Toni you'll want to know—

Will Toni work on my hair?

Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

How much curl will I have with Toni?

You can have just the amount of curl that suits you best—from a wide, loose wave to a halo of ringlets. Just follow the simple directions for timing.

Must I be handy with my hands?

Not at all! If you can roll your hair up on curlers you can give yourself a smooth, professional-looking Toni Home Permanent. It's easy as ABC.

How long will it take me?

Waving time is only 2 to 3 hours—even less for hair that's easy to wave. And during that time you're free to do as you please.

How long will my Toni wave last?

It's *guaranteed* to last just as long as a $15 beauty-shop permanent—or your money back.

How much do I save with Toni?

The Toni Kit with re-usable plastic curlers costs only $2 . . . with handy fiber curlers only $1.25. The Toni Refill Kit complete except for curlers is $1. (All prices plus tax. Prices slightly higher in Canada.)

Which twin has the Toni?

Lovely Beverly Dahm says, "I like a loose, natural-looking wave. And that's just what I got with Toni. No wonder Barbara says after this we'll be Toni twins." Beverly, the twin with the Toni, is at the left.

Where can I buy Toni?

At all drug, notions or cosmetic counters. Try Toni today.



To a dancer, an ankle is almost like a heart, so Gene Kelly wasn't happy when he broke his. But the accident brought back Astaire, the artist who'd been wasting his magic in the dark, the only hoofer who could make Gene say, "Well, this was worth it."

by fred astaire

TOUGH BREAK, GENE!



■ I was sitting on a terrace in Hollywood, wearing a pair of shorts and a sweater, my feet up on a table, a glass in my hand, a copy of the Los Angeles Times spread out on my lap (open at the comic section) when I was called to the phone. It was a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executive, and he said, "Fred, Gene Kelly's broken his ankle. Will you come over here and take his spot in *Easter Parade?*"

"Oh now wait," I began, but he wouldn't let me finish.

"The picture's all set up, the cast is ready, the sets are designed—we're really in a spot."

"I've retired," I said.

"Hoofers never retire."

"But what about Gene?"

The executive made a number of inarticulate but alarming noises. "All right," I said hastily. "I'll come over and look at the script and we'll talk about it."

We talked about it all afternoon. Then I went to see Gene.

"Just how bad is this thing?" I asked him. "Couldn't you be ready in a month, two months?"

"I won't (*Continued on page 108*)

INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet



DANNY SCHOLL, Call Me Mister's *singing and recording star, and both Lon McCallister's and ye Info Desk's favorite singer, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, on July 2, 1921. He is 6' 4", weighs 190 lbs., and has brown eyes and brown hair. He's unmarried. Write him c/o Louis Shurr, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C., for a picture. Lenore Larsen, Mt. Vernon Avenue, Laurel Springs, N. J., has his fan club, and if you'd like to see him repeat his success in the screen version of* Call Me Mister, *drop a note to 20th Century-Fox, Beverly Hills and tell them so.*



DE FOREST KELLEY, the romantic lead of Variety Girl, *was born in Atlanta, Ga., on Jan. 20, 1920. He is 6' tall, weighs 170 lbs., and has blond hair and blue eyes. He's married. Write to him at Paramount Pictures, Hollywood, Calif.*



STEVE BRODIE was born in Eldorado, Kansas, on Nov. 25, 1919. He is 6', weighs 170 lbs., and has brown eyes and brown hair. He's married to Lois Andrews, and his latest pictures are Station West *and* Crossfire. *Write to him at RKO, Hollywood, Calif.*

H. S., Nev.: Gar Moore, Italy's latest film find was born and raised in Oklahoma. He's only sensational and you can write to him at Celebrity Service, 150 E. 54th St., N. Y. C.

Miriam A., Queens: Irma Schonhorn, 646 Willoughby Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., has Bill Callahan's club. Betty Jane Engler, 865 Ellsworth Avenue, Columbus 6, Ohio, has MacDonald Carey's, and Betty Gootschalk, 50-11 205th Street, Bayside, N. Y., has Arthur Kennedy's. Send a stamped envelope for INSTRUCTIONS ON STARTING A CLUB.

DON'T FORGET! Send your questions, together with a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y.

SPECIAL OFFER

SUPER-STAR INFORMATION CHART—1946-'47 (10c)—A new edition of the chart that's a 32-page pocket encyclopedia of fascinating data on all your favorite stars. 100 additional names never before listed! Please send 10c in coin to Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

INTOXICATION WALTZ

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YOU AND THE ONLY MAN dancing . . . his face bent down close. The music hot and sweet . . . Your heart pulsing the same exciting way . . .

CONFIDENT YOU! No fear that his enchantment is broken after the music stops. He whispers, "Wonderful Dream Girl" as his eyes caress your soft, bright hair. The memory of his closeness to your fragrant, glamorous tresses still lingers . . . thanks to Lustre-Creme Shampoo and the new, three-way loveliness it gives your hair. Yes . . . your hair remains part of his dream . . . and you remain his "Lustre-Creme" Dream Girl for keeps.

MANY A SILKEN-HAIRED BRIDE can tell you there's every reason to prefer Lustre-Creme Shampoo. It's not a soap, not a liquid . . . but a dainty, new, richly lathering *cream* shampoo. Created by famed cosmetic specialist, Kay Daumit, Lustre-Creme gives hair new, three-way loveliness:

1) Makes it fragrantly clean, free of all dust, loose dandruff; 2) highlights every strand with a lovely, glistening sheen; 3) leaves your hair soft, easy to manage.

Its instant, billowy lather is a rare blend of secret ingredients—plus gentle lanolin, akin to the natural oils in a healthy scalp. *Try* Lustre-Creme Shampoo! *See* how it gives your hair new eye-appeal for the man in your life; new charm for your "close-ups."



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Rekindle your hair's highlights with Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Just a few finger-tipsful makes a bountiful, cleansing lather, in hard or soft water. *(No special rinse needed.)* Leaves hair *clean*, sparkling, newly soft and manageable. 4 oz. jar $1.00. Also 30¢ and 55¢ sizes. All cosmetic counters.

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The World's Greatest Lover!
The Screen's Greatest Adventurer!

You'll THRILL to his rides through the night to a rendezvous of passionate beauty!

You'll MARVEL as thousands of horsemen storm across the screen to clash in crashing combat!

You'll be SWEPT by the excitement of its romance... the fury of its adventure... the magnificence of its spectacle!



"Adventures of CASANOVA"

Starring

ARTURO DE CORDOVA · LUCILLE BREMER
TURHAN BEY · NOREEN NASH with JOHN SUTTON GEORGE TOBIAS

Produced by LEONARD PICKER
Directed by ROBERTO GAVALDON
Screenplay by CRANE WILBUR, WALTER BULLOCK and KAREN DE WOLF
From a Story by CRANE WILBUR
An EAGLE LION FILMS Production

They say Holly-
wood love is glamor-
ous, but Pat Wilde
knows what it takes...
a good calm stomach,
a nice even blood
pressure and a
fifty-two hour day!



Pat Knight in N.Y., after the release of *Roses Are Red,* visits Sullivan and Bojangles.

Speaking frankly

by Ed Sullivan

■ Why is it that marriage in Hollywood seemingly means no more than it means to Peter Rabbit? What busts up Hollywood marriages—boredom, too much money, too much temperament? Why can't Hollywood people face and conquer the identical marital problems that the typical movie fan disposes of every day, without recourse to divorce court?

I hurled these questions at the beautiful blonde woman sitting on the couch, in my apartment. My French poodle, Bojangles 2nd, who'd been climbing all over the lady, sat up and waited for the answers, too.

"Whoa," protested Mrs. Cornel Wilde, "those are all of the stereotypes—all of the glamorous reasons blamed for Hollywood divorces and separations. Some day, some writer in Hollywood will do a little more probing, and find that the warning signals of a movie colony split-up are nothing more glamorous than a (*Continued on page 92*)



there ought to be a wife



Dining at Ciro's, Madison and Russell (of *The Night Has A Thousand Eyes*) gazed at each other for a souvenir shot. Gail, who calls herself "the wrong Russell" (Jane's her friend), is among top ten in Stars of Tomorrow poll.

■ Over a luncheon of roast pork, apple sauce, salad, milk, and no cigarettes, Guy Madison was being quite confusing. On the one hand (the one he used to wave at Jennifer Jones, let's say, when she entered the commissary from the *Portrait of Jennie* set, wearing jeans under a camel's hair coat) he was denying that he was married, engaged to, or going solo with Gail Russell —or any other girl. On the other hand, he was uncorking the most comprehensive "dream future," complete with "dream house" layout, ever to come from the lips of a fellow who hasn't got the girl picked yet.

Listen to him:

"The kind of a house I want is a rambling, redwood, California style place with lots of glass in the exterior walls for the view. But the only view I want is of my own land—five or six acres of secluded ground around the house. Going to have a couple (*Continued on page 110*)

Guy talks about a flagstone walk, a barn, four kids; but he refuses to mention the little item called a wife!

By LOUIS POLLOCK

In the shadow of the Golden Gate lurked a bearded menace— Gregory Peck—driving a poor girl out of her wits . . . every night except Sunday!

By CAMERON SHIPP

north to 'frisco

■ As 1947 drew to a close, Gregory Peck grew a black beard, donned the frock coat Clark Gable wore in *Gone With The Wind,* and set about driving Laraine Day crazy in San Francisco, Oakland, Sacramento, Seattle, and Los Angeles.

Greg was good at it, and Laraine went out of her mind prettily, to the applause of packed houses.

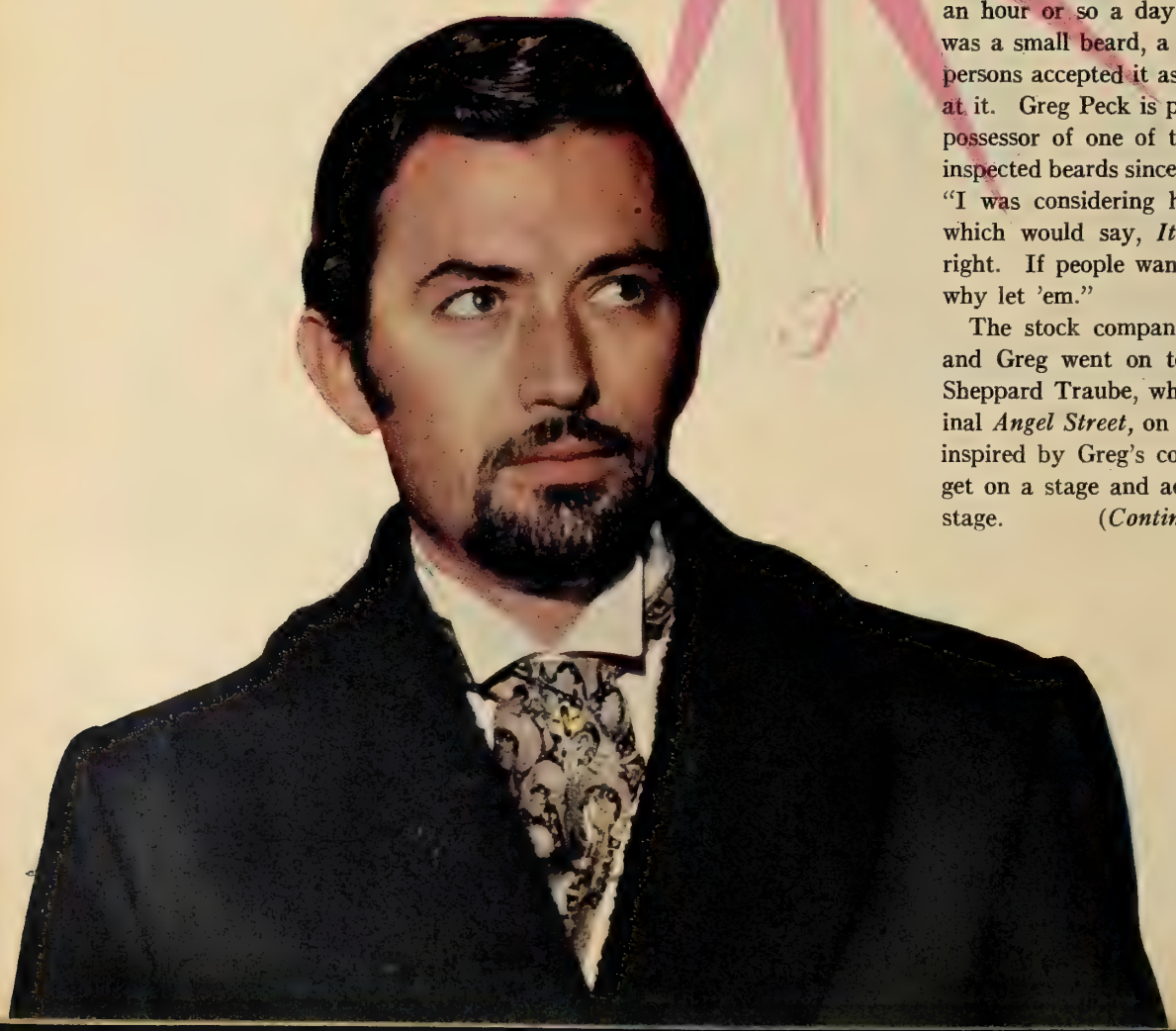
"Got to keep acting. Got to learn my business," said Peck, who had just completed a spate of handsome pictures in Hollywood, including *Gentleman's Agreement.* "This is the kind of chance a motion picture actor doesn't get often enough."

The play was *Angel Street,* as you suspected. The same that Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman did on the screen under the name of *Gaslight.*

Western audiences were somewhat startled to see Gregory Peck playing a middle-aged villain on the stage, but they liked it, and Peck was getting precisely what he wanted—experience in a different, difficult kind of part. He took it so seriously he grew his own beard.

"Sheer laziness," he explained. "Saves an hour or so a day makeup time." It was a small beard, a Van Dyke, but few persons accepted it as real. They tugged at it. Greg Peck is probably by now the possessor of one of the most thoroughly inspected beards since the Smith Brothers. "I was considering having a sign made which would say, *It's real,* but it's all right. If people want to pull my beard, why let 'em."

The stock company in which Laraine and Greg went on tour was headed by Sheppard Traube, who directed the original *Angel Street,* on Broadway, and was inspired by Greg's consuming passion to get on a stage and act. Had to get on a stage. (*Continued on next page*)

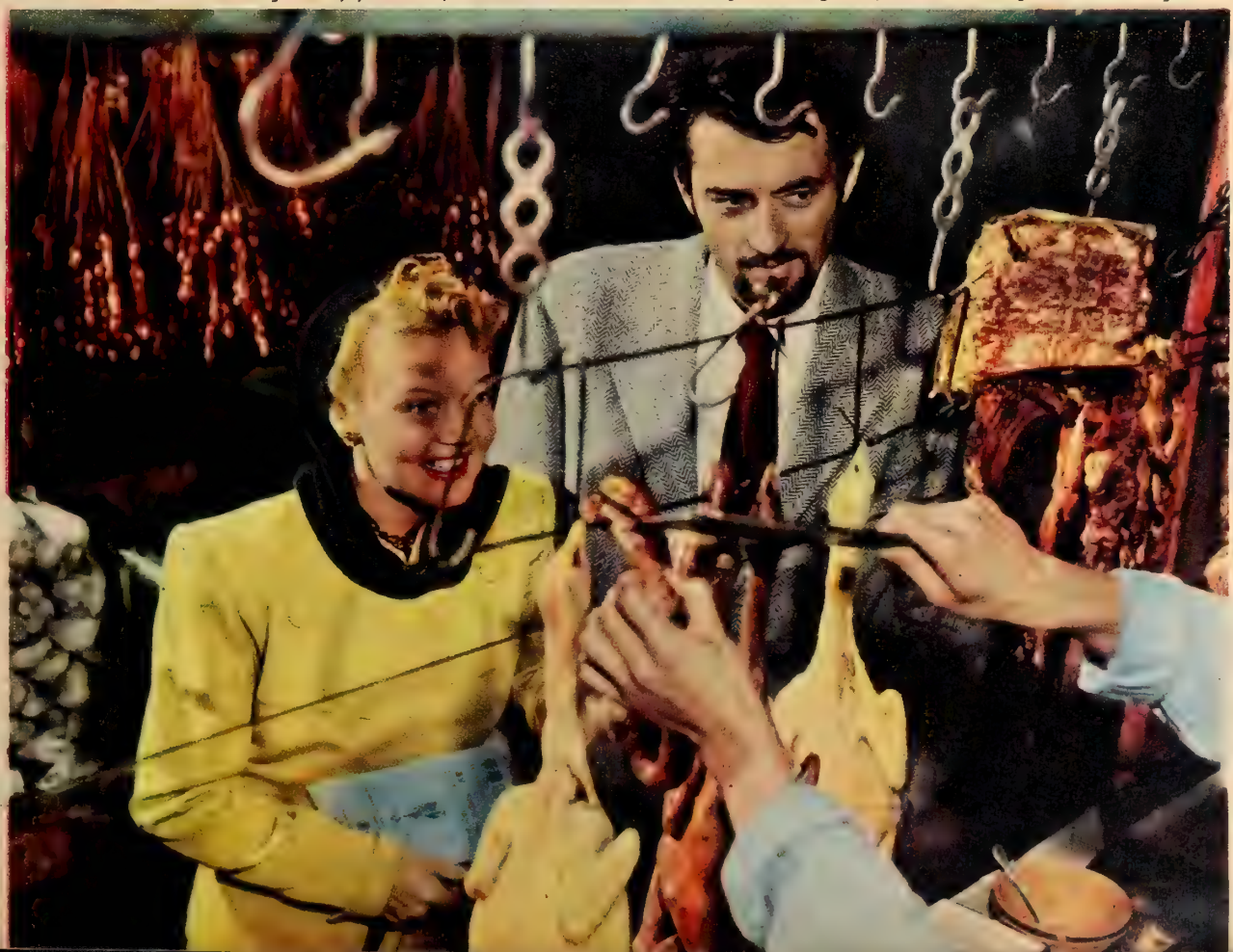


Fans tugged at his beard, were amazed to learn that it was the real article.



▲ Greg wound up his *Angel Street* tour in San Francisco, stayed at his mother's home there. Greta flew up for visits, made her mother-in-law haul out Greg's baby pictures, just to tease him.

▼ Shopping for your dinner at a Chinatown market is a rare experience. Fowl are always sold with head and feet intact. The Pecks bought duck, got home to find Greg's mom roasting ham.



Weekends, Greg flew home to see Greta and the boys, and to supervise construction of a barn on his new estate. Late evenings and non-matinee days found him at Fisherman's Wharf consuming shrimp, or looking up Chinese friends. Greg admires Chinese, holds that they are probably the most ethical and the most honest people in the world. In San Francisco, he ate late snacks prepared by his mother, who lives there, and raided her icebox. When Greta came up for visits, he introduced her to fans as Sonja Henie, which embarrassed her. All told, he had a pretty wonderful time acting on the stage. But the beginning wasn't as easy as all that.

The beginning was rough. He (Greg) started his idea for a super stock company many months before, in Hollywood, by paying a visit to his business manager, the astute Roland Mader, who heard him through patiently. Mr. Mader admires Art, good acting, and youthful enthusiasm. But Mr. Mader is convinced that the best way to succeed in life is to see that your check stubs balance (*Continued on page 78*)



They had fun helping Greg's mother prepare meals. "He hasn't changed," she complained. "Still has to sample everything on the stove." Greg's making *Earth and High Heaven* next—similar in theme to *Gentleman's Agreement.*



Greg and *Angel Street* co-star, Laraine Day, rehearsed their roles at her home in Hollywood. Director was Sheppard Traube (left), who originally produced play on Broadway. Laraine's husband, Leo Durocher, served coffee in the kitchen.



▼ In famous Chinatown, salesman Charles Louie showed the Pecks a variety of exotic Oriental teas. Each package was sniffed appreciatively, first by Greta, then by Greg.



➤ Chinese bookkeeping baffled Greg, but so does every other kind! The Geary Theater, where Greg acted, is owned by D. Selznick, producer of Greg's *Paradine Case.*

north to 'frisco



Fish 'n' chips never tasted so good as these morsels, purchased on Fisherman's Wharf



Press and radio reporters in the Golden Gate City swamped Peck with requests for interviews. NBC's Katherine Kerry considered herself very lucky!



Selecting crayfish (California lobsters) at open-air stall. Before Greg left home, he and Greta gave a big luncheon for paralyzed vets from Birmingham Hospital. It's a monthly habit.

It Happened in Hoboken

■ I am one of those people who attracts little troubles. My life is full of petty tragedy. I leave umbrellas in busses, my plants all die, and every time I have a party, my neighbors call the cops.

The only difference between me and others similarly afflicted is that *I* never learn. I keep expecting everything to turn out great.

If my boss comes in and says, "What are you doing tomorrow night?" I am always sure he is going to give me two tickets to *Oklahoma,* and I am always wrong.

A few weeks ago, this very thing happened. He asked, and I smiled cheerfully, and said I was doing nothing.

"Well," he said, "there's a 'March of Progress' over in Hoboken. Been going on for a month. Frank Sinatra's going to show up tomorrow night, and bring the whole thing to a glorious close. They'll have a parade, and floats, and Frankie will sing. We thought we'd send you and Bert Parry to cover it."

Bert Parry is a photographer, and his good fortune is exceeded only by my own. When we sent him to England on the Queen Mary, so that he could get pictures of Elizabeth Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor promptly became ill. It is a standing joke in our office that we could never send Bert Parry on an assignment in an airplane. It wouldn't be fair to the rest of the passengers.

And now we (*Continued on page 104*)



Hoboken police had busiest day in its history when Frank appeared for March of Progress Celebration. Citizens helped hold back crowds. Despite down-pour which drenched our writer-photog team, Sinatra Day was a memorable event.

When there's a fire in the Hoboken tubes, and City Hall starts floating away, you can bet M.S. gets its feet wet, and a guy named Sinatra is the cause of it all!

By CHRISTOPHER KANE



In a burst of parental pride, the senior Sinatra takes off his fire captain's hat to his boy. Close to 50,000 Hoboken fans defied the heavy rain to get a brief glimpse of Frank.



On the steps of City Hall, Frank, Hoboken's most illustrious son, received a fitting tribute from Mayor Fred DeSapio. Frank is flanked by his mother and dad, Fire Captain Martin Sinatra.



Signing for the home-towners, with Mayor looking on. Rain brought Frank a severe case of laryngitis, cancelling three days of his N.Y. Capitol Theater engagement. Also nixed a possible all-time gross record.



Goddess in the Family



After a day's shooting on *Sitting Pretty,* Maureen dines at Slapsy Maxie's with husband, Will Price. The Met is her goal, says O'Hara, who won't rest till she's in opera!



The grounds of the Prices' California home had to be cleared of underbrush. But now there's a swimming pool and plenty of romping space for Tripoli, the Great Dane, a gift from Will.

Ate like a horse and bent umbrellas over young men's heads—that was Maureen, the FitzSimons' red-haired daughter. And who would have dreamed she'd turn into a sudden, green-eyed Venus?

by Mrs. Rita FitzSimons

■ It isn't a bit unusual for me to be talking about Maureen. I'm in business in Dublin, you know, and people often come in, saying that they have just seen one of her pictures and generally adding, "Oh, Mrs. FitzSimons, she is *so* beautiful!" I agree, of course, because, after all, the customer is always right—even in Ireland.

What puzzles me is that for the first seventeen years of her life I never noticed this beauty; never gave it a thought. Nor did Maureen. Nor her daddy, or her brothers and sisters. In fact, I can remember only one comment about her looks and that was her daddy's repeated, teasing reference to her skin and hair. "Skin like an elephant's hide and hair like hay," he used to tell her. And Maureen, munching away at an apple, would take it quite unconcerned, if she heard it at all!

If this seems strange, perhaps you will understand when I tell you that Maureen is the second of six children, all born to me between the time I was nineteen and twenty-eight. As I recall, with that many growing youngsters running about the house, her daddy and I spent our time wondering: (1) Are they all present and accounted for? (2) Are they healthy and happy? (3) Are they keeping out of trouble? Somewhere further down the list was the question of their good looks, but we just never (*Continued on page 71*)



homecoming

Esther's home again, and Ben's a happy man—until she starts to brag. About the times she showed the cops how to handle crowds and didn't bat an eye when those 4 Harvard boys crawled out from under the bed!

By JACK WADE



Back home after her tour with *This Time For Keeps,* Esther was tired but happy. Ben met her train 50 mi. out; then kissed her hello in Union Station as though he'd just arrived to greet her.



While she was away, the mail mounted daily and Ben, being a very considerate husband, let it pile up on the living room table, so she'd be sure to see it first thing when she returned.

■ Relax, New England. Take it easy, Boston, Providence, Worcester, Bridgeport and New Haven. And you Yales and Harvards—you can catch your breath now. Miss Esther Williams, the one-girl invasion, has completed her personal appearance tour with *This Time For Keeps,* and is back in Hollywood.

Esther arrived by train. She did not backstroke down the inland waterway, through the Panama Canal, and up the coast of Mexico in a sequin-spangled bathing suit, as any male animal who has seen her in action might reasonably expect. She came in on the streamliner, as demurely as any bombshell, and leaped into the arms of her six-foot-five husband, name of Ben Gage. Keep that in mind, gentlemen. Six-foot-five. And Mr. Gage was so glad to see her that he had not only had signs stuck up around Union Station, but had a "Welcome Home" device floating in the home swimming pool.

It was a cold, sunless day, but to show how good he felt about getting Esther back, Mr. Gage took a header off the ten-foot board, and splashed water all over Southern California and parts of Canada. It is not true that the Wil-

(*Continued on next page*)



Esther dashed for the bathroom scales as soon as she removed her coat. Then she announced proudly, "Look, I've lost 5 pounds!" Ben suggested evilly that she could gain them back in a week.

homecoming



"What you got in these bags, Mom?" Ben asked. "Some rocks from the Coast of Maine?" Esther picked up several antiques, gowns and souvenirs in the East, including a genuine Conn. State Police sombrero.



Ben was an indifferent housekeeper in Esther's absence, allowing milk bottles, papers to collect on the back porch. But as a one-man welcoming committee, he did a thorough job!

liams-Gage pool contains essence of pure adrenalin.

If you are not a movie star, and have never made a personal appearance tour, perhaps you do not know that this great American folk custom often is, from the point of view of the star, like being a captive queen in a Roman orgy. You get poked, tugged, examined and cross-examined, exhibited, made to dance and perform, and in the end they throw you into an arena and let wild animals maul you. Strong gents like James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart have been known to grow pale and weak at the knees in the presence of fans determined to pull them apart, tear out their hair and make away with their garments for souvenirs.

Esther Williams, the pastel-tinted bathing beauty, faced that sort of thing for a month and emerged as fresh as a nymph on a calendar. Had a whale of a good time. Thrived on it.

The Williams tour, a friendly gesture by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, designed for the purpose of having Esther meet the people and say a good word for that nice picture, *This Time For Keeps,* began in Washington, D. C., in a cinema-vaudeville house where it was appropriate enough for Esther to shuck down to a glittering bathing suit.

After that, in more conservative cities, she appeared on stage in a sweater and skirt. Since she is a professional swimmer, she and her manager, an energetic lady named Melvina Pumphrey, were confronted with a slight technical problem. How you gonna lug a swimming pool all over the Eastern seaboard?

This was beyond the resources, even, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Miss Williams decided to walk on stage and answer questions. She got 'em fast. The first question asked everywhere was: "How about a date tonight?" Having disposed of that the way any nice girl should, Esther then met these queries head-on:

"What does Frank Sinatra (*Continued on page 98*)



Esther couldn't wait to model the New York gowns she'd brought home. Ben, who can't resist surprises, barged in on her three times while she was on her p.a. tour.



"Pappy" Gage shows Esther what's been going on while she was away. "The whole neighborhood's growing over our heads—two dozen new homes are being built!"



Ah, peace! Doctors say Es will be able to swim good as new; no danger from accident suffered on set of *On An Island With You.*



LUCKY BREAK: Before Shirley could walk, she was kicking in time to music. At 3, she was enrolled in dancing school, soon spotted by a talent scout and signed for shorts, bits in features. One lead—with J. Dunn in *Baby Take a Bow*—and she was starred!



MARQUEE MAGIC: Shirley lent her magic name to two box-office smashes from Paramount (for which she was borrowed from her home studio, 20th Century-Fox): *Little Miss Marker* (above, with Adolphe Menjou) and *Now and Forever*, with Gary Cooper.



GOLDEN TOUCH: Shirley, who'd saved 20th Century from bankruptcy, was soon earning $300,000 a year. This did not include royalties from Shirley Temple dolls, dresses, toys, numerous commercial articles to which her parent-managers lent her name.



WORLD AT HER FEET: World-renowned figures, such as Pres. and Mrs. Roosevelt, Henry Morgenthau, Herbert Lehman, MacKenzie King of Canada, were charmed by the Temple personality. On a visit to Washington in 1938, she "captured" G-Man Edgar Hoover.

Twice in a lifetime, Shirley Temple has lived young America's day-dreams. But like any other kid, she did her homework to the blare of the radio, took ribbings from her unimpressed big brothers and married the man she loved!

by IDA ZEITLIN

Dream girl

■ I've been doing stories on Shirley Temple for twelve years.

I remember her at 7, feeding the bunnies behind her studio bungalow before you could get her to eat her own lunch.

I remember the mirthful look in her eye at 9, when somebody asked about her ambitions. "That depends," said Shirley. "Right now I'm making a paper basket, and most of anything in the world I want some paste."

I remember the schoolgirl of 12, sweater sleeves pushed back, the fifty-five famous curls forever vanished. "Thank goodness," their owner remarked.

I remember her at 16, young enough to be driving the family nuts with some strange brand of doubletalk, old enough to be wearing a forget-me-not ring whose giver was a secret.

I remember the way she looked a few days ago on the lawn of her house, flanked by the Agars' collie and the Temples' boxer. The breeze ruffled her hair, the dimples winked. "I don't care if it's a boy or a girl."

I drove off muttering, "She's *not*

(*Continued on next page*)





WISE MOTHER: Mrs. Gertrude Temple was once offered $5,000 to reveal over the air the "secret" of Shirley's success. She declined, saying, "How can I take money for something I don't know?" George Temple left important bank job to handle his daughter's finances.



DREAM SCHOOL: In June, 1945, Shirley was graduated from Westlake School. Joyce Agar (right) and Betty Jean Lail (between them) are her two best girl friends. Shirley was as nervous as any new girl the first day of classes—until Betty Jean took her in tow.



REPEAT PERFORMANCE: In 1944, at 16, Shirley came out of "retirement" to start her adult career in David Selznick's war-time hit, *Since You Went Away*. She took her place opposite such stalwarts as Claudette Colbert, Joe Cotten, Jennifer Jones—and held her own!



ROYAL WEDDING: The marriage of Shirley and John Agar took place in Wilshire Methodist Church on Sept. 19, 1945, although they'd promised Mrs. Temple they'd wait two years. It was a simple ceremony; nevertheless, bridal gown and decorations were lavish.

Dream girl



PRINCE CONSORT: By the time Shirley celebrated her 18th birthday, John was in civvies. A shy, quiet boy, John has only recently overcome embarrassment at public attention, annoyance at vicious gossip.



HEIR APPARENT: Shirley "retired" for the second time after *Hagen Girl,* and *War Party* (with John) to await their first child. The story, front-paged all over the world on July 21, 1947, was almost missed because skeptical reporters were wary of "just another false rumor."

old enough to have a baby," though her answer to that one still echoed in my ears.

"All you have to do is look at your own children. You'll discover that we all grow up."

As I said, I've been doing stories for twelve years. That's why I'm doing this one. "You're elected vice-president in charge of Temple," Al Delacorte wrote. "She's on our cover. She's still America's dream girl. Go back through your memories and tell them about her."

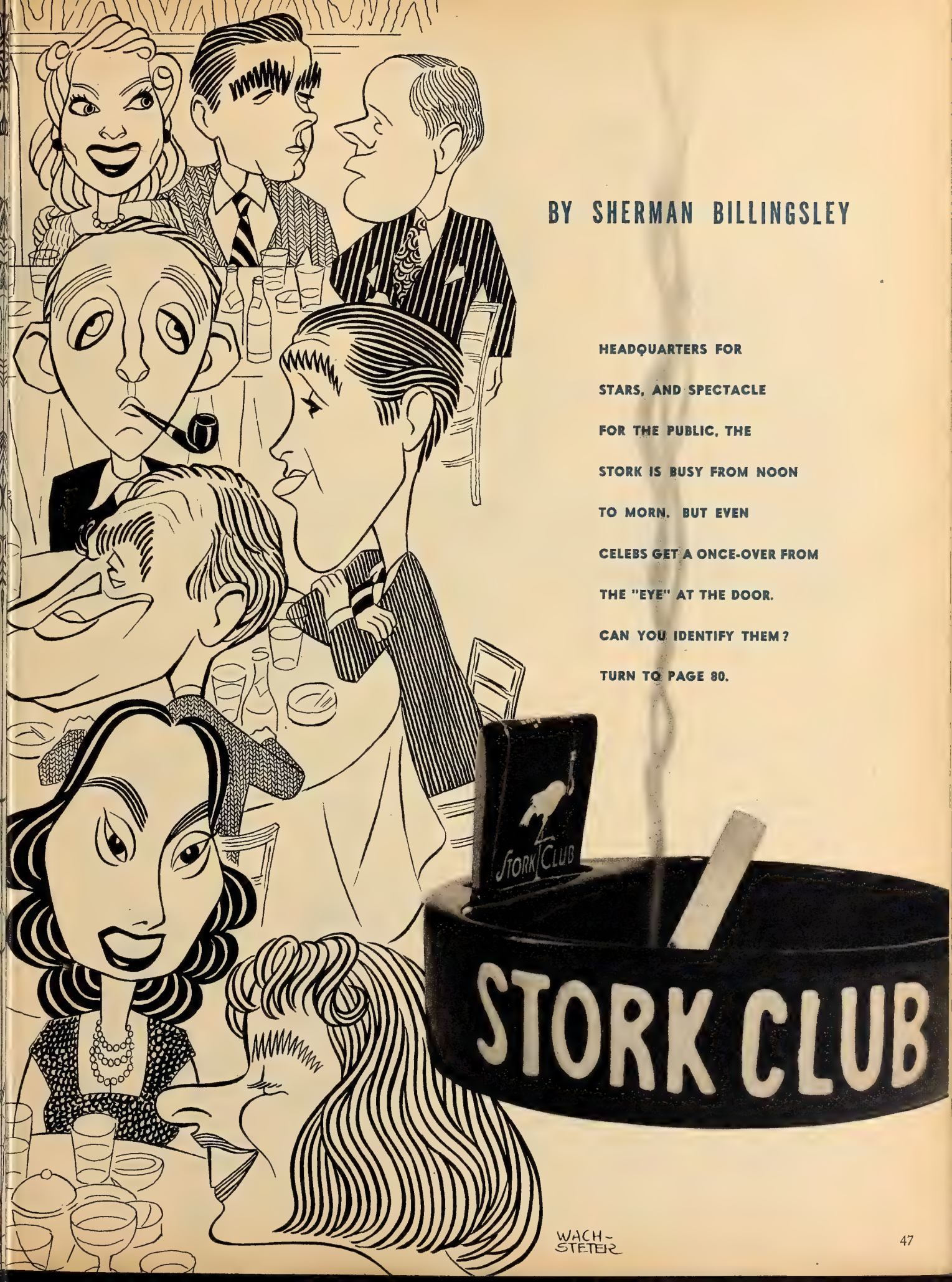
I knew how Shirley'd wrinkle her nose up at "dream girl." She's a matter-of-fact young person, and to herself she's a happy wife like thousands of others, waiting in a kind of suspended glow for the birth of her first child. Which doesn't alter the fact that, viewed from the outside, she's a fairytale.

Say you're a girl yourself, from ten to twenty. Say you're lying awake this January night, building castles in Spain. Here's the whole world to choose from, what'll you have? Let your fancy roam free, splash the colors as bright as you please, and you'll still dream nothing more fabulous than what Shirley's lived.

Like to be in pictures? At 19, Shirley's been in them for 16 years. That part alone would fill a book, which I'm not writing. (*Continued on page 95*)



■ Back in the old days, the Stork Club was, as everyone knows, a speakeasy. It was in a brownstone house on West 58th Street, and the people who came in were just people. A politician here, a banker there, and at the table in the corner a couple from New Rochelle. The 1947 Stork Club is a plush blue and gold joint at 3 East 53rd Street, and the funny thing about it is that the people who come in—in spite of their important names—are still just people. There's Bing Crosby—comfortable as an old shoe; apple-cheeked Ingrid Bergman with her beautiful smile for everyone; Cole Porter and his little-boy weakness for ice cream. I can't think of (*Continued on page 80*)



BY SHERMAN BILLINGSLEY

HEADQUARTERS FOR STARS, AND SPECTACLE FOR THE PUBLIC, THE STORK IS BUSY FROM NOON TO MORN. BUT EVEN CELEBS GET A ONCE-OVER FROM THE "EYE" AT THE DOOR. CAN YOU IDENTIFY THEM?

TURN TO PAGE 80.



Dick's made only one picture (*Forever Amber*) in Hollywood since his discharge from the Royal Armored Corps. Dissatisfied, he's returning to English films. First is *This Was a Woman.*

Patricia Medina, Dick's wife, is under contract to Metro. She visited him at Fox, was seen by Director John Stahl, borrowed for *Foxes of Harrow.*





Beach sports are his favorite relaxation between chapters of the book he's writing on his war experiences. He wanted to restore his *Amber* moustache, but Pat turned thumbs down.

■ You couldn't even have called it dawn, really. The sun was just a shallow gold rim at the edge of the horizon and the English country road was grey in the half-light. But the young man peddling along on his bicycle whistled as cheerfully as if it were high noon. His name was Richard Greene, he was a lieutenant in the Royal Armored Corps, and—having looked in vain for a place to live in town—he was trying to find a room in the country for the most beautiful girl in the world—his wife.

He came to a pleasant looking stone farmhouse set in a grove of budding maples. Dick got off his bicycle and surveyed the place thoughtfully. It looked nice, all right.

He walked slowly up the path and around the house. He knew better than to try the front door of a farmhouse. From the thatched barn came the moo of a cow, and a dozen baby chicks crowded around Dick's feet. Behind them strode a gaunt woman, with an icicle gaze and a red, weatherbeaten (*Continued on page 93*)

the years between

"You don't have to stick this out," said the medics. "Go back to your career." But Dick Greene wouldn't have missed those years . . . missed finding Pat . . . for anything.

by VIRGINIA WILSON



artful dodger

Bing and the Andrews Sisters swing into a dance routine on the Para lot. Quartet also made a gold recording of "Jingle Bells," which Decca sent to Princess Liz for a wedding gift.





Maybe it's not Bing's Pirates, but Denny, Gary, Phil and Lindsay almost fell out of the box! Bing (of *Conn. Yankee, Road to Rio*) was quiet. Hedda (opp. pg.) broke all records when she got a two-hour interview for this story.



Left holding the 50 lb. anvil, Bing stands by while Hope accepts his (Hope's) award for humor, given by the Blacksmiths of the Amer. Public Relations Assoc., at the Waldorf.

You think you have Bing in a corner, but it turns into a revolving door. You call up for an appointment, but he's already got one. Yet when Hedda says, "Blue Eyes, an interview?" he grins, "I'm all ears."

by hedda hopper



■ Bing Crosby was slumped on his spine, sucking a pipe and rolling his baby blue eyes warily, when I barged onto *The Connecticut Yankee* set at Paramount.

There's only one way to interview an artful dodger like the Groaner—corner him and keep him cornered. I've known Bing for a long, long time. And well enough to know he can wiggle out of an interview like a worm off a hook.

"Sit right where you are," I said. "Take that pipe out of your pearlies and relax. You're in for a grilling."

Bing rose gracefully, swept an imaginary hat to the floor and bowed.

"King Arthur's Court, and you make it sound like a drive-in. Grilled ham, hey? I'll have the fried shrimp."

I'd called Bing up at the studio a fast ten minutes before, and luckily, I'd got him on the phone.

"I want to make talk with you," I'd told him. "What's all this male Garbo aura clinging 'round your golden curls, anyway?"

The phone almost blasted my ears off.

"What the Hell do you mean by *that?*"

"Now, now," I soothed, "you know what I mean. You don't see nobody, you don't say nuttin'—"

"Garbo!" exploded Bing. "I should wear one hat so long!"

"Coming over." I broke it up.

And so there I was and there was Bing, trapped. I'll be fair. He invited me. In fact, he said, "Sure, Hedda, trot on out. I'm taking it easy this afternoon. Got chilblains from a rusty suit (*Continued on page 101*)

Gradually, they're getting used to it . . . the cars, the tennis, the $200 suits. But once the Contes—perilously broke and desperately in love—walked N. Y.'s pavements, and called it "having a date."

BY KAAREN PIECK



■ Values are easy, for some people. Take Richard Conte. He lives on a hill, in Hollywood, and his wife has a mink coat, and a maid stands around being helpful, but he got his the hard way, and none of it fools him a bit.

You know what's real, and you know what isn't, and you can enjoy them both. It would be silly to say Conte doesn't. But the balance is there.

Go back to New York, and the stage. Off-months, he'd work in his father's barber-shop. Go back still further, to his childhood. A Jersey City slum.

His father, Patsy Conte, got off the boat from Italy, and came to Jersey City. There wasn't any reason. He could have ended up in Kansas if he'd had the fare.

He opened a barber shop. Haircut 35c, shave 15c. (During the depression, the combination went for a quarter.)

Richard was born in a tenement. It was right on the Hudson River, in a neighborhood of factories and freight yards. "It wasn't nice, but it was interesting," he says now. "It was the kind of background that sets you up well for whatever happens later."

Times were bad. You can remember how bad times were. (*Continued on page 113*)



After *The Other Love,* Dick asked Fox for romantic roles, but studio said no, sent him to Chicago for murder-chiller, *Northside 777.*



Doctors have forbidden him to play tennis for a year because of a chipped hand bone, so he's going in heavily for painting, with wife Ruth as his subject. He's so daft for those checked pants, he made Ruth buy matching dirndl.


"Easy Street"



British-born Bob Hope, who helped put over England's Command Performance, and wife Dolores, chat with Queen Elizabeth at Odeon Theatre.

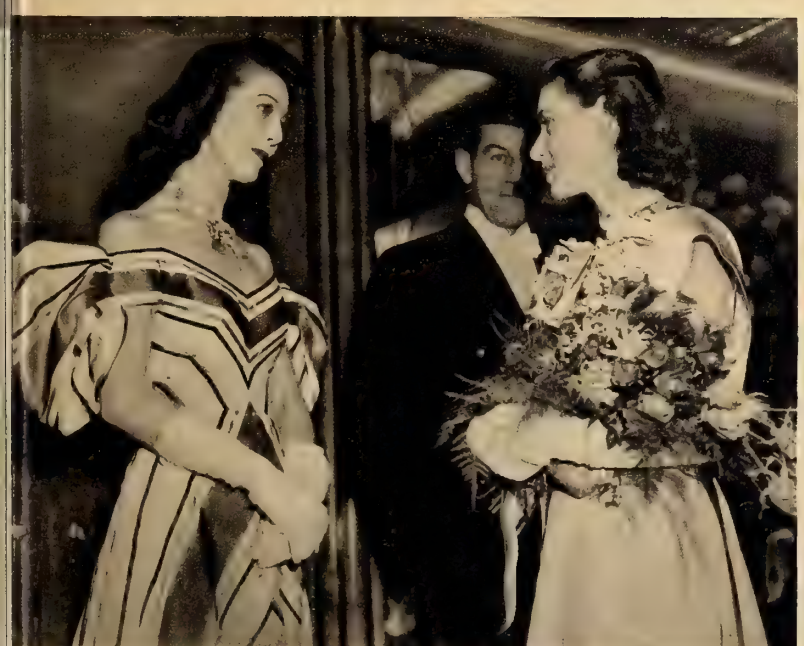
■ *Nov. 10:* Oh to be in England, now that November's here. Well, here ah is, in London again, honey, after almost six years. How I love it. It may be a drear, cold, grey land of austerity to some, but it is sheer heaven to me to be again in this gallant, scarred old city I love so much. And no black-out. The black-out was unadulterated terror to me in winter, 1941-42. I had forgotten how London looked with lights on. It looks wonderful. The country-side was still green, and the trees as colorful as those in Westchester county, as we rolled up to London in the boat train this morning. The way in which the English have tidied up is miraculous. Even at Southampton, where there was such terrible bomb damage, they've done a wonderful job of getting rubble out of sight. When I got into the cab at Waterloo Station, I made the driver go first to Parliament Square to visit Abraham Lincoln on his pedestal, and then to Trafalgar Square, to pay respects to Admiral Nelson, still high on a column overlooking the city. Having made my calls on these two, I went off to the Savoy Hotel. They say all good Americans go to Paris when they die; rest of us go to Savoy.

P.S. Oh, yes, town's getting ready for wedding.

Nov. 11: Ran in to see Cobina Wright today. She was in the middle of entertaining Bea Lillie and the Marquess of Milford-Haven. The Marquess has been deputized by Cobina's old friend, Lt. Philip Mountbatten, who is party of the second part, in this royal wedding to look after Cobina. Nice work for both. Kinda cute kid, the Marquess.

Nov. 12: Lawsy me, all hell has broken loose. Two nasty London newspapers—the cads!—have revealed the most closely guarded secret in England. They have betrayed the design of Princess Elizabeth's wedding gown. One old meanie published (*Continued on page 99*)

command performance



Loretta Young, star of *The Bishop's Wife,* Sam Goldwyn's honored picture, meets Princess Margaret Rose. This was the second annual Command Performance for British charities. Also on the program was a 30-minute color film of royal wedding.

the diary
of an
american
newspaper
woman
by **inez robb**



■ The studio had found them rooms at the Sherry-Netherlands, and they went there directly from the station. After the air-conditioned Chief and Century, the sick-damp, enveloping heat of New York seemed inexcusable and insufferable, like a deliberate insult. By the time they reached their suite, they felt as if they were walking in a steam bath, and their hair and clothes looked it.

Standing before her mirror, trying to peel a blouse off over her head, Sue mumbled through the folds of silk, "I was going to say it felt swell to be in town again, but I've changed my mind."

Alan was already in the shower, she realized, when she at last emerged from the blouse and heard the water running. She snorted. "Beast! Where are your manners?"

He stuck his head out of the curtain. "Something?"

"I'll give you just thirty seconds to get out of there."

He was out in twenty-five, and after she'd had her shower and dressed, they sprawled in opposite chairs and grinned at each other. "I *may* live," Alan said.

"I'm all over my temper, too. But do you realize I brought nothing but fall clothes with me? I thought surely with October so near— The effects of this shower are going to last about ten minutes."

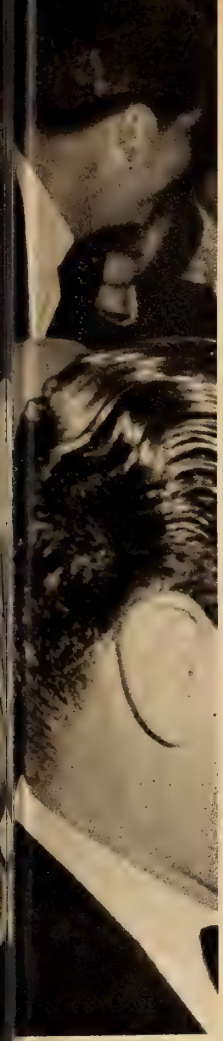
"Let's try to be like children and not pay any attention to the weather."

"Children metabolize at a different rate, honey, and anyway they're not expected to look crisp in hot weather. What're we doing tonight?"

"Harvest Moon Ball. Madison Square Garden."

"Well, let's have dinner on a roof somewhere, anyway. I want some lobster Mayonnaise, lobster with real claws, and some breeze, if there is a breeze."

There wasn't any, even on the terrace of the Starlit Roof. Sue pointed wryly at the sleeves of her dress, already wrinkled on the inside at the elbow. Alan mopped his (*Continued on page 111*)



THEY'RE BUILDING THEIR OWN FURNITURE NOW, AND BECAUSE THEY'RE THE LADDS, IT'S A 50-50 PROPOSITION. ALAN WIELDS THE TOOLS, AND SUSIE SAYS THE PRAYERS!

by Howard Sharpe

THE LADDS, INC.



Alana enjoys having Daddy kibitz while she washes her neck—all by herself. Fans are clamoring for Alan to do a musical, since they heard him sing in *Variety Girl*, but studio wants him to be tough!



Dinah Shore Montgomery's a mean whittler. "Specializing in home-made toothpicks," observed Sue, whose new hair-do is Alan's favorite. The Ladds gave the Montgomerys a christening dress for their coming event.



Layoff from *Long Gray Line* made Alan restless, so George Montgomery taught him carpentry. He's built enough furniture now to fill a whole new room.





THEY DIDN'T WAVE
FLAGS AT BIRMINGHAM
WHEN THEY CARRIED
THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS
FROM THE TRAIN.
AND VAN JOHNSON, WATCHING
QUIETLY, SWALLOWED HARD,
WONDERING HOW TO
SAY, "WELCOME HOME."

By Hank Jeffries

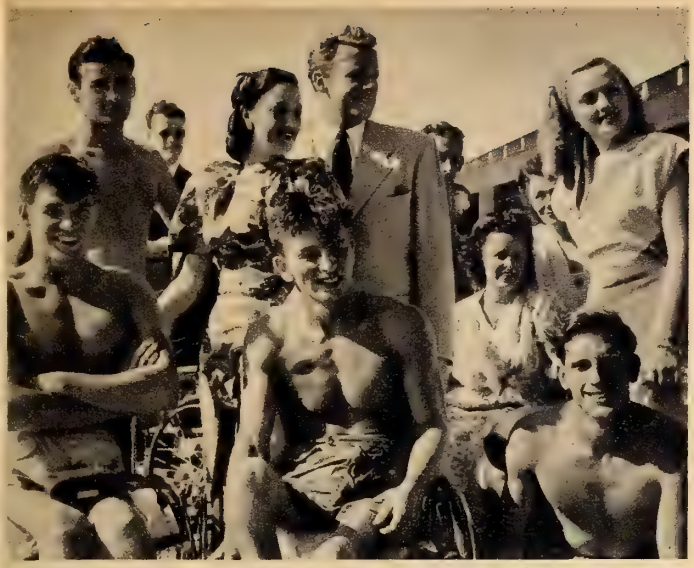
"V.J." DAY

■ On a January night in 1943, a passenger train, with all car lights shaded, switched from the main line of the Southern Pacific, in the San Fernando Valley in California, onto a spur leading to the U. S. Army Debarkation Hospital in California. On it were the first American soldiers wounded in the Pacific battle area. As it steamed slowly into the hospital grounds, the bustle of reception activities became evident, and word, flying through the wards, was carried to a group of visitors. One of the women in this party, a member of the Volunteer Army Canteen Service, turned to a tall, blond, young man walking with her.

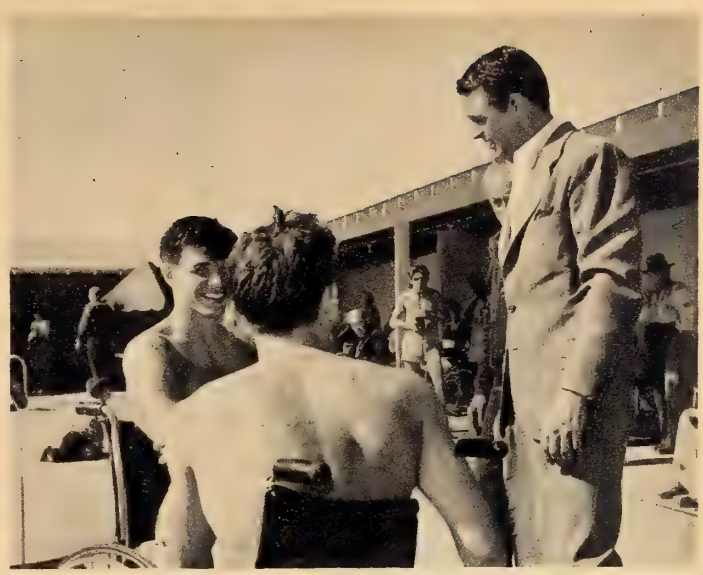
"Did you hear that, Van?" she asked. "These are the boys hurt in The Solomons. Will you come and help us welcome them? It's one of the most important moments in their lives; they've come home."

Van Johnson, who'd visited the hospital many times before, and had talked to thousands of European visitors, stared at her. A frightened look came over his face. "Lord, no," he said. "I'd be petrified. Those guys must be grim after traveling thousands of miles to get here. I'd be the last person they'd want to see."

They told him he was wrong. Against his judgment, they persuaded him to go along. When the first boy was carried off the train on a stretcher, Van was standing in the background. The (*Continued on page 106*)



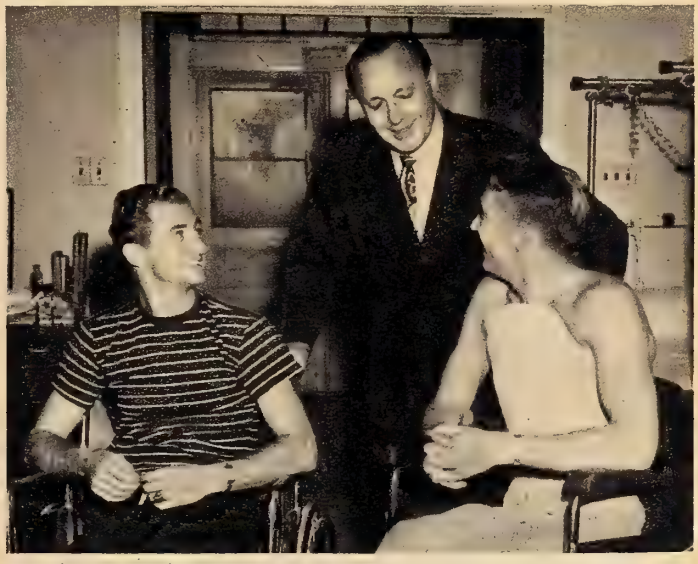
The patients at Birmingham got a new swimming pool through the efforts of the Hollywood Canteen Foundation. Van Johnson, old friend of the vets, and Dot Lamour were among those at the dedication and party.



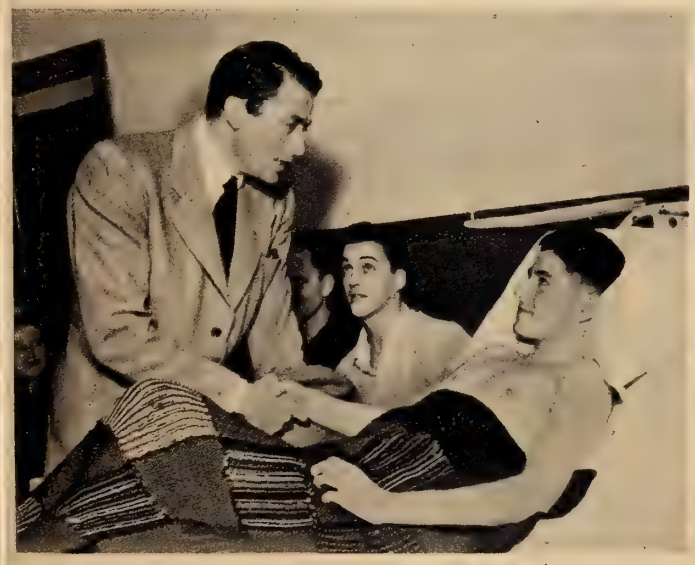
Tie-less and informal, Cary Grant talked with vets alongside the pool. For many of the stars, visits to the hospital began as duty calls, but soon became pleasures and the beginning of real friendships with the men.



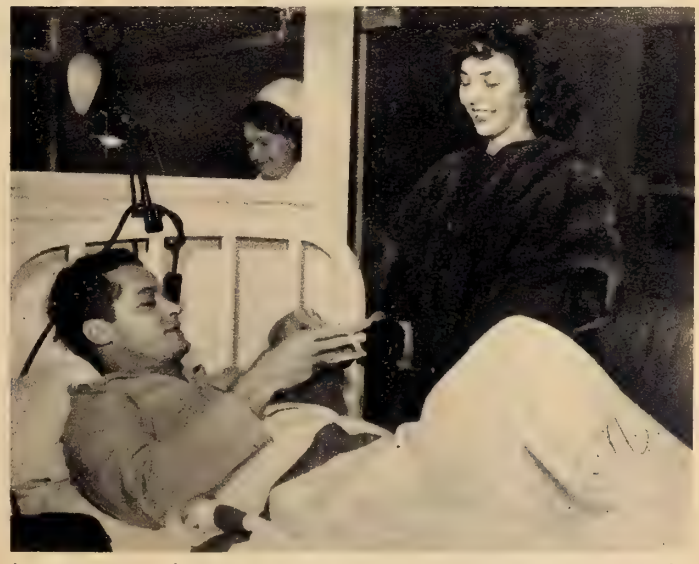
Usually, the stars like to entertain right in the wards, but Christmas is pretty special. It turned into a network show direct from the hospital auditorium, with Gregory Peck, Margaret Whiting and Eddie Cantor.



He's been razzed for 16 years over the air, but Jack Benny took some more when he brought his whole show with him to the hospital. Most of the time, he comes alone. Just walks in and they start laughing.



Before leaving recently for San Francisco, Gregory Peck gave a party in his own home for veterans in the paraplegic ward. Greg and his wife, Greta, know some of the men well, are interested in their families.



Jenniter Jones, who's going to Switzerland for a visit with her sons (at school in St. Moritz) is familiar to the men in the hospital. Here, she swaps autographs with vet Gerald Halbrook, in one of the wards.


First LOVE

For her, they practically polished up the stars in Central Park; they practically wrote her name in lights across the New York sky. But the glow in Janie's eyes was there before; it came with love . . .

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

■ Backstage at the Capitol Theater, she was getting into the Bergdorf dress (shocking pink, and sensational) when the flowers came.

"Orchids again," Mrs. Burce said.

Jane sighed. "Every day. He's so nice—for an older man."

Her mother looked surprised. "How old?"

"He must be thirty," Jane said, ending the discussion.

Shortly thereafter, she went out, did three songs, and one encore, came off, wiggled out of the Bergdorf dress, creamed her face, and sagged.

"The makeup is wrecking my skin," she said. "And I'm tired."

"And there wasn't any letter from Tommy today," her mother noted. "Is that it?"

She had to grin. Not that she didn't have a right to be tired. The train trip, and the confusion, with Jane coming in to one of New York's two railroad stations, while her agents (MCA) were dutifully meeting her at the other. The two weeks of five shows a day (a different dress for every show) and eating in a million restaurants, so that your stomach was a little off, and never getting to bed because there was so much to see.

She was tired, all right. But the fact remained that Tommy hadn't written; there hadn't been any letter today, and maybe you could blame the mood on that, and not New York.

People in New York had (*Continued on page 83*)



Soon to be seen in *Three Daring Daughters,* (formerly, *The Birds And The Bees*) Jane prepares to perform at N. Y. Capitol Theater.



Jane's mother came East with her—helped out backstage. Also was present at the buying of a white American broadtail coat.

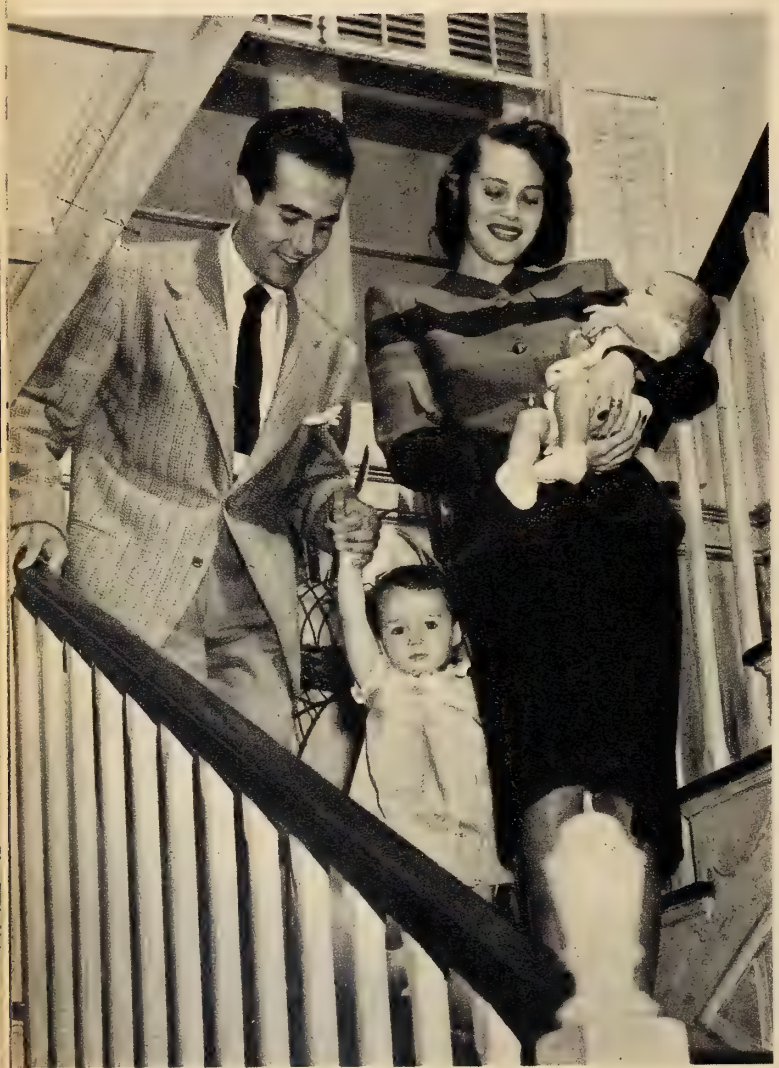


"Curtain's going up!" One more look at the script before show-time.

dark man in your future

He fought bulls at 13, won a singing contest when he couldn't sing, chased a dream until she married him. He gets what he goes after, that Ricardo Montalban—and right now he's after your heart!

by george benjamin



Stardom is just a step ahead for Mexican-born Ric Montalban, who's next is *On An Island With You.* Going along in stride are wife Georgianna (Loretta Young's sister), Laura, 2, and Mark, now 9 months.

■ His name is Ricardo Montalban. *Mont* (as in don't)—*tahl—bahn,* with a slight emphasis on the *Mont.*

In the picture *Fiesta,* he was required to dance a little number with Cyd Charisse called "The Flaming Flamingo," and to play a terrific concerto on the piano, and to seem as proficient a matador as the men who spend lifetimes practicing.

He also had to act.

He doesn't look like the typical American conception of a Mexican, but Americans have some funny conceptions. His charm has an effervescent quality about it: he is a bundle of nerves, but they are under control. And he is a genuinely intelligent man.

He remembers being eight years old, and the first plane coming over their little city of Torreon. Everyone stood in the streets and watched it, that first day, because they didn't know what would happen, and in Northern Mexico, in 1928, one had not seen many flying machines.

Directly over the center of town, the pilot leaned out and dropped a small black object, which plummetted straight down and made a noise and a flash when it hit.

Then the (*Continued on page 105*)



you'll

love

that

tiny-foot

look



Velvet step

SHOES

"feminine to the tip of your toes"

For these reasonably priced shoes, write for the name of your dealer

PETERS SHOE COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED

(*Continued from page 17*)

to her. "Brand-new Buick the boy just gave us. Some boy."

And she'd say yes, because she already knew he was some boy. Her parents met Roy, too. They'd come on from Uvalde, to visit, and they'd thought Roy was terrific.

So all Hollywood wondered, when Dale went away. Dale had been married herself, before, and maybe it was a case of the burned child. She'd been divorced from composer Robert Butts in 1945; she wasn't in any rush to marry again.

She came back to Hollywood eventually, but not to act with Roy in his Westerns—much as she loved playing the Western heroine—but in other films. Once again, Hollywood wondered about them—wondered, and suspected that they cared, and then forgot.

But the fact was that, during all those months, Dale was finding out for sure and always that "there's no use running away from destiny." She and Roy made the announcement of their wedding date unexpectedly, and all their friends rejoiced, because all Hollywood loves to see an idyllic love story come true. Dale Evans was running quickly and joyously to meet her destiny.

the gossips behave . . .

The whole thing was carried off with dignity and a complete, refreshing lack of cheap cracks on the part of filmland's pack of gossip columnists. Even now, Roy and Dale are extremely reticent, refusing pointblank to discuss themselves with most reporters.

As to the wedding itself, plans were not complete the day I talked with Roy, but he had called his tailor that morning to order his wedding suit—a conservative dark blue, but a cowboy costume, of course. Roy never would wear anything else since he carries the trademark of his range royalty into all his activities. He told me he had ordered also a specially-made pair of soft kidskin boots, cut lower than the ones he wears in pictures. Dale's preference for her bridal costume was a suit of soft blue, her favorite color, and lovely with her light brown hair.

By the time you read this, of course, the wedding will be history. But both Roy and Dale were really up in the air the day he talked. He, for example, had about decided on a trip to Hawaii by steamer. Four long days at sea with nothing to do but relax. "That sure appeals to me," he remarked. Anything that he wanted was okay with Dale. There was also some talk of a honeymoon visit to Sun Valley for the skiing.

a shipboard wedding? . . .

Just where the wedding should be solemnized also was a major problem. With the date set, they couldn't make up their minds as to where, anyhow. One thing both insisted on—simplicity. A quiet ceremony in a friend's home seemed a good idea. However, Roy was also toying with the notion of having the marriage performed on shipboard. "The gong sounds, and the announcement comes—'all ashore that's going ashore'—then everybody has to rush down the gangplank. Best way in the world to break up a party," he said thoughtfully, grinning.

The ranch in Antelope Valley, where Roy plans to rest after the honeymoon, has three small houses on its 365 acres. He will not build a permanent home there until he and Dale have definitely decided that that's the place where they want to settle down for good.

"It might turn out too cold in winter," he explained. "Sometimes it blows up quite a bit of snow there and the temperature jiggles around the zero mark, because it's high in the mountains. But the kids love it. They're living on the ranch now, and going to the little country school five miles away. If we find the climate agrees with all of us, we'll build a place large enough to make living an honest-to-goodness pleasure.

"There's a big lake on the property. Just now it's dried up, so I took a bulldozer to the place last week and dredged out the lake bottom. Now we'll have a real deep piece of water which I'll stock with bass and blue gill. A great deal of the land can be cultivated, and it's my idea to raise oats and other grains. I don't like waste."

The King will not be idle while he's taking a little time off from picture-making. He still has his circus and rodeo shows and has launched a merchandising deal of considerable magnitude. The company he recently established handles the licensing of Roy Rogers cowboy shirts, boots, hats, guns, belts, wallets, etc.

And anyhow, the fact is, resting isn't quitting with Roy. It only means he's slowing down a bit—four color pictures a year instead of nine or ten. He made *Under California Skies* contrary to doctor's orders. But he had a reason. I got the low-down from a member of the shooting crew up in the wilds of Placerita Canyon—and it's an eloquent tip-off to why everybody's crazy about the King.

"Roy wanted us all to have a month's work just before Christmas," a veteran juicer told me. "That's the kind of guy the King is—and he'll keep on bein' King as long as he wants to as far as us guys are concerned. Yep, there's gonna be a Queen now, too, and that's all to the good. That's sure all to the good."

June Lockhart . . .

Eagle-Lion's wonder girl, who has New York at her feet for her smash-hit performance in the Broadway play *For Love or Money*.

You'll see June soon in *T-Men*. Meantime, while she's the toast of the town in Manhattan, Eagle-Lion is scouting around for a new comedy romance for June to star in under her new long-term contract.

Here June lounges before the fire in a slack get-up that's as cute as it's easy-going. She's wearing denims in a terrific new Barnyard red. The jeans have a back pocket and a side zipper. The matching jacket is cut on boxy lines, with cuffed sleeves and the same double-stitched pockets you see on the pants. With it she wears a Dan River checked cotton shirt and a whopping big belt from Criterion.

You can buy the denims also in navy blue, aqua, or forest green. Sizes 12-20. Jeans, about $3.95. Jacket, about $5.95. Barnyard denims by Saddletogs.
Shirt in red or blue, about $3.95. Shirt by Variety Sportswear.
For where to buy see page 73.


modern screen
fashions

By CONNIE BARTEL, Fashion Editor

the shirtwaist girl



The look the boys love! Get yourself one knockout skirt—and switch blouses to suit the occasion. Like, for instance, the ballerina skirt and blouse on this page—all dressed up with little lace mitts and pearl pins.
Black rayon faille skirt, 10-16.
By Alice Stuart About $8.95.
The valentine of a blouse is cotton batiste with Venise lace. Sizes 32-38.
Blouse by Judy Bond. About $4.
Coro pins, $1 each*—drop earrings, $1 a pair.*
Lace mitts by Kayser—$1.25 a pair.

* *Plus Tax*

FOR WHERE TO BUY SEE PAGE 73

For an innocent school girl look—try a crisp striped blouse with sweet-and-pure collar and cuffs and a big wide-eyed taffeta bow. In Rossman's Lusterspun, a stiffish rayon with a nice gleam, and an expensive look.
Pink, grey, maize or blue stripes. Sizes 32-38
Blouse by Joan Kenley, $6
Criterion belt, $4, Coro pin, $1.*

** Plus Tax*



For a more dressed up deal—try this "Ride the Pink horse" print—named after guess what picture? It's Ponemah Mills spun rayon—black with green, grey, white or pink horses galloping over it—and it has a ribbon bow to match the print. Sizes 32-38. Nice with a cummerbund belt.
Alice Stuart blouse. About $5.95.
Belt by Criterion.



American in PARIS



Joan Leslie, soon to appear in Eagle-Lion's "Northwest Stampede."

FOR WHERE TO BUY SEE PAGE 73

Here's Joan Leslie—perfect example of the pretty young American, wearing pretty young American clothes, in the magic city of Paris. We photographed Joan in the Place de la Concorde with her hired bike—(everyone tears around Paris on bicycles)—and did we draw a gallery! Know why? Because Joan's so lovely, natch. And also because the French just can't get over American clothes! Especially wonderful, wearable, *buyable* clothes like these from Koret of California. Proving once more that nowhere in the world can a girl dress so well, for so little—as in America. Aren't we lucky?

■ Left, Joan wears a beautifully cut corduroy jumper you can buy and love in aqua, grey, tan, green, russet.

■ Opposite, Joan wears nifty wool fleece Globe-Trotter jacket and adjustable, roll-upable Trik-skirt. All by Koret of California. Write for prices.





sweater and skirt— Party Version

Wait'll you hear the whistles
when you show up in
a full wool jersey skirt with
its own gold belt—and
a smooth turtle neck sweater blouse.
Skirt in kelly, cocoa,
powder, aqua, fuchsia, others. 22-30.
Skirt by Sporteens, $7.98
Cotton sweater blouse in every color
you can think of. 34-40.
By Colony Club $2.98.
Pins by Coro—$1 each*
Gloves by Kayser—$2 a pair.

* *Plus Tax*

FOR WHERE TO BUY SEE PAGE 73

GODDESS IN THE FAMILY

(*Continued from page 37*)

got to it when they were children.

But surely, you would say, I must have noticed Maureen's beauty developing when she got to be about eleven or twelve? The answer is no. When Maureen got to be that age, something else began to develop and it wasn't beauty—as I thought then. She started to shoot up in height and, before she was twelve, she was five feet six inches tall! Because my father was a man six feet, four, I began to worry. I just didn't fancy being the mother of the tallest girl in Ireland!

Actually, Maureen was only to grow two more inches with full adulthood, but this was advance information I didn't have. I was worried the more because, like so many overly tall children, she began to be sensitive about it; unconsciously so, I think. At least, I would catch her slumping so she could get down on a level with her playmates.

And about the time she stopped growing and began to fill out, there developed in my long-legged, queen-to-be, the appetite of a Killarney giant! Those days we all of us could hear Maureen coming home from school a half block before she got to the house. She would be sniffing for what was cooking in the kitchen and "oohing" and "ah-h-ing" if it smelled good. The next second she would pop in the side door and personally inspect what was stewing for supper.

no time for beauty . . .

Do you now suppose that we took any time out to wonder if this gawky, ravenous beanpole (who was also developing a fine tummy, by the way) was beautiful? Not a one of us, and certainly not Maureen who was much too busy lifting pot lids and tasting contents.

Oh, I do remember her getting a momentary qualm about her looks once or twice. There was an occasion, when she was about fifteen, when she appeared in downtown Dublin with her first lipstick on, and also one of my hats. This was duly reported to me, as those things often are, before Maureen got home that evening. I had noticed that a hat was missing, and my lipstick not where I'd left it. But I said nothing, and in due time the hat reappeared and Maureen got back to soap and water.

Another time we were on a train and across from us sat a very attractive woman. Maureen leaned close so she could talk in my ear.

"Oh, Mommy!" she said. "I would love to grow up to be as beautiful as that lady!"

"Ho, ho!" I answered. "You'll certainly not, young lady, walking around with your head scrooched into your shoulders, and eating like a horse at meals!"

"Oh, well," said she, shrugging, as much as to say that beauty wasn't worth the bother.

No, it wasn't until Maureen was seventeen, and we went to London to attend the preview of her first picture, *Jamaica Inn*, that she was officially pronounced a beauty. The "authority" was Charles Laughton, and after all, it was almost as if King Henry the Eighth, himself, was talking! Maureen and I were on the edge of a crowd of people before the showing, when we heard Charles cry out to a friend: "Just wait until you see that O'Hara girl on the screen. You'll think you are looking at a Greek goddess, old man!"

I could feel Maureen's startled little movement beside me.

"Well!" I whis- (*Continued on page 74*)

Gibson Girl GLAMOUR
with your own initials



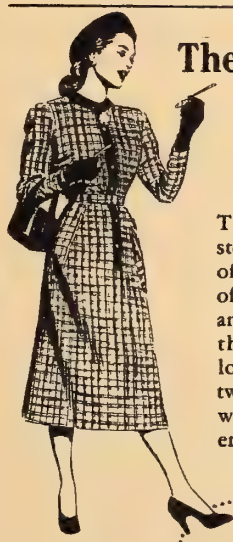
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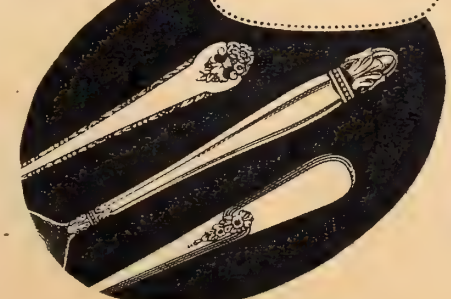
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FOR WHERE TO BUY SEE PAGE 73

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices on merchandise may vary throughout country)

Saddletogs Barnyard denims box jacket and jeans worn by June Lockhart in the full color photograph
(Page 65)

Denver, Colo.—The Denver Dry Goods Co., Sports Shop, Second Floor
Fort Wayne, Ind.—Wolf & Dessauer
Kansas City, Mo.—Emery, Bird, Thayer Co., Sportswear, Grand Ave. Floor
New York, N. Y.—Mary Lewis, Sportswear, Street Floor

Variety Sportswear checked gingham shirt worn by June Lockhart in the full color photograph
(Page 65)

Chicago, Ill.—Von Lengerke & Antoine, Women's Dept., Fourth Floor
New York, N. Y.—Kauffman's, 139 East 24th St.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbels, Sportswear Dept., Third Floor

Criterion yellow & blue leather belt shown in the full color photograph
(Page 65)

New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable, Belts, Main Floor

Koret of California corduroy jumper worn by Joan Leslie
(Page 66)

New York, N. Y.—Lane Bryant, Misses Dept., Second Floor
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co., Casual Dresses, Third Floor

Koret of California Globe-Trotter jacket and Trikskirt worn by Joan Leslie
(Page 67)

Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co., Sportswear Dept., Third Floor

Judy Bond cotton batiste blouse with Venise lace
(Page 68)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus, Moderate Priced Blouses, Main Floor
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—Broadway Department Store, Blouses, Street Floor
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop, Blouse Dept., First Floor

Alice Stuart rayon faille ballerina skirt
(Page 68)

New York, N. Y.—McCreery's, College Shop, Fourth Floor
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

Coro round pearl pins and pearl drop earrings shown with skirt and blouse
(Page 68)

New York, N. Y.—Dennison's, 411 5th Ave.

Kayser lace mitts shown with blouse and skirt
(Page 68)

New York, N. Y.—Sterns, Gloves, Main Floor

Joan Kenley Lusterspun striped blouse with taffeta bow
(Page 69)

Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Brothers, Blouse Dept., First Floor
Columbus, Ohio—The Fashion, Joan Kenley Dept., First Floor
New York, N. Y.—Franklin Simon, Joan Kenley Dept., Main Floor

Coro horseshoe pearl pin shown with blouse
(Page 69)

New York, N. Y.—Dennison's, 411 5th Ave.

Alice Stuart spun rayon "Ride the Pink Horse" blouse
(Page 69)

New York, N. Y.—McCreery's, College Shop, Fourth Floor
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop, Blouse Dept., First Floor

Colony Club cotton turtle neck sweater blouse
(Page 70)

Detroit, Mich.—Himelhoch's, Casual Shop, Fourth Floor
New York, N. Y.—Macy's, Sweater Dept., Third Floor
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co., Sweater Bar, First Floor

Sporteens all wool jersey skirt with gold belt
(Page 70)

Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier, Misses Separates, Third Floor
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co., Sportswear Shop, Third Floor

Coro Fleur de lis pins shown with blouse and skirt
(Page 70)

New York, N. Y.—Dennison's, 411 5th Ave.

Kayser gloves with round pearl buttons shown with blouse and skirt
(Page 70)

New York, N. Y.—Stern's, Gloves, Main Floor

Queen Make rayon crepe print dress with peg-top pockets
(Page 72)

Los Angeles, Calif.—J. W. Robinson Co., Patio Shop, Fourth Floor
New Orleans, La.—Maison Blanche Co., Daytime Dress Dept., Second Floor
St. Louis, Mo.—Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, Third Floor

If no store in your city is listed, write: Fashion Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.



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*"Perma-lift" and "Hickory" are trademarks of A. Stein & Company (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

(*Continued from page 71*) peered to her, "What do you think of that?"

"The man's daft, Mommy," she whispered back.

Then we went in to see the picture. Maureen's face was a study.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"It's that girl," she replied. "Mommy, she *is* beautiful but I just can't connect myself with her. I keep hearing Daddy's voice, 'skin like an elephant's hide and hair like hay.' I know it's me up there and at the same time I can't believe it."

"Then Mr. Laughton was right, wasn't he?" I asked.

"If it's me," she said wonderingly. "If it's me."

Maureen made her first impression upon the public when she was not yet three. Oh, it wasn't as an actress, but you might say she almost stopped the show, and certainly, she gave her daddy and me the reddest faces we have ever shown to the world. It was a crisp Sunday morning and her informal debut took place in church during a crowded Mass. Maureen's older sister, Peggy, who was then four, had been left home because she'd dawdled with her dressing, wouldn't let her gaitors be put on, and we were already late.

There came a moment in the Mass, the Elevation, when the assemblage was stilled in prayer. In the quiet some child began to cry and was immediately hushed. But Maureen got the idea Peggy had come to church all by herself, and couldn't find us in the solidly filled pews. She split the silence by screaming out, "We're here, Peggy! Over on this side! Here, Peggy!"

What a rustle and murmuring of laughter through the church, and what eyes were turned on us!

Maureen and Peggy were inseparable as toddlers. If you threatened to spank one, tears would spring from the eyes of the other. As soon as they were old enough to get around, they took on themselves the task of defending the house from invaders. Their weapons were gooseberries which they stripped from their father's bushes and threw at passersby. When I took them to the seaside for their first visit and they stuck their toes into the cold water, the same idea struck both of them at once. "Mommy!" they screamed. "Please fetch the kettle of hot water and warm the sea!"

The two younger girls, Florrie and Margo, were of a pair with Peggy and Maureen, but had their own peculiarities. Florrie, who has starred in English pictures but is now married to a Montreal lumber man, we used to call "Sneaking Moses" because she would sneak into a room with a pair of scissors, cut something and then disappear. Margo, who has also been in a number of pictures, was called "The Banshee." She wailed like one. The oldest of my boys, Charlie, now a barrister in Dublin, has been tested for pictures along with my younger son, Jimmy. Charlie, whom we called "Rusty Gullet" as a boy, because he always wanted to hurry up and be a man, and forced himself to talk with a low, hoarse voice, is not sure that he wants to leave the law for the screen. Jimmy is sure. He thinks of nothing else, and when I return to Ireland, my first duty is to discuss a contract he has been offered.

Having almost all your children in the movies has its points. Whenever I am lonesome for one of them, I need only hunt up his or her latest picture and spend a warm few hours.

Maureen started the acting, of course, just as she was always the one to start something new about the house; destroying her toys, for instance. She wanted to know what made them tick. Once she slit her stuffed pony open, and I discovered her.

"I just wanted to know if it's the same as me inside," she explained.

"How would you know what you are like inside?" I asked.

"Oh, I know," she answered, giving me a sidelong look. "Lots of pipes and things."

A desire on my part to help a friend who was opening a small dramatic school, was Maureen's actual start in her career. I thought it would be a very good idea if she got elocution lessons; a girl is the better for being able to speak clearly, instead of mumbling. But I gave it no further special thought until the class gave a play, *Jack Frost,* and to my surprise, Maureen made quite a thing of the lead.

Miss Edna Mary Burke, who heads a leading dramatic school in Dublin, happened to see the play and was taken with Maureen. What mother would say no under such circumstance? From then on, for years, Maureen was about the busiest girl in Dublin. You see, she didn't stop with her regular school and her dramatic and dancing lessons. She took up stenography, typing and bookkeeping, as a practical step!

Now, she began professional work as well. She worked with the Abbey Theatre, did radio plays over Dublin's station, Radio EIREANN, and was also attached to the Bernadette Players in Rathmines, a Dublin suburb. She was always going places alone now. I began to worry about this and lectured her on a number of subjects, including MEN.

Somewhere in Dublin there's a lad for whom I still feel sorry because of these lectures. He approached Maureen, one rainy evening, as she stood outside the Abbey Theatre, waiting for a tram to take her home, her books under one arm and an umbrella in the other hand. She was about 15 then. Possibly, the young chap was just going to ask for street directions or the like. But that morning I had given Maureen that old, old piece of advice: "Men will only go as far, will only be as wicked, as a girl will let them be. Remember that, young lady!"

The young fellow said, "Good evening—" but that was far enough for Maureen. She promptly bent her umbrella over his head, and he fled for his life!

tricks of the traveler . . .

Yes, Maureen had quite a code of conduct to guide her in her travels in Dublin. But this was nothing to what was dinned into her head by her Aunt Florence, with whom she lived in London when she went there to make *Jamaica Inn.* Aunt Florence made Maureen copy down her instructions. Here they are, in case you ever go to London to make a picture!

1. While waiting for bus or tube train, never stand still. Always keep moving up and down the street or platform.
2. Never catch anyone's eye.
3. Always sit near the conductor on the bus.
4. Never threaten to call a policeman if a flirt speaks to you—*go and call him!*
5. Never walk slowly. Always act like you are late and in a hurry!

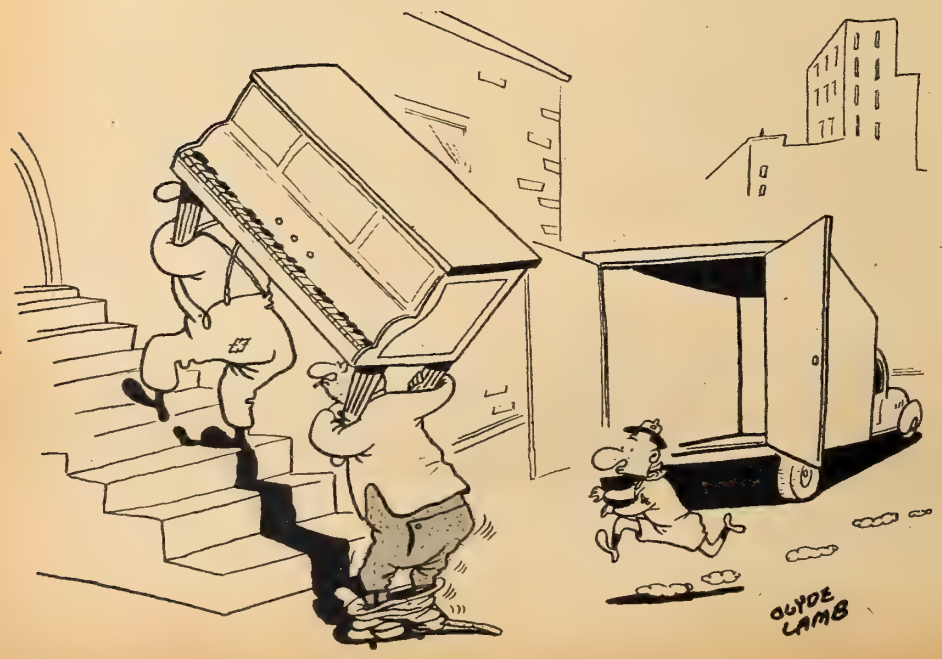
As a result of following this set of rules carefully, Maureen remembers London as just one big blur. She never had a chance to stop and look at it.

Maureen did well in London, but again, in her practical way, she played safe. Even though she was making a picture with a star as prominent as Charles Laughton, she registered at Trinity College for a dramatic course. She stayed until she graduated, with a 92% mark; an achievement so unusual that the school board awarded her a gold medal of honor.

Her greatest asset in stage work was her quick memory. When she first read Shakespeare, she fell so much in love with him that she would memorize huge gobs of his plays at one sitting. She could read a page, give me the book, and then recite almost all of it straight out! More than that, she took to writing poetry, and could compose a little sonnet while riding home from school on her bicycle. I sometimes feel that working in pictures, where you need only remember a short scene at a time, is a waste of her talent. Still, films bring her talent to so many people. And her beauty.

Yes, when people step into my shop and talk about Maureen's beauty, I agree. Now that I look back on it, there was her flaming red hair, and I remember how I used to try to get her dresses in complementary colors to match. Then there were her green eyes, and her finely-modeled face and the graceful movements.

What must I be thinking of? Why, Maureen was always beautiful! Of course! Of course! And the first thing I'll do when I get back to Ireland will be to remind her father of it. He'll be quite delighted!



LETTER FROM THE FASHION EDITOR

Dear You:

This is getting to sound like a broken record—but anyway, thank you again for your wonderful letters. We got a great big kick out of every one of them—plus a nice warm feeling that we're getting to know you like our own best gal friends.

And thanks especially for those coupons you sent in, telling us what size clothes you wear. They have helped us heaps. From now on, you'll be seeing more and more Modern Screen fashions in the size ranges you yourself have asked for—because, as we can't repeat too often, we run MS fashions solely to help you find the clothes you want at the prices you like.

Now, if you've got the strength to write us one more letter—here's something else we want to know. How are you doing when you actually go into a store to shop for MS togs? Do you have trouble finding the clothes? Does the salesgirl know which dress you're referring to? We try to make it easy for you to locate your favorites by naming the department as well as the store. But, if you ever *do* hit a snag, won't you write and tell us about it? It's only by knowing exactly what happens when you go shopping—that we can fix things with your home town store so that finding what you want will be a breeze. Meantime, just to make sure, why don't you tear out the picture of the fashion you want, and show it to the salesgirl? That helps, too.

About C.O.D.'s. Kids, we can't handle them here at MS. You can send a C.O.D. order to the stores we name, or you can write us for the name of a store which will take your C.O.D. But help! Please don't send your C.O.D. order to *this office*—because we're not set up to handle it.

And here's another point, chicadees. If there's anything you *don't* like about MS fashions—write us that, too, won't you? We welcome kicks as well as compliments. You see we slave over Modern Screen fashions *not* just to show you the latest trends; but to actually help you put your whole wardrobe together. Every single fashion in Modern Screen is meant to turn up with *you* inside it, happily feeling as well dressed as anything. That's why, if we show something you don't feel is right for you to wear, we want to know about it. Let us hear, hear?

Yours affectionately,

Connie Bartel

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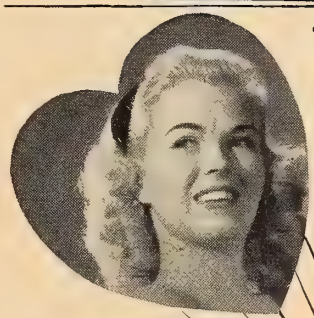


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Guaranteed Quality 10 KT. GOLD

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Put ring of right size on a piece of paper. Draw pencil circle inside ring. Send paper with this coupon.

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THE HAIR "MAKE-UP"

—for your Color Type*



Created for REDHEADS

Four of Marchand's 12 rinse shades are ideal for redheads! "Light Golden Blonde" makes your natural hair color sparkle with highlights. "Titian Blonde" and "Henna" add coppery tones, while "Bronze" blends in little gray strands.

Colors for every hair type . . . blonde, brownette, brunette and redhead! Marchand's new color chart tells you which shade to use for the particular color effect you want . . . whether it's just a subtle color accent or a deeper, richer tone.

Glistening highlights, too! Marchand's "Make-Up" Rinse does what a shampoo alone cannot do. As it rinses *out* dulling soap film, it rinses *in* new lustre, leaving your hair shining, silken-soft and easier to manage.

Safe, easy-to-use. After every shampoo, simply dissolve Marchand's Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. It's as easy as that! Not a bleach, not a permanent dye, it's as safe as lemon or vinegar and does so much *more* for your hair. It's made with government-approved colors that wash off with your next shampoo.



By the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash



Geraldine Brooks, star of Warners' *Glory Enough,* is lovelier than ever in the pink!

PINK LADY

Pink, pretty and away from exotic effects is the lovely young-lady look for this spring

by CAROL CARTER

■ This spring, pink is for all pretty young ladies. The new look is deliciously peaches and cream and very feminine. No Gypsy insouciance, comfortable though it may be! Of course, blondes, titians and brunettes won't all be wearing exactly the same shades, but each will strive for the hot-house-flower look.

If all this sounds like a spring of sitting indoors with hands folded passively on your lap, you're underestimating modern cosmetics! Remember how suddenly we all got that bronzed look? Out of a little jar or box, of course. The pink prettiness is to be had with equal ease.

Blondes take naturally to the most delicate shades of pink with bluish tinges. Brunettes should buy a face powder with more pink, rather than brownish tones. Lipstick to go with it should be a bright, rosy shade. Away from purplish shades which have been worn. Foundation cream with a pinkish cast is the magic beneath it all.

Pink has always been one of the most flattering colors for redheads, even though there has been a lot of conversation about sticking to orangey shades. Pinkish lipstick with a hint of blue is especially lovely for the fair-skinned titian.

Nail polish will automatically and beautifully blend with makeup, since a lot of rosy tones will be seen.

As always, the lovely lady will use a delicate hint of eye-shadow and mascara for beautiful, swoopy-lashed eyes.





Beautiful English visitor dines at the Plaza—The Lady Bridgett Poulett

"Before I go out— always a 1-Minute Mask!"

No longer does a complexion mask mean a smothering, 20-minute face "pack"! Now "re-style" your complexion *quickly*—with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Take your beauty cue from Lady Bridgett—*always* have a glamorizing 1-Minute Mask before an important evening!



One magic minute makes your whole evening more glamorous!

LADY BRIDGETT POULETT, daughter of the 7th Earl Poulett, is one of Britain's loveliest young peeresses.

On her visit to America, Lady Bridgett discovered what she describes as "the best complexion 'pick-up' I've ever found—Pond's 1-Minute Mask. It makes my skin look clearer, finer—even lighter! The one thing I determined to take back to England was enough Pond's Vanishing Cream for a Mask whenever I'm anxious to look my best."

Discover what a marvelous beauty-lift a 1-Minute Mask can give *you!* Write today to Pond's, 9-B, Clinton, Connecticut, for a free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream.



A LOVELY FOUNDATION CREAM, TOO

1. Quick glamour pick-up! Smooth a cool, white Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your entire face—except eyes.
2. "Keratolytic" action of the Cream dissolves off stubborn dirt and dead skin particles. After one full minute, wipe off *clean* with tissue.
3. All in 60 seconds, your skin looks lighter, clearer, sparkling—and perfectly smoothed for make-up. You're ready for a *radiant* evening!

NORTH TO FRISCO

(*Continued from page 32*)

with your bank account.

He regarded Peck solemnly.

"My good man," he said, "you are nuts."

Consider a plumber. A plumber positively never plumbs anything just for the hell of it. And a writer will cheerfully let his children grovel in the neighbor's turnip patch, starving to death, rather than get at his writing.

But actors—Mr. Mader sighed. Actors insist upon acting. Even when they have more picture commitments than a Brownie No. 2 at a family reunion, they will insist on running off somewhere to act in a barn. Mr. Mader now regarded Gregory Peck with disappointment.

Greg left his business manager's office and put in a telephone call to Dorothy McGuire in New York. He talked rapidly for one minute.

"Yeah man," said Miss McGuire.

Greg then got Jennifer Jones, also in New York, on the telephone.

"Why, shore," said Miss Jones.

The next New York call was to Joseph Cotten. Greg talked for a minute. Joe talked for three.

After that, Greg took a plane to New York and gathered the clan in a hotel bedroom. Mel Ferrer, who directed Jose Ferrer in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, joined them. They dedicated summer stock to the gods, cast their proposed plays with glittering names, and never once bothered their heads about money.

Joe Cotten composed an elegant telegram to Miss Ethel Barrymore.

miss barrymore declines . . .

"Organizing most distinguished summer stock company in history of American theater. Deeply honored if you would consent to appear."

In Hollywood, Miss Barrymore barely dropped two and purled one before she sent a singing reply:

"Thank you very much, my dear children, but I would rather die."

It takes considerably more than a brush-off from a Barrymore to discourage young actors and actresses who are determined to act on the stage. There was a slight pause for studio identification while Greg finished *The Paradine Case* for Selznick and *Gentleman's Agreement* for Twentieth, and while Joe and Jennifer completed *Portrait of Jenny*, but theatrical conversation was brisker than ever when they all met again in Hollywood.

What they wanted, they decided, was no ordinary summer stock company, but a thorough-going professional troupe, putting on plays in California with the same care that plays are put on in New York.

The idea finally came up as something to talk about in the presence of David O. Selznick. Mr. Selznick asked a couple of quick questions and said, "What are you waiting for? I'll put up the money."

Mr. Peck, Mr. Cotten, Miss McGuire, Miss Jones and Mr. Ferrer registered identical expressions—bug-eyed. And then grinned broadly and happily. Ought to have known all the time that Papa would come through. Several years ago, Papa had dropped $33,000 on three plays at Laguna, without batting more than one eye.

"David is a dead game sport," said Joe Cotten later. "He also knows which side his income tax deductions are buttered on."

"Go ahead, put on six plays," said David O. "Be good for you."

The result of this promise was a telephone call by Greg to prominent California Kiwanian, Frank Tarmon, Buick agent at La Jolla, California. La Jolla is Greg Peck's home town, where his uncle, a redoubtable Democrat named Rannells, has been postmaster for thirty years with the exception of an unfortunate lay-off during the Hoover Administration.

La Jolla is where Greg learned to swim. You learn to swim instantly when older boys toss you off Alligator Point into water 25 feet deep. La Jolla is where Peck can walk all over town, greeting cousins.

"Act in a quonset hut?" said Mr. Harmon. "Naw. In the high school. The Kiwanians will sponsor you."

So last summer the actors took over the high school, turned school rooms into dressing rooms, and laboratories into prop shops.

Planeloads of Hollywood celebrities peeled down from the clouds nightly to see Dorothy, Joe, Laraine Day, Dame Mae Whitty, Robert Walker, Ruth Hussey, Guy Madison, Eve Arden, Diana Lynn and Richard Basehart acting on the stage. The La Jolla season closed with Peck and Laraine in *Angel Street*.

Then it was David O. Selznick's eyes that bugged. The figures were: income, $70,000; outgo, $75,000.

"Lost only $5,000!" Mr. Selznick muttered. "Why, this theatrical venture is practically a gold mine!"

Peck lost $2,000. He spent that much on telephone calls, travel, and room and board.

It sums him up. He says: "I'm not one of those personality boys so handsome all I have to do is appear in a picture.

"I have to keep learning. I have to keep looking for parts that make you stretch."

It was after La Jolla was finished and done that Greg and Laraine went on tour with *Angel Street*, and ended up in San Francisco.

But first, Greg lounged for a while and counted his blessings. He's come a long way. He thought of 1939, the year he got the job as a sideshow barker at the World's Fair. Then there were the years of batting around Broadway, winning theatrical scholarships, getting parts, acting them well, but never managing to be in a play that was itself a hit play.

Then Hollywood, and nine starring pictures in four years.

"A good life," murmured Peck, who was loafing for the first time in twelve months.

Stephen, aged one, and some pumpkins were obviously the production events of the year. Two big pictures. The La Jolla playmaking. The San Francisco playmaking to come. And the new house—with a swimming pool.

Peck gazed lazily at his elder son, a dark-haired child named Jonathan, aged three.

Jonathan was padding about under a fig tree, stamping his feet carefully.

"What are you doing, my good man?" Greg inquired politely.

"Stepping on figs," said Jonathan.

"Why are you stepping on figs?"

"I am stepping on figs so that flies and birds can eat them," said Jonathan.

Greg thought that over.

"Fine," he said. "I am glad to see you have a social conscience."

After a week's beach vacation with Greta, who is Mrs. Peck, and whose blonde head comes to the middle button of Mr. Peck's vest, Gregory and family returned to their new house near Pacific Palisades.

The house sits on top of a small mountain and has four acres around it on which Greg is hopeful of seeing horses someday.

Greg speaks often and seriously these days about *Gentleman's Agreement*. This film has been publicized as a love story. It is that. But readers of the novel will know that it is also a forthright attack on anti-Semitism. Greg plays the part of the reporter who pretends to be a Jew in order to write a magazine article on his findings. (Last month in M.S., producer Darryl F. Zanuck told why he felt no other actor could do justice to the role.)

they pulled no punches . . .

"We never pulled a punch on the set, no matter what kind of visitors we had," Greg says. "There was a governor, once, from a state not noted for liberal feeling. He was shocked. We went right on.

"We learned this, among other things: it is hard to detect all prejudice. You think you haven't got any. You suddenly discover that you have—and you want to do something about it. That picture taught us things while we made it. I hope it awakens people when they see it."

During the making of this picture, Greg took his work so seriously he became absent-minded about everything else.

He misplaced his automobile several times and reported it stolen, to the chief of studio police. It was always exactly where he'd left it. He hasn't yet managed to do anything about the seven thousand letters he received every week after the picture started—letters commending him for appearing in it.

Neither has he had time to consider the problem of two prize Hereford steers presented to him by admirers in Texas. The Herefords broke out of their pen and ate $500 worth of Greta's fancy camellias.

He *does* find time to pay a great deal of attention to his sons. He not only plays with them at every free moment, but has worked out a unique way to build up a bank account for them: for every day he works in a picture, he deposits one dollar to each boy's account. The kids made $720 on *Gentleman's Agreement*.

He has found a way to keep in touch with his 23 relatives in Australia and with his wife's 23 relatives in Finland. Once a week, Greg and Greta compose a general letter, reporting on this and that in the life of the Peck family, have it mimeographed, and send it around.

Greg was in the new house for two months, before he began to wonder seriously why nobody ever called him on the telephone. He expected no studio calls, since he worked every day, but why, he said to Greta, does nobody else ever call me up?

"Dear," said Mrs. Peck patiently, "we haven't got a telephone."

It's been a busy year all right.

A $5 RESOLUTION

Now's the time for New Year's resolutions. And this is ours—we'll pay $5 for every "I Saw It Happen" anecdote we use. How about helping us keep our promise by sending in your contribution? Something true, short and amusing is what we want. And, of course, it must be about a movie star! Read our "I Saw It Happen" feature and you'll see what we mean. Send your contribution to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y. Have you made a list of resolutions? Add this!*

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NEW LOVELINESS for your "whole hand" *instantly* with New Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream! Proved, *longer-lasting* protection—no matter what your work or the weather!

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Now in NEW Beauty Bottle



Hinds

Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream

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STORK CLUB—BY SHERMAN BILLINGSLEY

(*Continued from page 46*)

a single real big shot who's a stuffed shirt, and the movie people who visit the club are strictly regular guys. No demands for unusual service, no screams because someone had a bigger table.

They tip well (although our headwaiter's biggest tip—$150—was given by a Chicago businessman, not a star), and when they give you a check it doesn't bounce. I figure that I lose about $10,000 a year on rubber checks, but I've never yet been stuck by a Hollywoodian. I've found them a good bunch, and look how those beautiful people dress my place up! There's no show at the Stork, you know. I have two small orchestras, so there's uninterrupted dancing, but what packs the crowds in are the People. There's something about a chance to see Dorothy Lamour (and did you know she used to work here before she became a star?) or Ty Power or Lana Turner, at close range, that few of us can resist. (I still can't—which is why I haunt the place from three P.M. to three A.M.) When you consider that half of our patrons are out-of-towners who come to *look*, you can understand how much I like having Van Johnson drinking his endless glasses of milk in our Cub Room, and lovely pink-haired Lucille Ball rhumba-ing on our fifteen-by-twenty dance floor.

How come we're a headquarters for the stars? I'm trying to remember how it all started. I think Helen Morgan was our first celebrity. Then we had a wonderful band consisting of Eddie Condon and kids like him, and big-name musicians started to come. The whole thing kind of snowballed. Now we subscribe to Celebrity Service, and when a star checks into New York, we know about it. If he doesn't come over soon after his arrival, we phone and tell him we have a table reserved for him. He's usually pleased, and after that, he'll drop around regularly for lunch and dinner while he's in town.

He soon discovers that, aside from being a nice quiet place to eat, the Stork has quite a set-up to offer him. Upstairs, we have a barbershop and a gym, and what's more, we're practically a bank when it comes to cashing checks. The gals particularly appreciate our policy of "stealing" no candid pictures. My publicity man, Don Arden, always gives them fair warning, and if they just don't feel in the mood for a snapshot, we don't insist. The other night, I saw Don go up to Sylvia Sydney, who looked good enough to eat, and ask if he could snap her. She said she was tired and not at her best and—please, would he mind— Don said, "Sure, next time," and went on to the next table. Miss Sydney was awfully grateful. A little consideration of that kind goes a long way with our customers. They appreciate, too, that we protect them from autograph hounds. The night we had Harold Russell here, for example, many curious patrons wanted him to sign their menus. Our waiters handle those situations with finesse, and nobody's feelings are hurt. Recently, we've been giving visiting movie folks another service. Somehow or other, we've become an unofficial information bureau. They can call up and say, "Where's June Allyson staying?" or "Has Danny Kaye been in?" or "What train is Crosby leaving on?" And nine times out of ten, we'll know.

Why, if Dorothy Kilgallen wants to know what Merle Oberon eats—for her Interesting People column—our headwaiter can tell her. (The answer to that, incidentally, is practically anything with garlic.) If we wanted to stick our necks out, we could predict at least one marriage and a couple of divorces. We can tell you that Lucille and Desi Arnaz have more fun than anyone, that Bob Walker dates the world's most gorgeous gals, that Jimmy Stewart likes to eat alone. (We don't as a rule encourage stags, as they're too often wolves on the prowl, but Jimmy's a nice guy. He can come anytime.)

The women stars who come in are usually dressed to the teeth. However, there's no rule against casual clothes. We've seen Dorothy McGuire looking mighty beautiful in a sweater and skirt, and Lucille and Desi in sport clothes many times. Don't think any girl's ever come in in slacks.

There are five rooms at the Stork. The bar room, the main dining-room, the Loner's, the Blessed Event Room and the Cub Room. The last-named is reserved for the important, the famous, and the beautiful. And more than one struggling model has gotten a break because a well-known illustrator or editor spied her dunking doughnuts at Mr. B's Stork Club.

Table Fifty—that's the one dead ahead of you as you enter the intimate Cub Room—is *the* table. Admiral Halsey has sat at it, and Barry Fitzgerald—now there's a fine chap—Walter Winchell, Brenda Frazier, Elliott Roosevelt, (wish those Roosevelt boys would bring their mother), Jim Farley, Helen Hayes, a lot of nice people. When the waiter seats you at #Fifty, you'll know you've arrived. My youngsters prefer Table Three. It's right near the orchestra, and for them, that's the big attraction. Celebrities, they've seen. They're much more blasé about 'em than the old man.

ask joe, he knows . . .

People often ask us how we know a celebrity from a traveling salesman. How do our waiters know that this unassuming chap is Joseph Curley, Hearst's right hand man; that this soft-voiced woman is a top flight literary agent who, if she likes us, will bring famous writers to us in droves? I don't know how other clubs do it, but at our entrance, we have one, Joe Lopez, a fellow with a photographic eye and a sixth sense for people. He can't quite explain it himself, but Joe just knows. Have we ever put anyone in the Cub Room by mistake who wasn't Anyone at all? Not by mistake. Sometimes, I'll put my non-celebrity friends in there, or a nice young couple who look as if they might be on their honeymoon, or a spectacular-looking woman whose name is simply Jones or Smith.

Not all the stars want to be in the Cub Room. Ingrid Bergman, for example, always asks for a quiet, out-of-the-way table at which to eat her favorite Bel Paese cheese. Annabella, who drinks beer, by the way, likes to be near the band. Columnists like good central tables in order to see what's going on, and we try to give them to them in order to insure plugs for our favorite bistro in their columns.

I guess every columnist in the business averages a visit a week to the Stork. Dorothy Kilgallen and her good-looking husband, Dick Kollmar, are frequent diners, usually ordering Italian food. (We have an Italian chef, in addition to our famous French and Chinese ones, and he's terrific.) Winchell comes over after the theater for a chickenburger à la Winchell, or sometimes, a blueberry tart. Ed Sullivan is in a lot, and I'm still amazed when I hear him order a pot of tea when he's all finished dinner.

I have a lot of good friends among the columnists, and among movie people, and on my birthday and at Christmastime, they turn the tables and give *me* presents. I'm not an easy man to give things to, because I don't drink or smoke at all, so almost everyone sends me ties. Hand-painted ones, foulards, woolen jobs, the louder the better. They know loud ties



The 18 celebs in the Cub Room of the Stork (page 46)

1. VAN JOHNSON
2. LUCILLE BALL
3. SYLVIA SIDNEY
4. ORSON WELLES
5. ANNABELLA
6. ROBERT WALKER
7. LANA TURNER
8. TYRONE POWER
9. SHERMAN BILLINGSLEY
10. DOROTHY LAMOUR
11. DOROTHY McGUIRE
12. BING CROSBY
13. JAMES STEWART
14. BARRY FITZGERALD
15. DANNY KAYE
16. MERLE OBERON
17. WALTER WINCHELL
18. INGRID BERGMAN

are my weakness. in spite of my conservative suits, and my kids assure me that I now have enough ties to wear one every day for six months without repeating!

From all of this, you can gather that owning a night club is fun. Life is never the same two days in a row. One day, a fellow will call up and say, "Look, I'm in a jam. Some out of town clients are in town, and I've talked a little big to them. How can I establish credit so that I can sign for our dinner there tonight, instead of paying cash?" I tell him to send over the cash in advance, then he can sign all night up to that amount. Another day, a lady will come in and want luncheon for herself and her Great Dane. Or a guy will call up from Paramount Pictures and offer me a cool $100,000 for the use of the name, Stork Club, for a movie. (P.S. It was a deal!) Or maybe things will be kind of slow and nothing much will happen except that Hedy Lamarr will drop in.

compliments of mister b. . . .

Part of what I like about my job is the chance to play fairy godfather to people. Sure, it's good business to give out lipsticks and perfume, but it's fun, too. I like to watch Crosby's face light up when the waiter says, "No check. Compliments of Mr. Billingsley," and sophisticated Orson Welles break out in a big grin when the bottle of champagne appears on his table with my card. It's fun to pick out some couple you've never seen before, and will probably never see again and give them dinner on the house. After all, we gross nearly a million and a half a year, we can afford to do things like that, but lest you think we don't have tremendous running expenses, just listen to this. Our weekly laundry bill is in the neighborhood of $700. Those fresh flowers on the tables cost me $10,000 a year. Also, I have two hundred and fifty well-paid employees on the payroll. Someone asked me how much I lost a year through souvenir hunters. About two thousand of our big black ashtrays with The Stork Club lettered on them in white vanish annually, but we're happy about that. They're doing a good advertising job for us somewhere.

Getting back to the business of giving gifts, it's expensive, but, as I said, it's fun. I've given everything from dogs to diamonds. The biggest present we ever gave anyone was a new car. The smallest, I guess, was the tab we picked up for a glamorous deb and her football hero beau, only to discover that all they'd had were two glasses of milk!

Which just goes to show you that you don't have to be a big spender to come to the Stork. We've had youngsters linger and linger over a couple of cokes, and our waiters haven't hovered annoyingly. On the other hand, we've had to gently ease out people who'd spent a couple of hundred dollars because they were growing noisy or objectionable. We haven't any bouncer, and to date, we haven't needed one. Our waiters generally sense an impending fight and the belligerent parties are encouraged to be on their way before they get to the stage where they start trading punches.

We like well-behaved people at the Stork Club, and we generally get them. No obviously intoxicated people are admitted, no rowdies, few stags. But unless we're honestly filled up—and that can happen, since we can seat only 374 people, and between three and four thousand try to get in every night—respectable-looking, sober, well-dressed people, and we mean just plain people from Hoboken or Sioux City or Flatbush, are assured a real welcome at the Stork.

Don't forget, friends, I'm just an Oklahoma boy, myself.

CATCH EYES...CATCH HEARTS...WITH

that Always-Fresh look

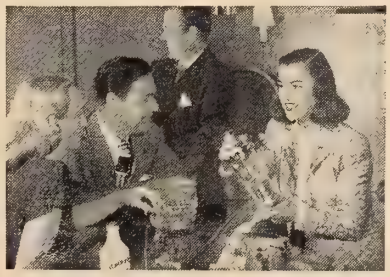


ELLA RAINES
in Nunnally Johnson's
"THE SENATOR WAS INDISCREET"
A Universal-International Picture

TRY ELLA RAINES' BEAUTY-GLOW CLEANSING

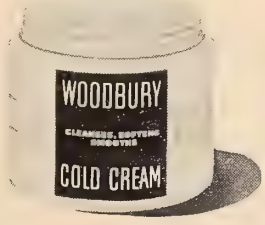


DAYTIME! Before studio hours, Ella paints. *She's* a picture... skin rosy-awake! "For my wake-up facial, it's Woodbury Cold Cream. *Cleanses deep and clean,* coaxes fresh beauty-glow!"



PLAYTIME! Ella "at home". "Studio day done, my *first* date is Woodbury! So rich—it not only cleanses, but *softens, smooths dryness.* Leaves skin velvety!"

"First—smooth massage with Woodbury Cold Cream," says Ella. "Its *deep-cleansing* oils lift away make-up. Tissue and swirl on more Woodbury. *Four special softening ingredients* smooth dryness. Tissue again... spank with cold water. Your skin glows silken-clean, with that Woodbury 'Always-Fresh' look!"



Woodbury Cold Cream

Avoid underarm irritation...



...use YODORA the deodorant that is ACTUALLY SOOTHING

Wonderful! Yodora stops perspiration odor *safely, quickly* . . . yet is *positively soothing* to normal skin. Made with a face cream base, with no harsh acid salts to cause irritation, Yodora actually helps *soften* your skin, like a face cream. ***No other known deodorant gives this PLUS protection.*** Try Yodora, the *soothingest* deodorant. Tubes or jars, **10¢, 30¢, 60¢.** McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

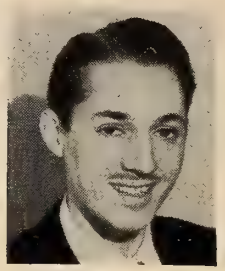


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Don't let your beautiful blonde hair get dull, dark, faded or streaked. Blondex, a wonderful new shampoo for blondes only, keeps light hair from darkening and brings back the golden gleam and sparkle to dull, faded blonde hair. The first shampoo leaves blonde hair soft, easy to manage, shades lighter, with a lovely lustrous shine. Safe for children's hair. Try BLONDEX at home tonight. It's the world's largest selling blonde shampoo. At 10c, drug and department stores.

sweet and hot



By LEONARD FEATHER

****Highly Recommended**
***Recommended**
No Stars: Average

POPULAR

CIVILIZATION—****Ray McKinley (Majestic); *Danny Kaye & Andrews Sisters (Decca); *Louis Prima (Victor); Woody Herman (Columbia); Sy Oliver (M-G-M); Murphy Sisters (Apollo); Jack Smith (Capitol).**
Notice how semi-calypso novelties are catching on? There's another one groping for the Hit Parade right now, *Bread and Butter Woman,* waxed by those expert Trinidaddies, Danny Kaye (Decca) and Sy Oliver (M-G-M). But I'll take *Civilization.*

PUT YOURSELF IN MY PLACE, BABY—***Betty Rhodes (Victor); *Frankie Laine (Mercury); Hoagy Carmichael (Decca); Duke Ellington (Columbia); Skitch Henderson (Capitol).**
Frankie and Hoagy wrote this, but it still wasn't a good choice for Duke's first Columbia release. Let the Duke make his own hits!

THEY'RE MINE, THEY'RE MINE, THEY'RE MINE—****The Soft Winds (Majestic); *Buddy Clark (Columbia); Guy Lombardo (Decca).**
Soft Winds are a great, gentle-voiced trio of refugees from Jimmy Dorsey's band. Excellent piano by Lou Carter and guitar by Herb Ellis. A distinguished debut.

TUNE FOR HUMMING, A—***Woody Herman (Columbia); *Jean Sablon (Victor); Hoagy Carmichael (Decca); Eddy Howard (Majestic); Bob Houston (M-G-M).**

TWO LOVES HAVE I—***Billy Eckstine (M-G-M); *Perry Como (Victor); Frankie Laine (Mercury); Ray Noble-Buddy Clark (Columbia).**
First popular in its native France around 1930 as "J'ai Deux Amours," this opus owes its revival to Frankie Laine.

HOT JAZZ

LOUIS ARMSTRONG, MILDRED BAILEY, JACK TEAGARDEN, ETHEL WATERS—***"Singing The Blues" Album (Victor). Warning: Above album was recorded by MODERN SCREEN'S music man.**

CHARLIE BARNET—****Sharecroppin' Blues (Decca).**
Noteworthy for a wonderful vocal by Kay Starr, who should be a big starr.

COUNT BASIE—***Futile Frustration (Victor).**
Less depressing, by far, than its title!

TEN CATS AND A MOUSE—***Ja-Da (Capitol).**
Unique record on which everyone plays the wrong instrument. Singer Hal Derwin plays guitar; guitarist Dave Barbour plays trumpet (one note); trumpeter Bobby Sherwood plays trombone; alto saxman Benny Carter and tenor saxist Eddie Miller switch horns; Paul Weston blows some good clarinet, Frank DeVol imitates Slam Stewart on the bass, and vibraharp star Red Norvo does right by the piano. But don't overlook that solid rhythm background by the drummer—Peggy Lee!

FROM THE MOVIES

CARNEGIE HALL—All the World is Mine: ***Harry James (Columbia).**

ESCAPE ME NEVER—Love for Love: ***Claude Thornhill (Columbia); *Andy Russell (Capitol); Hal McIntyre (M-G-M); Vaughn Monroe (Victor).**

GOOD NEWS—The Best Things In Life are Free: ***Beryl Davis (Victor); *Jimmy Lunceford (Decca); Dinah Shore (Columbia); Mel Torme (Musicraft); Danny O'Neil (Majestic). Pass That Peace Pipe: *Dinah Shore (Victor); *Beryl Davis (Victor); Kay Kyser (Columbia); Margaret Whiting (Capitol).**
Best Things is a good old tune and the Lunceford version a good old version. Mel "Velvet Fog" Torme, who's seen in this picture, sounds a little too foggy.

IT HAD TO BE YOU—Title Song: ***Deep River Boys (Victor); *Buddy Clark (Columbia).**

YOUR RED WAGON—****Ray McKinley (Majestic); Tony Pastor (Columbia).**
The McKinley band really rocks, and Ray's vocals are refreshingly relaxed. Tune is a rehashed traditional blues thing (there was a great Lunceford disc in 1940, now unavailable), and if you don't know what "your red wagon" means, well, that's *your* red wagon!

FIRST LOVE

(Continued from page 61)

been swell. There were crowds of fans at the Capitol's stage-door every night, and once, when it was cold and rainy, and there wasn't a cab in sight, one of the kids had disappeared, and come back in five minutes, triumphantly riding a running board.

"A cab," she said. "For you." And Jane had never even found out the kid's name.

New York had much to recommend it, and if there was something missing, you could only decide that the lack was in you.

There was another night (that day, a letter *had* come) and Jane and a girl-friend, sitting in the hotel, had an inspiration.

"I've always wanted to take a hansom around Central Park," Jane said, and the other girl said she had, too, and they grabbed coats, and went out into the street, and hired themselves a cab.

It was a wonderful night, full of stars, and the air not too crisp for comfort, and they sat back, feeling luxurious, and Victorian.

"Romantic," the girl friend said.

And then they both giggled. "But not with *you!*"

With Tommy, Jane was thinking. Ah, with Tommy. . .

It was strange to look back. There was a time when she'd been almost bored. For an eighteen-year-old girl—well, lacking only a week or two—who was healthy, beautiful and possessed of a fine fat contract with M-G-M, this was an unusual state of affairs. She had on a brand new evening dress this one night; her hairdo was impeccable; and she was sitting at a table in Earl Carroll's very swank, very glamorous theater-restaurant, watching one of the biggest benefit shows of the season. All the photographers had been by, and stopped, and set off flashbulbs in her face. Three young men, handsome but somehow anonymous in their dinner jackets and tans, had asked her to dance. It was February, 1947.

And something was missing.

what's wrong with this picture? . . .

It would not have been easy for anyone in that night club, even Janie's escort, to have diagnosed what was essentially wrong. It was something to do with the night, the new moon, the music.

Janie, to simplify this, was just ready to fall in love, that's all. She had never been in love before, and she would have hooted at the very idea, but there it was.

And there was Janie, just ready. And presently, wearing a dinner jacket like everybody else, his dark hair somewhat mussed from driving in an open car, his nice, young round face flushed from the cold air, and one of Janie's best girl friends on his arm, there came to the table Thomas Batten, 21, Kappa Sig, Senior at the University of Southern California.

Three years before, he'd been at Metro on a contract, and he and Jane had studied together but they hadn't seen each other since.

During her second dance with him, Tommy said, "My fraternity is tossing a dance at the beach Saturday night. Kind of a spring thing, to open the season. Want to come?"

"Yes," said Janie.

"Three years ago," he went on thoughtfully, "I never realized—"

"You never realized—?"

"I mean, could I give you a ring about next Saturday?"

So there it was. Tragedy. New house, in the valley. No phone. The company had

Sure as shootin'. . .



"RC tastes best!"

says

JEAN PETERS

See her in

"CAPTAIN FROM CASTILE"

A 20th Century-Fox Technicolor Picture



RC is the quick way to say. . .

ROYAL CROWN COLA

Best by taste-test



"Here's why I'm so sure!" says Jean. "I tasted leading colas in paper cups—and RC turned out to be the best-tasting by far!" Try it! Say "RC for me!" That's the quick way to get a cool, refreshing quick-up with Royal Crown Cola—best by taste-test!

JEAN TAKING THE FAMOUS TASTE-TEST



JUST USE NESTLE COLORINSE! It gives your hair the lovely glowing color that makes you look "alive". Not a permanent dye or a bleach ...easy and absolutely safe to use. Try it —you'll be thrilled at the new beauty of your hair.

HAVE THE WHOLE FAMILY use Nestle Creme Shampoo—the wonderful new lanolin creme shampoo in a tube. They'll love it. 10c, 25c, 59c at all toilet goods counters.

said, "In a few weeks."

"That's the way it is about the phone," Janie said, in further explanation. "But you could give me a call at the studio. I'm on a picture. How about that?"

"Mmmm," he said, dubious. You called the studio, you went through thirteen secretaries, you got the stage, someone said, "Sorry, the red light's on." You waited. Next time the one set phone was busy. He knew that routine.

"I'll *try*," he said.

On Friday afternoon, she had all but forgotten the incident. (Not quite, of course: you do not entirely forget first important moments.)

As a matter of fact, she was in her dressing-room collecting the things she wanted to take home for the weekend, when an assistant director came up to the door and said, "Telephone, Janie."

Tommy was very nice about the car, in his diffident, almost shy way. It was a Chrysler convertible of ancient vintage, which he'd had before the war and somehow managed to hang onto all through his service. When he brought her up to it, at the curb in front of her house, he said, "If you'll wait just a minute—" and then proceeded to spend a minute and a half untying the knot in a sturdy section of clothes line. As the knot gave, finally, the door sprang loose and fell into the street.

breakaway jalopy . . .

"Oops!" he said. "I forgot to hang on to the back part." He retrieved the door. She got in. He put the door back, and tied it.

"We're off," he told her, and for a minute or two they drove in anything but silence, although neither spoke a word.

Janie giggled. "You've gone five blocks and you're still in second."

After a moment's pained pause he said, "We're in high. It was second we started in. Low doesn't work."

Eight blocks later he said, "You should have brought a scarf for your hair. It's kind of blowing."

"We might put up the top, then."

He didn't answer that.

She said finally, "I'll help."

"I can put it up myself. Only there's just half a top. The rest is ripped. You get a worse draft when it's up."

She began to laugh. "I'm happy. And I can comb my hair at the dance."

She had never meant anything more sincerely in her life.

After the Hollywood boys she was used to, Tommy was like someone from another world. He said he'd finished all his premed training, and quite simply had decided that being a doctor was too hard a row for him to hoe. "Besides," he explained, "it's getting so everyone specializes, and that takes even longer. I'm twenty-one now. My gosh, I'd be an old man before I ever got anywhere."

So he was getting his degree in entomology—which he'd probably never have occasion to use—and helping out his current income by assisting a professor of physiology.

"Sounds like a lot of studying," Jane said. "Dorsal aortae, and all."

He looked at her in surprise. They were sitting out a dance in the lounge, having a coke. "What do you know about dorsal aortas?"

"I took zoo. The dorsal aorta is just back of the post caval vein, and where would your renal arteries get off without it? Now ask me about malphygian corpuscles."

"I'm convinced you have a brain," he said, "so let's dance. For aortas and corpuscles, I have Doctor Beers. For fun and dancing, I have you. Come on."

That night, when he took her home, it seemed perfectly natural that, after raiding the icebox and eating cold lamb sandwiches, he should kiss her goodnight at the door.

The first time he came to dinner, he arrived by way of the garden and the back door. "I don't usually do this when I visit people's houses," he said, "but there was a slight obstruction called a skunk sitting on your front porch. Maybe it will go away."

"Indeed," Jane said, "it will not." She went to the front door and opened it, and the skunk, tail high, came mincing in.

"Oh, now look here," Tommy said.

"This is Scent of Jasmine, called Jazzie for short," said Jane. "Certain alterations have been made and she hasn't any fight left in her. How about a swim before dinner?"

They went dancing at the Florentine Gardens that evening, and when they got the car from the parking lot Janie slid under the steering wheel, from his side. They drove out into the street, stopped at the red light, and the door fell off.

While impatient horns behind them grew more insistent, Tommy got out. "Oh Lord," he said finally. "The rope's busted."

"Well, throw the door in the back and we'll go on without it."

"Too dangerous for you," he shouted above the deafening horns. From the turtleback, he brought an enormous ten-foot chain, meant for towing purposes. He secured the door with that, and they drove on at last, clanking like Scrooge.

After that Tommy had no alternative but to wire the door permanently shut. When in formal evening dress, Janie walked around and slid under the wheel. When in slacks, she learned to climb cheerfully over her own side.

two lives have i . . .

The spring wore on, and became summer, and Janie had two lives. One was at the studio, working like mad, clowning with the enchanting Iturbi, practicing her music. The other was the gay college social whirl, always with Tommy. They danced. They sat around bonfires on the beach, and ate charred hot dogs. They drove for hours along the coast, watching the moon.

Once, at breakfast, Mrs. Powell said rather anxiously to her daughter, "But you don't see so many of your old friends any more. Just these college people. Don't you miss the kids who are in pictures?"

"I like it this way," Janie said. She brandished a slice of toast for emphasis. "Don't you see? I'll never be able to have the experience of going to college, and this is the nearest thing to it.

"Besides—I like to be where Tommy is."

"He's pretty important to you, isn't he?"

Jane did not look coy. She said firmly, "He is very important to me."

But her mother's remark remained in her mind, and later that week when Jose Iturbi's niece invited her to a swimming party at Jose's Beverly Hills house, she accepted for herself and Tommy. They had a wonderful afternoon at the pool, because a heat wave had set in; they had a barbecue for dinner; a party developed afterward, and they danced until midnight.

Then, tired but contented, they set out for Janie's house in the Valley. Coldwater Canyon winds for a long way up over the mountains, and halfway up the road, empty of traffic except for their car, the radiator cap blew off, the motor uttered a few indignant burps, and froze.

"I guess it was letting the old girl sit out in that blazing sun all day," Tommy said ruefully. "All the water must've evaporated out of the radiator. Shall we start back to Beverly?"

"That doesn't make sense. Let's go on

to my house."

"Do you know how far that is?"

"Are we young and healthy?"

He groaned. "Woman, I am swum out and danced out. But—lead on."

They sang as they hiked. After about fifteen minutes, while they sat on a stone wall to rest, he said seriously, "I've liked a lot of things about you, honey, but this is one of the nicest things you've done. A lot of girls would be sore at me for what's happened."

She was genuinely astonished. "But *why?* You didn't know the car would conk out on us. I'm loving every minute."

After a few moments he reached over and pinned something on her sweater.

"That means I'm your girl," Janie said.

"It means you're my girl."

A car picked them up a few minutes later, and took them all the way to Janie's house, after they had explained their predicament. It was already one o'clock, which was Janie's deadline for getting home, so Mrs. Powell had to be roused, and listened sleepily to their story. They had to find a really big can, to put water in, and get out Janie's car, and drive back to the Chrysler. Then Tommy had to follow Janie back to her house, because she mustn't go traipsing around lonely mountains alone at that hour.

the "morning after" . . .

Tommy got back to the Kappa Sig house in Los Angeles at four, and did not do so well in the quiz that was tossed at him during his eight o'clock hour. Janie, on the set at nine, looked in the mirror and reflected that she was lucky to be eighteen, so her face didn't look haggard; and it was good to be a movie star, and in love, and Tommy Batten's girl.

It was October, with the World Series over and the football season on. In the Coliseum, one Saturday, Janie and Tommy yelled themselves hoarse while SC romped all over Oregon State.

There was no less charm or glamor in the tea dansant that followed the game, at one of the fraternity houses. As they danced, Tommy said, "You're so quiet. Didn't you enjoy the game"

"The way it turned out? You know better. It's just—oh, let's go out in the patio for a few minutes."

He followed her, a puzzled frown on his face. "Let's have it."

"I'm going away for a while."

He didn't say anything to that. She went on: "It's a big chance for me. Two weeks at the Capitol in New York. Four and five shows a day, but lots of money. If it weren't for missing you—"

But he was begining to laugh. "For a minute you had me worried," he said. "I thought you were going away permanently. I guess I can manage for two weeks."

"Oh? Well, it's going to be longer than two weeks. I've got reservations at the Waldorf, and mother's going with me, and the studio thinks I can stay on after I've finished at the Capitol. Indefinitely."

He was not to be fooled. "You've got another picture starting the last of November. You'll be back. And New York will do you good. But you be careful in those cabs—they don't care how they drive."

"You'll have fun, too. You know a lot of other girls."

"That I do." He grinned at her, and she grinned uncertainly back. She saw his eyes. She read what they had to say. Then she sighed happily and stood up. "Let's go back and dance some more," she said.

As they walked inside she added, "At least you'll get a lot of studying done while I'm gone. I leave you to explore the omphalomesenteric vein to its fullest. In thirty-six hour embryo chicks."

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the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION



SHIRLEY FROHLICH
director

GLORIA LAMPERT
associate

Hi, Clubbers! Tell us truthfully, how many times have you had to answer the question, "What good are fan clubs, anyway?" Kay McGowan, the very attractive and intelligent vice-president of the Jeanne Pierre Aumont Club, was asked that question recently by a New York newspaper. Here's the answer Kay gave her:

"A fan club enriches you with a cleaner concept of tolerance. You never think of such trivialities as who is a Gentile or who is a Caucasian. You think in terms of who is loyal to the particular aims and principles dearest to your star. You learn that it is simple to find common ties between members from every walk of life. We originally banded together out of admiration for Pierre; we soon found lasting attachments and gained a new outlook on life. A fan club, at its best, can be a living laboratory for democracy . . . an outlet for youthful energies that is constructive, ie., journals, meeting people, gaining poise. This club has taught me more about getting along with others than anything in my life."

How about that? Do you like Kay's answer, or do you have an even better one? We'd like to hear what you think.

Bargain snaps: For those of you who missed our last announcement, here's how to get finest quality 4 x 5 snaps at lowest possible prices. Irving Klaw, the man who's nationally famous for movie star photos, has made this wonderful offer to clubs associated with the MSFCA ONLY. You must order through us, you must order a minimum of 10 prints. You may borrow our negatives, or supply your own. Send inquiries to Gloria Lampert, MSFCA, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16.

ANNOUNCEMENT: Trophy Winners in the Sixth Semi-Annual MODERN SCREEN Trophy Cup Contest will be announced next month in this column. Watch for this important news!

6TH SEMI-ANNUAL TROPHY CUP CONTEST

Sixth Lap: (the following results are based on journals, reports, other data received at our offices during the month ending November 15). Individual Prizes. Each winner in THIS IS MY BEST Contest receives a generous gift package of FABERGE's Perfume and Cologne. Best editors are each awarded a special assortment of POND's beauty preparations. Winning artist gets a handsome TANGEE Trip Kit for travel. First prize winner, CANDID CAMERA CONTEST, receives a year's subscription to SCREEN ROMANCES, a year's subscription to SCREEN ALBUM, and 4 Dell Mysteries. Other Candid Camera winners, a neat package of 4 Dell Mysteries. (Suitable prizes always substituted for male winners.)

"This Is My Best" Contest Winners: Lewis E. Brown, "A Day With The Circus," (Lloyd) *Bridges To Stardom* (Denahy). Nat Hentoff, "Understanding Is The Word," *Talkin' To Teddy* (Walters). Doris Anderson, "Dear Diary," *Voice of The People* (Sinatra). Doris Albritton, "Don't Want To See," (Dennis) *Moore's Mesquiteers*. Clelia Barger, "Is This What They Fought For?" *Idol Chatter* (Sinatra, Fries). Shirley McBroom, "British or American Movies?" *Corvinus* (Charles Korvin). **Candid Camera Contest:** First prize, Nancy Martin, The Duffies (Howard Duff). Others, Joel Pacilio, Frankly Impressed C. (Sinatra). Pat Maben, Dan Duryea C. Ellen Tanner, Allan Jones C. Gloria Hoyle, Teddy Walters C. Elsie Ellovich, Louise Erickson C. **Best Editors:** None qualified in League 1. League 2. Isabel Lee, *Jive* (Bob Crosby). 3. (tied) Margaret Staley, *The Crooning Barber* (Como), Ron De Armond, *Four Star Review*. **Best Journals:** None qualified in League 1. League 2. (tied) *The Caroler* (Landis), *Golden Comet* (Jeanette MacDonald, Farrington). League 3. (tied) *Jottings on Janis* (Paige), *Bab's Boosters* (Lawrence), *James Melton Club Journal*. **Best Covers:** None qualified in Leagues 1, 2. League 3. (tied) *Corvinus, Jottings on Janis, Burt Lancaster Club News, Talkin' To Teddy, Arthur's Echoes* (Kennedy), *Racing With The Moon* (Vaughn Monroe, Staub), *Cubanly Yours* (Desi Arnaz, Martinjack), (Lloyd) *Bridges' Chronicle* (Gockel). **Best Original Art Work:** Astrid Rundberg, *Spotlight on Sinatra*. **Most Worthwhile Activities:** 1. Club Crosby, contributed raffle proceeds ($21) to Vets' Hosp., Wood, Wisc. 2. Ladd's Legionaires (Kee), have pledged $200 to United Construction Relief Fund, already paid $20 (proceeds of skating party). 3. Johnny Desmond C. (Skoff), contributed decorations for Christmas tree to Lockport Vets' Hosp. Also, 35 presents to Red Cross for personnel of ships which were at sea during Christmas Holidays. **Greatest Percentage Increase in Membership:** 1. Bill Boyd C. 2. Club Friendship. 3. Nina Foch C. **Best Correspondents:** 1. Kit Pritchett, Dennis Morgan C. 2. Margaret Walton, Carole Landis C. 3. Lee Valentine, Barbara Lawrence C.



Prexy's dream come true! (l. to r.) Mimi Kraushar, Joel Pacilio, Anna Ling, Doris Anderson and Audrey White, pilots of Sinatra clubs, lunched with Frankie, visited the set of *The Kissing Bandit*.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 23)

piano in a dive in San Francisco, and the only reason he has that job is because the leader of the regular band there, Chick Morgan (Hoagy Carmichael), got it for him.

Dan might be playing there yet, if one night a girl hadn't drifted in with some friends after the opera. "Slumming," the friends called it. Catherine Mallory (Merle Oberon) her name was, and she was wearing a mink coat, but Dan couldn't see that, and wouldn't have cared anyway. When she sees Dan and hears him play, something happens. Maybe it's partly the way he looks, and his independence in spite of being blind. How can you explain love at first sight? How can you explain love?

Catherine is bright enough to realize—and Chuck confirms it—that Dan would accept no help from her. So, with the help of her Aunt Willey (Ethel Barrymore), Catherine Mallory becomes a blind girl, Mary.

Yes, blind. Because that's the only way to do it, the only way to get into the strange, dark world where Dan lives. Mary is part of that world, he thinks—and with her help he at last goes back to composing music—something he hasn't done since his blindness.

And with the help of Catherine Mallory, he wins a prize for a concerto and goes to New York for an operation which restores his sight. But here's the catch. Now that he's back in the bright world of light, what interest has he in blind Mary?

Ethel Barrymore gives impact to a rather minor part. Dana and Merle and Hoagy do all right for themselves, too.—*RKO*

TREASURE OF THE SIERRA MADRE

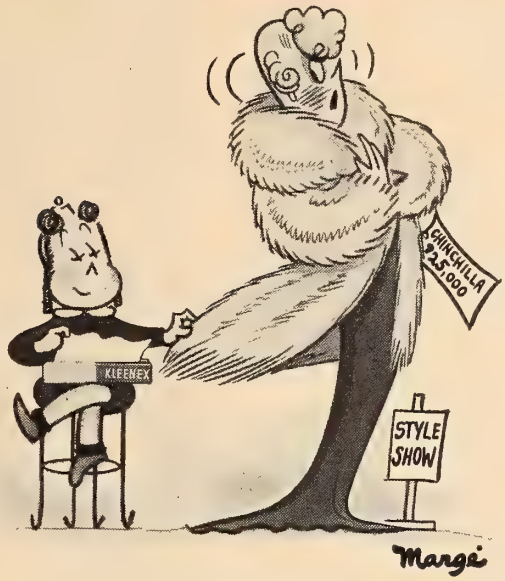
I'm always faintly mournful when they put Humphrey Bogart in a picture with an all male cast. Not that he isn't good at the kind of thing he does in *Sierra Madre*, but he's pretty good in the romance department, too.

Anyway, here he is as a broken down American bum, in Tampico, Mexico, in 1920. Call him Dobbs. Maybe that's his real name



Treasure Of The Sierra Madre: Humphrey Bogart and Walter Huston seek gold in Mexico.

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and maybe it isn't, but in Tampico nobody cares. His theme song is "Brother, can you spare a dime?" and he can spot a rich American tourist three blocks away. He can also occasionally beat the bootblacks to a discarded cigarette butt, which is quite a trick in Tampico. One tourist gives him a dollar and Dobbs gets a shave, a meal and a lottery ticket.

That same day, he meets another bum named Curtin (Tim Holt), and the two of them regretfully decide that things are so tough they'll have to take jobs in one of the construction camps up the river. A few weeks of work puts them in reasonably good physical shape, and when they get back, Dobbs has a surprise. He's won the lottery. It doesn't amount to any fortune—about a hundred dollars in American money.

Maybe it's coincidence and maybe it isn't, that they have just been talking to an old gold prospector, Howard (Walter Huston). He knows where there's gold, all right, but as he says, if it was easy to get out, everybody would have it. The trip is tough and what's worse, he warns, you get gold-crazy. The stuff seems more important to you than anything else in the world and you'll sacrifice your best friend for it, even when you already have enough.

In spite of these predictions, the three of them join up in a gold-hunting expedition. And everything Howard said comes true. Sure, they find gold. And hatred and disloyalty and —finally—death, along with it!—*War.*

THE GAY RANCHERO

I don't know what it is about Roy Rogers' pictures that gets me. Maybe it's because they don't demand any heavy thinking—you just sit back and relax and watch the shooting.

The Gay Ranchero in Technicolor has the usual ingredients. Roy is a sheriff in a small southwestern town. The principal activity in the place is the airline run by Betty Richards (Jane Frazee) with the assistance of Cookie Bullfincher (Andy Devine).

There is also a hotel outside town where a mysterious South American beauty is staying. Actually, she only *looks* mysterious. Her name is Consuelo Belmonte and she has come here to get away from a young man named Nicci Lopez (Tito Guizar). Not that she doesn't love Nicci. She's as crazy about him as he is about her and she's not really mad when he turns up there. But she thinks he's a coward, because he has renounced bull fighting. Seems a silly reason to me for dropping a handsome fiance, but I don't share Consuelo's mad passion for bull fights.

There are, naturally, several villains in this same town. Vance Brados, Mike Ritter, and a couple of what are usually referred to as henchmen. Brados has envolved a fine, practical scheme for making money without working for it. Betty's airline flies gold in from the mines to the bank in town. Brados has a guy called Breezy planted with the airline as a mechanic. He fixes it so the gold-laden planes run out of gas at a nice, deserted spot. The pilot goes to look for gas, and the villains take the gold. All very simple.

The trouble is that, like most crimes, if you pull it too often, people begin to catch on. And Brados pulls it too many times, so Roy takes over for a wild and woolly finish. —*Rep.*



The Senator Was Indiscreet: Senator William Powell, looking for votes, joins an Indian tribe.

THE SENATOR WAS INDISCREET

Probably large numbers of Senators dream of becoming President. It's an occupational disease, and Senator Ashton (William Powell) has it in a particularly virulent form.

Ashton is quite an influential man. He is head of a Committee for something or other, and he has a press agent, Lew Gibson (Peter Lind Hayes). Lew gets the Senator inducted into the usual Indian tribes, has him made a Kentucky Colonel and photographs him kissing enormous numbers of babies. But things are tougher these days. The public wants something really special from a presidential candidate.

Press agent Lew's girl is not much in sympathy with his methods. Poppy (Ella Raines) thinks the American people deserve better treatment and eventually she breaks with Lew, and begins a campaign of ridicule in her newspaper against Senator Ashton.

The Senator goes on a speaking tour of the entire country. He comes out flatly against inflation *and* deflation, but is in favor of a mysterious something called "flation." He has a health bill guaranteeing every adult a normal temperature. He is super, terrific and unshakeable. He makes no sense at all, but his speeches sound as if they did and he rapidly becomes "the people's choice."

Ashton has one weakness from the point of view of the professional politicians who are backing him. He insists on keeping a diary all about the party's affairs. The diary disappears and everyone suspects everyone else. With good reason, Poppy might have stolen it. Or the beautiful redhead, Valerie Shepherd (Arleen Whelan), whom the Senator has befriended. And Lew. And all the party leaders.

There seems to be just one solution. Throw Ashton out as a candidate, then the diary won't matter. But throwing Ashton out proves far more difficult than anyone anticipates.

Some amusing satire in this. I think you'll like it—*Univ.*

KILLER McCOY

This is the story of a prizefighter. A little guy, not a big one, but with all the guts and toughness it takes to stay in the ring with bigger guys and take what they hand out. Tommy McCoy (Mickey Rooney) his name is, and you're going to like him.

Tommy comes from the kind of neighborhood where you learn to fight as soon as you learn to walk. You have to. His father, Brian (Jimmy Dunn) used to be in vaudeville. Now he's just a drunk. Mrs. McCoy (Gloria Holden) does sewing and Tommy sells newspapers and somehow they keep going.

Then, one night at a neighborhood benefit,



Killer McCoy: Mickey Rooney, Jimmy Dunn's son, becomes a boxer with Sam Levene's help.

Brian is asked to do one of his old vaudeville acts. Uncertain on his legs, filled with panic before an audience now, he gets Tommy to do it with him. They're a hit. Tommy's even more popular later when he challenges an older, heavier boy to a fight in a ring that has been set up for some boxing matches.

Tommy wins and Martin (Mickey Knox), who's in charge of the fights, takes the boy and the old man on tour as part of the act. A year later, Tommy is really a fighter. Martin and his trainer, Happy (Sam Levene), have seen to it that he knows all they know, which is plenty. Martin retires as a fighter, and Tommy loses track of him but keeps a feeling of affection for him in his heart.

There are things about the racket that Tommy hates. He quits it once, but it's the only thing he knows and he goes back. His contract is owned now by a gambler, Caighn (Brian Donlevy). He discovers that Tommy has a terrific right, although his reputation is built on his left punch. That's the kind of angle Caighn can use in his business—the gambling business.

It's strange that Caighn should have a daughter like Sheila (Ann Blyth), although it certainly isn't strange that Tommy should fall in love with her. If only Tommy hadn't had to fight his old friend, Martin, who's trying to make a comeback. Martin dies from that fight, and they call Tommy "Killer McCoy!" —*M-G-M*

SO WELL REMEMBERED

There is plenty to remember in this story which begins in England right after World War I, and carries on till Victory Day of World War II. Its central figure is George Boswell (John Mills), a young politician in the town of Browdley.

Or maybe I'm wrong. Maybe the real central figure is Olivia Channing (Martha Scott). The Channings dominated the town of Browdly for many years, until Olivia's father was sent to jail for some financial skullduggery which involved keeping the city slums just that—slums.

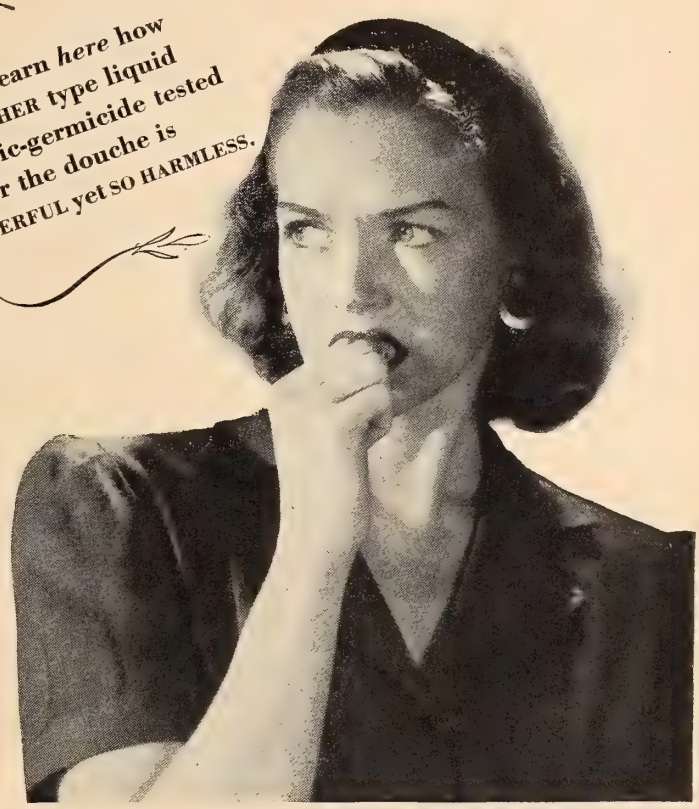
Mr. Channing is just out of jail when the crusading young George meets Olivia. Like most crusaders, George is a romanticist. He sees lovely, deep-eyed Olivia as a victim of the town's prejudice against the Channing fam-



So Well Remembered: Martha Scott, Trevor Howard and John Mills in a politico-love drama.

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ily. He not only gets her elected to the post of town librarian, but is soon wildly in love with her.

Olivia is an opportunist. No romantic nonsense for her. She marries George not out of love, but because she thinks she can make him a successful London politician with its attendant riches and pomp. For a while it seems she's right. George stands for Parliament. They live more in London than in Browdley, and Olivia is admired as an astute and brilliant wife.

Meanwhile, George's crusading spirit has lagged considerably. Even when he gets a report from his old friend, Dr. Whiteside (Trevor Howard) concerning the terrible condition of Browdley's slums, he allows himself to be persuaded that Whiteside is a fanatic. It is only when a serious outbreak of diphtheria gives direct and terrible proof, that George becomes himself again. And then Olivia leaves him.

Twenty-five years pass before Olivia comes back to Browdley. She has a son, by a second marriage, who is in the RAF. It is when she, with her old dominating ways, tries to break up the boy's romance, that George once more comes into her life.—*RKO*

THE UPTURNED GLASS

Nothing to do with drinking—just murder. James Mason and Pamela Kellino are the stars. Pamela (Mrs. Mason, as I'm sure you know) has also co-authored the screen play which is adapted from a story by John Monoghan.

As it begins, we are listening to a lecture on crime. The lecturer is a casual, oddly attractive man. He's telling the class about a murderer, a sane and sensible fellow, who committed his one crime from a sense of justice.

This man, the lecturer explains, he will refer to as Michael Joyce. He is a surgeon, a brain specialist, and one of the best in the field. However, aside from his work, he leads a dull and lonely life. He is separated from his wife and doesn't have any particular interest in the women he occasionally sees.

One day he meets, professionally, a charming young woman whose little daughter must have a brain operation. Michael performs it successfully, and by the time the child is well, he and the mother, Emma Wright (Rosamund John), are in love. However, she has a husband in the Near East on a geological expedition and Michael has a wife who won't divorce him. Being honorable people, they finally decide never to see each other again.

You can imagine Michael's shock when, not much later, he hears that Emma has fallen from a high window of her house and has been killed. He goes to the inquest and immediately becomes suspicious of the behavior of Emma's widowed sister-in-law, Kate (Pamela Kellino). She obviously hated Emma.

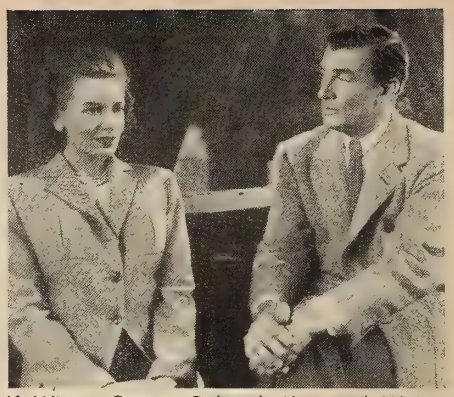
There's nothing very definite to go on, but Michael starts a campaign of attention to Kate. Flowers, dinner dates, the usual things. It's very easy. She soon not only wants to marry him for his money, but is really in love with him.

All the while, Michael is gathering evidence against her. She finally learns his real purpose in a scene that will chill your blood like iced champagne. And even after that climax, there is more of the story to come.—*Univ.*

IF WINTER COMES

A friend of mine has a favorite saying—"In this world a good deed never goes unpunished." Cynical? Undoubtedly, but a perfect example of the way it works is to be seen in *If Winter Comes*.

Here we have an Englishman, Mark Saber (Walter Pidgeon), who has plenty of friends,



If Winter Comes: Deborah Kerr and Walter Pidgeon married to others, are still in love.

a good job, and a wife (Angela Lansbury) who, like many wives, never knows quite what he is talking about but doesn't care. She does care, however, when Mark's ex-fiancée, Nona Tyler (Deborah Kerr), returns to their town of Tidborough with her worthless husband, Tony. She's afraid Nona will get Mark back.

Actually, Nona and Mark are still in love. But they aren't, they find, the kind of people who can take their happiness at the expense of others. They do consider for a little while the possibility of running away together—a possibility which definitely goes by the board when war is declared, and Nona's husband joins up. She plunges into war work, and Mark tries to forget his unhappiness in his job with a publishing house.

Now we come to the good deed that causes all the trouble. There is a girl named Effie Bright (Janet Leigh) whom Mark has met quite casually. Her father is a clerk. When a young friend of Mark's, Freddie (Hugh Green), goes off to war, Mark gets Effie a job as companion to Freddie's mother. It seems an ideal arrangement for all concerned, and probably it would have been, if Freddie had stayed away all the while.

But, of course, now and then he got a leave. And equally, of course, he fell in love with Effie. So before long, Effie finds herself about to become an unwed mother, and a whole series of idiotic coincidences point to Mark, not Freddie, as the father. Mark's wife leaves him, he loses his job, and Effie—aghast at the effect of her indiscretion—commits suicide.

It's quite a trick to produce a happy ending out of a setup like that, but they've managed it.—*M-G-M.*

THE LOST MOMENT

A girl—a really beautiful girl—who is living in two centuries at once. That's the theme of a ghostly drama starring Robert Cummings and Susan Hayward. The scene is Venice around 1900. Lewis Venable (Robert Cummings), an American publisher, comes there to try and find some lost love letters.

Not his own. No, these were written by a famous poet, Jeffrey Ashton, who disappeared in Venice in 1830 and was never heard of again. But the woman Ashton wrote them to, Juliana Bordereau (Agnes Moorhead), is still alive at the age of one hundred and five. Lewis is to be a "paying guest" in her home while posing as a writer, but he has every intention of finding those letters



The Upturned Glass: James Mason, surgeon, and Rosamund John, victims of an unhappy love affair.



The Lost Moment: Susan Hayward and Robert Cummings find the body of aged Agnes Moorehead.

and publishing them if they exist. His theory is that Jeffrey Ashton was so great a poet that any word, any phrase, written by him, belongs to the world.

Lewis finds that the Bordereau household is an odd one. It is run by Tina (Susan Hayward), Juliana's niece. She's a stern, unfriendly young woman who tells Lewis frankly that it is only because they must have money that they allow him in the house. There is an old cook who mutters what sounds like Italian curses every time she sees him. There is the little maid, expertly played by Joan Lorring, who is obviously afraid of Miss Tina. She warns Lewis that something is wrong in the house but refuses to say what it is.

One night, he hears a piano playing softly. He traces it to a secret room and finds that it is Tina playing. But you would never recognize her. Lovely and feminine with her gorgeous hair down around her white shoulders, she looks like a dream from long ago.

And it seems she is. Because she calls Lewis "Jeffrey" and obviously believes herself to be Juliana. She kisses him passionately to prove her love. But when they meet next day, she apparently has no memory of what has happened. It takes Lewis a long time to unravel the mystery, and with it, he discovers the secret of Jeffrey Ashton's disappearance.—*Univ.*

TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH

Your name is Mike Barrows (Dick Powell), and on a cloudy, fog-bound night in San Francisco Bay you are watching the captain of a Jap freighter toss a hundred Chinese slaves overboard to drown. This is before the war. You are working for the Treasury Department, in the Narcotics Division. There isn't a thing you can do about the Chinese slaves. But you ask yourself, "Why was this thing done?" And, being Mike Barrows, you decide to find out.

Mike takes a vacation without pay and gets aboard the next Clipper for Shanghai, where the freighter came from. He reports the incident to Japanese officials there, and is met with polite smiles and a bland request for proof. Of which he has none.

But he meets a man named Lum Chi (Vladimir Sokoloff), and later two girls, Ann Grant (Signe Hasso) and Shu Pan (Maylia). They tie in somewhere, although he doesn't yet see where. Ann is the widow of an American engineer. Shu Pan is a pretty Chinese girl whom Ann plans to take back to the States with her.

Egypt comes after Shanghai. Mike finds a clue there which points directly to Ann. The whole situation, he discovers, is based on an international narcotic ring. Suicides follow his trail now, but Mike blazes along, trying to get to someone who will talk. Suicides don't talk.

Havana is next. You really get around when you're after international smugglers. Mike finds Ann and Shu Pan there, ready to take a boat for New York, and he takes it, too. He knows quite well that a $5,000,000 shipment of narcotics is on board and if he can catch Ann bringing it in, he has her cold. As it turns out, Michael is the one who's cold—out cold, hit over the head with a life preserver.

From here on it's strictly fox and hounds stuff, with the criminal one jump ahead until the very end. If you like spy stories you'll be happy with *To The Ends Of The Earth.* —*Col.*

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SPEAKING FRANKLY—By Ed Sullivan

(*Continued from page 27*)

medicine cabinet crowded with pills for nervous stomachs—and disclose that Joe Hero and Josephine Heroine are afflicted with nothing more glamorous than low blood pressure. When people or movie stars make decisions that are influenced by poor health, those decisions are liable to be off the beam."

"Uh-huh," I murmured. Mrs. Wilde looked at me icily.

"You don't believe me!"

"Let's put it differently," I said. "This is the first time I've ever heard of that low blood pressure routine, and—"

"And nothing," she stormed. "It's no routine. It happened! It happened to Cornel and me. The only time we ever experimented with a trial separation, it was because he was worn out and nervous. His blood pressure then was less than 80. He'd just finished *Bandit of Sherwood Forest* for Columbia. He came home that night, completely exhausted. After dinner, a studio barber arrived to cut his hair; then he went to bed all in. I had to wake him at 6 o'clock the next morning, so that he could start for Arizona for his next picture."

She gestured.

"Cornel sat at the breakfast table that morning, wordlessly. His face was drawn; there were deep circles under his eyes. This, then, I thought to myself, was movie stardom!

"For ten years the two of us had struggled to make the grade. We had stood up to heartbreak and discouragement, we had fought against sickness, we had laughed off shows that folded after one or two nights—and for what?"

"Wait a moment," I enthused. "This sounds like a great story."

"Not a great story," corrected Mrs. Cornel Wilde, "but a tragic explanation of why some Hollywood marriages go on the rocks. Not maliciously, but with a certain sense of smugness, people say that the Hollywood star is overwhelmed by problems that the average citizen meets in stride. It is consoling for people outside of Hollywood to feel that the movie personality lacks the moral fibre, the sense of proportion or the moral courage of John Q. Citizen."

"What are you driving at?" I asked her.

"Just this," said Mrs. Wilde, "the problems of Hollywood stars are completely dissimilar. Actors encounter occupational hazards that never touch the lives or affect the happiness of those who aren't on Hollywood sound stages.

"For instance," she said, "after Cornel became a star, we rarely saw each other, and then only when he was so exhausted that it was an effort to make conversation. Both of us were on edge; he was worn out from too much work; I was lonely and unhappy. The day he left for Arizona, I packed his bags for him.

" 'Don't forget my pills,' he told me. 'My stomach is doing nip-ups.'

"As I watched Cornel walk out of the house that morning to the studio car, I thought to myself that it had been far better when we were struggling to earn rent and food money back on Broadway."

"Tell me about Broadway," I suggested.

"Well," she said, "in New York, we had been together continuously. We had gone to agents' offices together, we'd lunched together, had dinner at the Automat together, and it was all wonderful. We both got parts in Tallulah Bankhead's *Antony and Cleopatra,* and we felt flattered that she'd selected us. That was back in 1937, just before we eloped to Maryland. Then, to our dismay, we learned that Miss Bankhead had planned a long road tour, and like most kids, we wanted to stay on Broadway. So we told her. She was very nice, and understanding, and we left the company, confident we'd grab another job, quickly."

"What happened?" I asked.

"We eloped, came back to Broadway, and never got another offer from a producer."

"What," I asked, "did you do for money?"

"What any other young stage couple does, I suppose," she said. "Worried ourselves sick. Every time we'd make some money, we had to pay it to the doctor. Luckily, the manager of the hotel where we lived was swell. No impounding of our trunks or anything like that. We played periodic 'subway circuit' engagements in *Moon Over Mulberry Street,* and finally I landed a job in the Ethel Merman-Bert Lahr musical, *Dubarry Was a Lady.* It was the security of the $40 a week that permitted Cornel to look for a part leisurely.

"If you read fan mags, Ed, you know the rest of our story. The first real break for us—parts in the Laurence Olivier-Vivien Leigh production of *Romeo and Juliet,* and traveling to San Francisco, and opening there, and the Warners' scout raving about Cornel. Warners used him twice, dropped his option, and six months later, he signed with Fox.

"For two long years, we waited and waited, and then Columbia borrowed him for *Song to Remember.*"

"Where does the low blood pressure enter the script?" I asked her.

"Starting right then," said Mrs. Wilde. "For years, Cornel had been under contract, doing nothing. Once he clicked in *Song to Remember,* they ran him ragged. Three pictures in a row at Columbia, then *Leave Her to Heaven, Centennial Summer,* three weeks with Peggy Cummins in *Forever Amber,* then into *The Homestretch,* then the Linda Darnell version of *Amber,* and out of that and into *It Had To Be You,* with Ginger Rogers. So instead of enjoying this new-found stardom, we were worse off than ever. And that's when we finally determined on a trial separation.

"The separation did the trick?"

"It gave us both time to think things over sanely. It enabled both of us to remember that we loved each other a lot. If I'd forgotten, it reminded me that Cornel was the most wonderful guy I'd ever met; sweet, considerate, thoughtful and a lot of fun—when he wasn't on the verge of a nervous breakdown because of overwork. So we determined that from now on, we'd live differently. Now that he is a star, he can ask for certain things—and the first thing he asked for was a six-month clause in which he could do a play. Never again will we ever permit Hollywood to disrupt our happiness."

A few nights ago, the Sullivans went to a dinner party in New York. There was a Wall Streeter and his wife, there was a toy merchant, there was a big league baseball star and his wife, a doctor and his wife and some other couples. "Another Hollywood divorce on the front pages," said one of the guests, shaking his head. "Well, I guess marriage means no more in Hollywood than it means to Peter Rabbit."

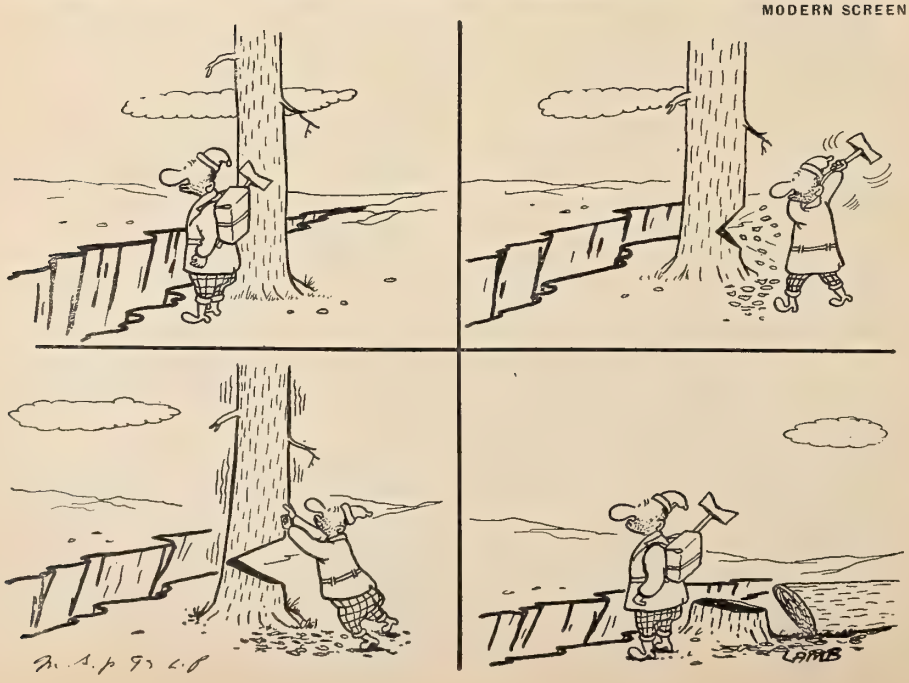
"They can't stand success," said the doctor. "When they click out there, they lose all sense of proportion."

"It's the atmosphere," suggested one of the wives. "It breeds promiscuity." Another wife chimed in: "They have too much money."

"The problems that all of us face and defeat, every day," said the doctor, "destroy them. Every married couple has disagreements, but we lick them. Hollywood people can't take it."

I think that any movie fan will agree that he or she has said practically the same thing about Hollywood stars. It is a nice concession to your own ego to ponder on the fact that the problems which all of us citizens solve are the very problems that send the movie stars scurrying to Reno.

So next time you're tempted to be smug, remember this story by Mrs. Cornel Wilde.



THE YEARS BETWEEN

(*Continued from page 48*)

face.

"I beg your pardon," he said feebly. "I—I'm looking for a room for my wife. We've been married since Christmas Eve. I'm stationed over at the camp three miles from here, and I thought—I mean this looked like such a nice place, the kind Pat would like—but of course I don't blame you at all." He finished, breathless.

"Now, now, slow down, young man. How much were you thinking of paying?"

"I hadn't thought, actually. Whatever you say."

The farmer's wife muttered something under her breath. It sounded like "a fool and his money are soon parted." But fifteen minutes later Dick was peddling triumphantly to town.

Back at the barracks, Dick took a good-natured ribbing. "Easy for a matinée idol like you," the boys said. "I think I'll try telling the next old hag I ask that I'm Clark Gable!"

left his career behind . . .

Actually, of course, it had never occurred to Dick to mention that he was the Richard Greene who had made pictures in both England and America before the war. His career had been successful, certainly, but he had put it behind him when, in September, 1940, he left Hollywood, to go home and enlist in the British Army.

Some of his friends told him then that he was crazy. "You've got a bad leg from that car accident you were in a while ago. Use that for an alibi, and stick right here. America isn't at war, and you're just going good. You'll make a fortune."

"It wouldn't be enough to buy back my self-respect," Dick had said quietly. "I don't like war any better than the next man, but England's my country."

He enlisted as a private in the ranks of the 27th Lancers. Promotions came, but slowly, as they do in the British Army. Then the leg injury he had suffered in Hollywood was aggravated by an added strain during training.

"Sorry, Greene," his superior officer told him. "No combat duty for you, after this injury. Your leg wouldn't take it. You're eligible for medical discharge now, if you like," the officer went on briskly. "Or you can stay in the Army and do non-combat work. There's plenty of it to be done."

Dick was silent for a moment. A discharge would mean that he could go back to Hollywood and take up where he'd left off. Probably the money he could make and contribute to the British cause would help a lot more than the non-combat work he could do. Damn it all, he hadn't sacrificed his career and come over here and gone through training just to sit the war out at a desk!

That mood lasted about ten seconds, then Dick grinned. "I'd like to stay in the Army, sir."

He wondered a little as he said it, what Pat would think. Because by now he was married to Pat Medina. She was half-Spanish and half-English. He had met her late in 1941 when he was given a temporary release from the Army to make a propaganda picture at Denham.

One day Dick was strolling across the set of another picture they were making there. He noticed a beautiful girl talking to the director. Soft black hair to her shoulders, smooth peach-colored skin and lively dark eyes.

"Not bad," he said to the friend with him. "Not bad at all."

The friend laughed. "Our national genius for understatement. That's Pat Medina and she's not only beautiful, she's a good actress."

"Know her, do you?" Dick asked, very, very casually.

"As it happens, I do. Come to dinner at my place Thursday night and you can talk to her all evening."

Thursday night came, and at the party Dick sat down by Pat who was looking chic, cool and detached in a black dress that flowed smoothly around every curve.

"A bit silly to talk shop so violently, isn't it?" he offered, as the babble of the other guests' voices rose and fell around them.

Pat pounced on that like a puppy on a bone. "What's silly about it? We make a living out of acting. Why shouldn't we talk about it?"

Dick swallowed. "Sorry," he said. In a moment he made an excuse to get over to the other side of the room. The girl was beautiful all right, but what a disposition!

So that was that, and Dick forgot about it. But a couple of weeks later Dick was in London for the weekend. On the street ahead of him some GI's whistled appreciatively at a girl crossing Trafalgar Square. A girl with smoky black hair and tawny skin. A girl named Pat Medina.

Dick found himself walking faster and faster. Not that he really wanted to see her, of course. And not, he thought wryly, that it would do him any good if he did. She obviously hadn't thought much of him. Still, she might be willing to have a drink.

Fifteen minutes later, over sherry, they were both wondering how they could have been so wrong. Pat was wonderful. She bubbled like champagne, with a dry wit and delightful charm.

"You certainly didn't like me the other evening when we met," Dick said eventually. "What did I do wrong?"

an explanation . . .

Pat explained. "When I got to the party everyone was having a fearful row, and I felt left out with no one to argue with. Then you came in so I started on you, thinking it was the thing to do. Only you wouldn't argue, you just went away."

Dick laughed. "We seem to have made a botch of things, between us. Let's make up for it by having dinner together tonight."

So they went to Dick's favorite restaurant, but since it was London in war-time they had to "queue up" for a table. By the time they got one, an hour later, they were in love. By the time they'd had dinner, they were engaged. On Christmas Eve they were married in a ceremony that left out all the pomp and circumstance but left in all the beauty and solemnity.

There couldn't be any honeymoon. Dick's picture was finished and he was back in the Army. But they had three days together in London. Three days to catch up on all the things they wanted to know about each other. To recall and compare their childhood Christmases, when they had never dreamed that any Christmas could be as wonderful as this. To make love, and argue, and make love again. Three days to be happier than any two people had ever been before.

Then Dick had to join his regiment in Yorkshire, while Pat waited in London. But now he had found this bedroom in the old stone farmhouse, and Pat was arriving tomorrow, and life would be heaven again.

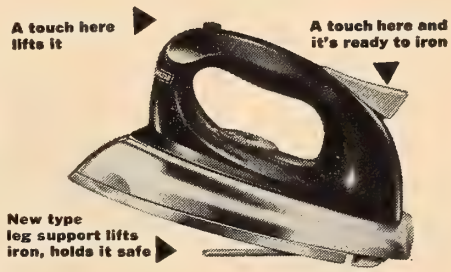
He had one awful moment of misgiving when she stepped off the train. She looked

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so elegant, so completely out of place among the dumpy country women who followed her. What was he doing, bringing a girl like Pat to live on a farm, with nothing to do but wait for him to come out from camp?

He needn't have worried. The minute he kissed her, he knew somehow that everything would work out. That as long as they were together, nothing else would matter to either of them.

And Pat in slacks and a sweater, with her hair blowing in the wind as she cycled along a country lane, bore little resemblance to the svelt, bored actress he had first met. She was happy and carefree and her sense of humor carried her over the rough spots.

"Our landlady doesn't approve of me," she confided to Dick. "I'm sure she doesn't believe we're really married. She said 'What do you expect me to call you?' and when I said 'Mrs. Greene' she positively sneered!"

"She has a heart of gold under that sneer," Dick assured her, laughing. "And I'll bring out our marriage certificate and put it on the mantel over the fireplace."

That fireplace was their delight. They sat in front of it during the long evenings, reading, talking, holding hands. It was all very romantic—until eleven P. M. Then the farmer's wife would come in and make the same little speech every night.

"If anyone wants to use the 'conveniences,' they'd better do it now before I lock up."

The "conveniences" was her euphemistic term for the outside plumbing.

One day Dick came downstairs in the morning looking very preoccupied.

"I just remembered that they're showing *Kitty Foyle* at camp tonight," he told Pat. "They've never shown a picture I was in before, and I'm terrified. Suppose the men hiss!"

Pat howled with laughter. "I think it would be too funny," she said unfeelingly. "A new sort of mutiny—one you couldn't do a thing about, Lieutenant Greene. I *must* come to the picture."

"Don't you dare! It will be quite awkward enough, without that."

But at eight o'clock there was Pat, in a scarlet coat that made her look like a young gypsy queen, her eyes dancing with mischief. They sat together in the back row, while *Kitty Foyle* unrolled and Dick squirmed.

embarrassing moment . . .

There was a general turning of heads when he first appeared on the screen. Dick wondered gloomily if any of the four generations of acting Greenes who had preceded him had had to cope with any situation like this. He thought back to the previous most embarrassing moment of his life. It was when he played his first stage role, that of a spear-carrier. Dick had decided really to make a production of that spear-carrying. He had leaned against the wall, started an animated, if silent, conversation with another spear-carrier, and made gestures like Barrymore playing *Hamlet*. He had visions of the director calling him over after the performance and saying "No more walk-ons for you, Greene. From now on you'll have good parts." The director called him over, all right. He said "Greene, you're fired!"

But this experience was even worse. Dick dragged Pat away before the picture was over. He worried all night. Suppose when he gave orders the next day, the men just laughed! They didn't, of course. In fact, some of them said "Very good picture last night, sir." Dick felt better.

That was why he was delighted when, in 1943, he was offered a chance to tour France, England and Belgium with an Army company of *Arms And The Man*. Pat was in it, too, which made everything wonderful.

In December of 1944, Dick was given a medical discharge by the Army. Less than a year later he and Pat were in Hollywood where Dick was to make *Forever Amber*.

They came over on a Liberty ship. The weather was bad and the trip took far longer than they had expected. Pat says she spent all her time on deck alone, singing "Sentimental Journey." Dick was busily playing poker with the GIs on board—and winning. Some months later he went into 21 in New York and the captain who showed him to a table was one of the men he had won it from.

"I couldn't afford to play with him now," Dick says, grinning.

forever delay . . .

The first few months in Hollywood he was terribly restless. Everything seemed to conspire to delay the shooting on *Forever Amber*. Dick was one of the few members of the original cast retained when they started all over again. Twentieth had originally suggested that he should play Carlton, the man Amber really loves throughout the picture. But he himself felt he was better suited to Almsbury, Carlton's friend, and that was the role he eventually played.

At last *Amber* began really to roll, and Dick was happy again. It was good to be back before the cameras, making a big picture. Even the beard he had to wear didn't bother him—much.

But *Amber* was over, eventually, and the restlessness set in again. Dick had agreed with his studio that he wouldn't make any quickies which might beat *Amber* out as to release date, since they'd all figured his first post-war appearance should be something flashy.

So he went home and sat. He knew he was going to do *Britannia Mews*, at some point during the next year, but the point seemed far-off, and if it hadn't been for the new house, he couldn't have stood the inactivity.

The new house took a lot of thought, and a lot of time. It's in Coldwater Canyon (Beverly Hills) and it's two-story Georgian. It's set back off the street about sixty feet, surrounded by privet hedge, and it has a small pool on the front lawn.

Pat did a couple of pictures while Richard fidgeted—*Moss Rose*, and *Foxes of Harrow*—both loan-outs to Fox from Metro, where she's under contract.

She'd come home at night, and Dick would sigh. "Fine thing. My wife rushing off to work every day, while I hang around and worry about how three men lay the green carpeting, and the way they're remodeling the wood-work upstairs."

"You're an idiot," she'd say briskly. "*Amber'll* be out any day now, and then—"

The small brown Pomeranian called "Amber" would wander in at this point, and hearing herself named, would act foolish and ingratiating, and what could Dick do but laugh?

"I guess I'm a crank," he'd say. "Don't know when I'm well off."

Now *Amber's* been released and the period of waiting's over. It's just a question of what comes next. The Greenes discuss this, evenings.

"Maybe a play," Dick says. "A New York play—but serious, not a comedy—"

And the way his eyes light up, his wife could cry. Because here is a guy who loves to work, and gets excited by the prospect, and there's something so marvelously eager about him that he can't help communicating the excitement.

But they're British, so they don't talk emotionally. Pat simply says, "A play would be lovely," and her eyes say all the rest.

DREAM GIRL—By Ida Zeitlin

(*Continued from page 45*)

But it started from nothing. No movie connections. No ambitious mamma shoving her darling toward the limelight. Just a middle-class family of modest means, and a father who carried snapshots around same as yours did.

Roughly, the beginning divides itself into four scenes. *Scene 1.* George Temple, manager of a branch bank, showing his snaps to a depositor, who happened to be a dancing teacher. "That's a cute kid," she said. "You ought to give her dancing lessons."

He grinned. "She's just a baby."

But he mentioned the incident that night, and Mrs. Temple turned thoughtful. The baby did love to dance. She'd sway her body to the rhythm of radio music, and Sonny, their 13-year-old, would take her hands and trot her around the room. "You know, she's a little shy with other children. Dancing school might be good for her."

Scene 2. The day they arrived at dancing school after several months of lessons, to find the other kids done up in their best. Shirley was in her dancing uniform.

"What goes on here, a party?"

"No, some movie director's coming to look for talent."

Mrs. Temple hustled her daughter into coat and cap, but the teacher nabbed them at the door. "Oh, let her stay, they're not taking pictures, just looking—what harm can it do?"

So Shirley stayed with the children, while the mothers waited in another room. "What happened, Prune?" Mommy asked on the way home.

Prune—her mother's pet name that stuck through the years—chuckled. "I hid under the piano, but they found me. Then they said walk up and down, and what's your name, and that's all."

Four days later, the director called. Would Mrs. Temple bring Shirley in for a screen test? Daddy hit the ceiling. He wouldn't have the child turned into a little showoff. What finally brought him round was knowing that his wife didn't care for showoffs either.

Followed a series of shorts. Nothing startling happened. Shirley got some good notices. "A brown-eyed little vamp whose head is a halo of golden curls . . ." "Shirley Temple's already queen of the troupe, and she's breaking lots of hearts . . ." But the pictures weren't important enough to attract much attention, and it might have ended there except for:

Scene 3. Jay Gorney, a songwriter for *Stand Up and Cheer,* ran into Mrs. Temple and Shirley in the lobby of the Ritz. He'd seen those two-reelers. "Look, they need a youngster for a spot with Jimmy Dunn in this picture. I wish you'd take her over to *Fox.*"

"Where do you take her? How do you get in?"

"Ask for Lew Brown. He's producing for Winnie Sheehan."

Lew Brown had seen 150 children. He took one look at Shirley. "I want you to take this song home and learn it—"

Which brings us to *Scene 4* and the climax. The sound recording room at *Fox,* crowded with people. Shirley standing on top of a table, singing *Daddy, Take a Bow,* and then Winnie Sheehan's office, and Mr. Sheehan saying, "Shirley's going to be one of the screen's greatest sensations. A star within a year and after that, anything can happen."

He was a truer prophet than he knew. When *Stand Up and Cheer* showed at Radio City, the audiences did just that for Shirley. For four years in a row, she topped all box-office winners. "A world-wide emotion," somebody called her. Presenting her with a special Oscar in '34, Irvin Cobb said: "When Santa Claus did you up in a package and dropped you down Creation's chimney, he brought the world a beautiful Christmas present."

By the time she was eight, people were fondly speculating about what she'd be like at 18. Clark Gable said to me once: "They'll never let her go. They'll want to watch her grow from a little girl to a bigger one. They'll follow every stage; in a way she's their own kid, they've adopted her."

We're a democratic nation and we pick our own royalty. What Elizabeth is to the British, Shirley became to us—princess of American girlhood.

Gable was right. Shirley was still fifth on the box-office poll when she left 20th-Fox for school. Came a couple of years and a couple of pictures that did no one any good, but her name still made headlines. In *Annie Rooney,* Dickie Moore kissed her on the cheek. "Shirley Gets Her First Kiss!" blared the papers. ("I never heard so much bother about nothing," said Shirley.) Through those years of relative inactivity, the fan letters con-



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tinued to pour in.

David O. Selznick bought *Since You Went Away,* and asked Shirley to play Brig. Under contract to Selznick, the career went zooming again. When she left Fox, Nicholas Schenk said: "We owe her a great debt. I look forward to the day when she'll be taking her place among top-ranking adult players."

The day has arrived. She's the only child star who ever made it. Her name on the marquee pulls customers in as it did ten years ago. And in bringing her career up-to-date, there's a final romantic touch that you'd never dream of dreaming in, it's too far-fetched.

As you know, John Agar's also under contract to Selznick. He went through a long arduous period of training. Finally John Ford, casting *War Party,* started looking at tests for someone to play the young West Point subaltern, and stopped when he came to Jack's. "There's the fellow I want."

Later he told Daniel O'Shea, president of Vanguard: "Now I need a girl. Someone like Shirley Temple."

"Well, why don't you get Shirley Temple?"

The minute he realized O'Shea wasn't kidding, Ford made tracks for the phone. Shirley hesitated. I'll talk to Jack first, Mr. Ford, then I'll let you know."

It was the baby of course. Nobody knew about the baby yet, but she couldn't make the picture without telling Mr. Ford. So she went down and sort of whispered it in his ear.

"Shirley," he promised, "I'll carry you round on a feather cushion, if need be."

So her last part before the baby comes is played opposite her husband. "It's perfect," says Shirley. "I chase Jack all through the picture."

Before she was 12, Shirley'd earned enough to be independently wealthy for life. Remember the giant moneymakers? *Little Miss Marker, Little Colonel, Wee Willie Winkie,* and on and on. Manufacturers clamored for Shirley's name on toys and bags, on dolls and clothes and cutouts.

The Temples took their responsibility hard. No product was ever endorsed till their lawyer had made an exhaustive checkup. By the time she was six, Shirley's financial affairs were such that her father left the bank to take over. George Temple's no exception to the tradition of conservative bankers. Carefully, he invested his daughter's money for his daughter's future. In the interests of her welfare, he and his wife turned down for Shirley at least as many thousands as she made. Not to mention what they turned down for themselves. Gertrude Temple was offered $5,000 to tell radio listeners the secret of Shirley's success. "How can I take money," she asked, "for something I don't know?"

5 bucks for sodas . . .

So Shirley became a million-dollar industry. She had a guard, but to her he was just the chauffeur. She got five dollars every two weeks, most of which went on soda pops for herself and pals. "Is that my salary, Mommy?" she asked once.

"Oh no, you make quite a bit more, but Daddy's saving the rest for when you grow up."

"That's good. I'll need it to buy my vegetable market." An ambition that lasted a good six months.

With the Temples, home and family came first. To say that their life was unaffected by Shirley's success would be silly. To say that its spirit remained unchanged is true. The only thing they splurged on was a new home. Driving up Sunset Boulevard one day, they stopped at a wooded hill overlooking the sea. Shirley ran ahead. At the base of a tropical bush, she found a family of quail. "Here's where I want to live. The birds like it here."

There the new place went up, with its pool and terraced gardens, its badminton court and playhouse and everything to delight the heart of a child. There Shirley lived till she and Jack built their five-room French Provincial cottage next door. Now the guest room will be a nursery. In the flagstone court at the Temples', the bush still stands where a little girl knelt enchanted on a sunny afternoon. The little girl made a fortune. But her great pride today is that she budgets her household within Jack's income.

If it's fame you're after, Shirley's had the world at her feet. No child ever had a better excuse to become unbearable. Shirley stayed lovable.

The movie greats she acted with were just a lot of friendly people to Shirley. Orson Welles was the only one who ever made her eyes pop, and that was on account of his broadcast from Mars. To reward him, she let him win from her at croquet. But her contacts weren't limited to the movie world. Statesmen, artists, scientists—if they came to Hollywood, most of them asked to see Shirley Temple.

our man of
the year in
the march
issue of
modern screen
it's
larry parks
on the
cover

on sale
february 10

One spring in '38, Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt, the First Lady of those days, came, and wrote in her column: "She's one of the most charming children I know. I marvel at her mother's achievement in keeping her unspoiled. Shirley told me she was coming to Washington to see the President soon, and I hope she will not delay her visit too long."

When the President of these United States keeps his Secretary of the Treasury waiting, in order to spend ten minutes with a child, brother! that's fame. It happened the following June. Mr. Roosevelt and Shirley discussed sailboats, fishing and children. She told him about the tooth she'd lost in a sandwich. He told her not to feel too badly. "You know, Shirley, I've lost a few of my own, and it doesn't make a bit of difference. I still manage to say all I want to say."

She emerged on a roomful of reporters, popping questions. What had they talked about? "I was so excited, I'm afraid I can't remember everything, but when I said, 'Will you please sign my autograph book?' he said, 'Sure, Shirley, I'll be glad to do that.'"

She showed them the book. "To Shirley, from her old friend, Franklin D. Roosevelt, June 24, 1938." His wife's name was on the same page. "Mrs. Roosevelt left a space for the President when she was out at the studio that time. It's a very important book now."

"Did you like him, Shirley?"

"Oh yes, he was simply grand."

"Did he like you?"

That chuckle again. "I don't know, I didn't ask him."

She spent a day at Hyde Park with the Roosevelt grandchildren. "It's awf'ly nice of you folks to invite me here," said Shirley. Mrs. Roosevelt wrote another column about her simplicity. She didn't mention the President by name, but said "a gentleman present was her willing slave for the afternoon."

Darling of her countrymen, and their President "her willing slave," if only for an afternoon. Try that in your dreams, girls.

the simple life . . .

On the other hand, you may be for the simple life. The normal round of home and games and school and dates and fun. Shirley must have missed all that, you say. A girl can't have everything.

Shirley didn't miss it. When the drums began beating after *Little Miss Marker,* the Temples eyed each other, incredulous and scared. George was the first to recover speech. "Looks like we've got a movie star on our hands," he gulped. "What'll we do now?"

What they did through all the years that followed was to put Shirley, the child, ahead of Shirley, the star. Mrs. Temple will never stop being grateful to Winnie Sheehan, because he insisted that little Shirley have her own bungalow, where she ate and played and studied. It was he who ruled that she never be taken to the studio commissary for lunch. "You can't keep people from making a fuss over her, and enough of that'll turn anyone into a smart-alec.

Mrs. Temple was an old-fashioned mother, who believed that no child should consider herself too important in the scheme of things. Once there was a great to-do over whether to spank or not to spank in *Wee Willie Winkie.* "What's so awful about spanking?" Mrs. Temple inquired crisply. "I've done it myself once or twice; Shirley's no different from other children." So June Lang, as her screen mother, spanked her, and Shirley giggled to her own mother: "She never hurt me a bit, but I bet her hand stings."

She had as much time to play as any child who goes to school; she never worked more than 25 weeks a year, averaged between two and three hours before the camera, and thought it a joke when people asked if she minded working. The only thing that ever bothered her were people who went gooey and wanted to kiss her. But as far back as I can remember, there was a dignity in her that served as its own protective barrier. Years later she said, "I'd keep calm and think about my rabbits or something, and that way I'd feel safe in my own private life."

In the backyard behind her studio bungalow were sandpiles and swings and boxes for the beloved bunnies. Her stand-in and closest companion was Mary Lou Isleib, daughter of a banking associate of George Temple's. Mary Lou was a bridesmaid at Shirley's wedding, and this year Shirley served as attendant at Mary Lou's.

Loved and looked after like any small daughter, she was definitely no star in the home. Her two brothers' healthy attitude toward her was best summed up by Jack. "Are you Shirley Temple's brother?" he was asked.

"No," he snapped, "she's my sister."

She raided the pantry, made mudpies—Mom found her selling them at the gate

one day for ten cents apiece—and became the hero of her gang when she tripped on an electric wire and got a black eye. She adored the Lone Ranger, sent boxtops to get her into the club, and got an answer back, saying little girls shouldn't tell fibs about their names. "What's wrong with my name?" she demanded indignantly, while Mom hastened to iron that one out.

She grew older and joined the Campfire Girls and rode a bike, no hands, and started ribbing her brothers about their dates. And in 1940 she was enrolled in the Westlake School for Girls. Her mother had picked Westlake for several good reasons—among them, that the parents of many of the girls were connected with pictures, and a movie star was nothing special to them.

tight shoes . . .

It was super from the start. The French teacher introduced her to a class of about twelve, and one of them came forward and took her by the hand, and said: "I'll take care of Shirley." That was Betty Jean Lail, another bridesmaid at the wedding. It was with her classmates that she went to her first formal. She got home at eleven, complaining happily that her feet were killing her.

The girls called her Butch, and the only time they ribbed her about the movies was at Senior Initiation, when they made her do an imitation of Shirley Temple doing the Lollipop song. Otherwise, pick any schoolgirl you know, and that was Shirley. Sweaters and skirts and saddle shoes till Friday and Saturday nights rolled around; then moaning for glamor hairdos and "Oh Mother, that lipstick's *not* too exotic, *all* the girls use it." Typing themes by what she called the Columbus system—discover and land—studying to the blast of the radio, jabbering endlessly on the phone. Bringing new boy friends home, so the folks could give them the old once-over, getting a crush on Van Johnson, and on the way she felt when she found she'd turned down a dance with him. One of the girls asked if she'd like to trade dances, and Shirley said no, she had such a smooth partner. Then lo and behold, the other girl's partner was Van, and Shirley stayed mad at herself for a week.

On a June day in '45, she was graduated from the Westlake School with her class. Forty-two white-gowned girls walked down a flower-banked lane, and received their diplomas. Gertrude Temple's thoughts flew back to another day.

"Looks like we've got a movie star on our hands. What'll we do now?"

Their first job had been to protect her against influences that might distort her natural growth into womanhood. That job was done now, and well done.

* * *

All this, and heaven too. All this, and a storybook romance, and two young people loving each other more dearly at the end of two years, and a baby coming before Shirley's 20th birthday.

She was fifteen the first time she looked up at Jack's six-foot-two. A bunch of them were down at the Temple pool, and Ann Gallery had brought the young buck sergeant over. Twenty-two doesn't take fifteen too seriously. This particular fifteen was dating about six nice boys, and marriage was far from her mind. Yet she wasn't quite seventeen when she got her ring, and not seventeen and a half when she said, "I will."

"How can you be sure it's love?" somebody asked her.

"When it's love, it's love, and you don't need a chart to tell you."

He was the dream prince all right, tall, blond and handsome. Better still, with tastes and standards like hers, and the same solid background. Even the difference in age was perfect. Shirley'd always gone for older men.

They meant it when they promised not to marry for two years. But suddenly the war was over, and it looked as if Jack might be sent overseas with the occupation troops. "If he has to leave me," said Shirley, "I want him to leave me as his wife."

Life had showered her with all its gifts, but I assure you that Shirley's wedding day meant to her exactly what yours would mean to you—the same radiance, the same hopes and visions.

At home she went round in circles, while Mom answered millions of last-minute phone calls, and everyone looked kind of numb. They must have been numb, because on the way to church, they suddenly realized they'd forgotten brother George, who'd gone to pick up his girl. In the Brides' Room at the Methodist Wilshire Church, Howard Greer, who'd designed all the wedding clothes, was waiting with his assistants. Under Mom's supervision, Shirley and her bridesmaids were dressed. "Is Jack here?" Shirley'd ask every two minutes.

Outside, the streets were jampacked. You couldn't keep the crowds away from their adopted child. But within the candlelighted church, lovely with pink roses and looped blue ribbons, everything was as Shirley wanted it—not a Hollywood circus, but a quiet gathering of close and valued friends.

Mrs. Temple in gray, Mrs. Agar in gold crepe, took their places. Jack stepped to the altar, with Shirley's brother Jack as his best man. *I'll Be Loving You Always* dissolved into the Wedding March. Behind her bridesmaids in periwinkle blue, behind Mims, her sister-in-law and matron of honor, came Shirley on her father's arm. Her gown was of ivory satin. As she joined Jack at the altar, she looked up at him and smiled.

"Dearly beloved," began the Reverend Willsie Martin.

When he finished the ceremony which made the sweetheart of millions the bride of John Agar, her husband turned and took Shirley into his arms. Not even Gable, as one onlooker put it, ever kissed a girl with greater authority.

marrying a legend . . .

Of course there was lots of chatter at the time. Wise talk about a boy, who'd never had a thing to do with pictures, marrying not merely a fabulous movie star, but a legend.

"I'm not marrying a legend," smiled Jack. "I'm marrying my girl." He said it simply—and meant it.

Whatever the pitfalls, they haven't snared these two, and to them the reason's simple. "I don't like giving advice," said Shirley once. "But since you ask me, I think the secret of any marriage is love. Nothing else matters."

They love each other enough. They're planning a family of three, though Jack's inclined to four. "Maybe we'll compromise," says his wife, "and make the last one twins."

At the moment she's busily knitting on a pink and white afghan. If you point out that pink's for girls, she replies firmly: "Our son, if he turns out to be a son, will use it and like it. Because his mother has a pretty strong notion that pink's for babies."

So there you have her up-to-date, the girl who's lived your dreams. To me, the top miracle of the lot is that Shirley Agar sounds sweeter in her ears than Shirley Temple, and what she wants most out of life is to go right on being her husband's dream girl.

Perhaps I know



some things you don't

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HOMECOMING

(Continued from page 40)

look like?" Esther said he looked like a pipe-cleaner with ears.

"Is it true about Jane Russell?" Esther replied that they did not move in the same sweater circle.

"What about Communism in Hollywood?" Esther wouldn't know about subversive activities. She said all her activities were submersive.

She took a male consensus of long skirts. The consensus: They're awful. But one Johns Hopkins student said he didn't mind, he had a long memory.

"What movie star do you like to kiss the best?" Esther got that question everywhere. She replied by getting the questioner on stage, and putting him through a little scene in which the poor, anxious fellow expected to get kissed and didn't. She also sang a little song entitled "Can't I Do Something But Swim?"

She did four shows a day, two or three radio programs, and three or four press conferences. She walked in parades with high school drum and bugle corps. ("Felt silly, but it's fun.")

She visited hospitals, doing thirty wards, when necessary, to see everybody. She had pictures taken with everybody who came on stage. She called for one boy to come up in a Boston appearance, and got four Harvard men. They stayed through four shows and turned up later in her hotel room. Miss Pumphrey gently pushed them out. They followed her by telephone all over New England and said they would be in Hollywood soon. The Yale men, Miss Williams found, were co-operative but twice as conservative. Late at night, the Misses Williams and Pumphrey did their own laundry in their room.

In Boston, which was new and fascinating to them, they wanted to do some sightseeing. A theater manager shoved them into a car and sent them forward to their next split-second engagement. "I'll send you a book about Boston," he promised.

In Providence, they had a half-hour to spare, tried to shop for antiques. Real antique lovers don't walk into stores and pay the first price. They haggle. Haggling is necessary and expected. When Esther appeared with four motorcycle cops, a fur coat and an orchid, the jig was up. Prices in pewter and highboys inflated like bubble gum. Free advice: Don't wear orchids while haggling.

In New York, Esther played four theaters, met the press, met the fans, was photographed, admired, and tugged at. In her Warwick hotel room, the telephone rang. "Long distance," said the operator. "California calling." It was Ben Gage.

Mr. Gage said he was fractured, said he was lonely, said he was sad, forlorn and six miles lower than a deep blue funk. Said the dog was lonely, too.

Esther brushed tears from her eyes as she hung up the phone. There was a rap on the door. She opened it abstractedly. Ben Gage caught her in his big arms.

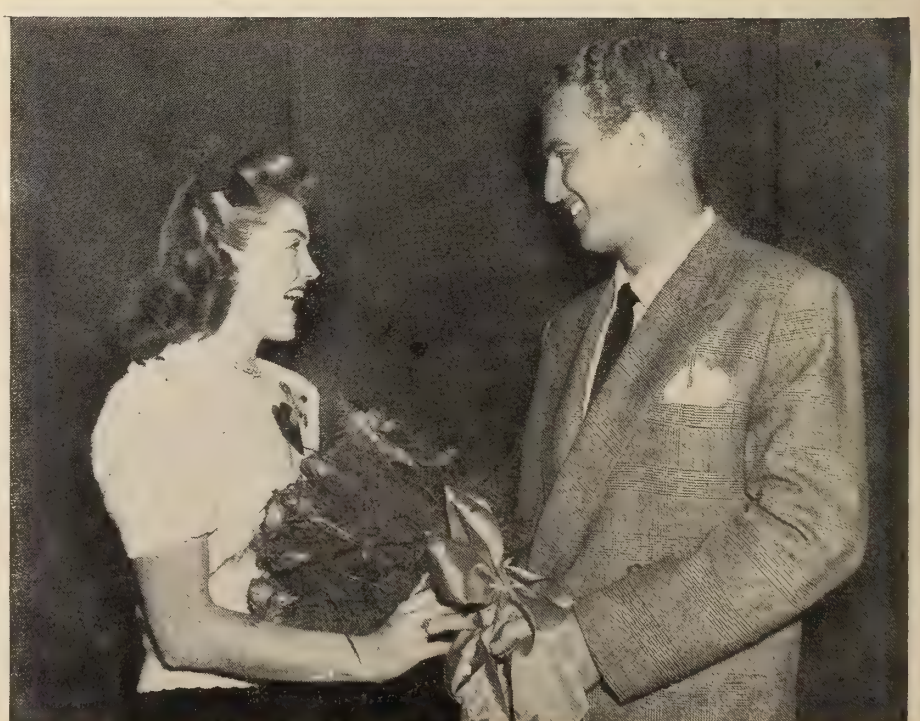
"He fooled me all the time," says Esther. "You know, I'm awfully sorry for all the girls who didn't get to marry Ben Gage."

Ben, who's a big time radio announcer and singer, currently on the Joan Davis show, thinks nothing of flying 3,000 miles between rehearsals and bribing telephone operators in order to surprise his wife. If all husbands were like Ben Gage, airplane stock would zoom.

In New Haven, Esther was dressing for dinner after the afternoon show. The phone rang. Miss Pumphrey answered it. There's a man from the airport who says he's Miss Williams' husband," the operator said. "Of course we know he's not, but he is a very persistent man."

Miss Pumphrey, who admires Mr. Gage, pretended to be talking to a fan. She promised to talk to him for five minutes in the lobby. Then she steered Esther down and into Ben Gage's arms again.

In another city—they can't remember



Three times during her p.a. tour, Ben Gage surprised his wife, Esther Williams by popping up unexpectedly. At Loew's Poli, in New Haven, Conn., he appeared in the audience with huge bouquet.



A rare honor has fallen to Esther Williams. She's "water girl" of the Yale football team.

accurately all the cities they captured—Ben sneaked into the audience, indulged in his favorite trick of bribery, and appeared on stage at the end of the act with an enormous bouquet of flowers.

Esther and Miss Pumphrey got a cop's-eye view of New England. They went through the countryside in automobiles following state highway patrolmen. Esther thought the New England scenery would be wonderful if it would only hold still.

Her way with people was casual.

"My, what are all you folks doing here? Whom did you come to see?" she asked a jam-packed mob outside the theater in Baltimore. The crowd grinned, moved aside, made way for her. A girl reached for her hair. The cop moved. Esther moved quicker. "If she wants to feel my hair, let her," she told the policeman. "It's just hair."

On one occasion, a squadron of policemen pushed so hard through a crowd that they left Esther completely behind. She remained where she was, safely protected by a little ring of fans—while the cops found it impossible to get back to her. When she decided to go, she grinned and walked through the crowd, which opened the passage without even pushing.

Esther even disarmed the critics, and in Boston, of all places. Boston, as you know, has high standards. Esther addressed the press at an enormous hotel banquet.

She answered questions, was witty, good-humored and, an understatement if there ever was one, a luscious package to look at.

"You surprised?" she asked. "You surprised I could even put several words together? Yes, I know. I make swimming pictures. It seems lots of people like them.

"There's an enormous studio out in Culver City called Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and way out on the back lot, you will find stage 33, and a swimming pool, and I'll be there. And orders from the big offices will go down to say the words such-and-such a way, and play the scene such-and-such a way, all these important people deciding on it, and finally the director says, 'Esther, do it this way.' And I do it that way. Under water, mostly."

Esther grinned at the audience.

"When you consider all that, and now that we know each other, I defy you to be too critical of me. Why don't you just say, 'My, why don't they give this lovely child better pictures?' "

That sort of thing brought down the house in a roar of laughter. Miss Williams is now very popular in Boston.

Esther's homecoming, as aforesaid, was something in the nature of the arrival of a conquering army. All this was engineered by Ben Gage. Mr. Gage planned to surprise her at Union Station with examples of the sign painter's art, and he did. Being the kind of man he is, he went one step further, and it might as well be told on him. He couldn't wait for the train to pull in. He boarded the streamliner fifty miles out of Los Angeles, and tackled the conductor for permission to enter Miss Esther Williams' stateroom.

Conductors plying between Hollywood and the East are sophisticated executives who are accustomed to dealing brusquely with ardent young men who want to get into movie queens' staterooms. He was considering throwing Ben off, when Mr. Gage escaped in the barber shop. (Those fine trains have barber shops.)

"You're Ben Gage," the barber said instantly.

Ben isn't a man who flabbergasts easily, but this staggered him. "How'd you know?"

"I did Miss Williams' hair last night. She talked about you all the time. She described you exactly. Which isn't hard to do, sir, since you're six-foot-five. I'll show you where she is."

And he did, and that's when Esther Williams leaped into the arms of her husband, and that's how she arrived home with New England, Baltimore, Washington and New York in her pocket.

COMMAND PERFORMANCE

(*Continued from page 55*)

sketches of the dress; the second printed a brief account of its magnificence. I hear Buckingham Palace is in a royal swivet. Their Majesties are angry. The princess is in tears, but the secret is out. What I wonder is how on earth any girl can move, or carry off a wedding gown of such regal magnificence, embroidered with such a tremendous weight of seed pearls and crystal. It must weigh a short ton. The princess need have no fears the dress will be copied. It is indeed a gown only for a future queen. Who else can afford 8,000 bucks for a wedding dress? Yes, the secret is out, but it's safe.

Nov. 13: To Buckingham Palace this morning to pay my respects, but not to Their Majesties. I saw them crowned in Westminster in 1937, and traveled for six weeks with them through Canada and America in 1939, but that does not constitute formal introduction in England. So I went to the working, or overall, side of the palace. This is comparable to the executive wing of the White House. If anything, it is easier to get into. The bobby on guard at the palace gates casually beckoned the taxi into the palace yard. It had been almost six years since I was last in Buckingham. The only difference I can see is that it is just si : years shabbier. Heaven knows it was worn and shabby in 1941-42, but the red carpets are a lot thinner today, and the rose brocade on the little French chairs in the anteroom is reduced to a handful of threads. The stuffing of chairs is even beginning to leak out. Tsk, tsk—things are tough all over. I paid my respects to Their Majesties' press secretaries, and







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left, wishing to high heaven some good old American huckster was in charge of the press arrangements. A press agent who speaks with a broad "A" is a very upsetting experience to one who has always voted a straight democratic ticket.

Nov. 14: Dear Diary, I was too excited last night to finish my daily stint. I was joining a new fan club. It is the Princess Elizabeth club. I went to a charity ball which she attended last night. I think she is one of the prettiest girls I have ever seen. Her coloring is out of this world. From her mother, she inherited porcelain skin, her peaches and cream complexion. Like Her Majesty, her hair is so dark brown it's almost black. Yet for all her poise, she has the defenseless look of all the young who must yet face hard experiences of life that spare neither royalty nor rabble. Her beau did not come. Lieut. Mountbatten dined with his uncle and aunt, Earl and Countess Mountbatten of Burma, who had just arrived via plane from India. Princess Elizabeth looked beautiful in a lovely frock of stiff white brocade. The skirt was full, the bodice fitted, and outlined across the shoulders with a fichu of the same material. No tiara, just a string of pearls, and two teensy weensy diamond bracelets. Hardly enough glitter to get a girl into El Morocco.

enter prince charming . . .

Nov. 15: Lucky, lucky me. Lt. Philip Mountbatten almost trapped me in a revolving door today. At first, all I could see was a big blond boy rushing like mad to get out of the Savoy. I jumped aside to avoid collision, and glared, until I recognized the bridegroom. Heavenly day! Then I just stood and gaped and wished I'd worn my bobby sox, so I could scream and swoon. A dream boat—that's what he is. Darn it!—work's interfering with pleasure. Had to refuse Lady Nancy Astor's week-end invitation to Cliveden. Last time I spent a week-end at Cliveden, Pearl Harbor happened. She guaranteed no catastrophe this week-end, but I don't dare leave town with such a big story as the wedding on the fire.

Nov. 16: The wedding week, and everyone getting more and more excited about it. Life is damn austere and hard in England. People are looking forward to Thursday as temporary relief from the hard monotony that is the lot of Englishmen today. But what a contrast is this royal wedding to the coronation! Then I went out every night to half a dozen great dinners, balls and receptions. Today such entertainment is impossible in England. It is all one's friends can do to scrape up a meal for a few guests semi-occasionally. There is to be a little dance tomorrow night at the Palace for the Princess and a few of her young friends. Then, on Tuesday night, there is to be the only great function in connection with the wedding—a reception for all the visiting royal firemen, at Buckingham. Even the wedding breakfast on Thursday is limited to 100 guests. It is against the law in England for more than 100 persons to eat at a private or public dinner.

Nov. 17: Luck of the Irish holds. I drew the No. 2 press seat in the abbey, when seats for the American press were drawn this morning. Glory be. Even the first formal display of the royal wedding gifts at St. James Palace this afternoon takes second place to that No. 2 seat. But presents! Holy smoke, if worse comes to worst, they can hock diamonds, gold service and silver plate for a very fat fortune. Four diamond necklaces, four diamond tiaras, a diamond stomacher, diamond rings, diamond bracelets—count 'em, what a haul! Enough silver to stock Sears Roebuck for the next fifty years. Not to mention antimacassars sent by old ladies, an electric dishwasher, an ice-box, a television set, shoe brushes, dozens of pairs of warm wool socks for the bridegroom, and two kitchen aprons for the bride. The presents overflowed four huge rooms in St. James Palace, and they overpowered me.

Nov. 18: This town is full of pickets and princes. All the European royalty still holding down jobs on the same old thrones are here—not to mention a lot of beat-up royalty now at leisure. An honest woman can scarcely push her way into a posh pub like Savoy, or Claridge's, without asking a royal flush to make way. In fact any social gathering not opened by three kings or better is a bust. Earl and Countess Mountbatten had a swell cocktail party at the Dorchester Hotel this evening. Both handsome as Greek gods.

Nov. 19: Just before the battle, Mother, I am thinking most of you. It's almost H-hour. His Majesty has just pivoted his future son-in-law to the head of the line. He is no longer plain Lt. Philip Mountbatten, British commoner, but HRH Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, Earl of Merioneth, and Baron Greenwich. Philip is one Greek who made good in London without starting a restaurant. Buckingham Palace is all lit up tonight, and a great many of His Majesty's loyal subjects have followed suit. I drove up the Mall for a glimpse of the flood-lighted palace, and it is lovely, but the rest of London can scarce scrape up enough bunting to make a handkerchief. The few pitiful decorations attempted make London look more than ever like a picked chicken. Only on the government offices in Whitehall is there any bunting or color.

Nov. 20: It is almost midnight, and between excitement and exhaustion, I have almost knocked myself out. The wedding was wonderful. Next to the coronation, it is the most splendid sight I ever saw. What a beautiful bride! Loveliest I ever saw, and one of the most radiant, too. The new duke was a solemn bridegroom, but only, I think, because so much pomp all but scared the wits out of him. I loved that moment when bride and bridegroom left the sanctuary for the high altar, and King George had to get down on his knees and wrestle with the bride's train. It caught on the sanctuary steps, and the little pages were no match for it. So down went the King, his ceremonial sword swung aside. He strove manfully with the problem, and won. The whole ceremony was so beautiful, and there were so many little, human incidents proving royalty can be people. Queen Elizabeth didn't cry, as do most mothers. But old Queen Mary—and what a woman she is!—blew her nose vigorously. If I weren't tired, I would go up to Buckingham Palace to join the mobs now yelling themselves hoarse. I do hope Jim Farley and the boys in the back room don't hear about this and disqualify me.

moment of a lifetime . . .

Nov. 25: All my life I have heard about Command Performances, and now I have seen one. This monarchy business isn't half as bad as William III made it seem. The second Royal Command Film Performance tonight, at the Odeon Theatre in Willie Shakespeare's Leicester Square drew only a slightly smaller street crowd than the royal wedding. The traffic jam around the theater was so tremendous, ticket holders abandoned their cars blocks from the Odeon, and walked. I had the usual luck of the Irish. I was escorted by a flying wedge. Secretary of State George Marshall was in the vanguard; American Ambassador Lewis Douglas was protecting the rear, and Scotland Yard was on the flanks. It wasn't intentional.

I just got mixed up in the formation when we all abandoned cars, and the Secretary and the Ambassador hustled me along with their parties. The King and Queen with their guests, Princess Margaret Rose, Queen Ingrid of Denmark, and King Michael of Roumania sat in a beautiful box encircled by a small formal garden of chrysanthemums. Thank goodness America did send an excellent film, "The Bishop's Wife," for the event. That, plus the first showing of color films taken of the royal wedding, and the parade of half of Britain's and America's film royalty, made a gala evening for people who had gladly paid 100 dollars for a seat.

And what a parade of stars it was. Bob Hope, Robert Montgomery, Ann Todd, David Niven, Carole Landis, Margaret Lockwood, Sir Laurence Olivier, Vivien Leigh, Alexis Smith.

Hope drew the most laughs. He gave the King and Queen an album full of autographed pictures of Hollywood stars, as a wedding present for Princess Elizabeth. When the King, chuckling, asked if Crosby was in the book, Hope nodded solemnly. "Yes, sir," he said. "He's put down three crosses. You see, sir, he can't write."

The queen laughed so gleefully her diamond tiara was knocked sideways.

But there was a serious note in the show, a speech made by Loretta Young, one of the stars of "The Bishop's Wife." She was introduced by David Niven, who was also in the picture, but Niven seemed to be keeping deliberately in the background. The year before, another Niven picture "Stairway to Heaven" had been the Command Performance choice, and it was as though he thought he'd had enough of the glory, and was stepping aside so the others might be seen more easily.

His introduction of Miss Young was brief. "The main topic—Anglo-American relations," he said, speaking right to her, and not the audience. "You have to say something, and you have to do it on your own."

Miss Young, very beautiful, and a little frightened looking, nodded. "I have to say something—on my own."

She turned to the guests. "I know what I want to say; there's a lot of oratory on the subject, and some of it is sincere, and some of it, well, just oratory. But in back of all the words is the truth. That our friendship, our relationship, is like a lighthouse that shines in the dark, that we use only in times of danger.

"We argue and we bicker with each other, and sometimes the fact that we speak the same language seems to be an embarrassment, rather than a help. Sometimes it would be better if each of us couldn't understand the other.

"When times are good, when the world is full of peace and prosperity, we can enjoy the privilege of insulting each other. But when times are bad, that is when we wake up and realize that we're in the same family, in the same boat. We need each other, and we stand together. That is the way it has been, that is the way it is, and always will be.

"Personally, I hope that times will soon be so good again that we can go right back to our old normal healthy habit of calling each other names. While the sun is shining, and the weather is calm, and everybody is happy, we do not see the beacon in the lighthouse. But it is always there to guide us when we need it.

"With all my heart, I thank you for this great honor."

She bowed, and the theatre was quiet for a minute, and afterward, General Marshall and Ambassador Douglas came up to congratulate her, and Queen Elizabeth took her hand and spoke to her.

The evening had been a huge success for both the Commanders and the Commanded, and you left with the feeling that the ties between the two countries were both whole and sound.

ARTFUL DODGER

(*Continued from page 51*)

of armor." I dropped the receiver and ran. I wasn't taking any chances. I know Harry Lillis Crosby too well. Let me tell you a story that happened not long ago.

There's a man whose job is to pay Bing $5,000,000 in the next few years. His name's Pierson Mapes and he's Bing's contact man with Philco, the radio company who sponsors his broadcast. Well, Mr. Mapes had been trying to pin Der Bingle down for a certain important advertising picture. Finally he flew out from New York. He got an iron-clad, honest Injun promise from Everett Crosby, Bing's manager bud, that he'd have baby brother in tow one day for lunch and the sitting. Then he trotted across Sunset Boulevard and went into a huddle with the chefs at LaRue. He ordered specially cooked lunch goodies he knew Bing loved. He arranged for Bing's favorite music to be piped into the dining room. He had his ad copy and layouts in a handy display for Bing's inspection. He took Bing to lunch.

Bing enjoyed every minute of it. He was gay, jovial, friendly as a pup. With his tummy full, at last, and his pipe puffing, Mapes led him across the street to the photographer's. The whole busy studio had been cleared for two solid hours. That's what they'd counted on—lots of shots of Bing Crosby tuning in Philcos.

Bing sat down by the radio. He looked innocently at Paul and Pierson. "Okay, boys," he said. "Now, whaddya want?" They told him. Hesse squeezed his bulb, got one shot. Bing hopped up, stuck out his hand.

"Well, fellows," he grinned. "Thanks a million." And out he walked. They had to use that one shot! Bing looked somewhat like a dying calf, but that was the picture. You've seen it in the magazines.

Pinning Bing Crosby down for anything in the line of extra-curricular work is like keeping Houdini in a strait-jacket. That's why he'd hardly hung up the receiver before I was bobbing my best bonnet in front of his nose, my pencil flying.

Bing stared at the turkey-tracks on my pad with startled eyes, and sighed.

"Fire when ready, Gridley. You won't know what you've written anyway."

Well, Bing, I've fooled you. Maybe the transcript's on the fuzzy side here and there, but you're interviewed, Baby, and in print. The way it stacks up is like a radio script. So why not write it that way?

HEDDA: Bing, why don't you like interviews?

BING: I do. I do-o-o-o. Love 'em. Love those interviews.

HEDDA: Now, Bing, I want the truth—

BING: Well, the trouble with interviews are questions. If somebody comes up with a new set I'm delighted, happy as a lark to talk all day, have to gag me. But I've been around Hollywood a long time, Hedda. The answers have been printed so many times you could write 'em backwards. Crosby's an old story. I bore my-



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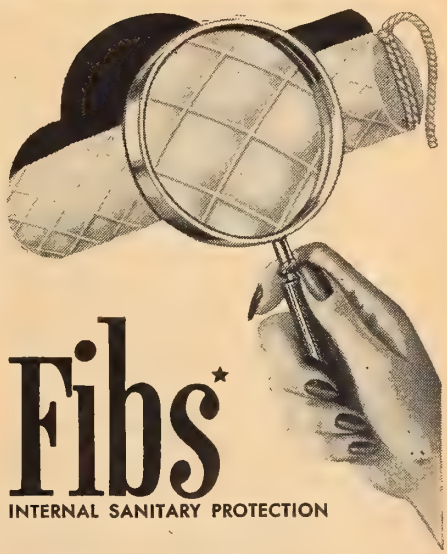


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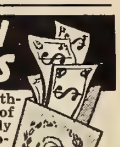
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self. Got any newies?

HEDDA: You bet I have. How do you like making *Connecticut Yankee*?

BING: Couldn't be happier. It was my favorite Mark Twain book as a nipper and I was nuts about it when Will Rogers made a movie. I was nuts about Will, too. That's why I nixed doing his life. I'm not in that guy's league. I'm a crooner—you know—Boo-boo-boo-boo?

HEDDA: Your modesty makes me positively ill.

BING: You look a little puny. Maybe there's a doctor in the house.

HEDDA: Never mind. Now look, what's on your mantelpiece at home?

BING: Wait, don't tell me. I know, an Oscar.

no kewpie doll . . .

HEDDA: It's not any kewpie doll. Well, how did you get that?

BING: Sometimes I wonder.

HEDDA: I don't. You got it for giving the best screen acting performance of 1945 in *Going My Way,* that's how. You want to know something else?

BING: I'm all ears.

HEDDA: You're not kidding.

BING: Touché! As we say in Broken Bow, Nebraska.

HEDDA: Don't change the subject. Why, if it hadn't been for your mother, you wouldn't even have showed up the night they handed out the Oscars. She made you go."

BING: Well, Mom always knows best. But, Hedda, I'm all over blushes. This is Technicolor—you'll wreck my next shot. Thought we were talking about *Connecticut Yankee.*

HEDDA: We are—as of now. How do you like Rhonda Fleming, your new leading lady?

BING: There's a cute, smart, sweet and shapely kid, Hedda. Can sing, too. David Selznick sure picks 'em. We do a duet, "Once and For Always" and confidentially, she steals it.

HEDDA: Incidentally, how do you like the modern tunes—are they as good as the oldies?

BING: Every bit. But they wear out too soon, introduced one week and old hat the next.

HEDDA: Stay on your side of the street, Crosby.

BING: Lordie, gal—I never said *your* hats were old. But about tunes—look—every month a flock of swell scores break out. Lots of them I'd love to sing. But by the time I get around to 'em, they're old and fuzzy around the edges. What with disc jockeys, juke boxes, a radio beating night and day—they're done. Sometimes I wonder if Petrillo hasn't got something. Anyhow, by the time his ban goes on, if it does, we'll have enough recordings to last up to Easter. I'm cutting two a week myself.

HEDDA: Think you'll ever go back to a live broadcast, Bing?

BING: I certainly hope not. Me, I'm lazy. I like transcribed shows. I'm not tied down every week, for one thing. You know, every show we transcribe we record a full hour. Then we cut out a half-hour. What's left is only the best. Makes sense, doesn't it? It's really more work, but I can work a while, play a while, and give Hope a golf lesson now and then. The boy needs 'em.

HEDDA: How's about you and Bob? Thought maybe you'd show up at his testimonial dinner the other night.

BING: I should go to a testimonial for Hope to let that guy know how I feel about him! I wouldn't expect Hope to stay up late for me. He needs his beauty sleep and, confidentially, so do I.

HEDDA: Don't give me that. You look exactly the same as you did twenty years ago.

BING: You're just dazzled by my curly hair and wasp waist, that's all. Ah, well, when I get too old to fool the bobby-soxers I can make a living playing golf with Hope.

HEDDA: Can you take him?

BING: Take him? Why Hedda, my girl, I could lick that guy on the links wearing boxing gloves and a long hem line. I've got to hand him five strokes before he'll bet me. I don't want that to get around, though. Hope's my own private pigeon.

HEDDA: I won't tell a soul. But what about you and Bob in pictures? Any more "Road" movies with Dottie Lamour?

BING: Paramount says "no," but I wouldn't be surprised myself. You know why? S-h-h-h-h. They make money!

HEDDA: Think you'll ever play any more priest parts?

BING: Doubt it. Two's enough.

HEDDA: How about Dixie? Think she'll ever return to the screen?

BING: Not Dixie. She's not twins, but she's got 'em, and believe me with four young Crosbys she has her hands full. Doing some job raising those boys, too.

HEDDA: I heard somewhere, Bing, that you'd vetoed the idea of the boys appearing in pictures. How about it?

BING: A fabrication and a gross canard—and the answer's absolutely no! I have no objection in the world to any of my kids making movies. That's how their Old Man pays the rent, isn't it? Matter of fact, Walt Disney and I've been kicking the idea around of my doing the prologue for his *Legend of Sleepy Hollow.* If I do, the kids do it with me.

HEDDA: The kids sing, too?

BING: They can carry a tune but that's all. No, the idea's a father-son thing, trying to sell American kids on a few classic stories instead of Superman, Flash Gordon, and atomic comics. They no like the pitch at first, but then I lead 'em through Disney's animated old-timer and they love it. Pretty constructive idea for kids, hey? And my kids could do it. You know they're pretty smart, if I do say so. I'm pretty puffed up over that Gary of mine. Know what he's sending back from Bellarmine, where he goes to school up in San Jose? Straight 90. He never got that from his Pop. Maybe it's association with Leslie Gargan, Bill's boy—his sidekick up there.

HEDDA: You mean Gary's old enough to go away to school?

almost a grandpop . . .

BING: Why Hedda, any minute I'll wake up and find myself a grandfather. I'm at the stage now where the kids look the old man over with a fairly fishy critical eye. Matter of fact, I just squeezed through Gary's entrance once-over to Bellarmine. The school head took a trip over to Nevada to observe our whole gang. He didn't say yes or no when he left. But the good word came through. You know what I think impressed the Father? Gary's job.

HEDDA: Don't tell me you've got him working for Bing Crosby, Inc.!

BING: Gary went this solo—ranch handling. Talked me into a job punching at $5 a day. Only fourteen, but he kept up with the men and salted away $400 for spending money at school. I used to indulge him with a buck a week but I chopped that off when he got rich.

HEDDA: Can the kids ride? Got their own horses?

BING: Ride? Listen, they've got not only their own horses but their own *string* of ponies. That's a working ranch I've got up there in Nevada. Three thousand head of cattle graze on the open range.

HEDDA: What do you do with all your millions, Mister Crosby?

BING: Catch her! Another day, another dollar, that's with me. Matter of fact, my kids have all the trust funds. If they grow up and turn out to be heels, Dixie and I are sunk. They've got all the dough. Show signs of generosity, though. Other day on Dixie's birthday, Denny, Gary, Phil and Lindsay chipped in and came through with a French poodle for their maw.

HEDDA: What did you give her?

BING: Nothing. Just baked a cake. We had ourselves a wedding anniversary couple of days before, and Dixie nicked me for a pretty then. A little necklace thing—I think it had some gold on it.

HEDDA: And maybe a few stones?

BING: M-m-m-m-m-m—maybe a few.

HEDDA: Understand you stepped out, too, to Ciro's, but I want to know why you and Dixie refused to pose for photographers there.

BING: You ought to know me better than that, Hedda. But they tagged me just as Dixie and I were stepping onto the floor. I don't hold it for anybody when I want to dance with Dixie.

HEDDA: When you step out with Dixie—like the other night—do you dress up?

BING: Haven't you heard? Men of distinction are simply mad with envy since I got my new prefabricated tux. Straight from Smilin' Frankie's.

HEDDA: Go away! What I did hear is that you're having pants made to match those God-awful flying fish, sunrise-over-Tahiti shirts of yours.

BING: Don't think even I would have that much nerve. But, it's an idea.

(I told Bing a story I heard high in the sky in a DC-6 this summer. A fellow plane passenger from Los Angeles had just toured Jasper Park in the Canadian Rockies. Driving in the woods, one day, he spied what he thought was a tramp shagging along the road, jerking a thumb for a ride. His heart melted, and he picked up the character. Only when the weary-willie pickup opened his mouth, did he recognize Bing Crosby!)

hallelujah, i'm a bum . . .

BING: Lordy, Hedda, I *did* look like a bum, too. I'd been hunting, and my car had busted down. I originally got a load of that Jasper Park country making *Emperor Waltz* and I'd hustled back for another look with my Daisy air rifle. No kidding, since I've got my New Deal—the transcribed radio show and a contract for just two pictures a year—I'm getting around, meeting the people. I made more trips just looking at scenery last year than you'd ever guess. I'm a softie for autographs and things when I'm in the out-country, too. Those people up at Jasper, for instance, act like they really like me.

HEDDA: Whatever made you think they didn't?

BING: Well, I don't know. Around Hollywood here, it's so professional, this glamor stuff. And I'm such an old story. You won't believe me, but I rolled into a town last summer, parked my Cad and came back to find the new canvas top covered with crayon scribbles. Kids. They'd ruined it. But you know, I kind of liked it, although it cost me a new top. Now and then I get a kick like I got on that GI trip during the war.

HEDDA: Ever hear from those soldier guys you met overseas?

BING: All the time. They drift around to the studio and I'm always tickled to see 'em. I ain't such a mean, hard, nasty old man, Hedda, honest. I'm really quite sociable. Getting out my road maps for next vacation already, I am.

HEDDA: Why don't you fly? You'd cover a lot more ground.

BING: I don't mind flying when I have to. Did all over Europe, you know, and keep a little plane up at the ranch to hop back and forth to Hollywood in emergencies, but I'm strictly a terra firma man, myself. I'm skeert.

HEDDA: Pooh. When your time's up, it's up, that's all.

BING: Yeah, but what if the guy sitting next to you has *his* time come up—and you're in the same plane? But I know what you mean. I could sure look after my interests that way.

HEDDA: How about all those Crosby, Inc. interests—baseball for instance? Are you going to hire Leo Durocher to run the Pittsburgh Pirates?

BING: First time I've heard that one.

HEDDA: I heard, too, that you were buying a farm in Pennsylvania and a few big hotels scattered around the country.

BING: Wrong again. I need new business interests like a hole in my head.

HEDDA: Is that why you sold your racetrack at Del Mar and your race horses?

BING: Didn't sell 'em all. I've got about six hayburners left up at Bob Howard's place in San Mateo.

HEDDA: What made you quit—all those jokes about Crosby horses?

tired of feeding hope . . .

BING: Well, I did get a little weary feeding Hope gags for his radio show. But the real reason is, when you have a thing like a racetrack and stables on your hands you've got to look after them. Got to make policy, run the joint, customers with gripes want to see the head man—that's me. I wasn't enough people to handle it, so I sold out. It's work, Hedda, and you ought to know I'm allergic to that stuff.

HEDDA: How about that picture you've signed to do in England?

BING: That looks like fun—if and when. Been wanting to take Dixie and the kids over there ever since the war anyway. So when Arthur Rank brought up the idea at a golf game, I went for it. But nothing's set. I haven't seen a script. I'm cagey that way. Wouldn't I look silly traveling 6,000 miles to make a stinker, when I can do that right in Hollywood?

HEDDA: Tell me, how do you explain that our mutual friend, King Bing, has just been crowned top male star of the boxoffice for the fourth straight year?

BING: A-h-h-h—People are funny.

HEDDA: Not that funny.

BING: Now you're making my ears burn again and I told you this was Technicolor. Jiggers—here comes that man right now.

(It was Director Tay Garnett, all right, coming over with that look in his eyes! "Two more questions, Tay," I told him. "Then you can have him.")

BING: These the sixty-four dollar ones?

HEDDA: Sort of. First, are you going to make a picture with Al Jolson?

BING: That would be news to me, Hedda. Fact is, I don't even know if Al wants to make a picture in Hollywood. Why should he—with Larry Parks hanging around? Wish I had a guy to handle my acting for me; all I'd have to do is sing.

HEDDA: Okay, one gone. Now, how are the pipes holding up? Ever think about retiring?

BING: Every day. Every day. But leave us face it—I couldn't stop singing for keeps and have any fun out of life. Far as I know, the old gravel box is just like it always was. So I guess, unless I break a leg and they have to shoot me, you're just stuck.

HEDDA: Stuck with you—or on you?

(Bing didn't answer that one; just gave me the back of his hand and his Irish grin. But frankly, I'm in love with the guy, and I always have been, and I can't think of anyone I know who isn't.)

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IT HAPPENED IN HOBOKEN

(*Continued from page 35*)

two were to go to Hoboken, and try our luck. I went first, and got passes from the Mayor's secretary. Supposedly, these would see us safely through all the police lines.

When I called Bert up in New York to tell him I had them, he said that was nice, but that a fire had just broken out in the Hudson Tubes, and he didn't know if he could get over.

"Naturally," I said bitterly, and settled down to wait outside a nice, shiny cigar store.

Bert showed, for a wonder, laden down with flash bulbs, a raincoat, and a look of woe, and at eight o'clock, the appointed hour, we made our way back to City Hall. It was beginning to rain, but the steps were swarming with people waiting for Frankie to come out, curiously oblivious to the fact that they were getting soaked.

We shoved our way in, and upstairs, to the Mayor's office. There seemed to be hundreds of people there, and most of them were taking pictures. Frank posed with his father, Fire Captain Martin Sinatra, who was in a blue uniform and cap, and the resemblance between the two men was unmistakable. Captain Sinatra's face is rounder and fuller, and he only comes up to Frankie's shoulder, but the blue eyes are the same, and their smiles are alike as two peas in the proverbial pod.

Mrs. Natalie Sinatra, Frank's mother, wearing a black dress, a white fur coat, and a small black satin hat, smiled, as people passed, and waved, or called to her. "I feel sorry for myself tonight," she murmured, at one point, but her face stayed smooth and cheerful, and you could see she was happy.

She talked about Frank a little; said he was East quite often, and always dropped in for "mother and son visits, in the house he gave us—"

Frank came over to her. "Pop and I are going out to ride the fire truck now. You go in one of the closed cars, so you don't get wet."

(Originally, cancellation of the parade had been broadcast, and now the other floats had to be quickly reassembled, when the word got around that Frankie was going to ignore the rain.)

a fair exchange . . .

Surrounded by police, Frank walked out to the steps, and took a huge dummy key from the Mayor. The onlookers screamed, and he grinned, and swallowed. "In return for the key to Hoboken—I can only give Hoboken the key to my heart."

They screamed again, louder, and on the lower steps, the photographers knelt, shooting, as Frank started down the flight of steps.

There was a surge toward him, and the policeman grabbed at him, but he freed himself. "It's okay, fellows. Don't hold my arms." He walked easily through the mob with his father, and they hopped onto the truck.

Photographers were permitted on the truck, too, and we all raced for it.

Up in front, Frank and his father waved, and grinned, and called out greetings to people they recognized. "Hi, Gus," Frankie'd yell. "How ya doing?"

By then the truck was rolling, and the answers came back disjointedly through the noise and the rain, and the cameramen hung on the running boards, getting pictures and colds indiscriminately, and wondering if there weren't better ways to make a living.

A few soggy floats rode ahead, and behind the truck, the cordon of police kept hundreds of children from getting too close.

People filled the windows on both sides of the street, and in the apartments where the lights were out, the figures had a strange look, like wax dummies in a clothing store.

It had really begun to pour, when the truck stopped. Frank seemed to have disappeared, but the photographers sloshed on over to Veterans' Field, where the ceremonies were supposed to be held.

Frankie wasn't there. A detective told us that. "He's back at City Hall," he said. "I'll drive you over."

I collected Bert, and the detective drove us back to City Hall, explaining along the way how sympathetic he felt toward newspaper people. "Used to fancy that line of work myself," he said.

His name was Joseph Marotta, and as it happened, he was an old pal of Frankie's, and lived with the Sinatras.

landlady sinatra . . .

He called Frankie's mother "my landlady," jovially, and he seemed really upset about how badly disorganized the evening had been. There were people waiting for Frank at the Field, there were people waiting at one of the schools, but somehow the whole system had broken down, and Frank, as bewildered as the rest of us, had been taken back to City Hall, as soon as the fire truck had stopped.

Delivered to the City Hall by Special Officer Marotta, we raced up to the Mayor's office one more time.

There were a few more pictures of Frankie, some with his mother and father, some with a boy named Eugene MacMasters, a paraplegic, and then Frankie had to go. He was apologetic, but he had to get back to New York because he was appearing in a benefit for Bellevue Hospital at Madison Square Garden, at eleven o'clock, and it was already after ten.

He kissed his mother and father, and went out, looking tired, but still smiling. The room emptied slowly after that, and a few people walked around, talking quietly about what a guy Frankie was, and that was it.

A couple of days later, there were pictures in the New York papers of Frankie at the Metropolitan Opera, hob-nobbing with all the blue-bloods, and looking very much at home. But if you were one of the fans who'd watched him get his head soaked and his feet wet, and his heart warmed on a certain night in Hoboken, you knew there was a difference. The blue-bloods, he may like; those Hoboken crowds, he loved.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



While attending the races at Del Mar, we noticed two celebrities in the box above us. Every time the bugler announced a race, the man in the box shuddered and hid his face. He just couldn't stand a note off-key. And who could blame him? It was Harry James, the trumpet king, and his wife, Betty Grable.

Helen Kinney
San Bernardino, Calif.

DARK MAN IN YOUR FUTURE

(Continued from page 62)

airplane flew away, and there was a great deal of rushing about and confusion. The revolution had come to Torreon.

Every day at noon, after that, for twenty successive days, Ric's father and uncle would wait in front of the house, searching the sky until the droning speck appeared in the distance. They would shout, "There it is! There it is! *Andale!*" And mother would round up Ric and his brother and sister and shove them under one of the big beds. It was all great fun, and Ric was sorry when the plane stopped coming.

Torreon was in a barren part of Mexico, but two rivers ran past it and in the country outside, endless fields of wheat and cotton stretched toward the distant mountains; from the fields gold poured into the town, making it one of the richest cities in Mexico. Here, Senor Montalban, who had come from Spain, established his department stores.

first bull-fight . . .

It was when Ric was twelve that he spent his first summer vacation at the great Durango hacienda of Señor Gurza, his father's old friend. Señor Gurza raised bulls on his estate. That August, Ric saw his first *Tienda.*

All the neighboring rancheros and their families gathered around the private bull-ring at the Gurza hacienda, after the noonday barbecue, and Juan Gonzales, the foreman's son, explained the *Tienda* to Ric. "It is that you can fight a bull only once," he said. "After that they know—they shy from the cape. But the Señor Gurza must find out if the little bull is growing up to be a sissy, or if he will be fierce and put up a stiff battle.

"Now, *mira,* all the little bulls have sisters, and it is known that a bull and his sister always are born the same, with the same characteristics. So we have a trial fight with the little cow, just nicking her a little, not to hurt her, and so we find out. *Verdad?*"

"Men do not fight cows," Ric said.

"No. You and I and the other *muchachos* will fight them. Come along."

"I? I've never faced a bull—or a cow, even. I'd be gored."

Juan looked scornful. "You have to start sometime. You know the passes, don't you? You've seen fights?"

"Yes, but—"

"Then come on. They'll think you're afraid."

Ric stood trembling in the middle of the ring, watching the young cow—no delicate ego, hers—pounding toward him. He had never realized how much taller a cow was than he, until she pulled up, raised her head and stood glowering at him, for a moment. Then she lowered her head again and charged.

Shutting his eyes tight, because he was afraid to look, he waited until the sound of hooves was almost upon him; then, as he had seen the matadors do, he made a slow wheeling turn to his right, sweeping his cape in an arc as he did so.

The cow thundered past, and in momentary relief, he opened his eyes, waiting for applause. Instead, there was a storm of laughter from the wall, and hoots of derision. The cow had charged *behind* him—

Fury mounted in him, throbbing in his throat and making his face dark. He faced the ugly little cow again, brandishing the cape wildly, and met her second charge full-face, with his eyes open. He was so angry he forgot to sidestep. The next instant, he was sprawled in the dirt, stunned and breathless, and the cow was worrying him with her horns and a forefoot. A cow-hand distracted her before he was too badly mauled, and he had not been gored. But he was a sorry sight.

Señor Gurza was furious. "You shouldn't have tried it without practice!"

"I will do this again tomorrow, with your permission, sir," Ric said. "I couldn't let a *cow* beat me in the ring."

The older man smiled. "As you like."

After six summers at the Gurza, Ric was a fairly accomplished amateur matador.

But the rest of his early life was mundane enough. He had a remarkable boy's soprano until he was fourteen, and his voice shattered on a high C one afternoon and thereafter was no good at all.

Since his father was a merchant, it occurred to him that he might become an accountant; and by the time he finished high school he was considered one.

But a few weeks as an apprentice in a dry goods store cured him. He was bored.

"I shall be an engineer," he announnced grandly.

"How?" asked his father.

"There are schools in Mexico City."

"Your brother," Señor Montalban said, "has a better idea. He is living in Beverly Hills, and he writes that if you want to live with him and go to school in Los Angeles, he will be happy to watch over you."

"Don't they teach school in English in Los Angeles?"

"Learn it."

Ric learned. It took him three months, in the only high school in Southern California which accepted students who did not speak English.

By the time he switched to Fairfax, he was good enough to play the lead in the school production of *Tovarich,* and that was the beginning.

When his brother went to New York to live, Ric went too, determined to be an actor.

He tramped the streets for weeks. Then, one afternoon, he read of an audition, and applied for it.

The first candidate was a tall, good-looking gentleman, with a barrel chest, who sang two songs in a loud tenor. He was quite good, and there was applause. After him came a statuesque contralto. More applause.

"And now," said the announcer, "Ricardo Montalban will sing a Spanish ballad for us."

no canary he . . .

Ric stood up. "I can't sing."

There was a slight pause. "Oh well," he added, "if I could use the mike, maybe—"

He adjusted the mike until it blasted, and eventually started singing "El Rancho Grande." By this time, everyone was laughing, anyway, and he thought he might as well gag the whole thing.

When he was finished, the agent conducting the audition called him aside.

"You'll never get anywhere with that face or that voice," he said, "but you've got guts, and a personality. I'll find a place for you somewhere." And he did.

An actor in Tallulah Bankhead's play, *Her Cardboard Lover,* forgot his lines, and Ric stepped in as the logical replacement. After that, he made some slot machine movies—one of which was called *The Latin From Staten Island*—and then went back to Mexico, where he made nine pictures,

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was mentioned for the Mexican Academy Award, and was discovered by Preston Foster.

Whereupon, of course, he came back to Hollywood.

The traffic cop was most understanding. "I'm late for mass," Ric told him, and the cop, whose name was O'Mara, nodded.

"I'll just have a look at your license, me boy, and if it's in order, you may hightail it for the church."

Ric handed him the cellophane folder from his wallet. The cop examined one side of the license; then, turning the folder over, stared. "Who's this?"

Flushing, Ric said, "Just a picture of a girl."

"But she's only about eleven or twelve."

"I've had it for seven or eight years. I just like to look at it."

"Well, I can't give you a ticket for that. Say a Hail Mary for me."

"That I will," Ric promised. He was late, all right; all the parking places were gone and he had to leave his car in the alley behind the church. Later, coming out, he saw another motorist had had the same idea. She passed him, and he had a glimpse of flying blonde hair and a lovely almost-familiar face.

Her car was already turning into the street when it came to him who she was. A moment later he careened out of the alley after her. Catching up, he leaned out of his window and said "Hey!" It was all he could think of, and it was not enough.

Georgianna Young, whose picture he had carried for almost eight years, allowed him one icy glare, and disappeared in a cloud of fine California dust.

Two weeks later, Ric ran into Norman Foster. "We haven't had a decent talk in too long," Norman said. "Come home with me to dinner."

"Delighted," said Ric; unknowingly accepting a date with destiny.

Because Norman Foster's wife is Sally Blane Foster, and Sally Blane and Loretta Young and Georgianna Young are all sisters.

Wherefore, when Ric stepped through the doorway of Norman's house an hour later, three beautiful girls walked into the entrance hall to be introduced.

It is not for a Montalban to be without words for very long.

"Hey," he said.

"I'm beginning to think you really mean that." Georgianna grinned. "D'you know, all that Sunday I wondered why you'd chased me. At first, of course, I thought you were just another wolf. Then I remembered what you looked like, and it occurred to me there must have been something wrong with the car, and finally, I got out of the car and went in back and saw what you meant."

"I beg your pardon?"

"The tail light. Knocked off and hanging down and banging against the fender. That was it, wasn't it?"

After a moment he said, "But, of course. That was it."

"What *are* you two babbling about?" Sally asked. "I thought you didn't know each other."

"What a ridiculous notion," Ric told her. "We're old friends." He smiled disarmingly at Georgianna. "Aren't we?"

She smiled back. "Oddly enough," she said, "I believe we are."

And it was shortly after that that Ric told Georgianna how long he had loved her, and how much; and how desperately he needed and wanted her for his wife. That was on the twelfth night after the evening of the dinner party at the Fosters'.

And on the fourteenth day they were married. It was, to be exact, October 26, 1944.

On August 12, 1946, their first child, Laura, was born. Their son, Mark, followed as soon as God and nature would permit. Somehow, this is also typical of Ric: this haste in the great, important things of life as well as in the lesser things. He wants everything, and he wants it immediately.

Robert Hillyer wrote a verse called "Twentieth Century" once, and its lines fit the way Ric is headed for fame and fortune and greatness:

There is no time,
No time,
There is no time—
Not even for this,
Not even for this rhyme.

"V. J." DAY

(*Continued from page 58*)

soldier, like his mates now being taken from the cars, did look grim. His eyes were sunken, uninterested. He had been lifted and handled dozens of times; this was no novelty. Van Johnson swallowed hard, and stepped farther back on the hastily built platform. Then he froze. The first soldier had yelled something.

"Hey!" his voice rang out. "Hey, you guys! Look! Van Johnson!"

Another soldier took up the cry, craning his head from the stretcher. "Yeah! Hey, Van! I saw your last picture! Me and a million mosquitoes!"

Somebody pushed Van forward, and before he knew it, he was shaking hands with the boys and talking to all of them as they were taken from the train. Thus, the first Pacific wounded at Birmingham were greeted on their homecoming, and thus, they learned to know Van.

And these same Pacific boys—long before our actual victory over Japan—seized upon Van Johnson's initials to designate his visits as their own kind of "V. J." Day.

It's still "V. J." Day at Birmingham when Van drives over, but now he drops in as a friend, and not a stranger.

There are other stars who are keeping up their wartime habit of going out to Birmingham, although it's been changed from an army debarkation to a veterans' hospital. The six hundred vets that Van and the other stars know best are the paraplegic and tubercular victims, about evenly divided in number. (Paraplegia is paralysis of the lower half of the body, from the waist down.) There are as many more patients, less seriously disabled, who form a shifting or transient group, being constantly replaced by others as they are cured and returned to civil life.

The boys at the hospital have their own ideas about the Hollywood stars who visit them. If a star comes out once, they accept it as just a gesture and not much more. If he or she makes a second trip, they are pleased. But if the star continues to come out and see them, the visits begain to have real meaning. A friendship is formed; the visits take on the significance of reunions.

When Gregory Peck walks in, there are a hundred of the boys with whom he has formed associations. He knows the names of their whole families. He knows the color and style of their homes. They know Greg, and they know his wife, Greta. Many of them have been out to his home.

Take Janis Paige, of Warners, who comes out regularly with Don McGuire. A month

ago she was kidding around in one of the wards when the doors flew open and in came a wheelchair vet carrying a big birthday cake. Nearly a year before Janis had happened to mention the date of her birthday. The boys had remembered.

Or think of Lou Costello crashing into a ward, waving his big cigar ahead of him and yelling, "What the hell's been goin' on around here since I seen you guys last? Huh?" The latest thing Lou did was to get into an argument with a group of vets who were kidding him about the ability of his kid football team out at the Youth Foundation which he supports.

"Okay, you guys!" he yelped, finally. "I'll bring the whole damn team out here, and another team for them to play, and we'll see how good they are!"

He did just that. It didn't settle the argument, which still goes on, but it's strictly between old friends.

That goes for a lot of Hollywood's famous names. For Susan Peters, herself a paraplegic as a result of her unfortunate accident, whose pet delight is to take a bunch of the boys fishing. Or for Desi Arnaz, who was stationed at the hospital as a sergeant during the war and never gets back to Hollywood but that he drives out to Birmingham to celebrate "Old Home Week." Or for Bob Burns, Andy Devine, Dinah Shore, Don Ameche, who are neighbors, since they live near the hospital, and often drop in to meander around.

The hospital attaches still talk about Jose Iturbi who was asked to give a concert for the boys once. Great preparations were made for it and the piano placed on the stage of the recreation theater where all could see and hear. Iturbi gave his concert but he didn't seem too pleased.

Not long afterward, he phoned the hospital and said he would like to come out the next day.

"But Mr. Iturbi, we're not prepared to make the arrangements that quickly," the special service representative protested.

"No, no," came back Iturbi. "I don't want to give a show. I want to play for the boys I know. I want to just drop in and play. Like you visit somebody, see?"

And drop in he did. And he has dropped in often; never giving any notice, never desiring a formal concert atmosphere, and forbidding any publicity about it. There isn't any argument about it; he *likes* to drop in and play.

casual cary . . .

Cary Grant doesn't even bother to phone. If he has finished a picture and has time on his hands, he simply shows up. He breezes into a ward, renews old acquaintances and has as great a time as the vets.

While Van Johnson is the old faithful of the boys, the "model" visitor is perhaps Olivia De Havilland. She established her technique on the first day she came. She was told that by confining herself to speaking a few words at each bedside, she could go through from ten to sixteen wards before it was time to leave. Olivia nodded and entered the ward. She went to the first bed and began talking. In a few minutes she sat down beside the bed, still talking to the soldier. Fifteen minutes later she was still there. When "chow call" sounded hours later, Olivia, instead of doing sixteen wards, hadn't even finished one!

"Miss De Havilland," said one of the nurses, "you're making a wonderful visit with each of the boys but you'll never get through all the wards this way."

"Oh, yes I will," said Olivia. "I'm off every Tuesday. I'll come back."

"But it will take *ten* Tuesdays to finish."

"At least that," said Olivia, and for the next ten Tuesdays she was back.

If you are a movie star, particularly a male, it is not the easiest thing in the world to walk into a ward and face two long rows of badly war-wounded men. There is an emotional interplay of such feelings as resentment and envy, and you are aware of it. It can be controlled and eliminated if you're a nice guy and can show it.

When hospital visiting first began at Birmingham some stars made grand entrances into each ward. It was a mistake which resulted in every soldier instantly freezing stiff. Nowadays, the visiting star, unless he's an old friend of the boys, slips into the ward quietly and is talking to the first veteran before any of the others are even aware of his presence.

Not all visitors to Birmingham are stars. One day, the hospital got a phone call from a chap who said his name was Malcolm Beelby; he was a staff musician at Warner Brothers. He wanted to come out and play the piano for the soldiers in the "closed wards." These contain the mentally deranged veterans whom none but near relatives ever visit ordinarily.

music for the soul . . .

Malcolm, a young vet himself, can ramble on for hours through classics or swing numbers with equal facility. One afternoon a piano was rolled into one of the closed wards—they are not quiet places, as can be imagined—and Malcolm sat down to play. At once, a few of the men retreated from the music and were led away by attendants. The rest seemed not to notice it at first. One of these was a youngster who was the victim of a laughing mania, and was actually in such a fit now.

Malcolm played on. The men grew quieter. Some began to gather closer to the music. Fifteen minutes after Malcolm had started to play, the boy who was laughing stopped. His face bore a look of relaxation that doctors had been trying to induce ever since his admission into the hospital.

Toward the end of the session, Malcolm had a perfectly quiet and attentive audience. The medical men begged him to come back, and he's now one of the hospital's most appreciated visitors.

Most of the stars come out on Tuesday and Saturday afternoons, when the Volunteer Army Canteen Service holds its parties, and distributes cigarettes. If you pass a ward and hear whistles, you can be sure Jane Russell has dropped in to say hello. Or you might catch Eddie Cantor singing to the music of a midget piano that he rolls around with him.

Remember when Bob Hope's book, "So This Is Peace?" came out? He brought a case of the books to Birmingham and handed them out after autographing each copy. Bing Crosby wandered into the hospital during the afternoon, and promptly accused Bob of peddling the books from bed to bed!

There are formal parties, like the last Christmas affair when the hospital had four Santa Clauses: Guy Kibbee, Chill Wills, Bill Bendix and Harry Von Zell. They cruised the wards distributing gifts and then all came together for a super party in the recreation hall.

There are even more significant parties, including those held to celebrate the weddings which have taken place in the past few years between thirty paraplegic patients and their nurses.

And when it is a case of a party being thrown in the home of a star, it must be remembered that many patients make the trip all by themselves in their own cars. As a result of the hospital's rehabilitation training, a paraplegic can wheel his chair to his specially built car (all hand operated), lift himself into the driver's seat,

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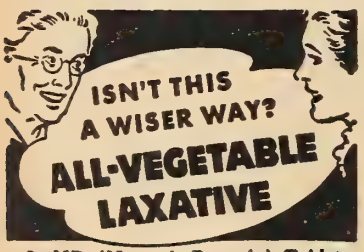
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and lift his wheelchair in beside him.

The stars have figured in this rehabilitation program. As head of the Hollywood Canteen Foundation, Bette Davis has seen to it that the boys received a $25,000 swimming pool, a battery of electric typewriters, and mimeograph machines for their newspaper. One of her personal gifts is her entire stamp collection, contained in a number of heavy, bound volumes.

There is a fine silver workshop in the hospital with full equipment for this craft. It belonged to Russell Gleason, who died in an accident a few years ago. His father, Jimmy, donated it. And to train the boys who want to learn silverworking, he induced one of Hollywood's finest silversmiths, Alan Adler, who has a shop on the Strip, to come out twice weekly and teach.

And then there is Atwater Kent, of course, who has given nearly two thousand small, dis-assembled radios, which vets can put together and keep.

And always, there's the guy they all dote on—the freckled "V. J." himself.

Van has brought "V. J." Day to hospitals, soldiers, and even civilians, all over the country.

On a recent trip to Memphis, he had just 28 hours to spend in town. During this time, he was booked to make four theater appearances, three radio broadcasts, and to take part in a half-dozen newspaper interviews. He raced through them so that he could go out to the Kennedy Veterans' Hospital there, for which he managed to find two full hours.

Around the studio, his faithfulness to his friends and acquaintances is amazing. Two years ago, the head of the portrait photographers, Milton Brown, was stricken with a heart attack. He was in the hospital for three months. Naturally, during his first week there, his friends sent flowers, came out to see him.

But there was an end to that after a while, and he was alone, looking forward to months of loneliness, and boredom. That's when Van showed up. He walked in with an armful of flowers and presents promptly at seven o'clock one evening, and stayed until visiting hours were over. That's not unusual. But consider this: twice a week, for the full three months that Milton was laid up, Van showed, as regular as clockwork!

Sometime after Milton was discharged from the hospital, he suffered a relapse and had to go back for three and a half more months. Van was on the job immediately.

Not a soul at M-G-M knew about this, and it would never have come to be written here if Milton Brown hadn't forgotten Van's warning to keep quiet. Van, like Iturbi about his piano parties, is dead set against any publicity. It is only because you can't gag a whole staff of nurses and doctors, that his kindness becomes known at all.

One evening, a doctor at Birmingham walked out to his car and found it was blocked by one of those big trailer trucks. Just then the owner of the car next to his came out.

"Oh, Lord!" said the doctor wearily. "I suppose I'll have to run back and locate the driver of that truck. He might be anywhere in the hospital."

"Don't do that, doc," said the other man. "You're tired. I'll move the truck for you."

"You?" asked the physician. "You've spent all day walking through the wards. You must be as tired as I am."

"Naw," said the other. "Besides, I'm a truck-driver at heart."

He jumped into the cab of the big ten-wheeler and started the motor immediately. Skillfully, he backed it clear and let the doctor pull out. Then he rolled the truck into the vacated space, shut off the motor and got into his own car.

It's only natural, isn't it, that that doctor would mention what happened, to his friends. And that the young fellow who went to such trouble so cheerfully should have been old "V. J." Day Van, himself?

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Stopping once at a mountain resort, my mother was told that Pierre Aumont was at the same hotel. He was standing in a doorway, and Mother stood behind him, calling, "Pierre. Pierre." No answer. He turned around, and my mother said, "If you're who I think you are, my daughter would like to have your autograph." "Certainly, certainly," he said very politely. It wasn't until she had his autograph, that Mother learned it was Paul Henreid!

Ruth Ann Woods
San Marino, California

TOUGH BREAK, GENE!

(*Continued from page 24*)

dance again for *five* months."

"But they could postpone the picture."

He said, "Fred, I really mean this. It's a good picture, and you're right for it. If you bow out, my accident means trouble for the studio. If you take the part, everybody will be happy, including me. How about it?"

"To tell you the truth, I'll be delighted," I said, and that *was* the truth. When I had announced my retirement a year before, I had never meant anything more sincerely in my life. I had been dancing professionally for more years than I liked to remember, and I was tired. I found myself, at the completion of each new number, thinking: "This is it. This is the best you've done, and the best you can do. You can't keep topping yourself forever, and yet, if you don't, the public will get wise to the fact that you're levelling off. Now is the time to quit, before people begin asking you to."

So I went back to our home in the East, and began relaxing. It was wonderful, for a few months. Then one morning my daughter, who is four, said at breakfast, "When is Daddy going back to the studio?" I didn't even know she understood what the word meant. She had been brought to a studio to visit me just once, a year before, and apparently the experience had impressed her deeply.

A few weeks later, I dropped in at the school in Aiken, South Carolina, where my son is a student. Fred is eleven, and has the modern boy's sharpness of wit and tongue. "What are you going to do, Dad?" he asked directly. "Retire?" It occurred to me for the first time, then, that my work meant something to him, that he considered it important for his father to be an active, functioning human being, instead of a has-been.

Even the critics, upon hearing the word "retirement," suddenly decided I was better

than they had ever thought before, and said so in print. Also, to my intense astonishment, they said so in personal letters to me.

I came back to Hollywood. I discussed making another picture with Ginger Rogers. I wanted to be in again—but not at the expense of another dancer, not to profit by another chap's misfortune. Gene cleared that up with one of the nicest remarks I have ever heard in such circumstances. He said to a columnist, "Naturally, I hated to break my ankle, but if it means seeing Astaire on the screen again, it's worth it."

There is a gentleman. There is also one of the finest dancers in America today.

An accident such as he suffered is not just a casual misfortune. To a dancer, anything that disables or even impairs him physically, if only temporarily, smacks of tragedy. Twice it has happened to me, and I know.

The first time was in 1919. I was playing in *Apple Blossoms,* dancing to Fritz Kreisler's enchanting score, and we were opening in Providence, Rhode Island, before one of the toughest audiences in America. Everyone in the cast knew just how tough it was, and prepared to strip his gears to put the show over. I was fresh to show business at the time, imbued with the spirit of the evening. I knocked myself out, figuratively and almost literally.

My most difficult turn was performed on a stairway—always dangerous—and at the end of the number I did a series of fast twist steps, then grasped myself by my shoulders and did a spiral full turn into a squatting position; since my feet remained stationary, I finished with my legs crossed, like an Indian at a conference.

I performed this finale that evening with such vigor that, as I landed in the tag position, there was a small sharp report and my sacro-iliac went away somewhere. I managed to finish the show, but later in my dressing room I lay down for what I thought would be a few minutes. I did not get up again, under my own power.

For ten years, I couldn't walk down the street or play tennis or dance without knowing that at any moment I might lose control of my feet, and face a long siege of pain and helplessness.

The other accident served me in good stead, though at the time, I cursed fate. I was dancing with my sister, Adele, and I went in a good deal for high kicking; once, while my right foot remained several inches above my head, the other ankle turned, and I went sprawling into a heap. That sprain put an end to the high kicks, and incidentally, improved my work, since I had to substitute less corny and spectacular—but more subtle and interesting—devices.

Fred Stone, who was once a famous dancer before he became a theater great, took up flying, crashed, and did not dance at all after that. Thank God, Gene's injury will not mean the end of dancing for him. He broke the same ankle once before, in the same kind of accident, and his doctors tell him that it will heal in the same fashion. I say "Thank God," fervently, because I can think of no greater loss to the American stage and screen than if Gene Kelly should not dance again.

I shan't soon forget the first time I saw him, in *Cover Girl.* When Gene did his Alter Ego number I realized that I was watching an artist. I grabbed my wife's hand. "Look!" I said. "Look at that!"

She maintained a loyal silence.

And when I saw his inspired cartoon sequence in *Anchors Aweigh,* I knew. Gene's technique was not only superb; he had imagination and a genius for producing.

It is one thing to dance flawlessly through a piece of music. It is another to take an idea, a mood, and interpret it in terms of rhythm and movement so that an audience discovers what that idea is without hearing a word or reading a line.

Gene's ingenuity is boundless. There have been times when I have known in advance the interpretations Gene would be asked to invent in certain scripts, and I have asked myself, "How would *I* do that?" On a number of occasions I have had to admit to myself, "I don't know."

Then, when I see what he has created in the finished product, I am aware that I am watching, not my greatest rival—although he would be that if we were in competition—but a contemporary whom I regard with respect and admiration.

This is a calculated personal appraisal of Gene's ability, and if it sounds like a back-patting spree I can't help it. Just thank your lucky stars that he'll be back with you in a few months, while I thank mine that I'm back where I belong, on a sound stage.



"Who ordered the shrimp?"

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THERE OUGHT TO BE A WIFE

(*Continued from page 29*)

of horses so there will have to be some pasturage for them. There will be a flagstone patio, flagstone walks and flagstone chimneys. I guess I like flagstone.

"Going to have my own freezing unit to store the meat from my hunting trips. That's to tell you that I still hunt with bow and arrow, in case you forget to ask. I want a redwood den, a good practical kitchen, and I'm going to build the barbecue pit myself. I guess that will take care of us, all right."

"Us? Who is us?"

"Why, I've got to have room for the four children I want, haven't I?" He smiled, and showed he knew darn well he was skipping the obvious fact that there ought to be a wife involved in his plans somewhere, and that he wasn't naming any such.

That's when Gail's name came up the first time. But the first time it didn't take. Guy went on rambling:

"Now the interior of the house. I won't have much to say about that except for a few things. There will be big fireplaces in the living-room and den. And there will be a lot of animal skins around. In fact, I will have a lot of the furniture upholstered with skins. And, oh, yes, there won't be any dogs *in* the house. There will be dogs, but they will live outside."

the great denial . . .

That's when Gail's name came up again. "Married to Gail?" Guy repeated, and you could tell by the look in his eyes that he considered it a very nice thought. But what he said was, "I have always denied it. Gail's always denied it. The other night we had dinner at King's and danced at Ciro's and we took time out to deny it to each other. Gee, if I am her husband I do an awful lot of telephoning to date her. I ought to cut that out. I ought to call up some other girls. Maybe I do."

Which brings up the fact that Guy's bachelor friends say he enjoys going out with other girls, but he always hedges and won't admit it. On the other hand, when they ask him how he feels about Gail's going out with other fellows, he comes back with that old answer of the proud male: "All depends on what I'm doing that night."

Guy wasn't smoking, the day I had lunch with him. He was on the first month of no smoking after betting a friend fifty dollars he could quit. And everybody on the Selznick lot seemed to be checking him on it.

"Slipped yet?" queried Joe Cotten, as he came by the luncheon table.

"Nope," replied Guy.

"That's the boy," Joe encouraged. "Just put your foot down; that's the only way to stop smoking."

Guy laughed. "Put your foot down, nothing," he said. "You have to put the cigarette down!"

He isn't kissing off nicotine just to win a bet, of course. His reasoning runs like this: "When I first came to Hollywood, I used to smoke only at parties or after dinner once in a while. Little by little, I got to wanting a cigarette all the time, it was like a crutch. I couldn't do anything without them. That was too much."

He has even tried to induce Gail to stop smoking, but when he told her she smoked too much, she flipped a stream of ashes into the air and quipped, "I *like* to smoke too much."

The two are still seeing each other, still having their tiffs, and still making up. Gail has given Guy an oil painting outfit and he likes it, except that instead of painting with the brushes he uses old rags.

Guy still loves to hit the beach on his days off and Gail tolerates it, but not when she has an early morning studio call ahead of her the next day. The sand and grit in her hair are too much to combat.

And their plans? "No plans," says Guy. "We're happy the way we are. At least, I am. I got peace of mind without even reading one book on how to get it."

Hollywood doesn't always do nice things for a newcomer; it has for Guy. He was always pleasant, but hardly a conversationalist, and for this reason some people were inclined to class him as dull. He is a lot more comfortable now, with an ease of manner, and a bit of talent for banter which livens his talk attractively.

In other ways he is still true to the kid that he was; the kid that came to Hollywood fresh out of the navy and celebrated the event by buying himself a wardrobe featuring an array of semi-draped suits; not the sharp stuff, you understand, but not on the square side either.

He has just bought himself a new car and it is *not* a convertible; it is a club coupe. It may have quite a bit of fancy trimming—but it's not a convertible!

One of Guy's youthful eccentricities caught up with him one day in Phoenix, not long ago, during his *Duel in the Sun* personal appearance tour. Gregory Peck and Joe Cotten were on the tour as well, and one early evening they saw Guy slip out of the hotel. Calling a cab, they trailed him in the best thriller tradition.

Guy entered a grocery store, and through the window they watched him, apparently busy laying in stuff for a picnic. Curious, they decided to go in and ask him how come? Wasn't he satisfied with the hotel food?

"Sure," Guy told them, not a whit disturbed. "But what if I get a yen for a midnight snack?"

They howled at this and kidded him all the way back to the hotel. But at midnight, when Guy was in his room making himself a little snack, who do you think knocked on the door?

call of the wild . . .

When Guy was a boy in Bakersfield, his father worked for the Santa Fe Railroad in the locomotive maintenance section. Growing up, Guy was stirred by the call of adventure, but his call had nothing to do with railroading. And it certainly wasn't the call of the theater. Acting was furthest from his thoughts. The closest he got to satisfying his vague impulse was going hunting.

When he got older, he still had no plans, but was pretty sure that his future lay away from Bakersfield. This hunch had something to do with his attitude towards the girls he met in town. He went out with them, danced with them, took them to the movies, but held off from "going steady." If and when the road ahead opened up clearly, he wanted to be free to take it without hurting anyone.

Somehow, during this period of waiting, he formed a pattern of character that is still with him; an ability to be himself and wait for what lies ahead. His faith is not so much in his future, as it is in himself. For instance, he thinks it isn't too important that there is much to acting that he doesn't know. What *is* important is his conviction that he *can* learn it.

Guy hasn't made a picture for some time now, yet he exhibits no nervous hurry about getting started again. A lot of the past year was taken up by the *Duel* personal appearance tours, and what other time he had left he was anxious to spend with his dramatic and diction coaches, Lester Luther and Florence Cunningham. The more knowledge he acquires now, the better his work when he steps before the camera again, he feels.

When he got back from his personal appearance tour and no picture was set for him, Guy took off for a hunting trip to Ruby Valley in Nevada. With him went Howard Hill, his archery mentor and pal, and Kenny Von Zell, of the radio Von Zells. Harry is Kenny's father. The boys had a cabin in Ruby Valley, but otherwise roughed it. When Guy was nominated to cook the breakfasts, he dragged his sleeping bag into the kitchen to be close to his work. Hill handled the evening meals, and Kenny the chores in between.

There was a bit of social life as well—a country dance in the schoolhouse at Ruby Valley. Guy was invited to drop in. He did. He "dropped in" when the dance started, and didn't drop out until six hours later when it was over. In that time he'd danced with every girl present, and that took them all in from three to seventy.

They knew he was a movie star, but that wasn't why he made an impression on one girl.

"You're really a dream dancer," she said. "It's too bad you have to waste your time in Hollywood."

"I don't get it," Guy said.

"Well, all the fellows in Hollywood dance well, I suppose," she said, "so it's no novelty to the girls there. But how about the rest of us in other parts of the country?"

When he got back from the trip, he took up life again in his newly-rented house in the valley. This isn't the "dream house," you understand, but there is a certain significance attached to it, nevertheless. In the first place, he upped and rented it about the time that rumors of his marriage to Gail were flying thicker than ever. In the second place, as he admits, it is too big for just himself and Wayne.

The house, an eight-room affair, is secluded behind a grove of trees on a hill in the valley. The living room is completely empty, not even a lamp, "which makes it hard for me to read," Guy grins. Ditto one of the three bedrooms and ditto the den, excepting for a radio-record-player that Guy has going all the time.

The kitchen is fully equipped and so is the dinette—"a man has to cook his food and have a place to eat it, doesn't he?" One of the bedrooms is done in blue, and it is here that Guy sleeps on the one article of furniture in it—an oversized bed that he had custom-made. In the clothes closet is his wardrobe but *not* his sling of bow and arrows. This he keeps in Wayne's clothes closet in the latter's bedroom.

There is not a chair anywhere in the house excepting in the dinette. Two keys, one for Guy and one for Wayne, make up the only other house possessions. If this isn't a bit of a mystery, it will do until a better one comes along or until Guy cares to explain, which he doesn't right now. At least, he isn't answering a lot of questions which would seem natural under the circumstances, and some of which might run like this:

1. Did he rent the new house because he and Gail had planned an elopement which, for some reason, never came off?

2. Is that why the bedroom is done in blue—which is said to be Gail's favorite color?

3. Is he hesitating about furnishing it further because the "understanding" is off and he knows he doesn't want such a big place for himself?

4. Have he and Gail just postponed the date and is that why he is talking about a "dream house" that he wants to build?

Guy just laughed when I quizzed him, and, instead of answering the questions, started to tell a story of an incident which occurred during his Ruby Valley hunting trip. Seems they were driving along the bed of a dry lake when they caught up with a coyote. An expert shot, by the name of Skeets Moore, started shooting at the coyote from the back of the car.

"Sometimes, we'd get as close as a dozen feet from the animal," Guy said, "but Moore missed and missed. But he kept on trying and finally got him on the twenty-fifth shot."

What did that have to do with the house? Was Guy trying to say that getting the house was a take-a-chance-shot he made that missed, but that he was still trying?

He chuckled. "That Skeets Moore was sure sore when he kept on missing that coyote," he said. "But you take me. I don't get sore when I miss. I just keep plugging along. I'll get there."

Are you listening, Gail Russell?

THE LADDS, INC.

(*Continued from page 56*)

forehead and drank his chilled Vichy-soisse. "Think I'll find an air-conditioned movie and pitch a tent in it," he said.

But they appeared at Madison Square Garden on time. And then it happened. The spotlight caught Alan, singling him out in the vast amphitheater like a bug on the end of a golden stick. An amplified voice announced who he was. After an instant's silence, bedlam broke loose.

They would not stop, for minutes. Finally, Ed Sullivan managed to make his voice heard long enough to announce that this was Alan's birthday. Then twenty thousand people stood up and sang "Happy Birthday To You." As she listened to the silly little song roared out in such majestic volume, Sue discovered, to her surprise, that she was crying and thinking, like any wife of any important or popular man, This is it. It's wonderful moments like this that make it all worth while.

And when Alan finally spoke into the mike, his normally deep voice was high-pitched and hesitant, too, with emotion.

In the early morning hours, before going to bed, they strolled along empty sidewalks for a time and stopped for a cup of coffee in an all-night beanery. They did not have much to say, but even in the continuing heat, each recognized in the other a mood of calm happiness.

They did not work too hard at it, this trip. They stayed as often as they could with friends on Long Island's North Shore. In town, they saw *Brigadoon* and *Finian's Rainbow* and *Annie Get Your Gun.*

There was business to attend to, and Alan attended to it with a grim determination. He had originally wanted to make records, as he has an excellent singing voice, but Paramount felt that popular ballads were not in harmony with the kind of character Alan portrayed on

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the screen. In all justice to this point of view, it *is* a trifle hard to envision the Man With the Gun crooning tender sentiments about moon and June via the corner juke-box. In any case, Alan had surrendered that ambition, not without battle, and had turned to another idea.

This was a radio show called "Box 13," in which he would play a young writer who advertised for adventure—and found it. Paramount had at first said no to this, too, because radio rehearsals would take him away from his studio work; but they had agreed to transcriptions.

So a corporation had been formed, and the first waxings made. The show was being sold across the country, to local sponsors, and Alan was still in the midst of negotiations when he was called to West Point for a week of shooting. It was there that he almost ended up in the guard house. One afternoon, when the last sweltering take had been finished, he unbuttoned his tunic, shoved his cap on the back of his head, put his hands in his pockets, lit a cigarette, and started wearily across the yard. An officer of the day took one look at him, shuddered, and went sprinting in pursuit.

Alan turned in surprise. "What's the matter, Mac?" he asked.

It was another long minute before recognition came.

The location trip had been fun, but they had come back to Hollywood on September 20th, and further shooting on *The Long Gray Line* would not begin until October 13th, wherefore it was obvious that Alan would have to get himself interested in some new enterprise.

Learning to make Early American furniture as a pupil to George Montgomery was obviously the answer.

the home-made home . . .

This idea presented itself one afternoon. Sue and Alan in the just-finished living room of the Montgomerys' house, were sitting staring with awe—not at Dinah, radiant as she was with the happiness of coming motherhood, nor at George—but at the furniture.

"That *table*," Sue said. "It's none of my business, but where did you dig up the buried treasure? I've been trying to find a few Early American pieces for the new room at the ranch, just one room, and the budget's cracked at the seams already."

"Ha!" Dinah said, on a note of triumph. She stood up. "Follow me," she commanded, and led the way out the front door, across the lawn and motor court, past the garage to a doorway. She opened the door and stood aside. Past her came the clean sharp smell of lumber, turpentine and shellac, varnish and wax.

They went inside. Standing everywhere were nearly finished pieces of furniture, scattered among the permanently anchored, gray-painted electric saws, drill-presses, lathes and vises. It was a complete, modern shop.

"It beats me," Alan said finally. "You can't find the furniture you want, so you create a manufacturing plant in your back yard, hire a raft of cabinet makers, and have a custom job done. But wait a minute, what about that patina, those wormholes, that authentic use of porcelain?"

"Who said anything about hiring anyone?" Dinah asked indignantly. "I'll have you know that George made every one of those pieces by himself!"

They watched as George neatly turned a delicate chair leg on a lathe, fitted it to a chair, pegged and glued it, made with sandpaper and pumice stone, and generally behaved like an accomplished cabinet-maker.

Driving back to the ranch late that night, Alan said, "Darn it, I've never felt so inferior in my life. All that furniture's as good as any I've seen in the best shops."

"Don't be silly," Sue told him loyally. "Why, you helped the carpenter all the time when he was building the new room, and put most of the shingles on the roof."

"It isn't the same. Anybody can pound on shingles."

Sue was tired when they reached the ranch, and paid no attention to the number of mysterious articles Alan kept fetching from the car. She went immediately to bed. About one o'clock she woke up, aware of odd grinding and scratching noises coming from the new room.

Mice? Sue thought. Already? (She knew the older part of the house was swarming with them, but although the Ladds possessed seven cats, none was housebroken enough to be allowed inside, and thus the wildlife abounded, unrestrained; the beasties ate very little, in any case, and always ran and hid when they saw her, so she didn't really mind.)

Then she saw a rim of light under the door, and realized that Alan had not come to bed. She put on a dressing gown, and went to the new room.

Alan, kneeling beside the new woodwork of a built-in cupboard, looked up as she came in. He was holding a peculiar, awl-like tool, and on the floor beside him were a saw, a large amount of scrapings, and bits of woodwork.

"What on earth are you doing?" Sue asked. Then she looked closely at the cupboard. She closed her eyes. "Do you know what that cupboard *cost?*"

Alan regarded her without offense. "I'm antiquing the thing," he explained solemnly. "George showed me how. I borrowed some of his special tools. Watch." While Sue gritted her teeth, he punched half a dozen more wormholes into the fresh wood with the instrument in his hand, then took the saw and rasped its sharp teeth across the panels.

"How do you like it?" he asked.

"I think the only word is 'extraordinary'."

"Want to help?"

"You mean you're going to do—this—to more of the woodwork?"

"Well, I've gone this far. I mean, it would look kind of silly, wouldn't it, having an antique cupboard and everything else all fresh and unspoiled?"

"I like that last word," Sue said. Suddenly the spirit of the thing caught her. "By no means," she said, "should we do this thing by halves. You take the saw. I'll take the punch thing. Ready?"

"Ready."

So the sawdust flew, far into the night.

furniture fever . . .

After that, there was no holding the Ladds. There had to be two cabinets made, first, to flank the entrance to the new room. One would hold the radio-phonograph combination, the other Alan's records and anything else that needed holding. They must be Early American, thoroughly antiqued, and as good as anything George could turn out. Alan knew George wouldn't mind sharing his shop.

He and Sue arrived at the Montgomerys' just at lunch time one day, refused luncheon, having just finished; and made at once for the workshop.

Half an hour later George and Dinah came out to watch. The cabinets were all but finished. The knobs had to be screwed on, a few more worm holes added, and the first application of high-smelling goo that eventually would create the color and shading of an old, treasured piece, made a century or two ago.

There were a few slip-ups. Alan had the entire side of one cabinet brushed in before George discovered he was using the wrong mixture.

He also got a sliver the size of a golf

club caught deep in his finger; the thing apparently had a barb on the end, and it took the combined efforts of everyone present to dig it loose with a jack-knife.

It was several days later that Alan and Sue, driving the convertible, followed the truck on the San Fernando Road. The truck was carrying the last load of furniture, and it was almost five o'clock.

Deadline was near. An empty room awaited them, but the material to bring it alive was here. If they didn't pull it off tonight, it would be another week or two before Alan would have time. Shooting on *The Long Gray Line* resumed the next morning.

The days were getting shorter, now, and as the truck ahead of them pulled off the highway on the side road that led to the ranch, it was almost dusk; the dark earth against the still light sky created a deceptive area of shadows.

It was perhaps because of this that the driver of the truck switched his lights on, then off again, headed directly for a tree, sheared away from it just in time and hit a deep rut in the road that bounced the rear wheels two feet off the ground.

"Hey!" Alan said, under his breath. Helpless, he and Sue watched while a double wing chair and a large table very slowly slid back to the roadbed.

The truck and the convertible came to a halt. After a moment Sue stirred in her seat. "Go ahead and say it," she commanded, "for both of us."

Alan said it. Then they climbed out of the car and inspected the damage. It was considerable.

"Does the insurance—?" Alan began.

"I don't know," Sue said.

"I just didn't see the bump," the truck driver explained unhappily.

"That's okay. You might have hit the tree and hurt yourself. Give me a hand with the table, will you?"

At the ranch, fifteen minutes later, they stood and surveyed the empty room and the stacks of furniture, the crates of books and ornaments, the boxes of curtains, the rolls of rugs. Alan took off his jacket, rolled up his sleeves. Sue slipped a smock over her dress. Without a word, except for mumbled "Excuse me's" and "Where'd you put the tacks?" they had worked without pause until nine o'clock.

Only then, hair mussed, perspiration-streaked, backs aching, they stood together and looked at their handiwork.

They had created a miracle. The room glowed before them. It glowed a little too brightly, because the material for the lamp-shades had turned out to be the wrong color and had been put away for exchanging; and one window had a curious look about it, because Alan had hung the curtains upside down—but the impossible had been accomplished.

Alan put his arm around Sue's waist, and bent his head and kissed her lightly.

Five minutes later they were in bed, and sound asleep. And, oh yes, the insurance on the double-wing chair and table was okay.

EASY STREET

(*Continued from page 52*)

There weren't any clothes, there wasn't much rent. Some months, the Contes would have to face the landlord. "We haven't got the money."

And the landlord would shrug. "Never mind. Another month. Things will get better—"

Sundays, Richard got his nickel allowance. If he was feeling low, he'd rush right out and get an ice-cream cone.

Other Sundays, he'd wait, holding the money carefully, until the Nickelette opened. The Nickelette had 200 seats; it had Tom Mix; it was food for the soul.

There was the usual gang of boys in the district. They'd swim in dirty Hudson water, sneak into freight cars.

At home, life was good. Somehow, you ate. And there was always music in the house. Nicky's father had played with street bands in Italy; there wasn't an instrument he couldn't handle.

He tried to pass his gift on to Nicky. They spent hours together, the man pulling the boy's ear and crying, "No, no, no!" He never pulled the ear hard enough to hurt it any, and Nicky knew about solfeggio, when long division was still a mystery to him.

After Nicky got to high school, he'd help out in the shop, Saturdays. He's proud of a faded old picture he has. It's the inside of the shop, and three barbers behind three chairs. Nicky's chair was second.

High school being over, eventually, Nicky took stock.

Four years later, he was still taking stock. He'd driven a truck, played piano in a summer hotel orchestra, been a Wall Street runner, a stock boy, a floorwalker. He was no nearer his first million, and he didn't particularly mind. What he did mind was that he hadn't yet hit anything which satisfied him emotionally.

He was reflecting on this, as he tried to shove a pair of small shoes on the large feet of an insistent lady. If you were a shoe salesman, and he was, you were not permitted to say, "Madam, go away, I beg of you."

Eventually, she went away, anyhow, and he wiped his forehead, and greeted a friend named Peter Leeds, who had just come in.

Leeds had a brilliant idea. "Why'n't we get jobs as waiters in a summer hotel?" he said. "In the Catskills."

The Catskills sounded green, and cool. The city streets were grey, and the heat blinding. "Sure," said Nicky happily.

In the Catskills, it was pleasant. Only the waiters were expected to pitch in and stage-act too. This, Nicky hadn't been told. It was a place with entertainment for the paying guests, and the first thing he knew, Nicky was playing Vanzetti, in a play about Sacco and Vanzetti, the martyred Italian labor leaders.

Politically, he was ignorant; but the speech he'd been given stirred him. He read his lines so well that three members of the Group Theater (the famous co-operative group) approached him after the performance.

"We'd like you to join our acting classes."

"Thanks," he said. "But I've got no time for acting. I have to earn a living. When I'm not serving in the dining-room, I'm cutting hair in the barn."

They invited him to come to the rehearsal of a play they were doing, in any case, and the next Wednesday night, he went.

It was Clifford Odets' *Waiting For Lefty;* he sat there spellbound, and shaken. He'd never seen a play before; and *such* a play.

When the final curtain came down, he tore backstage and accepted their offer.

His three discoverers were John Garfield, and the two directors, Sanford Meisner and Elia Kazan.

By the end of the summer, he could think of nothing but acting. "Up until that time," he says, "I'd been a limited Italian boy, aimless, looking for something—"

In the fall, he got a scholarship to the

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Neighborhood Playhouse. His tuition was free, and he got $15 a week to live on. The course was for two years, and he lived at home, and cut hair on week-ends.

In the summer, he got odd stock jobs.

When he graduated from the Playhouse, he was scared. No more 15 bucks. No more security. But there was a job for him in Saroyan's *My Heart's in the Highlands* (it ran six weeks), and then a gangster part in the road company of *Golden Boy.*

After that came his first Hollywood try. He made a movie called *Heaven With a Barbed Wire Fence,* then turned around and went back to New York.

"I'm not ready," he explained, more to himself than to anyone else. "I need experience."

So it was Broadway again. Four weeks in *Heavenly Express.* Two weeks in Odets' *Night Music,* and he was earning Equity minimum. Forty bucks a week, and half pay for rehearsal. It wasn't a living.

But he was in love, and it kept him going. He'd met this girl, this Ruth Strohm in Hollywood, at John Garfield's house.

She was an actress, and now she was back in New York, too, and when either one of them had money, they shared it.

empty pockets, full hearts . . .

Ruth had a mother, a singer, who was generous about meals; Nicky had a cousin, a Bostonian, who handed on his old clothes.

They'd walk around the streets at night, and call it having a date. It didn't much matter what you called it, it was wonderful.

She loved him because she could see through him. That his intensity, the brashness, was a natural response to a hard world, that he was hiding an oversensitive spirit, lyric and poetic.

He loved her less analytically, because she was small and pretty and red-headed, and bright, and she made him feel good.

They saw the last two acts of a lot of Broadway plays. It's an old trick. You stand around and mix with the people who come out for a cigarette during the first act intermission. Then the bell rings, and you march into the theater with the rest.

The only times it wouldn't work were when shows were sold out. Those days, practically nothing was sold out.

In 1941, Nicky got a lead. *Walk Into My Parlor,* it was. George Abbott saw him, and handed him the starring part in *Jason; Jason* won him the Critics' Circle award. It all led up to a year in the army.

He walked into Ruth's place eventually, a medical discharge in one hand, and nothing in the other. "I'm free," he said, and she said, "So you are," and he got a job in a play called *The Family.* It didn't last.

He had a lot of movie offers by then, though, and he started to think them over. "Steady money," he said to Ruth. "People even get married, and have homes, on steady money—"

She kissed him. "Go and get it—"

He sent for her after three months, and she came to California. They were married in 1943, by a Los Angeles judge, and everything was great until Richard (he was by then Richard) told Ruth that their apartment was $150 a month.

"You're crazy," she said flatly.

After a while, she got used to it. People saying, "Get a Cadillac; better than the Ford." Or, "Why don't you *buy* a house?"

Nicky (he's still Nicky to her) was doing well. *Somewhere in the Night, 13 Rue Madeleine, Walk in the Sun*—he kept making pictures for Fox, and they were good pictures, and they brought the money in.

So now she's used to it. The mail, the cars, the tennis, the flowers, the $200 suits. And the mink coat. Or, at least, she pretends to be used to it.

But sometimes he catches her just stroking its softness, and murmuring, "Nicky. Ah, Nicky."

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THIS EASY WAY

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Ever see a dewy-fresh, fragrant bed of mint like this? Probably not — because this is *special* mint, with the sparkling clean, cool flavor you can only find in Clark's Tendermint gum! Clark's fine row-mint is gathered at the peak of early-morning freshness, when nature seals in its true mint-essence. Ask for *freshly minted* Clark's Tendermint—*naturally*, it's better!

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ESTHER WILLIAMS

SHEER MAGIC

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SENT ON APPROVAL!



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CUPID: OUCH! Hey, Sis, why the rush act?

GIRL: Serves you right, you dime-size double-crosser! Bragging about being the world's best matchmaker —and then falling down on your job!

CUPID: On *my* job? Get this, Gingersnap—*I* can't land you a lad unless *you* cooperate. Swap that crabapple look for a smile! Give out with some sparkle!

GIRL: Your advice is *brilliant*, Sonny—only my *teeth* aren't. They're strictly dull 'n dingy. I brush-brush-brush, but what gives . . . ?

CUPID: A touch of "pink" on your tooth brush mebbe?

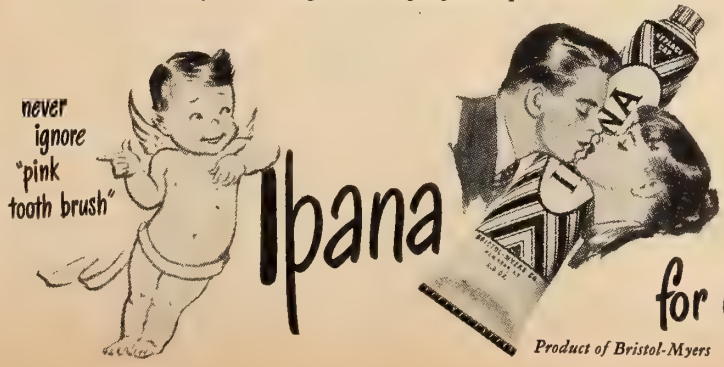
GIRL: Ye-es, come to think of it. So what?

CUPID: So *listen*, dimwit! That "pink" you toss off so airily is a sign to *see your dentist.* Let *him* decide whether or not it's serious. He may find that soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise—and suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and gentle massage."

GIRL: Stick to the subject, Short Change. Our topic for today was my *smile*. Remember?

CUPID: *You* remember this: firm, healthy gums are *important* to sparkling teeth, a radiant smile. So get bright and start now with Ipana care. And don't say I didn't tell you that men really fall for a gal with a gorgeous Ipana smile!

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for your smile of beauty



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Veto says "no"—to perspiration worry and odor! Soft as a caress . . . exciting, new, Veto is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly, checks perspiration effectively.

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APRIL, 1948

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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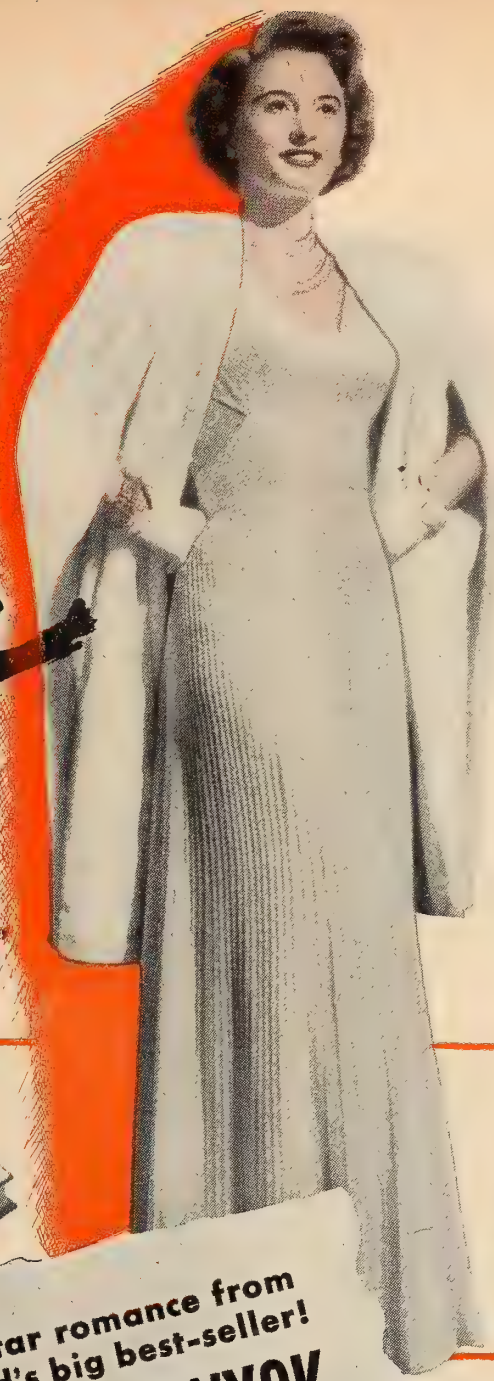
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—and the men in her life!



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"She's a wildcat but there's something about her!"



"She's a snob ... but a lovely little devil in mink!"

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A Robert Z. Leonard Production

Screen Play by Luther Davis • Based on the Novel by John P. Marquand

Directed by Robert Z. Leonard • Produced by Edwin H. Knopf • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

The very new look on Mrs. Doug Fairbanks, Jr. was one of the feature attractions at the Westwood première. Doug at work in *This Is The Moment*—wants to make enough money for his own productions.



Kirk Douglas and his actress wife Diana spotted lots of friends at the opening. When he finishes *Walls Of Jericho*, Kirk will have his choice of seven pictures, and an income running up to $200,000 by end of year.





Greer Garson came to *The Paradine Case* in her new platinum blue mink coat. Later, she felt peeved when she heard a girl who was announcing fashions over the mike say that it was a stone marten coat.



Competing with himself for an Oscar, Greg Peck of *Gentleman's Agreement*, and *The Paradine Case*, escorted his wife to the première. This year he won the Golden Apple from Hollywood Women's Press Club.

Fascinating twosome at gala première in Westwood of *The Paradine Case*—Louis Jourdan and his wife Quique. This was Louis' first American film—Joan Fontaine saw him in it, paid $100,000 to get him for co-star.





Sought after by every studio, since *Gentleman's Agreement*, Dorothy McGuire will go to work in March for 20th Century-Fox. Here, with husband John Swope; they'll celebrate fifth wedding anniversary in July.

good news GOOD NEWS GOOD NEWS

LOUELLA PARSONS'

GOOD NEWS GOOD NEWS Good News good news GOOD NEWS

■ We all feel a little older now that Shirley Temple, a few years ago the world's most famous child star, is a mother. Never has a baby created so much world-wide interest as little Linda Susan Agar who arrived at 6:30 Friday morning, January 30, to gladden the hearts of her parents.

Mrs. Gertrude Temple, Shirley's mother, says the baby looks exactly like her nineteen-year-old, curly-haired mother—Mrs. John Agar. "I can hardly wait," Mrs. Temple said, "to see Shirley with the baby in her arms."

All the way home from the hospital, George Temple, Shirley's father cried; cried because he had seen his little girlie lying white and unconscious just before the baby was born. But his tears soon turned to smiles, for Shirley and her young husband, John Agar, are so happy, and she is getting along so well.

Mrs. Temple said there must have been at least 300 booties, little jackets, and bonnets—all knitted by fans who wanted to do something for this very special baby.

(*Advertisement*)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

At the first blush of Womanhood



by
VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you approach womanhood. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and is especially evident in young women. It causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

No need for alarm—There is nothing "wrong" with you. It is just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl. It is also a warning that now you *must* select a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers to overcome—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this age when a girl wants to be attractive, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills odor instantly, safely and surely, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for many hours and keeps you safe. Moreover, it protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. The physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion of the teens and twenties can cause the apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration. A dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend as well as ruin a dress.

All deodorants not alike—Don't take chances! Rely on Arrid which stops underarm perspiration as well as odor. No other deodorant gives you the same intimate protection as Arrid's exclusive formula. That's why Arrid is so popular with girls your age. They buy more Arrid than any other age group. More nurses—more men and women everywhere—use Arrid than any other deodorant.

How to protect yourself—You'll find the new Arrid a snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears in a jiffy. Never gritty or grainy. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Gentle, antiseptic Arrid will not irritate skin. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely!

Don't be half-safe—During this "age of courtship," don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid right away, only 39¢ plus tax at your favorite drug counter.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

LOUELLA PARSONS'



When 500 patriotic **young** men were sworn into the U. S. Marine Corps Reserve on the Los Angeles City Hall steps, **ex-**Leatherneck Tyrone Power officiated at the ceremony.

There were movie contracts galore. The first to arrive was one from David Selznick, Shirley's studio. The second came from 20th Century-Fox, in a wire which contained these words: "We could use another Shirley Temple." But up to now both Shirley and John are adamant about commercializing their baby. They've turned down a fortune from manufacturers who wanted to make cribs, highchairs, dolls, baby clothes, all carrying the face of little Linda Susan.

"We're not going to publicize this baby," both John and Shirley said. "She's going to have a normal childhood and do all the things any little girl enjoys doing. If she has talent later when she's older, we won't stand in her way but right now, while she's little, she's just our baby and belongs only to us."

That is very sweet and as it should be. With Shirley's future as an actress brighter than ever, and John Agar showing a great promise as a potential Hollywood favorite, there is no need to make money for Linda Susan.

* * *

The torrid romance of Lana Turner and millionaire Robert Topping began in a snow storm!

Lana, her mother and her baby, had gone up to Connecticut to spend a weekend as the guests of Bob when that record-breaking Eastern snowfall started and kept on until it practically isolated them from the world.

Lana later told me, "I'll never forget that experience as long as I live. The electricity went off. There was no hot water. It was impossible to get food from the village grocery store just three miles away.

"We walked around that beautiful home with candles in our hands as early in the day as noontime. That's how black it was!

"I've never known a man as considerate as Bob. All the canned milk and vegetables on hand, we saved for Cheryl's meals. After the third day of the blizzard, mother, Bob and I were down to eating hot dogs which we roasted on sticks over wood fires in the living room. It takes times like this to bring out a person's true disposition and not once was Bob anything but cheerful, helpful and the best scout in the world."

All right, I know I have quoted Lana when she has been in love before. But I believe that if Arline Judge doesn't complicate Topping's divorce suit, Lana will be his wife in March. Personally, I hope Lana does get married. I think she has wanted marriage and a home and security with a man who loves her for a long, long time.

* * *

More than anything in the world, Linda Darnell wants to have a baby of her own. On advice of her doctor, she had told 20th Century-Fox that she does not want to make any more costume pictures for awhile because it is believed the tightly laced corsets and heavy gowns are harmful to her health.

Meanwhile, she and Pev Marley are going ahead with plans to adopt a couple of children of their own.

* * *

Ida Lupino's wedding dress will not have "the New Look" for a sentimental reason—believe it or not.

Ida, and Collier Young, fell in love while she was making *Escape Me Never*, a little number in which she runs around through most of the picture in short boy's pants, or if you prefer, boys' short pants. And Mr. Young, who is an executive at Warners, thinks she has the cutest legs in town! He would stack Ida up against Marlene Dietrich any day.

So, that's the reason her wedding gown will be on the short side which is all right with designer Adrian who has taken a stand against skirts too long from the beginning.

FURY AT FURNACE CREEK

When Furnace Creek ran red with massacre . . .

AND TURNED ALL THE WEST INTO A BATTLEGROUND OF VENGEANCE!





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SEE! Ruthless Apache attack!

CHEER! Two brothers vowed to vengeance!

THRILL! Last stand at Ft. Furnace Creek!

SPECTACLE! The battle of flaming Arrows!

20th CENTURY-FOX

Directed by
BRUCE HUMBERSTONE
Produced by
FRED KOHLMAR

A Gripping Tale



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Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out



YOUR FAVORITE VARIETY STORES ARE FEATURING DE LONG BOB PINS DURING NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK, APRIL 9-19.



Loretta Young was hostess at the special "birthday" party, given by Sam Goldwyn for 175 girls who are sheltered at Los Angeles Orphan Asylum. Many of the children are without recorded birth-dates. Kids were treated to songs by Mitchell Boys' Choir and screening of *Bishop's Wife.*

Joan Bennett Wanger, who expects a baby in July, gave a cocktail party followed by a buffet dinner in her home that was quite THE social event of the month. She and Walter Wanger have the knack of making everyone comfortable and happy which is the best reason they are among the best hosts in Hollywood.

Their large, white house in Holmby Hills is one of the town's most luxurious, but it has such a wonderful "homey" quality. Joan laughingly says, "When you have three children around (and another on the way) things should take on a homey quality."

Gregory Peck and his cute little blonde wife, Greta, were there when I arrived a little late from my radio broadcast. "You were good," he said, "and I thoroughly enjoyed Ginger Rogers."

I laughed, because Ginger and I had created more excitement making up our supposed feud on a broadcast than any radio interview in a long time.

David Selznick introduced me to Patricia Neal, the new Warner actress, and I was surprised to see how tall she is—taller than any of our movie favorites.

I asked David about Jennifer Jones. I had heard she was registered at a hotel in Rome as Mrs. Phyllis Walker. David said that Jennifer is coming home soon and that all is well between them.

There is so much talk about David and Jennifer since he obtained his divorce from Irene Selznick about whether they will or won't marry. I believe they will. Certainly he always speaks of her as if he were deeply in love and I believe the fact that she walked out suddenly and went to Europe has given her added interest in his eyes. Men secretly like independent belles.

It's always nice to run into Robert Montgomery and his wife at any party. They are among Hollywood's happiest married couples and they show it.

Joan Fontaine was there with William Dozier, of course. She spent a great deal of time talking with me and Howard Hughes who fascinated us both by saying that he was getting his big ship, the $27,000,000 Hercules, in the air not later than July.

Constance Bennett, in one of the "New Look" outfits in bright green sat and talked with Joe Schenck, an old friend of hers. Connie said that she never expected to be as happy as she is in her married life with Colonel John Coulter.

I asked her about Peter Plant, her son, over whom a bitter lawsuit was waged years ago. She said he is now nineteen, a freshman at Dartmouth and a wonderful boy.

* * *

I have a few thousand words to say to Deanna Durbin, or to her attorney or to whoever it was who tacked that asinine remark—"The separation of Miss Durbin and Mr. Felix Jackson can be of no possible interest to anyone other than themselves"—on the official announcement of their parting!

What do they mean, "no interest"?

Didn't the public have "interest" in Deanna when she was just starting? Didn't the fans have enough interest in her beautiful voice and her charm to build her into a top star? Yes, indeed, my friends, this same public interest brought her fame and fortune.

How, then, can stars or their advisers, take the attitude that a divorce is strictly private business? Actors can't invite the fans to share part of their lives and then shut the door in their faces when something unpleasant comes up.

I think the thing that parted them is the same factor that caused so much surprise at the time of their marriage. Deanna is 24 and Jackson is well into his forties. Deanna was his fourth wife, he—her second husband. It was unfortunate, too, for their marriage that

SOMETHING TO **SHOUT** ABOUT!

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE





THE SNAPPIEST PLAY OF OUR DAY ZIPS TO THE SCREEN!



Warner Bros. bring you everything that made its love-making the snappiest, and its 5-year stage-run the happiest that ever came roaring off Broadway!

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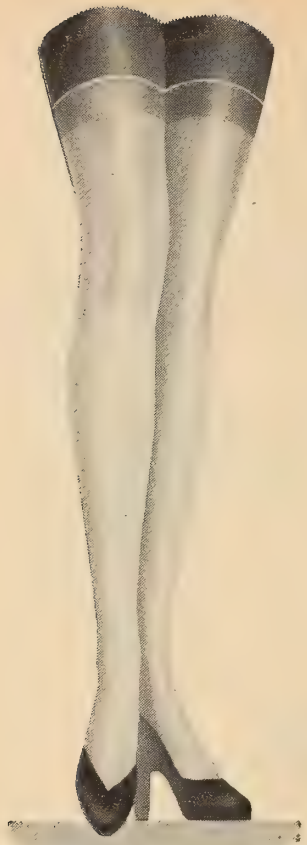
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IRVING RAPPER

PRODUCED BY

CHARLES HOFFMAN

Screen Play by JOHN VAN DRUTEN • Additional Dialogue by Charles Hoffman • From the Stage Play by John van Druten • Produced by Alfred de Liagre, Jr. • Music by Max Steiner



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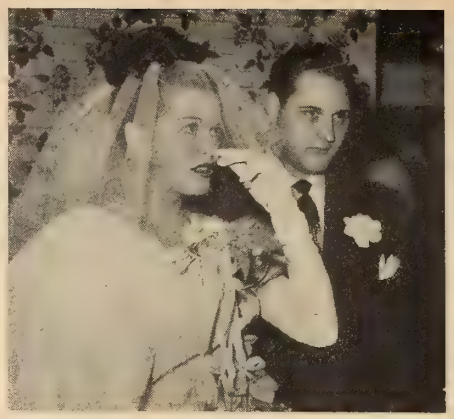
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LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Janis Paige and Richard Martinelli, son of Bal Tabarin ('Frisco) owner, were married at Church of the Valley. A Town House party followed.



It pays to be nice to the press gals, as Joan Fontaine has discovered. She won Women's Press Club's prize for being "most cooperative."

the pictures he produced with her, were not among her best. Several months ago, he left Universal-International, and she stayed on as a star.

I suspected things weren't going well with them when I began to spot her around the quieter night clubs with a handsome young man who looks not unlike her first husband, Vaughn Paul.

But she always said the dates were mere business conferences.

* * *

Close-up of June Haver: She doesn't wear mascara off screen anymore because she cries so easily. A sad item in the newspapers can set her off . . . . . But she eats when she's blue, even banana splits with nuts on the top . . . . . She holds hands with whomever she's walking with and is so afraid of crossing the street that she runs from side to side . . . . . She likes purple but never wears it because it's tagged as an "old" color and not becoming to blondes . . . . . Right now she's making a picture with Ty Power (temporarily titled *For Fear of Little Men*) but she's far more excited about playing Marilyn Miller in *The Life of Marilyn Miller* . . . . . She likes to chew gum but "sneaks" it because she doesn't think it's attractive in public . . . . . She is one of the few Hollywood divorcees who moved back in with her family when her marriage went phooey. That's how much she loves the family clan . . . . . She has irritated some of her friends and many reporters by having dates with her ex, Jimmy Zito, after she announced that she was through with him. But I doubt if she sees him from here on in. Her lawyer has advised her to stay out of the night clubs where he plays . . . . . She likes spinach, Margaret O'Brien, cloudy days, open cars, friendly policemen, taxicabs, Dresden China, novels about the old South, Tony Martin and Alice Faye on the radio, and all children . . . . . She doesn't like Saturday nights, jive shouters, suggestive jokes, pink, mystery novels, walnuts, alarm clocks, political or religious arguments, phony accents or being told how to dress . . . . . Sometimes she gets mixed up about what she really wants.

* * *

Ingrid Bergman doesn't often entertain and I've never known her to throw a typical Hollywood social affair. But her party celebrating the finish of *Joan of Arc* was a lulu and a honey.

Ingrid had huddled with the "prop" boy and when the cast and crew members arrived at the studio, they were ushered to a sound stage that had been completely remodeled into a medieval Inn at Rheims. Even the cooking was in keeping with the period. Whole pigs were being roasted on barbecue spits and the Swedish Glogg (a drink in any other language excluding the Scandinavian) was served in tall silver steins.

The beautiful Bergman, arrayed in a peasant costume of her native Sweden, was here, there and everywhere circulating among her guests—and having the time of her life. When Bergman laughs, she really laughs and she had plenty to amuse her because there was so much confusion.

Actors who had worked together on the Walter Wanger production for months wearing wigs and battle armor, didn't recognize one another in modern clothes and frequently Ingrid had to introduce old friends.

I wish it were possible for everyone to meet Bergman at a party. She is so gay, so completely natural and so charming.

P.S. In case you want to know the recipe for Glogg—it consists of hot wine, brandy, fruits and nuts mixed together and brewed over a flame.

* * *

Yes, Rita Hayworth was surprised over David Niven's sudden marriage in London to a beautiful Swedish model named Hjordis Tersmeden. But don't get the idea that she is carrying a torch. She ain't. Rita had heard from David several times, but if there ever had been a big flame between them, it had simmered out months ago.

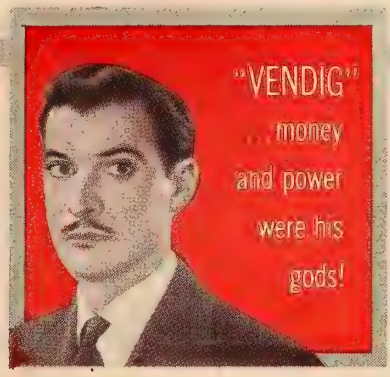
I did hear some "inside" about the Niven romance. It seems the bride had been previously married to a very rich Swedish business man and she was practically on her way home to talk over a reconciliation with him when she met David. It was love at first sight.

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DIANA LYNN ★ SYDNEY GREENSTREET

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with Dennis Hoey · Edith Barrett · Raymond Burr

Screenplay by S. K. Lauren and Gordon Kahn
Based on the Novel 'Prelude to Night' by Dayton Stoddart

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ARTHUR S. LYONS
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LATER–Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream





Always use **COLGATE DENTAL CREAM** *after you eat and before every date*

By the time you read this the Nivens will probably be back in Hollywood where lots of parties are being planned in their honor. David's two children will be with them.

* * *

Dana Andrews has a brother named Bill who is taking up a movie career and David Selznick is the gent who is testing him. This is all right with me. I like Dana so much I could take a dozen Andrews brothers.

Not long ago, Dana hit the newspapers with some unwelcome publicity following an altercation with the gendarmes. He got holy you-know-what from his two bosses, Darryl Zanuck and Sam Goldwyn, and he is a thoroughly contrite young man.

Usually, I'm the first to shake a finger at an actor who has stepped out of line and done something, or anything, to disillusion the fans. In Dana's case it is particularly bad for him to indulge in collegiate pranks because the public has so much respect for him as an actor and as a family man.

But I must say in his defense that he is over-tired lately from making so many movies without a vacation and he was worried about the health of his wife before the birth of their fourth child.

Believe me, I am not making idle requests when I ask you each month to keep on writing to me about your likes and dislikes. It was the number and quality of your letters that led me to write a radio editorial about the sequel to the Jolson story and M-G-M's plan to put Gene Kelly in the Larry Parks role.

You don't like that, my friends, you don't like it at all. And I found your protests intelligent and logical.

First, *The Jolson Story* (original version) was one of the most popular movies of 1947 if not THE most popular.

For reasons of their own, Columbia did not feel like carrying on with a sequel and M-G-M bought the rights from Al Jolson. I suppose it is natural for them to want to put one of their own stars in the Jolson role. But it is not only unwise, it is dangerous.

You and you and YOU, through your letters, have made it plain that you want no one but Larry Parks as Jolson. Even such a good actor as Gene Kelly would suffer if he attempts to follow Larry—he would be the innocent victim of public resentment.

But, what I particularly want to prove by it is that your letters do carry a lot of weight.

So, keep on writing, please.

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

We think it's fun to relax with a copy of MODERN SCREEN. We hope you do, too. In fact, we want to write about the stars you're interested in. Checking the questionnaire below will help us—and if you're among the first 500 to mail it back you'll get a three months' free subscription to this magazine. Do you want the May, June and July issues for free? Then be among the first 500!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our April issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

The "Bishop's" Wife (David Niven) ☐
If This Isn't Love (Ty Power-Linda Christian) ☐
Ordeal (Van Johnson) ☐
They Wake Up Dreaming (Roy Rogers-Dale Evans) ☐
Easter Benediction by Elizabeth Taylor ☐
That Old Black Eyebrow (Cary Grant) by Hedda Hopper ☐
I Am A Movie Star's Mother (Gail Russell) by Mrs. George Russell ☐
My Sister and I (Ida Lupino) by Rita Lupino ☐
I Remember Barbara (Barbara Bel Geddes) by Harriet Parsons ☐
Same Old Joan (Joan Caulfield) ☐
Second Honeymoon (Mark Stevens) ☐
The House On Hollywood Avenue (Linda Darnell) ☐
Ain't She Sweet! (Mona Freeman) ☐
Mrs. Sherry (Bette Davis) ☐
Alias Sam Spade (Howard Duff) ☐
Truth or Consequences (Liz Scott) ☐
Life With Esther (Esther Williams) ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News .....

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues: List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

My name is.....

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ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
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Susan Peters

RETURNS TO THE SCREEN

with a distinguished co-starring cast in a powerful emotional drama



ALEXANDER KNOX



PHYLLIS THAXTER



PEGGY ANN GARNER



RON RANDELL



DAME MAY WHITTY



ALLENE ROBERTS



SOME WOMEN BORN UNDER

The Sign Of The Ram

WILL STOP AT NOTHING...

A compelling story of an extraordinary woman, THE SIGN OF THE RAM provides SUSAN PETERS with a superb role. Co-starring with her are Alexander Knox, Phyllis Thaxter, Peggy Ann Garner, Ron Randell, Dame May Whitty and Allene Roberts. Screenplay by Charles Bennett. Directed by John Sturges. Produced by Irving Cummings, Jr. An Irving Cummings production. A Columbia Picture.



Based on the best-selling novel by Margaret Ferguson.

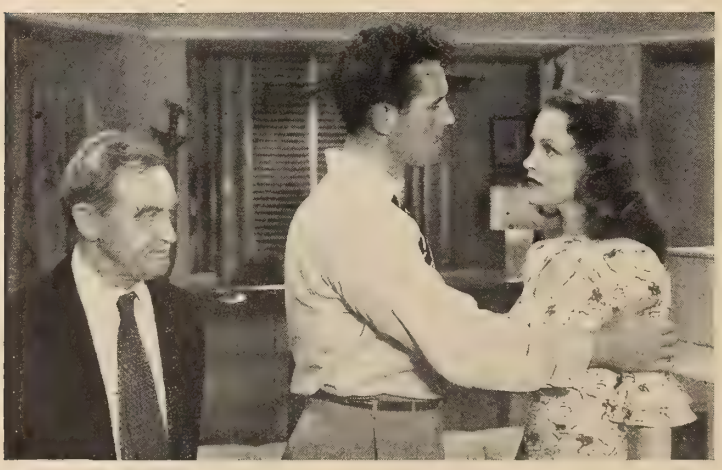
COLUMBIA PICTURES

dorothy kilgallen selects "the naked city"





Barry Fitzgerald, as Lt. Muldoon of Homicide, questions a patrolman about the mysterious death of a New York model. Scene was filmed on-the-spot.



Howard Duff's impressive as a neurotic. Here, he admits to his fiancée, Dorothy Hart, that her engagement ring was given him by murdered girl.

■ Mark Hellinger's love affair with the city of New York, which was tender if not private, faithful if flamboyant, is fittingly immortalized in his last and best film, *The Naked City*.

He was a natural historian for the wonderful island of Manhattan. He knew all its sides, all its streets, all its hours from dawn to dawn, all its people from the cheap and cruel to the magnificent and noble, all its excitements from the cry of a child to the heavy footfall of a murderer.

He put them all into the picture. It is rich with urban lore, it is compelling, it is full of suspense, and above all accurate. It should thrill and instruct those who never have seen New York—it should give them the feel of the town as no picture with trick sets and process shots ever has done—and it will, of course, send New Yorkers, real and adopted, into ecstasies of recognition and consequent pride.

All the bright kaleidoscopic phases of the great city are shown with swiftness and care: the steaming subway kiosks, the deceptively laconic cubicles of the police, the bridges over the East River, the hot slum streets, the avenue known as Broadway, and the great milling markets of the poor.

But *The Naked City* is no mere travelogue. In the foreground of the splendid metropolitan panorama moves a tense story of homicide—an expert whodunit, a stirring chase. It is hard to imagine a moviegoer seeing it and not feeling he has had a full evening and double his money's worth.

The cast is not all-star, but it is all-fine, all the more effective against the genuine New York background because so many of the faces are unfamiliar and completely untheatrical. Barry Fitzgerald is the only "name" in the cast; he is by no means the only excellent actor on hand but he is, as always, a complete delight. Howard Duff, as a key figure in the murder case, gives a portrayal of weakling falsifier that is absolute perfection; a newcomer named Don Taylor looks and performs like a young man on his way to the top of the cinema ladder, and Enid Markey of years-ago fame contributes a brief but striking bit. The direction of Jules Dassin is faultless.

Mark Hellinger would have been proud of *The Naked City* if he had lived.





Dines at the Waldorf-Astoria—Antonia Drexel Earle

"Before I go out— always a 1-Minute Mask!"

No wonder that prominent society leaders are devoted to Pond's 1-Minute Mask! It's so *different* from the usual heavy, 20-minute facial mask! Feather-light, cool and so marvelously *quick*. Only *one minute*—and your skin looks smoother, brighter, even lighter!



For more glamorous evenings— a more glamorous You!

"Not for years have I felt so conscious of the absolute necessity for a pretty complexion!" says Antonia Drexel Earle, a noted beauty of Philadelphia society.

"The new fashions seem to *demand* smoother, more delicate skin," Mrs. Earle says. "That's why I always have a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream before I go out. It gives my face a softer, clearer look—wide-awake and *fresh!*"

Before your next date, "re-style" your complexion with a 1-Minute Mask. Get a big jar of Pond's Vanishing Cream today. Use it for 1-Minute Masks, for silky powder base, and for a wonderful, smoothing hand cream. For free trial tube, write to Pond's, 9-D, Clinton, Conn.



1. Spend one minute on beauty—to make your evening more glamorous! Smooth a cool white Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your face, except eyes.
2. "Keratolytic" action of the cream loosens and dissolves off little roughnesses that make skin look coarser, duller. Tissue off after one minute.
3. Your skin looks lighter, clearer—feels *smoother*—holds powder better! Always have a 1-Minute Mask to look your *best!*

Linda, M-G-M starlet (bottom), met Ty (of *That Old Black Magic*) in Rome.





"With all my love—Ty,"

says the inscription

on Linda Christian's

diamond ring.

Just one of those lover's vows?

Or does Ty mean business?

By MAXINE SMITH

if this isn't love...

■ Love came to Tyrone Power and green-eyed Linda Christian one day last November in Rome, Italy.

Linda had flown from Paris to Rome aboard a plane of Air France, accompanied by her 17-year-old sister, Ariadna, and both girls were tired and cramped from the long, weather-delayed plane trip and prayed for nothing more than hot water and clean white sheets when they landed in Rome.

On hand to meet them was Signor Minghelli, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Rome representative. (Linda is an M-G-M contract player.)

Soon after arriving at the hotel, Signor Minghelli asked: "Did you know that Tyrone Power was in Rome? Living right here—on the same floor as you?"

Exhausted, Linda sleepily mumbled something like, "Yes? Is he?"

Signor Minghelli's exuberance wasn't to be stopped. "Call him up, say 'hello.' What you say, eh?"

"No," said Linda. "I don't know him that well—"

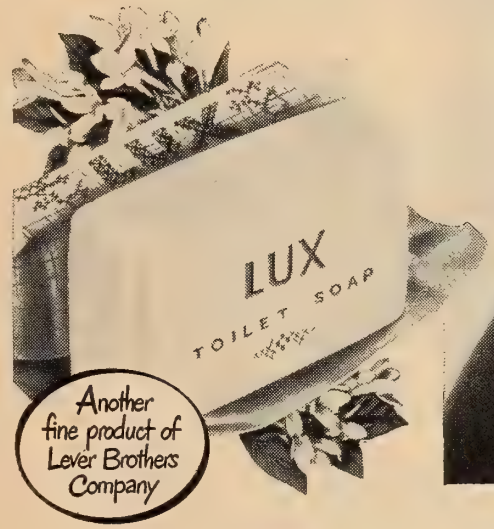
"Call him!" said Minghelli. "He will be verrrry happy. You're from Hollywood, too. What you say, yes?"

So Linda, needled by the devilish Ariadna (a hopeless Tyrone Power fan) and the effusive Minghelli, finally agreed (*Continued on page 98*)



"My Lux Soap facials leave skin softer, smoother"

says this famous star



Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use this care for lovely Lux Complexions

Here's a *proved* complexion care! In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap by skin specialists, actually three out of four complexions became lovelier in a short time! No wonder famous screen stars trust their million-dollar complexions to this gentle beauty soap.

"It's wonderful the way Lux Soap care really makes skin lovelier," Susan Peters tells you. "I work the fragrant lather well in. As I rinse and pat with a soft towel to dry, skin takes on fresh new beauty!" Don't let neglect cheat you of romance. Take Hollywood's tip!

Sweeps clean with two fingers!

You don't have to press down *at all* with the new Bissell Sweeper! Just glide it gently for perfect pick-up, even under beds!



Thanks to Bisco-matic* brush action!

This amazing new Bissell feature adjusts the brush automatically to *any* rug, thick or thin! Makes your sweep-ups easier—and cleaner!

The new "Bissell"® is available in limited quantities at Bissell dealers only—complete with "Sta-up" Handle and easy "Flip-O" Empty. Priced from $6.95.



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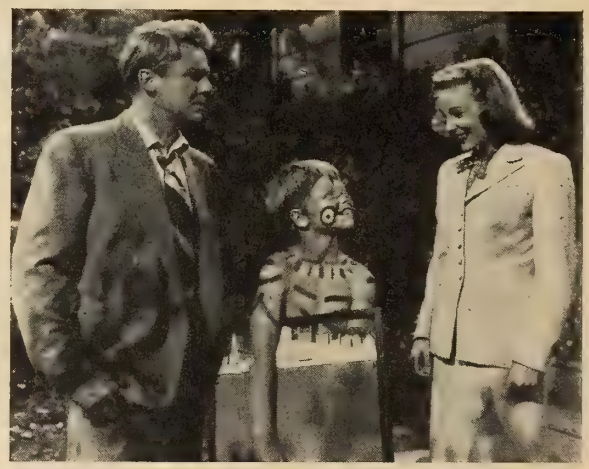
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell Sweeper's exclusive brush action with full spring controlled brush

Movie Reviews

by Virginia Wilson



Illustrator June Allyson is disillusioned to find that genial "Uncle" Van Johnson, writer of kids' books, drinks too much.



To stop her from going home to Vermont he "adopts" Butch Jenkins, tells her he drinks because he's mourning dead wife.

THE BRIDE GOES WILD

June Allyson and Van Johnson are a gay pair in this comedy. Wait till you see June in a scene where she's looped to the eyebrows —and all because she thought Coffee Tasmanian was just plain coffee.

June, as Martha Terryton, artist and schoolteacher, has come to New York to illustrate "Uncle Bumps'" newest juvenile book. Everyone except his publisher thinks of Uncle Bumps as an amiable old gentleman who goes around patting children on the head and feeding them candy. McGrath, the publisher (Hume Cronyn), is all too aware that Uncle Bumps is Gregory Rawlings (Van Johnson), who drinks a great deal, in a charming sort of way. Greg pats no one on the head except blondes over eighteen, and if he fed candy to children it would have arsenic in it.

When Martha first finds out the devastating truth about Uncle Bumps, she decides to go right back to Vermont. To forestall this (and incidentally prevent her from telling her aunt, who is head of the Juvenile Book Board), Greg gets her tight on Coffee Tasmanian. This

is an innocent looking preparation but full of brandy. When its effects wear off, however, Martha still wants to go back to Vermont, where coffee is just something you have with a stack of wheatcakes in the morning for your breakfast.

McGrath decides to take desperate measures. He tells Greg to go to a local orphanage and select a small boy—one with slight juvenile delinquent tendencies. The mere suggestion makes Greg shudder. But McGrath is sure that if he can tell Martha that Greg drinks because his wife died and left him with a problem child on his hands, everything will be ducky. He finally convinces Greg that it's the only solution.

So they get Danny (Butch Jenkins). Danny doesn't want to come. He says stoutly that he *likes* the orphan asylum. Anway, when they do get him to Greg's place the results are about like Fourth of July in an atom bomb factory.—*M-G-M*

AN IDEAL HUSBAND

Opulent sets and gorgeous Cecil Beaton costumes compete with the charms of Paulette Goddard, Diane Winyard and Glynis St. Johns in *An Ideal Husband*. The masculine side is represented by Michael Wilding, Hugh Williams and C. Aubrey Smith. It all takes place in the London of Oscar Wilde's favorite world, where the conversation is conducted entirely in epigrams. Sometimes it's a bit dated, but usually it's very amusing.

The fashionable ball being given by Lord and Lady Chiltern (Hugh Williams and Diane Winyard) is marred by the presence of one uninvited guest, Mrs. Cheverly (Paulette Goddard). She is greeted by the hostess with a definite lack of enthusiasm. It seems that they were at school together and Mrs. Cheverly was expelled for stealing. It was a great scandal at the time.

Mrs. Cheverley is still stealing, although now in a more subtle way. She has come from Vienna for the purpose of persuading Sir Robert to back what amounts to a stock market swindle by using his influence in the House of Parliament. And she has good reason, in spite of Sir Robert's reputation for almost idealistic probity, to expect she will succeed.

It seems that when he was only twenty-two he used a state secret for his own advantage. No one ever discovered it, but Mrs. Cheverly has a letter which proves it. If she uses that letter, Sir Robert is a very dead duck indeed, and Mrs. Cheverly is certainly going to use it! And what bothers him most is that his wife will then learn that early secret. She is not a woman who condones mistakes, no matter how they were made. It would be the end of their marriage, a marriage which Sir Robert finds very satisfactory.

Behind all this serious talk of blackmail and swindles, a very pretty little romance is going on between a young Lord (Michael Wilding) and Mabel Chiltern (Glynis St. John). But the two affairs are gradually interwoven until no one quite knows who is what or where. Much of it is amusing. Some just confusing. But it's all very very Oscar Wilde. And I daresay his fans will lap it up.—*20th-Fox*

"My husband's a sweetheart! See why I use Mum?"



Orchids to you for holding on to your honeymoon happiness . . . for guarding the charm *he* finds so adorable. No wonder you vow never to be without Mum! Your bath washes away *past* perspiration. But to keep that daintiness from fading . . . to prevent risk of underarm odor *to come* . . . always complete your bath with Mum.

Be a safety-first girl with



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum safer for charm

Mum safer for skin

Mum safer for clothes

Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness all day or all evening.

Because Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Snow-white Mum is gentle—harmless to skin.

No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.

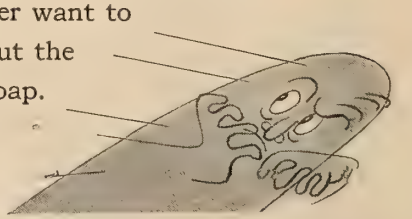


"We'll wash him with Mama's Fels-Naptha!"

A great many "Mamas" will understand this picture without a word of explanation. They'll be reminded of clothes that are cleaner and whiter; of 'shorter' washdays; less washing 'wear and tear.' Because *they* use Fels-Naptha Soap.

You may want to try golden Fels-Naptha, too, when you know why it removes dirt and stains that other laundry soaps can't budge. This mild, golden soap brings *extra* help to every washing job. The *extra* help of naptha. Gentle, active Fels naptha that loosens stubborn dirt—deep down in the fabric—so it can be 'floated' away without harmful rubbing.

Once you see a sparkling, fragrant Fels-Naptha wash on your line, you'll never want to start another washday without the *extra* help of Fels-Naptha Soap.



Golden bar or Golden chips—**FELS-NAPTHA** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



Saigon: Offered $10,000 to fly Veronica Lake to Shanghai, Alan Ladd meets trouble head-on.

SAIGON

Alan Ladd pictures aren't exactly full of surprises these days but routine or not, they're good entertainment. In *Saigon*, Major Larry Briggs (Alan Ladd) has the customary two buddies. One is Sergeant Rocco (Wally Cassel) who is strictly from the Bronx, and the other is Captain Perry (Douglas Dick), a dreamy-eyed kid from Iowa.

The three of them are demobilized from the Air Force in Shanghai. Perry wants to go home, but the other two know that because of war wounds, he's going to die in a matter of weeks. Why not keep him with them and never let him know what's ahead?

Briggs has heard about a mysterious Shanghai importer who is looking for U.S. fliers. The three of them go to the native cafe where they have heard he can be found. By the way, the singer there (Betty Bryant) can really sing, besides having a figure which evokes considerable comment from Rocco.

When they find the importer, whose name is Maris (Morris Carnowsky), he offers them ten thousand dollars to fly him and his secretary to Saigon. Obviously there is something very fishy about a deal like that, but ten thousand bucks would come in very handy. It would stake them to everyone Perry might want or need before his death.

What none of them, including Maris, expected was that some last minute shots from the Shanghai police would keep him from the plane, so that only his secretary Susan (Veronica Lake) managed to get abroad. Said secretary is a small, nicely put together blonde, and ordinarily three normal young men would be glad to have her as a passenger. But Briggs is worried. He doesn't like those shots as they took off, or the hard expression in Susan's eyes.

But to Perry, she's wonderful. She's the girl he's always been looking for. Unfortunately, Lieutenant Keon of the Saigon police is also looking for her. He wants to know some things about Maris's business. And Briggs wants to know what is in the dispatch case she always keeps with her. In fact, everyone wants to know something, and sometimes the results are disastrous!—*Par.*

THE SIGN OF THE RAM

Susan Peters gives a really fine performance in her return to the screen. The story is a fascinating one. It tells of a woman who, from a wheelchair, dominates her entire family in a way she couldn't possibly have done if she weren't an invalid.

When Sherida Binyon (Phyllis Thaxter) goes to Cornwall to be the secretary of Leah St. Aubyn (Susan Peters) she finds what is, at first glance, a very happy household. Certainly Leah's husband, Mallory (Alexander Knox), is very devoted to her. He has three children by a previous marriage. Logan (Ross Ford), the oldest, is practicing law and in love with a local girl named Catherine Maitland (Diana Douglas). Jane (Allene Roberts) is a shy nineteen, Christine (Peggy Ann Garner), only sixteen, is a queer intense child who devotes herself completely to Leah.

Sherida is charmed with her new job. Oh, there are some things she doesn't quite understand. For instance why is the sweet Leah so friendly with a spiteful village gossip, Mrs. Brastock (Dame May Whitty)? And why does she keep Jane so shy instead of encouraging her to go out more?

The first time Sherida has an inkling of the truth is when she talks to Catherine Maitland. Catherine knows that Leah has opposed her marriage to Logan for some time. Leah wants no break in the circle of affection and admiration that surrounds her.

Dr. Crowdy (Ron Randall) too, finds that his attentions to Jane are discouraged by Leah. When he finally persuades the girl to go to a dance with him, Leah subtly dissuades her.

Catherine and Logan eventually get themselves engaged. Leah is sweet about it at first—provided they will wait a year. But when they refuse, she tells them that she has evidence of insanity in Catherine's family. Logan, furiously angry, disproves her statement completely.

So, gradually, the charmed circle around Leah breaks, until only Christine is left, adoring her as ever. And because of that, death comes very close to the introverted household.—*Col.*



The Sign Of The Ram: Susan Peters dominates her family as well as her husband, Alex Knox.

YOU'RE LOVELY . . . YOU'RE LOVABLE . . . WITH

that Always-Fresh look



Try Frances Gifford's beauty-glow cleansing



Morning glow—"Spring!" sing the perky hats. "Spring!" echoes Frances' fresh skin! "For my day's beauty start, it's a Woodbury *deep-cleanse* Facial!"



Dinner drama—Frances' "Always-Fresh" look! "But my first date is—a Woodbury glamour treatment! Cleanses and softens. Skin looks *romantically* smooth!"

ONE! Cleansing-massage with Woodbury Cold Cream. Rich oils cleanse deep . . . loosen make-up. Tissue, and—TWO! Cream on more Woodbury. Four special softening ingredients smooth dry skin. Tissue, and—THREE! A cold water splash for rosy color! Your skin's clear-clean, silky-soft . . . has that Always-Fresh look!



Woodbury Cold Cream

Your whole hand
benefits from this wonder-working new lotion !



Now in NEW Beauty Bottle



Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream

IN FOUR GENEROUS SIZES—10¢ TO $1.00

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK



The Strawberry Roan: Ranch foreman, Gene Autry, captures a wild stallion, soon finds himself at odds with rancher Jack Holt and police.

THE STRAWBERRY ROAN

Even people who can take horses or leave them alone will go for the strawberry roan in this. He's really a beauty, and in Cinecolor too. The star of the picture, of course, is Gene Autry. He plays a foreman named—guess! Gene Autry!—who works for ranchman Bartley (Jack Holt).

Bartley has two children, Connie (Gloria Henry) who's old enough for Autry to fall in love with, and teen-age Joe (Dick Jones). When Bailey and Gene capture a wild stallion, Joe names him Champion and insists on riding him at once. The roan rears and Joe is crippled for life.

Bailey gives orders for Champion to be killed. But Gene doesn't follow the orders. He takes the stallion over into a nearby valley and nurses him slowly back to health. Meanwhile Joe is in a wheelchair, unhappy and depressed because he thinks Champion is dead.

Bailey's mare finds the stallion, and nature takes its course. Bailey is not pleased at the impending blessed event. In fact, he flies into a rage and accuses Autry of horse stealing. A reward is posted for him and Bailey makes it big enough to interest everybody.

Gene is still determined to get Champion back to Joe because he thinks that will help cure the boy. He has trained the horse all these weeks with this in mind, but now what can he do? He is in hiding not only from Bailey but from everyone else.

Connie and Joe find Gene in his hiding place and advise him to give himself and the horse up. Instead, Gene asks Joe to ride Champion. Slowly, painfully, but surely, the boy gets astride and rides . . . really rides.

But that's not the end. You'll have to see that yourself.—*Col.*

APRIL SHOWERS

You wouldn't think a little thing like a cigar could mean the difference between getting on Broadway and going back to the sticks, would you? But that's because you don't know about the "Good Tyme" family—June (Ann Sothern), Joe (Jack Carson), and young Buster (Bobby Ellis).

Let's go back to 1912. June and Joe are hoofing for a living, and not much of a living at that. Their routines are beat-up old numbers, and the audiences yawn in their faces. So they get fired. They don't tell their hotel about it, natch. Maybe something will turn up even if it isn't the rent.

What turns up is Buster, who at the age of twelve, has decided school is a waste of time. He's going to be a vaudeville actor like his pop. The queer part is that, unlike his pop, the kid really has it. An agent sees him doing a crazy tap dance in the lobby, and before June and Joe quite know what goes on, the whole family is signed up to play in an act with popular vaudevillian Billy Shay (Bob Alda).

Eventually they get a wire from a New York agent, and drop everything else to head for Broadway. The world is a wonderful place. They feel great, only they find that New York's Gerry society has a law which won't let any performer under sixteen years of age appear on the stage. The law was made especially for them.

Here's where the cigar comes in. Young Buster grabs his pop's derby, rattles a non-existent watch chain, puffs on a cigar, and there he is—a midget! There's no law against midgets appearing.

It's a good gag and it almost works. Not quite. Because in front of a representative of the Gerry society Buster has to smoke the cigar and becomes violently ill. So back they go to San Francisco, where June goes to work again for Billy Shay who is in love with her. But there's no place for Joe and he starts to drink constantly. It's a long while before Buster manages to get the "Good Tyme" family back together again. But, one bright day, he does.—*War.*

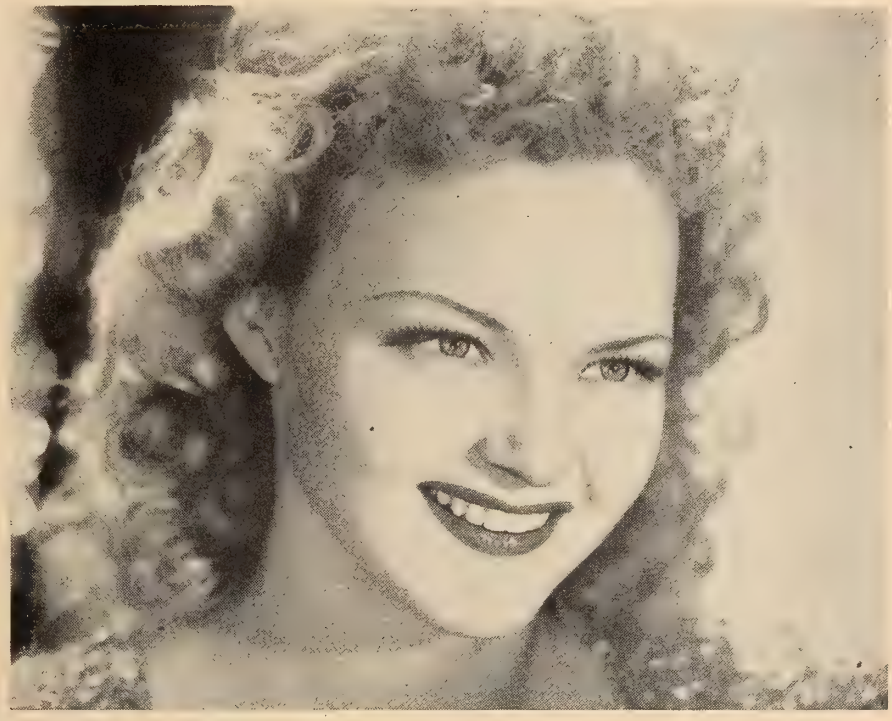


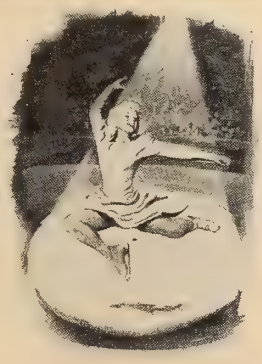
April Showers: Because of their son, Bobby Ellis, the "Good Tyme" family, Ann Sothern and Jack Carson are signed with popular Bob Alda.

(Continued on page 84)

Joan Hyldoft's smile wins her a spotlight on the glittering ice—

The Smile that Wins is the Pepsodent Smile!





Joan Hyldoft, Ice Ballerina—spins and swoops under a solo spotlight in "Icetime of 1948" at New York's Center Theater. In her first big show, she is a star! Kansas-born Joan was once headed for a career as an athlete. She held trophies for horsemanship, diving and figure skating when her smile captured a beauty crown that changed her course. Now Joan's smile outsparkles even the shining sequins she wears while she skates—it's a Pepsodent Smile! "No other tooth paste makes my teeth so bright," she says.

Do you have a winning smile? If Pepsodent Tooth Paste has helped your smile and career—send your picture and story to Pepsodent, 141 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill. If used you will receive professional model fees.

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste!

You'll find people all over America agree with Joan Hyldoft. New Pepsodent with Irium is their 3-to-1 favorite for brighter smiles. In recent tests, families from coast to coast were asked to compare New Pepsodent Tooth Paste with the brands they'd been using at home. By an overwhelming majority . . . by an average of of 3 to 1 . . . they preferred New Pepsodent over any other leading brand they tried!

Yes, New Pepsodent won 3 to 1 for its cool, minty flavor . . . for making breath cleaner, and making teeth brighter! *For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!*



Another Fine Product of Lever Brothers Company



They were talking casually—
about kilts. They were talking, and suddenly he
noticed how beautiful she was.
And suddenly, David Niven fell in love.

By NANCY WINSLOW SQUIRE

the "bishop's" wife

■ In six weeks, all of it happened. Their meeting, their falling in love, the five-minute ceremony at the Kensington registry which made Hjordis Tersmeden Mrs. David Niven.

It began on the set of *Bonnie Prince Charlie,* the picture David was making in London. Mrs. Tersmeden was visiting there with friends, and everyone was talking to everyone else, and she found herself engaged in earnest conversation about the origin of kilts. She and Mr. Niven seemed to agree that kilts had certainly originated.

Mr. Niven also decided that Mrs. Tersmeden was the most beautiful girl he had seen in a long time. His appraisal was right—she'd been a famous mannequin in Stockholm, and London—and his appreciation was heightened by the fact that he hadn't been paying much attention to beautiful girls for a couple of years.

His first wife, Primula Rollo, died in 1946, after falling down a flight of stairs at a party in Hollywood, and it wasn't a thing he got over easily, or could talk about to anyone. Time had to pass; work, and his two children had to fill the empty (*Continued on page 87*)



David, 37, and his bride, the former Mrs. Hjordis Tersmeden, 27, of Sweden, were cheered by Londoners, as they left the Kensington registry, where they were married January 14. David (star of *The Bishop's Wife*) has two sons, aged 2 and 5.



Modess .... *because*

Be lovelier with Solitair



SKIN-SAFE SOLITAIR! The only foundation-and-powder make-up with clinical evidence*—certified by leading skin specialists from coast to coast—that it DOES NOT CLOG PORES, cause skin texture change or inflammation of hair follicle or other gland opening. No other liquid, powder, cream or cake "foundation" make-up offers such positive proof of safety for your skin.

*biopsy-specimen.

Gown by Ceil Chapman

Solitair promises exciting new beauty to even the loveliest complexions. Does wonders for just ordinary skin! Cleverly conceals little skin faults and blemishes. Gives your skin an appearance of delicate perfection that stays fresh-looking hour after hour without retouching. No heavy, "made up" look. No "stiff, cakey" feeling. Because Solitair is a special *feather-weight* formula, combining a creamy smooth foundation and the finest "wind-blown" face powder. It's a *complete* make-up, with silk-screen smoothness—as flattering and subtle as candlelight! And like expensive night creams, Solitair contains lanolin to help guard against dryness. No wonder millions prefer it. You will, too! No better quality and only $1.00.

Seven new fashion-right shades



Contains Lanolin

Solitair

Cake Make-Up

and

*Fashion-Point Lipstick



PRETTIER LIPS, TOO— WITH FASHION-POINT*!

Here is the one and only lipstick with a point actually shaped to the curve of your lips. Applies color quicker, easier and more evenly—with brush-like precision. No blurred edges! Goes on so creamy smooth, too—stays on so unbelievably long. Six brilliant new reds. Made with lanolin, and dressed in America's most beautiful lipstick case of gleaming, polished metal. $1.00

*Slanting cap with red enameled circle identifies the famous Fashion-Point, and shows you exact color of lipstick inside. U. S. Pat. No. 2162584.



Van (of *The Bride Goes Wild*) and Evie at Ciro's.

The doctor had

warned her—no more children.

But Evie could picture

the glow of parenthood

on Van's face, and the pride.

And because of

this, she wasn't afraid . . .

By FLORABEL MUIR

ordeal



■ As I write these lines two weeks after the birth of Van and Evie Johnson's baby girl, I'm almost afraid to say that Evie is out of danger. You just never know.

In order to have this baby, Evie submitted to her third Caesarian section—and two of these operations are all that medical science will allow a woman ordinarily. She came through the operation well, and, the other day, the doctor pronounced her okay. They brought her home from the hospital. The next night the nurse discovered that her stitches had broken. Van, sleeping on the floor near her bed, was beside himself with anxiety and dread.

There had been some talk that the Johnson offspring would be a New Year's arrival, and the guesses weren't too far wrong. The baby arrived at 7:51 A.M. the morning of Tuesday, January 6th, at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood. Dr. Benbow Thompson was the attending physician. Van had driven Evie to the hospital in a frantic rush the afternoon before. The birth itself was accomplished with no untoward circumstances. Mrs. Elizabeth Cregar, mother of the late actor Laird Cregar, a close pal of Van's, gave the Johnsons a lovely bassinet trimmed with lace and blue silk. Van was beaming with pleasure and pride and joy. (*Continued on page 62*)



they wake up dreaming

A wedding
in a quiet room,
a look between two people
—Roy and Dale
wondering if it's
too good to be true,
Roy and Dale knowing
that it's love.
by MARY MORRIS



Roy and Dale honeymooned for two weeks on cattleman Bill Likins' 6,000-acre ranch. Here, the three serenade Oklahoma's Gov. Roy Turner.



Star of *Gay Ranchero* hunted rabbits with host.

■ On the last day of 1947, on a snow swept 6,000-acre ranch in Oklahoma, Roy Rogers took as his real-life bride Dale Evans, the leading lady he had loved but never kissed in 25 wonderful Westerns.

Their three-year friendship had turned to courtship sometime last summer. He proposed in Chicago; they were on tour together with Roy's rodeo. It was a warm harvest moon sort of evening, but there was hardly time for romance; there was a show to do. The cowboy and his lady were alone for a few moments in the chutes with the animals ("backstage" at the stadium) waiting to go on. Only Trigger and a few other neighing friends were around when Roy popped the question. It came obliquely.

"Talked with my kids on the phone this afternoon," he said. (He has three; his wife died suddenly, after the birth of the last one.)

"The kids didn't ask anything about Trigger or me," he continued. "'When is Dale coming back?' is all they wanted to know!"

"Gee, that makes me feel good," Dale said. "They're the nicest kids I know."

"Nice enough to give up a career for?"

Dale wasn't sure what he meant. He spelled it out. He loved her, but he wanted to marry a wife, a homemaker, a mother for his three children.

"I've had seven (*Continued on page 100*)

The year moving slowly toward
the Spring . . . new life stirring in the earth . . . Easter
to Elizabeth means light and hope.

BY ELIZABETH TAYLOR



Easter Benediction



■ My earliest recollections of Easter are such beautiful and happy ones.

Right after Christmas (when I was a very little girl in England) we would start looking forward to Easter. All through the long days of darkness—which came on so early in the afternoon—and through days and days of dense thick fog, and rain, we talked of Spring.

When I was very small, Nannie, our nurse, would push me for hours in the pram, with Howard, my brother, and our dogs walking along close by. Nannie would tell us all about the different trees, how they slept and rested in the winter. And how eagerly we watched for the first sign of their awakening! And then, suddenly, one morning it would come—the beginning of the transformation.

Right before our very eyes we would see new life appearing, all around us. Primroses and violets in the woods, tiny brown buds tinged with green on all the trees. We'd come home with our arms full of branches, and oh! the fun and excitement of arranging them and, in the warm room, of watching the tiny buds burst forth and unfurl. Our nursery would be a bower of Spring.

We had two homes, one in town and one in the country, down in Kent. The town house faced Hampstead Heath. It was thrilling at Easter (*Continued on page 106*)

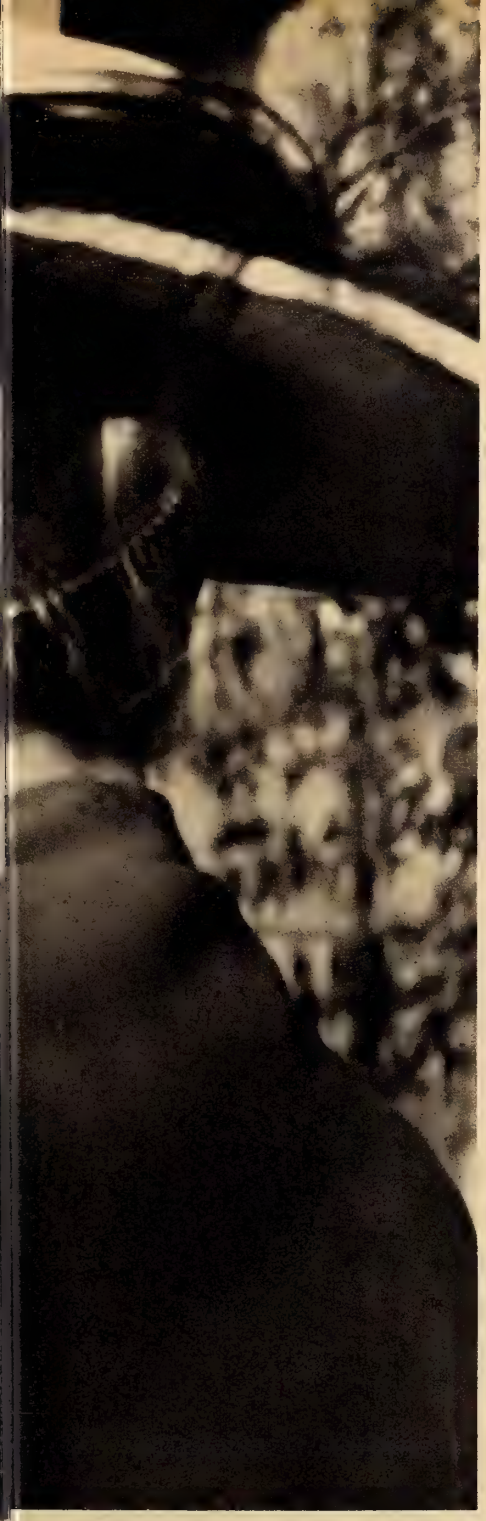




■ I dropped in on Cary Grant one afternoon recently to catch up on that hard-to-get guy for MODERN SCREEN. Cary met me at the door of his big, white Bel-Air house (incidentally, he just called to say he's sold the place to C. H. Howard, millionaire sportsman) and ushered me into the living-room. It's a huge, masculine affair with a long, low table stretching half its length, loaded with magazines, books, pipes. The chairs and sofas are man-sized and deep. Pictures and bronze figures of horses, Cary's favorite beasts, are all around. In one end, there's a small movie screen where he runs off his stack of 16-mm. home movies.

We strolled on through to the den, where the walls are lined with beautiful Boudin canvases, the shelves solid with books. Cary seemed a little embarrassed about them both. "I just buy pictures I like to look at," he said, and the books he tossed off with, "Agents and producers send me those to read for possible screen parts." He was so worried I'd think he'd gone highbrow, my old friend Grant! He pointed out stacks of puzzles hastily. "That's what I really like," he confessed. "I work them at night to put myself to sleep."

A mammoth couch was all made up with blankets, because, Cary explained, "Sometimes it seems a long way up to the bedroom." Upstairs, Cary has the biggest bed



by
hedda
hopper

that old black eyebrow

This Cary Grant character dawdling along, his hands in the pockets of his Salvation suit—he lifted a wicked eyebrow, and he winked at Hedda. It was 15 years ago, and a gal forgets a lot. But that guy—she hasn't forgotten him.

in all Christendom, I'm sure. He had it made when he and Randy Scott shared a Santa Monica beach house. It has a built-in radio, bookshelves, pipe racks and Heavens knows what-all, and takes up one whole room, almost. But if it seems an effort to get upstairs, Cary parks right downstairs. Old line-of-least-resistance—that's his private life trademark.

"I like comfort," he told me. "I like to relax. Luckily I can. You know why? Because I've made some money and kept some. I'm not saying it's a ticket to happiness. But I'm not pretending I hate the stuff."

Cary loves to debunk the tired old tale that he arrived in Hollywood on his uppers. "Matter of fact," he told me, "I came with a fair bankroll and a Packard car, all set for a vacation, after a good run in Broadway musicals. Only reason I didn't go to Florida is because it was too darned hot there. I ran into a friend here and he asked me to make a test. I was lucky all the way."

Cary likes the things money brings, all right. Clothes, servants, travel, pleasant living. But he works for them, and he digs in deep when charity calls. During the war he gave his entire salary from one picture—$250,000—to the Red Cross.

He led me into his library next, where he keeps his very (*Continued on page 71*)

second honeymoon



A year ago, everything seemed wrong, and the Stevens' thought their marriage was over. Now they're together again—Mark and Annelle—happy as newlyweds, but with a wiser, stronger love . . .



Reconciled, Mark and Annelle spent their Christmas in Wash., D. C., where he worked in *Street Without A Name*. Annelle may have career at M-G-M.

■ It was a beautiful suite in a large Washington hotel. It contained some chic interior decoration, and a pretty girl. There was a terrace outside, and an unusually handsome young man in white shirt and white trousers was doing a complicated trapeze act on the support which, in summer, would hold an awning.

The pretty girl went to the window. "Mark, you're crazy! You'll ruin those trousers!"

Mark Stevens did a quick somersault, landed gracefully on his feet, and came in and kissed his wife. "Oh, so you don't worry about my breaking my neck. You just worry about my pants."

He put his arms around her and kissed her again. His brown eyes grew darker. Looking at them, knowing nothing at all about them, you would have guessed that they had just been married. That this was their honeymoon.

You wouldn't have been far wrong, except that this was sort of a second honeymoon. Mark and Annelle have been married almost three years. They have a son, Mark Richard, who is a year and a half old and who toddles around the house in an endlessly (*Continued on page 79*)



Same old Joan

■ The train was quiet at last. After breathing fire at them for an eternity, it had finally shut up, and Joan Caulfield's father and her sister Betty could hear themselves think again.

"I'm cold," Betty said, her teeth chattering.

"I'm frozen stiff," said her father. They looked at each other sideways, and knew that they weren't fooling anybody. They weren't cold. They were shivering with excitement like two kids on Christmas Eve, because Joan and Mrs. Caulfield were on that train. People poured out of the cars and pushed past them. Two women in mink, two in Persian lamb, two soldiers.

"Twosomes," Betty giggled. "Like Noah's Ark." Then, abruptly, the giggle was gone. "I see them," she said, and the old nagging fear was starting again. The fear that this time maybe Joan would be changed. Maybe this time— They were coming down the platform walking fast, Joan's bright hair flying, mom with her quick small steps.

"No kidding, Pop," Betty murmured, "isn't she beautiful?"

"Always was," her father answered, and Betty thought suddenly, "Why he means mother!" And just before they all fell on each other's necks, she thought, "Golly, what a corny family."

Corny, maybe, but heavenly. The business of harboring a star right under their very own roof hasn't thrown them at all. "It's wonderful," is Mrs. Caulfield's attitude, "but life goes on."

Mr. Caulfield is equally blasé. Furthermore, he doesn't exactly get it. For years he's been taking evening walks unmolested. Now, following Joan's recent eight-weeks' visit East, he's (*Continued on page 92*)



Sarah Turner, headmistress of Beard School (Joan's alma mater) in Orange, New Jersey, found Joan unchanged—except for nail-polish (a school tabu). Youngsters shaking hands are current Beard under-grads.

"The girls will hoot at me," Joan wailed, all the way to the school (in studio limousine). But the kids made her sign books until her arm ached.



The star of *The Sainted Sisters* topped off a memorable day by horning in on the Glee Club. Later, Joan kept date in N. Y. with J. MacLain.





Fellow-alumnae Laura Broidrick and Madeleine Mead dug up the old Year Book to show Joan and sister Betty. "Is that *me*?" Joan shrieked.



Older gals were on their way home for well-earned holiday, when Joan showed up for surprise visit. "Wish I hadn't cut so much," she told them.

When your sister's a movie star you're scared she'll change. But Betty Caulfield stopped worrying the day Joan eyed her new guy's picture and hollered, "Who's the weasel?"

by Jean Kinkead



by mrs. george Russell

Gail's mother calls it Hotel Russell, because there's always a full meal on the stove, a fresh blouse on the hanger—and plenty of hot and cold running temperament!

I am a movie star's mother



Mrs. Russell makes it a rule never to ask questions about the men in Gail's life. Currently, the list includes Jack Sasoon, John Dall, Johnny Meyers. Gail's now making *Night Has 1,000 Eyes.*

■ Picture Gail Russell, aged 10: The setting is a Chicago restaurant where we have taken her for a meal with a group of our friends. We are no more than seated when Gail is begging for our butter pads. Her father and I give her a flat no. But she is so cute and appealing. She soon has seven pads of butter lined up in front of her waiting for the bread and potatoes.

"Gail, seven butters! One is too much," I say.

"Oh Mother," she complains, "you never understand. A girl's got to have weight to play on the boys' football team."

Anyone who caught that scene would never have made a bet that the chubby little 10-year-old at our table—who wore a size 14 skirt, mind you—would one day become a tall, slim, 110-pound movie star. I know I had no (*Continued on page 104*)



A Modern Screen reporter moves in on another Hollywood miracle—the miracle of Linda Darnell. Her story isn't new but the wonder hasn't changed. A skinny kid living on Hollywood Avenue in Texas; a once-beautiful mother pushing a dream . . .

BY HENRY GRIS

the house on hollywood avenue

■ I pulled out the envelope that said: "Oak Cliff—Darnell—see Mrs. Cornwall, 711 Hollywood Avenue," and felt the old excitement rising in me. I'm a wandering reporter, and there's no thrill like the thrill of moving in on a story, after a couple of false starts.

I'd begun my hunt for the Linda Darnell story in the heart of Dallas, across the river, because, technically, Dallas is Linda's home-town. But Dallas is too big. You have the feeling that sounds and feet and commerce and bulldozers have obliterated any imprint a girl might once have made. Sure, the people thought Linda was pretty, sure they went to see her pictures, but



Margaret and Roy Darnell of Dallas, Texas, pose with three of their four children. Linda (born Monetta), Monte and Roy, Jr. Oldest girl, Undeen, is absent.



Only two, Linda showed promise of beauty that led to roles like *Forever Amber*.



At seven, Linda'd started drama lessons.



The Darnell backyard wasn't Hollywood, but 11-yr.-old Linda could strike a pose!



The Walls Of Jericho star at 12, in costume.

Dallas is a boom-town, and in a boom-town, you contemplate dollars; you have no time to ponder Hollywood miracles.

"I remember her as a skinny kid of twelve," one man told me. "She was competing for a five dollar prize at the Sunset Theater, and she did a Spanish dance. She didn't even get honorable mention. We're pleased Monetta's gone to Hollywood, but we refuse to fuss over it. There's more good stuff where she came from!"

But the legend which Dallas considers so matter-of-factly is a source of bliss to little Oak Cliff, the Dallas suburb right across the Trinity River. Why, Monetta Darnell put Oak Cliff on the map! Roy Darnell's five-room cottage still stands there, on Hollywood Avenue, though it's been sold to other people. The street number's 715. And next door, at 711, lives the lady named Mrs. Mary Cornwall.

I looked at my envelope again. And then I knocked on Mrs. Cornwall's door. There's the moment of tension. What will the woman say? What will I read in her eyes?

But she's a pleasant old lady, she remembers, she's willing to talk—and I'm really on the track, this time.

Mrs. Cornwall's the official chronicler of Hollywood Avenue. She came there 28 years ago, when the area was farmland, and only twelve houses stood in a street recently cut through the fields.

She'd been there when the Darnells moved in, and when the Darnells moved out. She'd kept abreast of Hollywood news concerning a certain Linda Darnell; she let the people of Oak Cliff know what was going on. "I have news for you," she'd say from time to time. "Here's the latest about Monetta. You know Mrs. Darnell sold the house recently? Well, Monetta's made up her mind to get it back—"

Old Mrs. Cornwall knows. She keeps her ear to the ground. But as I sat in her tiny living-room, with the plush armchairs, and the bric-a-brac (*Continued on page 102*)



"After tax deductions,
I'm putting my money on Barbara Bel Geddes!" says Harriet Parsons, remembering how right from the start that girl's been way out ahead.



Barbara's turned down three N.Y. plays because she and husband Carl Shreuer love Hollywood. They live next door to Mike Romanoff, use his pool. Here, Bel Geddes visits with producer Parsons.



George Stevens, director of *I Remember Mama,* teases Barbara about her 1910 teen-ager costume. Visitors to the set didn't believe Barbara was Susan's (opp. pg.) mother.

I REMEMBER BARBARA

by Harriet Parsons

■ Before I became a feature producer, I made a series of short subjects called Screen Snapshots and, during six years, photographed almost every young player who came to Hollywood. Some didn't make the grade, others scored. I always made bets with myself on which would succeed and which would fail.

Quite the most interesting young actress I've seen in years, from the standpoint of personality, ability and background is Barbara Bel Geddes. It is only slightly coincidental that she's in *I Remember Mama* which I'm producing, with George Stevens as executive producer-director.

Barbara made a brilliant screen debut in *The Long Night* after an equally imposing success in the New York play *Deep Are the Roots.* I didn't get to see the play but I read all her glowing press notices with great excitement because RKO had signed her for the very important part of Katrin in *I Remember Mama.* My excitement increased when I saw the first feet of film (*Continued on page 108*)

■ When MODERN SCREEN asked me to tell about my sister Ida, and me, I was a little frightened. This was a magazine, I thought, which would want a story about two girls growing up, going to church together on Sundays, swapping clothes and dates and makeup, and this was the kind of story I couldn't give them, because it never happened to me.

Lupinos are strange, I guess. Ida and I have both worked since we were tiny. We've been together and apart a hundred times, for days, occasionally for months, and now I sit in a Greenwich Village club where it's almost morning, and I try to explain about Ida, 3,000 miles away, and fast asleep, and how it is with the two of us.

We love each other very much, and yet we correspond infrequently. The papers say Ida is going to marry Collier Young, and I haven't even heard from her about it. When she gets ready to let me know, she won't write; she'll phone, and talk for an hour, and run up a bill that only a movie actress could pay.

Ida should have been the one to do this story, actually. She has a staggering memory. She can talk about incidents that happened in shows when she was three or four. I don't do so well, but even for me, a few things stand out. Sitting with Ida in a box, all by ourselves, at the theater in London, for instance, watching our father and mother in a musical called *Hold My Hand.*

They were both fine artists, and we saw them many times.

Ida started dancing when she was five; I did too, but I never got over it. Dancing was always the big thing with me, and nowadays my family gets a little impatient with it, because it's not an easy way to live, and they think I'm overworked and too thin. And when they're done arguing, they shake their heads and say, "In the blood," and give the whole argument up.

Anyhow, Ida and I both danced as children, but there the similarity ended. She was good in school; I was always being expelled for bringing mice to class. When I was eight, I ended up in a convent behind a high wall. It must have been the only place they thought could hold me.

Out in back of the house, at the bottom of our garden, Daddy had a real miniature theater built for us. It wasn't a toy; he'd spent thousands of dollars on it, and it was completely and professionally equipped. Ida and I trained there. She wrote music for our plays (she still composes magnificent (*Continued on page 82*)



my



Ida (of *Escape Me Never*), publicist Harry Mines, actress Frances Robinson and Collier Young, Warner exec—stars of the Lupino-Young wedding scheduled for May. Harry and Frances will be their two attendants.



Charles Feldman, Ida's agent, sent the lady a modern painting. Here, it meets critics, Mrs. Lupino and Collier. Young gave his bride-to-be a diamond and ruby antique ring. Ida gave her groom a gold money clip.

"Lupinos are strange," says Rita, thinking back to when they were kids . . . Ida, dazzled by the stage, Rita, dreaming of castanets in Spain. Apart a hundred times since then, but somehow, always together . . .

sister and I

by rita lupino



They told her she was too young for romantic leads, but even-tempered Mona Freeman refused to get miffed. She simply retired to become a mother!

BY CARL SCHROEDER

ain't She sWeet!



Mona, Jr., born last October, has one of Hollywood's youngest mothers. Mona, Sr.'s only 21, was a model in New York when she was voted Miss Subways, given a Para. contract.



■ Mona Freeman, blonde, tiny, and lovely as a Spring song, looked at the man she was going to marry.

She was not impressed.

Pat Nerney was not impressed, either.

"Hullo," he mumbled, opening his Irish map wide enough to admit an oversized bite of ham sandwich.

Pat was uncomfortable in his sailor uniform, and he was not getting up off the comfortable perch on the back steps of his Beverly Hills home for anybody. He was too tired in the first place. Just out of the Naval hospital in San Diego, and shot full of bug-eating drugs, he wanted to be left alone. In the second place, he vaguely remembered that his brother John had been dating this Mona Whatsername.

And if a third place were needed, he had a date that night with Diana Lynn.

All this happened about three years ago, just before John Nerney went into the service. His number suddenly came up for Pacific service, and more or less to make conversation, brother Pat said, "I suppose it's all right with you if I have a date with Mona now and then while you're gone."

It was all right. John had no exclusive interests. Like Pat, he played the field.

Brother Pat didn't know what this casual interest would lead to, but several months later he began to find out.

"I guess," Mona says, remembering the day, "that in our subconscious minds the romance had been going on for quite a while."

In any event, Mona trapped Pat into taking her shopping in Beverly Hills on a Saturday afternoon. Reluctantly, he agreed. He felt a little uncomfortable as Mona stopped in front of the eighteenth store window, pressed her nose against the glass, and gazed fondly at an expensive dress she wasn't going to buy.

A friend spotted them and said, "What do you two think you're doing?"

"Oh nothing much," Pat replied, sharp with humor. "Mona is working out her trousseau. We're going to get married."

Some joke. The three of them laughed merrily.

That evening, Pat dropped by to take Mona to producer Arthur Freed's birthday party. Mona, in a long white fluffy dress, looked (*Continued on page 89*)



Auto agent Pat Nerney and Mona were married three years ago. Five-foot-three, blonde and blue-eyed, Mona was on loan-out four times before her home studio gave her a break in *Dear Ruth.*



The piggy-bank is Mona, Jr.,'s, and Daddy sometimes forgets to part with his loose change. Mrs. Nerney claims her favorite pastime is being lazy, but really works hard in *Isn't It Romantic!*



mrs. sherry

Bette in blue denims . . . Bette playing with the baby . . . Bette yapping away, arms waving in the breeze. That's how artist Sherry sees his wife, Miss Bette Davis, the dignified movie star!

by william grant sherry

as told to george benjamin



■ I like the title of this story. Confession being good for the soul, let me confess right off to a masculine prejudice. My wife is known and addressed by everyone, naturally, as Miss Davis, but, at home it irks me to hear her addressed otherwise than Mrs. Sherry. This is an irk normal to men married to famous women so I'm not apologizing for it, merely pointing out why the title makes me beam.

When I am asked to talk about her (my wife) the subject becomes long, wide and inexhaustible. I have many mental pictures of Bette, all different. She is kind, loyal, honest, warm-hearted, generous, courageous. It may be against the rules to come out with extravagant praise of your wife, but these things being true, I say them.

To avoid more adjectives, perhaps the



best way to tell the story is through these pictures of Bette that run through my mind. I remember our first evening at Butternut, Bette's New Hampshire home, where we went on our honeymoon. We'd been motoring for days over snowpacked roads to get there in time for Christmas. Our luck, our stubbornness and the chains had held, so we made it.

Like Bette, I'm a New Englander, and legend hath it that we are the taciturn folk. If this is true, neither of us runs true to type. We are both what's politely called articulate. We call it gabby. Often we find ourselves talking about two different things at the same time, till one of us stops and indignantly announces, "You're not listening to me." This strikes us as the joke of the ages.

But that night we were both unnaturally quiet. I thought Bette was just tired, as she had every right to be. But presently I realized that this wasn't enough to account for a kind of childlike woe on her face.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked.

"I wanted so much for you to like my home, and I can tell by your face you don't like it at all."

Actually, I had found Butternut so everything that I loved in a home that I, for once, was speechless. It was all I had hoped to build myself some day. I tried to explain to Bette how it felt to have everything you've always wanted suddenly yours.

"It also makes me a little angry," I added, "because I had nothing to do with building it."

That sent her into gales of laughter, and the Sherrys were themselves again.

Bette's love for Butternut has for many years been one of the primary things in her life. Here she has kept her collection of antique furniture, her books, her wonderful array of awards. She has only recently realized that it is foolish to see her treasures so seldom. Her work confines her here 3,500 miles away. She has at last decided to sell Butternut. It was a difficult decision to make. She had always felt her roots were in New England. I think she feared if she gave up her home there, her roots would in some way disintegrate. We spent last winter there waiting for Barbara to be born. We have many pictures of that winter—the snow on Christmas Eve, the breathtakingly beautiful white world next morning, the huge open fires, the old beams catching the firelight, the quiet evening with friends around the fire, it is a way of life important to (*Continued on page 61*)





alias sam spade

HE'S HARD-BOILED; HE SLAYS THE WOMEN WITH HIS VOICE; HIS NAME'S SAM SPADE, DETECTIVE. BUT WHEN HE STEPS AWAY FROM THE MIKE, YOU'VE GOT ACTOR HOWARD DUFF—AND WOMEN DON'T HATE *HIM*, EITHER!

By Louis Pollock

■ One particularly filthy day during the war, a couple of hundred cubic miles of wind, rain and fog got together and lined up against one lone Navy transport plane trying to find its way from Iwo Jima to Saipan. Aboard the plane was an overload of military passengers, including a fellow called Howard Duff, master sergeant in the U. S. Army. Duff was playing bridge, when one of the pilots suddenly burst out of the cockpit cabin yelping for everyone to strap on life preservers.

Then a dozen guys were on his tail wanting to know what was up. He told them. On account of playing tag with the storm, the plane was some six or seven hundred miles off course, and, as one half-hysterical soldier put it, "probably damn near as many gallons of gas short of making Saipan!"

Things got very quiet, and you could feel the strain. At this moment, Master Sergeant Duff chose to play a card and flipped it right into the center of the improvised table. The other players and the rest of the men were dumbfounded.

"Hey, Sarge! Ain't you heard? The pilot said the plane's maybe going down, and nothing under us but the deep Pacific!"

Duff looked up. "I've got my life preserver on and I'm waiting until we hit. What do you want me to do, dive from up here?"

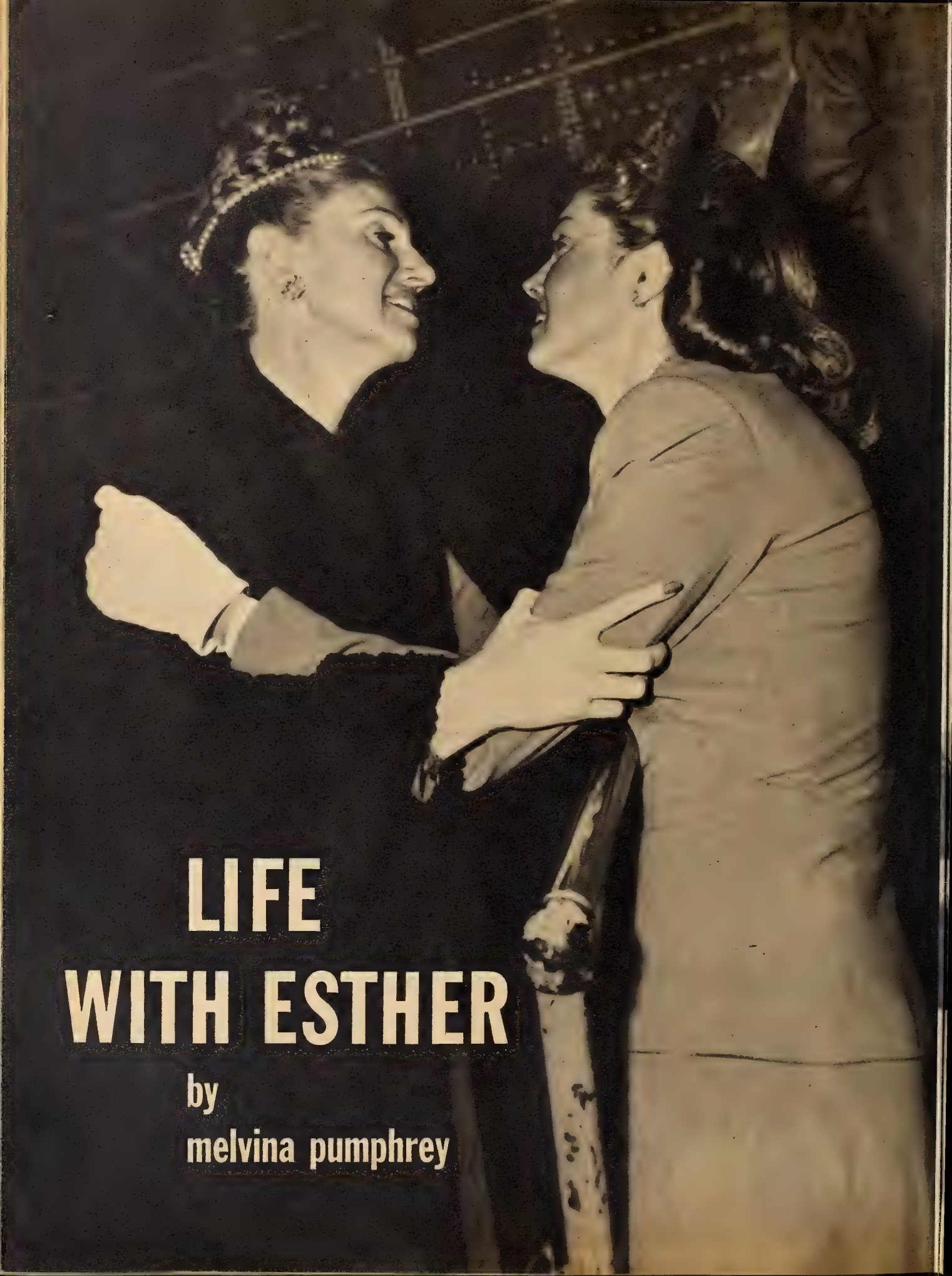
The laugh broke the tension and the men settled down to what was coming in a spirit more philosophic. (*Continued on page 109*)

Howard Duff, hottest thing on the Universal lot since his role as pathological liar in *Naked City*, chats with Burt Lancaster between takes on their latest film, *All My Sons*.





Sunday nights, Duff's the hard-boiled detective Sam Spade, a Dashiell Hammett invention. Man behind the controls is director Bill Spier. Universal may make a movie of the series.



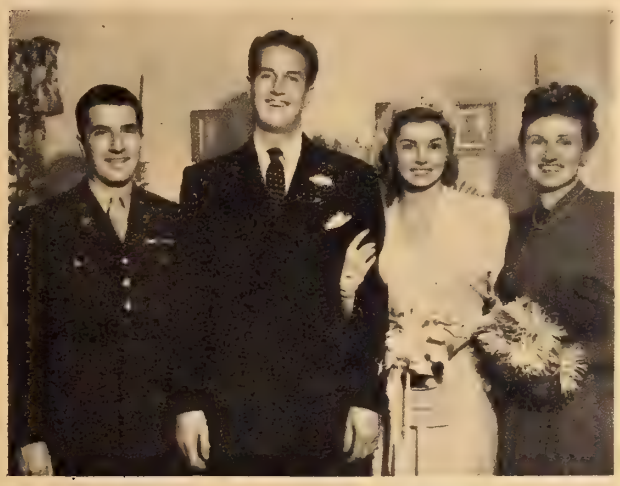
LIFE WITH ESTHER

by

melvina pumphrey

FOR PRESS AGENT MEL, IT'S HARD TO IMAGINE LIFE WITHOUT ESTHER, THE GAL WITH THE SUNNY SMILE, GAG-A-MINUTE MIND—AND LOVELY, SLOPPY WAY ABOUT THE KITCHEN!

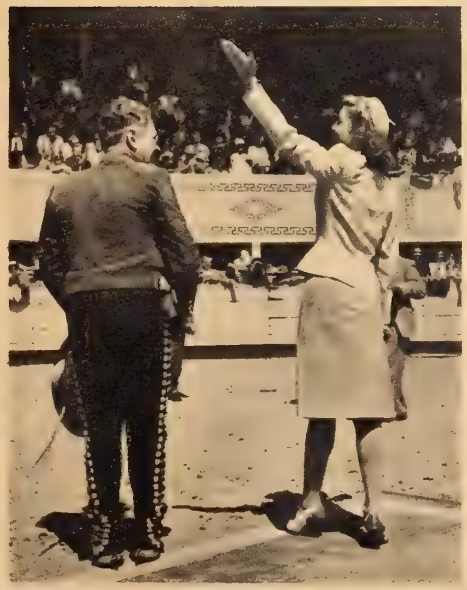
"Esther married Ben Gage on November 25, 1945, in Westwood. I was her only attendant. Ben's brother, Charles, was best man."



←"For a gag, Esther and I staged this sorrowful scene when she left on her honeymoon with Ben, and I had to stay home."



"She tackles all her work with equal vigor. Esther was dogged about studying bull-fighting with Antonio Marquez in Mexico."



"At the world-famous Charro Festival (a Mexico charity rodeo) Esther was introduced to the crowd by a Mexico City dentist."

■ Esther Williams flashed her sunny smile at the photographers. "If you boys are through," she said, "I think I'll slip into a suit and have myself a swim."

I had a moment of panic. Me, I can't swim a stroke. Here I was trusted by my boss with a new M-G-M starlet named Esther Williams. It was my first publicity assignment with her—a fashion sitting at the Town House. I'd worked at the studio just two weeks. What I knew about Esther Williams, you could have slipped under your left eyelash.

But I was playing this safe. If she drowned in that pool, I wasn't going to have her blood on my hands.

"Wait a minute," I interrupted anxiously. "Are you *sure* you can swim?"

Esther still kids me about it, because when I pulled *that* one, she was a past national freestyle swimming champ!

It happened five and one half years ago and strangely enough, it was the start of a perfect personal friendship and career connection that's lasted happily every day since. Maybe I'd better explain: My name's Melvina Pumphrey and strangely enough, I've been associated with Esther Williams' publicity from that day on. I know somewhat more about her by now.

She was bridesmaid at my wedding and I was bridesmaid at hers. Esther came along on my honeymoon ("Look, I've got to see this thing through," she said) and I flew after Ben Gage and his bride the day after they hopped off for Mexico. We've traveled all over the country together, shared a hundred hotel rooms, swapped outfits too (we wear the same sizes, with a few minor adjustments). I've fretted like a doting maw over every problem Esther's had, and vice versa.

People have tossed bouquets at times which make me purr, naturally. "You've done a wonderful job with Esther," they say. I have a stock comeback. "Look what I've got to work with."

There's a tree-top tall character in MODERN SCREEN's Hollywood office named Tom Carlile, and the other



"Wherever she goes, Esther infects people with her gaiety. Here, while being fitted, she's giving Irene, M-G-M's head designer, the news about a p.a. tour."



"Ben came down to see Esther several times during the filming of Fiesta. *That's my husband, Ken McEldowney, on the right; we're at the Mexico City Race Track."*



"In Mexico City we looked around like tourists before Esther went to work. With Antonio Marquez, we went to all the bull-fights, ate too many tacos."

LIFE WITH ESTHER

day he phoned me. "Mel, you've been all over the country with Esther, you know more about her than anyone outside of her family and Ben," he said. "We want you to write the real lowdown, the inside, the works."

"That is not an utterly impossible request," I replied, modestly.

"There's a catch," he said. "We want to illustrate the story with pictures of you and Esther taken during your vast travels together."

"Hey, remember me?" I said. "It's my job to stay out of pictures. Besides, I don't think I have any."

"G'wan," he said. "You must have a personal scrapbook chuckfull."

So he convinced me, and if you don't like my looks in the pictures on these pages, blame it on Tom.

I think it is pertinent that after five and a half years with Esther, I still can't swim a stroke. She has labored patiently to teach me, and every time I've spluttered, gagged and half-drowned. "Just lie down in the water like you're going to sleep," says Esther. "That's the first step." So I do, trustingly, and I wake up on the bot-



"Eating with Esther is my biggest occupational hazard. She has a healthy appetite, but she works off all the excess calories. Wish I could say the same!"



"We've been train-riding together over four years, and always, before the train's out of town, Esther has a change of clothing ready. She's fresher than a daisy by dinnertime."

tom, asleep in the deep. The last step, maybe she means. When Esther isn't submersed, she's flying high with a natural bouyancy that makes her a dream to be around.

I remember the day (not long after that swimming-pool boner of mine) Esther asked me to go with her to Cal Shipyards. It was during the war and she'd been asked to christen a boat.

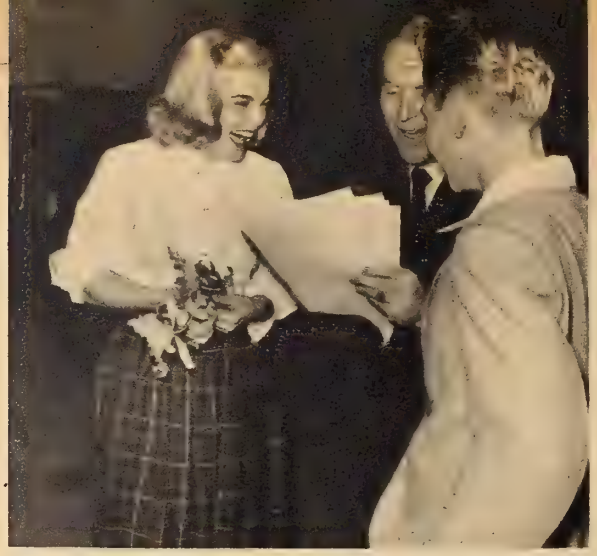
The first surprise came when she led me to her rackety flivver and wheeled me across town bouncing and rattling and talking a blue streak—mostly about her family. "Hey," she said, "We've got time. Let's drop by the house and see Mom." So we did. I've never forgotten it.

It wasn't much of a Hollywood glamor house as I'd pictured them. It was tiny, plain and in the unfashionable south end of town. But Esther ushered me inside as if it was a palace to meet her sweet, smart, motherly mom.

Before we left, I'd inspected the bed Esther was born in, her baby crib and clothes. We'd dug down in the trunk to see her homemade party gowns, old beaux' pictures, (*Continued on page 95*)



"Sharing a train bedroom can be agony, but not when your partner has a sense of humor. Here, the star of On An Island With You *talks about her favorite guy, Ben."*



Bob Hastings, Fairfax High student, was a surprised young man when Ralph Edwards, on Truth or Consequences show, told him Lizabeth Scott had volunteered to be his date at ROTC dance. His regular gal, Bob said, had turned him down.

He stood there,
expecting a pie in the face,
because anything could happen
on this loony radio show.
Then they brought out
Liz Scott, and Bob thought,
Oh, brother, what
a consequence!

BY CYNTHIA MILLER

TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES

■ Bob Hastings felt terrible. Five o'clock on a Saturday afternoon, and here was his girl on the other end of the wire breaking their date for the ROTC ball that night. "I'm busy," she said. He said "Okay. I'll go alone, but it won't be much fun." And he hung up sadly.

Delda was a wonderful girl, and he just didn't understand it.

"Look," his mother said, "come along with Dad and Don and me to the Truth or Consequences radio show this afternoon. Dad got tickets from a man in the office—"

It was an obvious attempt to cheer him up, but that was all right, too. He grinned, put his arm around his mother, and said, "Swell."

He was sitting in the radio station, brooding, when Don (his nineteen-year-old brother) poked him in the ribs. "Hey, they're asking for two high school students —raise your hand, you could use some of that fast radio money."

Bob raised his hand obediently, and was hooked by Ralph Edwards, the show's

(*Continued on following page*)





After the program, Bob and Liz stopped at Brown Derby for quick dinner. Host Ralph suggested the steak, but Bob, who'd lost his appetite in the excitement of the broadcast, settled on a sandwich and an ice-cream sundae.



Bob, slicked up in his ROTC uniform, gets a fond send-off from his family. Aside from their well-wishes, he was equipped with orchid, $50 cash and chauffeured limousine, thanks to Edwards.



Orchid tucked under his arm, Bob greeted Liz at her door. He was surprised to find she only appears tall in films (*I Walk Alone* and *Pitfall* are her latest). Actually, she's two inches shorter than he, not "too sophisticated."



Liz paused on the porch for Bob to pin the orchid on her mink. Under the coat, she wore a simple white crepe grown with a large metal-studded belt. Her hair was arranged in large, soft curls.



Settled in the car, Liz, who's 24, and Bob, 16 and a half, got acquainted. He told her his girl had called that very day, said she'd made a date with another guy weeks before, had forgotten about it. Liz was sympathetic.



At the Ball, Liz met Bob's commanding officer, Lt. Col. Hal Randall. He and Liz exchanged knowing glances, for in a little while, the "gag" would be revealed to all!

master of ceremonies. Edwards asked Bob to go up on the stage, and Bob went up and watched as two warm-up contestants—big, burly men—raced to put on women's clothing, and he wondered what kind of nutty stunt *he'd* end up doing. Eventually, Mr. Edwards called him to the microphone, and asked for his full name.

"Robert George Hastings." The words came out shakily.

"Where do you go to school?"

"Fairfax High," he said. And then Mr. Edwards was saying, "And now your question. A. A. O'Keefe wants you to name three popular sports in which feathers are used."

Bob opened his mouth. "Pillow fighting—" His mind fled, and he stood frozen, as the horn sounded. "You haven't told the truth," Edwards said, "so you'll have to pay the consequences. Are you free tonight?"

Bob said no, he wasn't, he was going to a military ball out at school. Ralph asked if he had a date.

He stood there, considering Delda's perfidy. "No," he said. "I did have, but I don't now."

Mr. Edwards got the whole painful story out of him, after which he boomed, "How would you like to go to that dance escorting a beautiful movie star like Lizabeth Scott?"

"I'd rather have a short one," Bob said candidly. Once the laughter had faded a little, Ralph said, "Oh, the movies make them look a lot taller," and then before anybody could say anything else, Lizabeth Scott strode on-stage.

Bob's face turned brick-red.

"Miss Scott's volunteered to fill the gap in your evening," Ralph said. "And you'll have $50 spending money, and a chauffeured limousine—"

Timidly, Bob gazed at Lizabeth. She sure was pretty, and not so tall, either. Not as tall as *he* was, even.

When the broadcast was over, Mr. Edwards took Bob and Liz to the Brown Derby to eat, and then they separated, each going home to get dressed for the ball. Bob's family helped him slick up, excitedly, and he explained that Miss Scott was really awfully nice, and as long as he couldn't be taking Delda—

At 8 o'clock, he drove away in the limousine, clutching under his arm the box of orchids the program had provided.

He got a kick out of walking in to the dance with Liz by his side. She looked gorgeous, all right. He introduced her to his commanding officer, Lt. Col. Randall, and Colonel Randall took them up on the platform, and introduced Miss Scott to all the people.

After which Miss Scott went down into the audience and came back with Delda Jacks, Bob's girl. "She was in on the stunt with Mr. Edwards," Liz explained to the astonished Bob. "She hated having to phone like that. Now you two go have the first dance together."

But Bob politely invited Liz to be his first partner.

Next number, he excused himself, and approached Delda. Delda slipped into his arms, and they drifted away, both smiling because it was good to be sixteen, and dancing. And once Bob whispered, "She's swell, all right—but Delda, you're my girl."



Liz danced the first one with Bob, and he began to lose his self-consciousness. Previously, Liz had been introduced to the audience by Col. Randall.



Later, she'd introduced Delda Jacks, Bob's girl. Delda'd been in on "frame-up," was glad, at last, that truth was out. Admitted breaking date on day of dance was hardest thing she'd ever done!



Young beauty:

Graceful Vikkie Dougan, New York model and prize-winning skater.

Beauty shade:

"Look Pink," blithe new spring shade of Cutex polish.
(Luscious in Cutex Lipstick too.)

Beauty miracle:

"Never, *ever* before, have I found a polish so long-wearing as the new Cutex," says Vikkie.



"Look Pink" by Cutex—

—newest, fashion-favored look for nails and lips

THIS SPRING, fashion loves pink! *You'll* love "Look Pink"—glowing on your nails and lips—flattering your new clothes, and you!

It's a heavenly shade in a stay-perfect polish! Cutex now outwears even costly polishes! Sparkles with rich, fadeless color! And new Cutex is angel-pure—safe for even sensitive skins. A wonderful exclusive found in no other leading polish! Only 10¢, plus tax.



You'll love the "Look Pink" shade in creamy, silk-smooth Cutex Lipstick too. So luxurious! Yet . . . only 49¢, plus tax.

Try *all* Cutex's fine manicure aids, from nippers to nail white, for the exquisite grooming new fashions demand. NorthamWarren, New York.

MRS. SHERRY—BY WILLIAM GRANT SHERRY

(*Continued from page 49*)

both of us. But in the end, Bette said, "My work will always be in California; Butternut has always been too far away. Let's sell it."

Another picture in my mind is Bette as a mother. She adores her daughter without smothering her. Many times when Bette and I are playing with Barbara, she will turn to me and say, "Sherry, is she really ours?" Being such an individual herself, she treats Bede like one. No baby talk from Bette. That's my prerogative. One of Bette's favorite pastimes at the moment is watching me toss Bede up and catch her. The baby chuckles away as she flies through the air. (Bede, the nickname we use, is the vocalization of the baby's initials. B. D. Sherry.)

When Bette isn't working, we live entirely in Laguna. Some of the nicest pictures in my mental album are of her there. Bette in blue denims looking like a little girl. Bette playing in the sand with her niece Fay. Bette sitting in the end of our rowboat while I take her on trips up and down the coast, Bette barbecuing chickens by the light of the fire and the moon, Bette swimming—but that's a story, and I'd better go back a little.

Our mornings in Laguna are given to work. While I paint, Bette putters around the house. She fixes flowers, gives a dust here and there, plans the meals, answers her mail. We have our lunch on the terrace overlooking the ocean. There's an extra kitchen off the terrace, and Bette always arranges for salads and coldcuts and a jug of iced coffee to be in the refrigerator so we can serve ourselves whenever we feel hungry, instead of eating at a regular luncheon hour. In this way I can work as long as I am in the mood without inconveniencing the workings of Bette's well scheduled household.

Afternoons, we devote to the beach. When I first met Bette, she swam a very sloppy crawl. She spent most of her time on the beach concentrating on a suntan—alternating with sitting under an umbrella with her typewriter, surrounded by scripts. But from the very first, she admired the ease with which I swam, and envied the fun I had in the water. One day, bored with her beach routine, she asked me if I would teach her to swim as I did. "I'll certainly try," I said. "I'm tired of watching all that lost motion of yours."

My wife's a perfectionist. By the middle of the summer she had really smoothed out that crawl. Then came the day when she decided she was quite able to cope with the sea on its own terms. I stood on the shore and realized she was going farther out than she ever had before. She turned to give me a triumphant wave—"Look what I've done"—when a breaker hit her. That is one thing I had always warned her about. "Don't turn your back on the ocean, watch it, then it can't hurt you." I could just hear her saying to herself, "You got yourself into this my girl, now get yourself out." And she did. A few minutes later she was standing beside me, breathing a little hard but still triumphant.

"Almost went in after you," I said.

She pulled her cap off and opened her eyes at me. "Whatever *for?*"

Bette's zest for anything new is exhilarating. She bubbles with enthusiasm, not only for what she does herself but for what others do. In this connection she bowled me over once.

I've always wanted to fly, and had a chance to learn on the GI Bill. But I knew how Bette felt about flying. Except in cases of dire emergency, she'd have nothing to do with it. So I kept wondering how to broach my plan, certain that she'd say "Please don't—" In the end, I just broke it. "Bette, I think I'll enter flying school—"

She was sitting there, knitting. "Why don't you?" said my astounding wife, without dropping a stitch.

"You mean that?"

"Of course I mean it."

"But you hate flying—"

"But you love it. Therefore I think you should fly—"

More than that, she came to watch when I took my flight test. More than that, she's gone up with me a couple of times—which I consider the nicest kind of compliment. Because, make no mistake, she's still frightened. What she minds is the sense of suspension in space, the feeling that she can't do anything about it.

"I'd like not to be able to see out," she says.

"Then close your eyes."

"Don't be silly, I might as well stay on the ground."

To me that's spunk—not the absence of fear, but the will to overcome it. When the picture's finished, we plan to fly around looking for a ranch. We've concluded that a near-by ranch is the best substitute for Butternut.

Right now, we divide our time between the studio and Laguna. So that Bette wouldn't have to go back and forth daily, Warners converted the dressing room above her own into a bedroom and, by adding an inside staircase, turned the place into a very livable little house. My intention was to stay put at Laguna. "You'll be working up there, I'll be working down here," I said. "Perfect set-up—"

end of day blues . . .

Only it wasn't. When Bette's working day was over, she was lonely; so was I. I'd phone, she'd assure me everything was fine, and ten minutes later I'd find myself back on the phone. Moreover, I couldn't work during the day—missed her too much.

"You know, Sherry," she said, "there's that little upstairs kitchen—"

Which was all I needed. That little upstairs kitchen became my temporary studio. Bette goes off to the set, I go up to the kitchen, and my mind's at peace, and we meet for lunch. Weekends we're at Laguna. And always once in the middle of the week, Windy, her director, arranges for Bette to finish early, and gives her a late morning call. She's very cute about that. It's been going on ever since the picture started, but each time she takes it like a Christmas gift.

"How marvelous! You mean I can go home to my daughter?"

In many ways Bette and I are alike temperamentally. I daresay an eavesdropper in our car would tag us mildly wacky. I daresay we are. We'll be driving along when:

"Hungry?" I'll ask.

"Starved," says my wife.

"Well, reach down and get a sandwich."

Of course there's no sandwich. There's no reason for a sandwich. But Bette reaches down and goes through all the pantomime of unwrapping one, biting into it, exclaiming, "Oh! Peanut butter *again?*" Then, "Think I'll have some coffee," she says. Up comes an imaginary thermos, and she struggles with the cork. "Can't get it out." She hands it to me. I wrestle the cork out with my teeth, and hand it back. She tilts it, nothing happens, she peers inside. "That's not coffee, that's baked beans—"

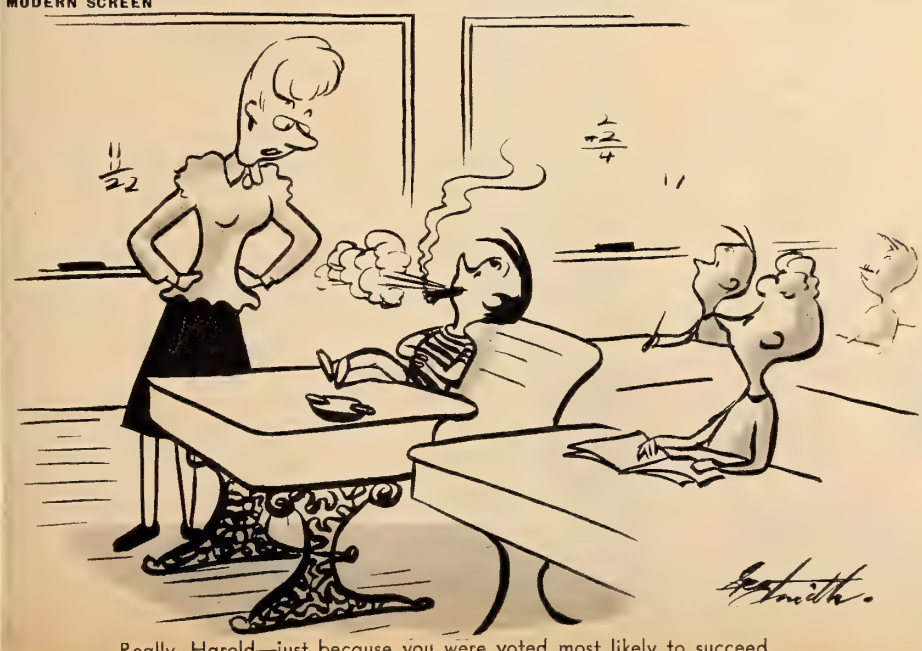
In the midst of our hilarity, she'll fix me with a reproachful eye. "Sherry, sometimes I think we're simple-minded."

Then there was the day I fell in with Windust's gag, and became an extra on a huge subway set. (You can't do this without being paid, so the money was turned over to the Motion Picture Relief Fund.) I wore my navy uniform, carried a big seabag to cover my face, and kept getting between the camera and Bette. Finally she'd had enough of me.

"What's *wrong* with that man?" she asked Windust. "*Do* something about him."

That was my signal to drop the seabag. I knew just how my wife's head would go back, how she'd explode into mirth, just what she'd say. She said it. "Sherry, you *fool!*"

She got back at me nicely too. Had one of the men on the set fill my seabag with



Really, Harold—just because you were voted most likely to succeed . . .

Which Twin has the Toni?

(see answer below)



One Permanent Cost $15...the TONI only $2

Like the winsome Miller twins, you'll say your Toni Home Permanent is every bit as lovely as an expensive beauty-shop wave. But before trying Toni you'll want to know —

Will TONI work on my hair?

Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Will my TONI wave be loose or tight?

With Toni you can have just the amount of curl that suits you best—from a loose, natural-looking wave to a halo of tight ringlets. Just follow the simple directions for timing.

Is it easy to do?

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Which twin has the TONI?

Pictured above are the Miller twins of Long Island, N.Y. Jean, the one at the right, has the Toni. She says, "When Ann saw how easily I gave myself the Toni Home Permanent, she vowed her next wave would be a Toni, too."

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weights. All but broke my back when I tried to lift it.

While we're on the subject of pictures, many people have asked me whether or not Bette accepts suggestions regarding her work. She is most interested in suggestions offered by people whose opinions she values. Extremely short with those who she feels have no right to offer a suggestion. Bette has always been a firm believer in minding one's own business. She does, and she expects the same from others.

One suggestion I did make to her concerned her appearance on the screen. "Do you realize how much more attractive you are off the screen than on?" I said. "Why don't you try a new way of making up for your next picture?" Bette consulted the powers that be. They tried something new and liked it. Bette likes it. I like it. All that's left to hope is that her audiences will like it—if not, here will be a guy out on a very long limb.

Bette also likes my suggestions about clothes. I'm a bug on the subject—I think few women dress to their best advantage. I believe clothes are a form of expression, not merely a covering. I don't like anything on Bette that is tight or slick. She is such an active and vital person her clothes should be cut so that she can move freely, she strides out, waves her arms around—

"That makes two of us," says my wife. "To see us talking together, you'd think we were having a fist fight."

A while back, I said that Bette and I were alike. In one basic way we differ. My theory is that most things work themselves out. You work, you eat, you sleep, you take the good or bad as it comes, and do the best you can with it. Bette does not feel this way; she worries about the universe. In fact, spends so much time planning and worrying about others she hasn't time to solve her own problems. She has more conscience than anyone I have ever met. Single-handed, she'd like to mould the scheme of things nearer to her heart's desire. But I am curing her of brooding—she laughs more than she used to. With Bede around it's a new life for her. The baby makes so much that used to be important seem unimportant. Bette can be really down in the dumps, and start playing with Bede and everything changes. Barbara smiles one of her enchanting toothless smiles and it's magic. Bette's face lights up, her troubles drop away. That's my favorite picture of Mrs. Sherry.

ORDEAL

(*Continued from page 27*)

He was staying away from the studio having been granted a leave following completion of *The Bride Goes Wild,* and every possible minute he was with Evie and the infant. They had selected the baby's name in advance—Schuyler Van Johnson. (Both fell in love with the name Schuyler when they saw *Gentleman's Agreement.* Gregory Peck's name in that picture was Schuyler. "Boy or girl, that's it," Van said excitedly, and Evie agreed with him.)

On Thursday, the baby and Evie were doing well enough so Van felt safe in leaving the hospital long enough to go to Metro, and pass out cigars. He enjoyed a field day on the lot, greeting old friends and accepting congratulations on his fatherhood. He told with bursting pride of how the fans had deluged Evie and the child with gifts—blankets, pretty baby bonnets, little infant garments.

It was on Friday night that Evie had her first relapse. Van was not in the hospital

since all hospitals are still too crowded for fathers to be accommodated when their babies are born. I remember after the first John Barrymore-Dolores Costello baby was ushered into the world, John refused to budge an inch from Good Samaritan Hospital and was promptly ensconced in a room of his own where he held court. (I'll tell you a secret that not everyone knows—that baby, now seventeen years old, is just about to be launched on a screen career of his own. It's been kept very *sub rosa,* and they do say he has all the makings of another John Barrymore. Which by the way he is—John II.)

Van must have had a presentiment, that Friday evening. He knew that Evie had gone through a difficult time. (Little Schuyler Van was by way of being a whopping infant, eight pounds six and a half ounces at birth.) The hospital got Van on the phone, and he rushed to Evie's side. He found her weak and scarcely conscious. All that night he sat beside her. The crisis passed.

The next day, he was heavy-eyed from lack of sleep, and restless. He decided he needed a haircut, and drove to his favorite barbershop in Beverly Hills. He was in the chair getting a trim when the telephone rang.

"It's for you, Van," the proprietor said.

Van uttered one exclamation—"My God!"—and leaped out of the chair. It was the hospital, and the news was far from reassuring. "You'd better come at once," said the calmly judicial voice at the hospital.

With his haircut half-finished, Van dashed to his car and sped away.

He found Evie barely alive. Doctors and nurses were struggling over her but for the rest of that day and most of the night her chances remained doubtful. She was too weak to know that Van was there beside her. He didn't sleep at all. Toward morning a nurse tapped him on the shoulder. "She's going to be all right now. She's sleeping." "Oh, thank God!" Van cried, and finally he closed his eyes and slept the sleep of utter exhaustion.

As is customary in such cases, Evie promptly made a quick comeback. Though still extremely weak, she was cheerful and able to take nourishment. For hours on end each day and each evening she would lie, Van's hand clasping hers, and together they planned and dreamed. At regular intervals, the baby would be brought in.

"See, darling, she has your red hair," Evie said one day, and there was no denying it.

"You just can't beat a redhead," Van said proudly. "There's something about a redhead."

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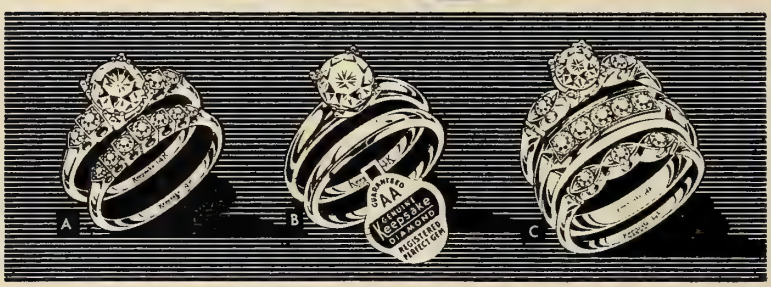
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Evie smiled as she regarded her husband's own flaming locks. "You're so right," she told him fondly.

One afternoon the nurse brought a new gift, a baby photograph album that came from Deborah Kerr, the British star who had given birth to her baby just before New Year's. That brought on a whole new sequence of parental dreams. The hospital attendants got a great thrill out of being in on the ground floor of this Hollywood drama. Of course everybody wanted autographed pictures—Van had to make two special trips over to the studio to load himself down with scores of photographs. Besides that, he bought dozens and scores of pounds of candy for the nurses.

Evie's condition kept improving. She was eager to return to the familiar surroundings of her own home. On Friday night, just a week after her first serious setback, Van was in her room talking and suddenly remarked: "How about some ice-cream?"

"Oh, I'd like a little," Evie said. Van made an inquiry of the nurse who told him that it was too late to have ice-cream in the room. "Never mind, though, I'll see what I can do," she said, and sure enough within a half hour she returned with a container. Van felt embarrassed. "You shouldn't have gone to all that trouble."

"Oh, it's nothing," the nurse replied. "I have a little girl who just idolizes you and I'd do anything in the world for you and Mrs. Johnson."

Afterward, it developed that she had gone to the drugstore across the street for the ice-cream, and then had walked up six flights of stairs to Evie's room just in case anyone should detect her going up in the elevator and ask questions.

The very next day, Saturday, the doctor decided that Evie could go home. The trip was made in an ambulance without mishap and Evie was installed in her huge bed, the one Van had ordered specially made for them.

Van fixed himself a mattress with sheets and blankets on the floor beside her—and that turned out to be lucky. For it was the very next night that Evie had the very bad time with those broken stitches.

As this story leaves my typewriter, I have the last available word from the doctors—Evie will make it okay, they say. She is a strong, healthy girl normally, and her constitution is good.

Little Schuyler Van remains unaware of the excitement she has caused, as Van and Evie blissfully dream up a bright future for her, and for themselves.

Laraine Day . . .

currently starring in RKO's *Tycoon*, poses for Modern Screen in a bolero dress sure to turn heads your way in the Easter parade.

It's two-piece, and the nice swingy skirt has a wide polka dot cummerbund to hug your waist. The brief little jacket repeats the polka dots in the collar and cuffs.

It's made of rayon gabardine, and comes also in rose with dotted navy rayon cummerbund; grey with brown; white with navy; beige with green. Sizes 9 to 15.

By Perky Frox About $10.95

For where to buy, see page 83.


modern screen
fashions



by connie bartel
fashion editor

for easter–

■ Navy's in town again—
navy spiked with fresh, here-I-come
stripes. To steal the show
in the Easter parade—try this rayon
sheer jacket job with the very
Fifth Avenue look. The short-sleeved
dress is a wow by itself; with
the bold cuffed jacket it's a
Costume! Comes also in black.
Junior sizes 9 to 15.
By Carousel about $12.95

for where to buy turn to page 83





navy and stripes

■ How's this for a cagey way to snag your public? The long, slim torso makes your waist practically vanish—the all-round pleated skirt swirls pert as can be—and the tricky capelet lights up your cute little face. The bodice is butcher rayon; the stripes are rayon jersey. Navy, red, green, luggage. 9-15. By Meadowbrook Jrs. about $7.95

for where to buy turn to page 83



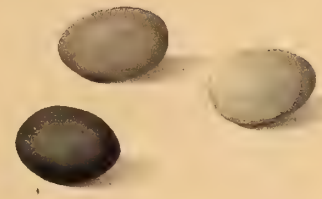
for easter–bright



■ Spring giving you all sorts of urges? This come-hither sheer rayon print will express what you're feeling. See the provocative marquisette neckline—with the look-again appliqué? See the harem pockets to make your waist unbelievably small? A dress with s. a., wouldn't you say? Pink or gold. 10-18. A Plutzer Prize-Winner. About $12.95

for where to buy turn to page 83

prints



■ If you're a cute 5'5" or less—this dress is sized just for you. It's the Merry-Go-Round print—designed to make the boys' heads spin. It's black rayon jersey—sprinkled with darling pink, blue and white horses. Deep flounce, and moonstone buttons. Also, lime and blue print; or orange and turquoise. 10-16. by Leslie Fay About $10.95

for where to buy turn to page 83





the dress with the *talked-about* belt

■ And the raved-about everything else—period! Look at it. Three way color contrast. Shirt-top for your jewelry. Black skirt—with unpressed pleats. And of course—that belt, with the great big shining medallion. Powder blue, aqua, pink or maize top, all with black skirt and belt in third color. Sizes 9-15. By Rox Frox. About $5.95.

Star pin by Coro, $1 plus tax.

for where to buy turn to page 83

THAT OLD BLACK EYEBROW

(*Continued from page 33*)

favorite paintings, books and his grand piano. First thing that caught my eye was a picture of his ex-wife, Barbara Hutton, on his desk, and near that one of her son, Lance. Cary saw the surprise on my face. I shouldn't have shown it; I shouldn't have felt it. I should've known Cary better by now. He's good friends with everyone—even his ex-mates.

He still takes out his first wife, blonde Virginia Cherrill, who divorced the Count of Jersey not so long ago. He visited her abroad when she was the Countess. Last spring, when he went to Europe, Cary met Barbara Hutton in Paris and they sailed gaily around to all the best places. "If we hadn't just been divorced," grinned Grant, "you'd have thought I was courting the girl. Barbara's a marvelous woman," he went on. "And very misunderstood." Their broken marriage, Cary explains with, "We just had two different ways of life. She loves the international life and travel. My work keeps me close to Hollywood." That was a short, pointed and true explanation, but incomplete.

Barbara was never happy in Hollywood, and why those two people ever talked themselves into a marriage, is sometimes to wonder. I can't believe that Cary, who can make a million dollars every year, himself, was ever dazzled by Barbara Hutton's five-and-dime-store millions, or by her international glamor. I think he honestly fell for her, and Cary has always been consistent in falling for the same type of woman—short, fragile, beautiful blondes.

They made a heavenly beautiful couple, surely. They set up a Hollywood home in the style Barbara was accustomed to, with butlers and second butlers and all the trimmings. Cary didn't mind that. Maybe he liked it. He was sweet to Barbara and her son, as he's sweet to everyone. I don't know how deeply Cary's emotions were touched, or can be touched. There's an impersonal side to him and it could be that his relaxed philosophy protects his inner heart strings.

It was a basic tug with Cary all the time they were married between the profession he loves, and Barbara's sophisticated tastes and values. Many a time when she was partying with her friends, Cary was upstairs cramming twelve solid pages of script into his head. Up at six for a studio call, home late, dead tired, he didn't have much time for the upper crust goings on around his place.

Once, while the Grants were wed, I wrote an article presenting them as a happily married couple. I did it because I liked Cary, but at heart I knew I was writing nonsense. Cary knew I knew it, too. He hung my house with flowers the day it came out. (*Continued on page 73*)

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for where to buy turn to page 83



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(*Continued from page 71*) His way of saying "Thank You!" Six months later they were separated.

Cary Grant lives his real life on a sound stage. All else, I know, is secondary with him and has been since he set his course straight for the stars.

I remember the first time I ever met him. He was wearing a Salvation Army suit, and he winked his eye at me.

I was younger then, and a little more foolish, and I winked right back.

I was strolling down Glamor Row at Paramount the day it happened. We called it Glamor Row then because Paramount's star queens of that hey-hey day patted on their powder in the dressing rooms of plushy suites strung along one sparkling row. Marlene Dietrich, Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard—and the sexiest invader, Mae West—ah, the competition among that batch of sirens for Paramount's eligible males was something fierce. Whoever could corral the most courtiers in her dressing-room made the others burn.

This day, Mae had a prize catch on her string and as I passed, she swept out the door, curvaceous, corseted, bosomy, bulging and dripping diamonds, trailed by six or eight charmed captives—Gary Cooper, Jack Oakie, Mitch Leisen, Dick Arlen—I've forgotten who-all, except this dark, debonair character dawdling along in the rear, his hands in the pockets of his Salvation suit. I haven't forgotten him.

wicked wink . . .

My jaw must have dropped at the sight, because I stood stock still, and Cary almost had to knock me over to get past. As he did, a black eyebrow angled mischievously up and one big, brown eye rolled me a deliberate, merry wink. As if to say, "Sister—get a load of *this*!"

I did, and of him, too. I followed the procession to the set of *She Done Him Wrong* where Cary was Mae West's leading man, and I talked and laughed with my new boy friend until they practically had to throw me out. I wish I had a nickel for every time I've done that since.

A few months ago I got a call from a fellow I like and admire, the famous flyer, Howard Hughes. "I'm going to try her out," he announced, "and I'd like to have you there to watch and wish me luck." He was talking about his jumbo flying boat, the one that took years and years and millions and millions to build, the one all the world doubted would fly. That I couldn't miss.

It's pretty clammy around a harbor at 8 A.M. in the morning. I stumped aboard the yacht without my coffee, my mood matching the gray waves that slapped the gangplank. Jimmy Stewart, Hank Fonda, and Randy Scott were already aboard with some other pals of Howard's. I was late, and that didn't improve my disposition. I was wearing an anxious frown, until all of a sudden something swept out of a cabin door like a wave and tossed me mast high it seemed.

"The late Miss Hoppuh!" boomed a voice in my ear, and I stared down at that Old Black Eyebrow.

"Let me down!" I screamed, grabbing my hat which wavered in the breeze, almost heading out to sea. "The *late* Miss Hopper, indeed! I'm not dead yet, Grant!"

"Well, then," he grinned, tossing me about like a bean bag, "get that undertaker look off your face and join the party."

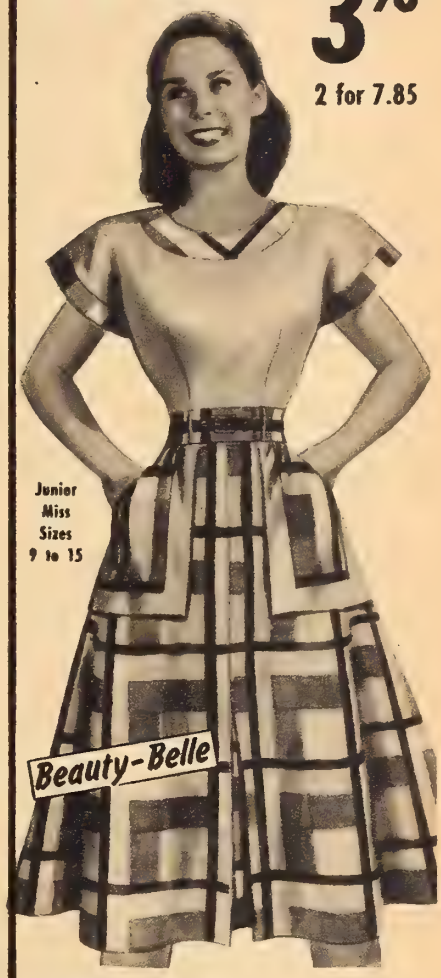
It was Cary's idea to save the champagne until Hughes' motors revved over, way down the bay. He filled the glasses as his binoculars caught the giant ship's foaming run. As the eight motors thundered past us, skimming the ship over the water, we all drank a toast to Howard Hughes and his plane. "May she fly like a feather

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in the breeze!" cried Cary—and do you know what? She rose like a graceful gull and took off in the air—the greatest craft by far ever to lift itself from this globe! Howard told us afterwards, "I had no idea of actually flying the plane. Just wanted to test her out on water. But she felt so good all of a sudden that I just took off!"

Well, I'm silly enough to think that Cary's ever-lovin' buoyancy had something to do with that!

Cary and Howard Hughes are the closest of friends. Like Cary, Howard's a bachelor; like Grant, he's quiet in public, somewhat of a mystery man. Together they take their fun where they find it.

Last year Cary and Howard made headlines. *Cary Grant and Howard Hughes Overdue on Flight—Feared Lost.* A couple of days later they turned up in Mexico, without a care in their handsome heads.

Cary explained it all later. "We put down at El Paso, Texas, for coffee, and when take-off time came, the weather looked bad. Howard said, 'Let's go to Mexico,' so we did. Two days later, a reporter came up and told us we were hopelessly lost."

bachelors' ball . . .

The best Hollywood party I've ever attended was tossed by Cary Grant and three other bachelors (of that moment), Eddy Duchin, Jimmy Stewart and Johnny McClain.

First, they re-opened Hollywood's famous Clover Club, after the place had been gathering cobwebs for months. If there's anything chillier than an abandoned nightery, you can have it. But Cary and his crew warmed it up. They reopened it, redecorated it and invited half of Hollywood. Mike Romanoff catered the food, a big name orchestra played, everybody had the most of the finest service and favors. We had a party post-mortem not long after, and Cary told me the inside story.

He'd summoned a florist to make it look and smell pretty. Flowers to Grant reach their peak in gardenias. "How about gardenias?" he asked the flower man. "Excellent," the man confirmed. "An excellent choice."

"Then," waxed Cary enthusiastically, string them all over the room."

The florist did. He was happy to. He strung two thousand of them. "Then next day we got the bill," grinned Cary, a little sheepishly. "A dollar a gardenia—two thousand bucks."

That's the way it went, but to Cary and his pals it was worth it.

Cary's a hard-headed Englishman, but when it comes to brewing fun for the people he likes, the sky's the limit with him.

The first picture that bagged an Academy nomination for Cary was *Sylvia Scarlett*, one he made several years ago with Katie Hepburn and Brian Aherne. It was a vague, rambling, sometimes silly picture, and it flopped at the boxoffice, but Cary played a comedy cockney that was devastating. That's typical Cary. Whether it's with Shirley Temple or Greta Garbo he gives his good-humored everything to a picture.

I watched him playing intimate husband-wife scenes with Myrna Loy in *Mister Blandings Builds His Dream House* the other day at R-K-O, and the scenes were so realistic, I was actually embarrassed. I thought, "Why, that Cary could be the most domesticated ever lovin' husband in the world, if he had the right girl." It was hard to believe he was acting.

Ethel Barrymore was charmed by Cary into coming back to Hollywood when she'd sworn, "Never again!" Cary was the big reason Ethel agreed to make *None But The Lonely Heart* though she said she'd shaken Hollywood's dust for keeps after *Rasputin* (made years ago with her brothers Lionel and John). Cary set high hopes on *None But The Lonely Heart.* It was another cockney part, but a tragic one this time, and it was Cary's bid for real acting honors, to prove to a lot of us that he was an actor, and not just a screen personality.

But during the shooting, Cary was so busy being nice to Ethel he forgot about himself. I know because Ethel told me all about it. How movie-rusty she was, and how Cary had watched over her like a mother hen. I was on the set, and I saw him steer scene after scene her way which Ethel should never have had. She'd forgotten everything about camera angles. Half the time she'd play away, leaving it all to Cary. "No, no!" he'd correct her. "Do it this way."

Ethel was crazy about him. "If he'd been my own son," she told me, "instead of one out of a script, he couldn't have been sweeter."

One of Cary's greatest friends was the late Frank Vincent, his agent-manager. Frank steered Cary surely and successfully when his breaks came in Hollywood, after an early spell of very anemic leading man parts at Paramount. When Frank died, his widow was left with his big house which was too much for her needs. Cary bought it. He has no use at all for it; he just figured that was the thing to do, and he went ahead and bought it.

As far as I know, Cary Grant "ain't mad at nobody." He had triple trouble all through his last picture, *The Bishop's Wife*, with Sam Goldwyn, who can make a saint blow his top at times. If Sam isn't a-feudin' and a-fussin' with one of his stars, he loses weight. By the time Cary checked off the Goldwyn lot he was in a state to speak nevermore to Sam Goldwyn.

the master knows his stuff . . .

"But you know, Hedda," he said to me the other day, "much as Sam can get my goat, I've got to hand it to him. Whatever he does, he thinks is right for his picture, and he can make pictures!" That was just after Cary and I had seen *The Bishop's Wife*, and its quality banished any peeves Cary had hanging around. The dope is that it and *Gentleman's Agreement* will battle for the Oscar this year, and in *The Bishop's Wife* Cary Grant stands out like a beacon.

It's so easy to take Grant for granted. He's never raising any fuss, getting in the scandal headlines. He's been around Hollywood so long and still looks and acts so much the same.

Cary's still a ring-bird at the Friday night Legion fights, still makes the circuit of dinner parties gaily, with a girl on his arm, one, incidentally, you can always be sure is attractive, pretty and welcome. He's still a fashion plate, still drives the best car he can get, likes all the comforts of life he can arrange, ducks emotional upsets the way he ducks athletics. He was an acrobat as a youth, and somehow established a durable figure that needs absolutely no attention to keep in trim. He's a beach hound, but if he ever swings a golf club, tennis racket or barbell, I don't know about it. I can't find any gray in his thick black mop and his tan complexion seems year and weather proof, though he's in his mid-forties.

He has four pictures booked ahead right now. He could have four hundred. I can't see how anyone can predict an end to Cary Grant's screen career unless they shoot him. He gets better in every picture. He's signed right now for a couple with Alexander Korda, to be made in England, One, *Young Nick, Junior*, is his pet project. It's to be made on live locations all over England, France and the Riviera.

I asked Cary not long ago if he thought he'd try marriage again. The Old Black Eyebrow waggled provocatively. "Maybe someday," he said. "Not now."

Not now, he said. And after all, why should he? He's in the same frame of mind as his pal Howard Hughes, free as the breeze and liking it. He kites off at the drop of a last take for New York, Mexico, Palm Springs, Europe.

Yet he's right on that "some day." He's too nice a guy to exist forever in lonely bachelor hall, too sociable not to have a partner to share his happy hours. Who the lucky girl will be—and I think the right one will be plenty lucky—I couldn't tell you.

I had a tip not long ago that Cary was meeting an unknown beauty at the airport. I called him, "Who is she?" (I'm not backward that way.)

Cary's voice came back merry but firm. "That, my inquisitive Hedda, is something I'm just not gonna tell you!" I had the girl's description right down to the shade of her lipstick. I even had the initials on her luggage. But I never found out her name. Cary can be contrary when he wants to, darn him!

reluctant dragon . . .

His blood bubbled up a year or so on the subject of bobby-soxers. He took a series of rough goings-over by Manhattan hoodlums (he's easily spotted anywhere) and he didn't like it. He told them off in no uncertain terms, over the radio and in lashing interviews. Right after one bitter blast, I spotted him on Hollywood Boulevard, swamped by bobby-soxers, autographing away like mad, and enjoying every minute of it.

"Get you!" I called. "You old reluctant dragon. I thought you shrank from this sort of thing."

Cary looked a little sheepish. "Ahh, Hedda," he grinned, "these kids are cute, they're polite—and, who knows, maybe they really like me. Besides," he covered, "I'm in training for my next picture—*The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer.*" It's pretty funny, come to think of it, how Cary Grant's picture parts catch up with him.

If he cops that long delayed Oscar this year, he'll get it for playing an angel from Heaven in *The Bishop's Wife.* In his next, *Young Nick, Jr.*, Cary's a devil from you know where.

Somewhere in between, I think, is the real Cary Grant—but the helping from Heaven's the biggest.

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the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION

Hi, clubbers! O-o-o-h, our aching ego! A slew of complaints this month because space limitations forced us to cut out our Club Banter section in the last few issues. Okay, you want plugs, and you certainly deserve 'em. So, hang on while we catch up with your activities—and very exciting activities, too!

Marion Oppenheim, prexy of the solid-as-the-rock-of-Gibraltar Bette Davis Club, recently returned from a vacation in Hollywood—and a visit with Bette, her husband, William Sherry—and baby Barbara . . . Did you know there's a club in honor of Pamela Kellino (Mrs. James Mason)? Violet Fairhurst is prexy. Incidentally, the Federated James Mason Clubs recently feted Pamela at a tea. About 90 Masonites were present, all duly impressed with Mrs. Mason's graciousness . . . Lorraine Romais' Fred Lowery-Dorothy Rae Club (headquarters: Milwaukee, Wisc.) is a-buzzing with activity—monthly meetings and a Pepsi-Cola party a while back—with both honoraries present . . . Entire membership of Irene Di Mattia's Semper Sinatra Club has transferred to Ann Bachman's Kid From Hoboken Club . . . the Ora E Sempre Sinatra Club has reorganized under the new name, The King's Followers . . . Astrid Rundburg's Sinatra Sorority has the real homey touch. When they visit vets at Halloran Hospital, they bake a real old-fashioned layer-cake to take with 'em . . . Virginia Haywood, former prexy, incidentally is Mary Kelly), is now heading up an all-stars radio club, for those whose favorites hit the airwaves. First journal featured: Howard Duff, Jack Berch, Haymes, Alice Faye and Phil Harris, and the My Friend, Irma program.

something for the boys . . .

Members of the Melody of Frank Sinatra Club (Bev Bush, prexy) are now honorary citizens of Father Flannagan's Boys' Town—and have a certificate to prove it . . . Free life-time memberships are given to shut-ins and foreign fans, by Viola Myers' Jay Kirby Club . . . There's now a Detroit Frank Sinatra Fan Club Association, modeled after the national org. Purposes: to band together for social, patriotic activities. Frances Stathakis and Carol Bennett of the Frank Keys are the leading lights . . . Half of all dues received from English mems of the Lloyd Bridges Club (Harriet Denahy, prexy) will be turned over to British charities. Half of U. S. dues for past 6 months have been written over to Damon Runyan Cancer Fund! . . . Members of the Racing With the Moon Club (Jeanne Staub's Vaughn Monroe Club, to the uninitiated) are sporting white polo shirts with Vaughn's pic and autograph . . . The Barbara Lawrence Club is a new club coming up fast. They've reduced their dues from $2 to $1 . . . A membership drive with a new twist is the boast of the Larry Parks Club. They're giving away ten free memberships to start their drive with a bang, and here's how it's been done: First all the letters of the alphabet were placed in a fish bowl, and the one drawn was "M." Then, they put all the



SHIRLEY FROHLICH
director

GLORIA LAMPERT
associate

different cities and towns they could think of with the initial "M" in the same bowl, and drew out "Manhasset." So—to the first 10 Larry Parks fans living in Manhasset who contact us, will go *free* memberships in Lori Rossi's club for Larry. Address: 47 West 87th Street, New York City.

You have to be a good cook to be a fan club prexy, these days. We're chortling over the account of Annette Sterling's Victory Party in honor of the Richard Conte Club's $100 contribution to the Cancer Fund. Annette itemizes "15 dozen assorted butter cookies, 90 open-faced cute little tea sandwiches, decorated very fancy with jellies, cheese, nuts and cherries," etc., etc.

* * *

Have you ordered your copy of the NEW MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Chart? The only one of its kind available anywhere, it contains the names and addresses of over 350 official fan clubs! Find out where to write for information about a club for your favorite star, how much the dues are, what you can expect for your money. Join the gang boosting your star—and have fun, meet new friends, write or draw for the club journals. For Fan Club Chart, send 10c in coin, plus a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope (4 x 9 in.) to: Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16.

* * *

7TH SEMI-ANNUAL TROPHY CUP CONTEST
(Second Lap)

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"This Is My Best" Contest Winners: Ronald Farrington, Editorial, *Jack Smith Journal* (Greer). Rosemarie Carley, "On Music Itself," *Two Grand* (Whittemore and Lowe). Sylvia Levin, "Baby Bottles and Night Life," *Joan Crawford Journal*. Anna Rechter, "Intolerance," *Sinatra* (Rundberg). Pat Harris, "Battle of Fear," *Sinatra* (Ling). Nancy Gottschalk, "Show Business," *Arthur's* (Kennedy) *Echo*. **Candid Camera Contest:** First Prize, Janis Sargeant, Rand Books Club. Others: Kathy Campbell, Darryl Hickman Club. Alyce Cogas, Darryl Hickman Club. Dorothy Nix, Frank Sinatra Club of Staten Island. Lee Perrini, Edward Ashley Fan Club. Dorothy Dominique, Bobby Beers Fan Club. **Best Editors:** League 1. Dorothy Crouse, Gene Autry Club. League 2. Gerry Kee, Alan Ladd Fan Club. League 3. Margaret Grant, Dan Duryea Fan Club. **Best Journals:** League 1. (Dennis) *Morgan Memos*. League 2. *A Handsome Ladd* (Pearl). League 3. (tied) Sinatra (Ling), *Arthur's* (Kennedy) *Echoes, Radio Stars*. **Best Covers:** League 1. *Morgan Memos*. League 2. *A-Laddin's Lamp* (Kee). League 3. (tied) Sinatra (Ling), *Radio Stars, Philip Friend Chatter, Tugwell Talk* (Willock). **Best Original Art Work:** Caroline Bartell, Sinatra (Barger). **Most Worthwhile Activities:** Gene Autry Club (donated $100 to Infantile Paralysis Fund). 2. (tied) Jeanette MacDonald Club (Farrington) (gave $50 to New England Peabody Home for Crippled Children), and Jeanette MacDonald (Riley) (donated $40 to Children's Village). 3. (tied) Perry Como Club (Staley) (made a $10 donation to CARE), and Barbara Lawrence Club (made their monthly contribution of $15 to their adopted war orphan). **Greatest Percentage Increase in Membership:** 1. Reno Browne Fan Club. 2. Sleepy Hollow Club. 3. Burt Lancaster Fan Club. **Best Correspondents:** 1. Bernice Olsen, Gene Autry Club. 2. Mary Ruth Bond, Musical Notes Club. 3. Shirley Baxter, Jack Berch Club. **Leading Clubs:** League 1. Dennis Morgan Club—950 points, Gene Autry Club 650, Nelson Eddy (Nicholin) 600. League 2. Ladd (Pearl) 700, MacDonald (Farrington), Alan Ladd (Kee) 600. League 3. Sinatra (Ling) 950, Como (Staley) 850, Duryea (Grant) 350.



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SECOND HONEYMOON—BY VIRGINIA WILSON

(*Continued from page 34*)

destructive fashion, like all infants.

Then why the second honeymoon? The answer is simple, and lies in the separation that occurred between them last year.

You've got to know these two pretty well to understand their reasons, both for the separation and the reconciliation. They aren't easy people to get to know well.

Mark says himself that he's never had close friends; since he was thirteen years old, he's been on his own. Also, he got plenty of kicking around on his way up. Even now he says, "Trust people, and eight times out of ten you'll be sorry."

It was hard for him to let down his barrier of reserve when he got married. If he and Annelle disagreed about something important, he would retreat into himself, refuse to discuss it. One of the most important things that has happened since their reconciliation is that now he finds he *can* talk things over, and it has helped them both.

Annelle is such a completely different type that it took her a long time to understand Mark. She had been a co-ed at Texas, pretty, popular, with a devoted family. She had been completely sheltered. But she thought she knew a great deal about life.

"I've read books about it," was her stock answer when Mark would say flatly that she didn't know what she was talking about on a certain subject. That was the difference between them. Her answers came from books and his from experience.

But they loved each other, and they got along. Until somehow everything began falling apart. Little things. Then bigger things. Mark not coming home when he was through work for the day. Annelle knowing something was wrong but not knowing what to do about it. Before the Hollywood world quite knew what had happened, the Stevenses had separated.

Annelle didn't begin doing the night clubs every night with the young men about town who tried to date her. Just because Mark was involved with someone else didn't mean she had to be. She let him see the baby at regular intervals, but she was always absent on these occasions.

crying on the inside . . .

So that was the way it was on the outside. But inside Annelle, things were different. Mark meant the whole world to her. She could tell herself firmly that she'd get over it. But lying alone at night, all of a sudden the tears that you've kept back all day are rolling down your face, so fast and senselessly because crying doesn't help.

Somehow, in those sleepless nights, Annelle came to an understanding of Mark she'd never had before.

Mark suffered just as much in his own way. He had made the kind of mistake men have been making since the beginning of time. But in his case, gossip-hounds gave him rough going. He was a celebrity, and celebrities shouldn't make mistakes.

One of the toughest moments Mark ever had to face was when he saw Annelle for the first time since their parting. He had asked himself desperately what he would say or do. But when two people in love come together again, all the sorrow and heartache disappear.

It wasn't the kind of reconciliation where you make up a set of rules and say, "Now if you ever do this or that again, we're through." It wasn't like that at all.

They talked things out, of course. Annelle saw that Mark would be less reserved now, less preoccupied. That he would let her help a little, when she could. Mark realized that Annelle had finally discovered books can't teach you everything.

So they went back to being Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, with their baby who looked like Mark, and the convertible that was Annelle's most prized possession. She never got into it without remembering the day it arrived.

About two weeks before the baby was due, Mark had said one morning, "Annelle, the car's knocking. I'm going to take it down and see what's wrong."

"You're crazy. It purrs like a kitten."

Mark had to grin. The car was a second-hand job he had bought just before his first date with Annelle. It had never, in its best days, purred like a kitten, but Annelle was sentimental about it.

"Well, I'll just have them check it anyway," he said mildly.

He went off and came back several hours later and honked the horn. Annelle who was busily cleaning out bureau drawers, said, "Of course, he couldn't come *in!*" But she went to the door and opened it and let out a shriek. Because there was Mark in the driver's seat of the sweetest, neatest, prettiest convertible a girl ever laid eyes on.



***HOLLYWOOD MERRY-GO-ROUND**

• Strong, silent, dead-pan Gary Cooper was in a group listening to a joke told by gag writer Eddie Moran. "Gary seemed to like your story," a friend said afterwards.

"He loved it," replied Moran. "Didn't you notice, he became almost hysterical—he said 'Hah.' "

**from the book by Andrew Hecht*

He climbed out, very casually. "It's yours, you know. Sort of a present."

"Oh, Mark! It's so beautiful, I can't believe it!" And then she burst into tears.

Her husband surveyed her in perplexity. "Maybe you don't like the color."

"I love it, you dope. But I couldn't drive such a beautiful car, looking all clumsy the way I do now. I'm going to wait till the baby comes."

And wait she did, which may have been just as well, since Annelle's driving has been known to get her five tickets in three months. The Beverly Hills police are, she's convinced, unfair to women drivers.

Don't think for a minute that because the Stevenses are back together again, they have given up arguing. They'll never do that till the day they die.

Mark is given to making sensational statements, perhaps as much to see what reaction he gets as because he means them.

"I hate women," he announced one day when they had guests.

There was a startled silence, with everyone wondering if the Stevenses were about to break up again. Annelle broke it. "I hate men," she declared enthusiastically. "I think they're beasts."

The guests by now realized that this wasn't anything personal, and they all joined in. Nobody ever wins these arguments, but it's fun trying.

Mark has very little sympathy for the hundreds of young actors who hang around Hollywood, moaning that they have never "gotten the breaks."

One of them came up to him the other day. "Say, Mark, you certainly got up on top overnight. Wish I could do that."

Mark thought of all the years when he had gone without meals, worked all night in third-rate radio stations, borrowed money for coffee and doughnuts—anything just to be working in show business.

"What are you doing about it, kid?" he asked. "Do you go to the Actors' Lab? Do you try to get radio parts?"

"Oh, I'm not interested in the Lab or radio," the young man informed him. "I just want to be a picture star."

Mark wished him luck and walked off. But he made a silent bet with himself that the actor would never be a star if he lived to be a million.

small but sweet . . .

Mark himself has been busy as sixteen bees with pictures. *The Snake Pit,* for instance. If you read the book you know that the part of the husband, which Mark plays, isn't one of the biggest parts. But he has his own philosophy on these things.

"Most important, it's going to be a good picture," he says. "I want people to say, 'Mark Stevens? Oh yes, he was in *The Snake Pit.* That was a good picture.' Then they'll come and see my next one."

Before he and Annelle got together again, he knew he was going to make *Street Without A Name.* It was to be based on an FBI case, and he had heard that some of the scenes were to be made in Washington, D. C. When the reconciliation took place that suddenly seemed important. It would be wonderful to take Annelle along. She was a natural born sight-seer and she had never been to Washington. He asked her, at last, if she would like to go.

"Mark, I'd adore it. Imagine seeing the White House and the Capitol!"

"There's a catch, dear. It would mean your being away from the baby for Christmas. Maybe you wouldn't want to—" His dark eyes were inscrutable, as always. He wouldn't try to influence her.

She didn't hesitate. "Mark, of course I'm going. I want to be with you for Christmas. Mark Richard is too young to know what it's all about anyway. And nurse has looked after him pretty efficiently ever since he was born."

So they went to Washington and Mark played complicated scenes for the FBI picture. Scenes like the one where he has to walk along a line, his gun in its holster, then whip it out, shoot five rounds, reload, and shoot five more, all within twenty seconds. Mark did it in fifteen to everyone's surprise, including his own.

While all this was going on, Annelle was happily "seeing Washington." She came home at night as full of information as a guide book.

Speaking of books, Annelle claims Mark takes his reading matter a little too seriously. It seems that for forty-eight hours or so, he becomes whatever character he's reading about at the moment. She used to be mildly astounded when, after an evening with Dickens, Mark would go around, very Uriah Heep, rubbing his hands together obsequiously, and saying at intervals, "I'm a lone, lorn creature."

They left Washington just before Christmas to spend the holiday with the Buddy Clarks on Long Island. For days, Mark had been going around looking harassed.

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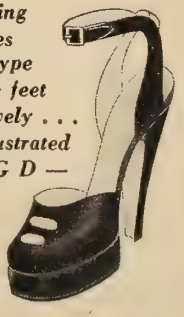
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Cinderella of Boston

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"What's the matter, dear?" Annelle asked for the tenth time the night they were to fly over to New York.

Mark looked at her desperately. "If you must know," he burst out, "your Christmas presents haven't come. I ordered them sent to Washington and they should have been here a week ago. And now we're going to New York!"

His expression was so woebegone that Annelle had to laugh.

"Don't worry, honey. We'll get them eventually. And being with you is enough Christmas present for me, anyway."

The doorbell, with a nice, dramatic sense of timing, chose that moment to ring. A bellboy came in, three-quarters hidden behind an elephant-sized package. Mark rushed over, took one look and said, "Well, thank the Lord! They made it!"

Annelle stared at the package, her eyes wide as a six-year-old's. "But Mark, what on earth can it be? It's so *big!*"

It was, Mark explained, several different things. And they couldn't possibly take a package that size on the plane. So he opened it and began flinging gilt and scarlet and silver and blue packages about the room till it looked like a Christmas window in a Fifth Avenue store.

There were eight of them, all together. Mark would rather give a present than eat a meal—and plenty of times in the old, lean days he had done just that. "Open the two big ones," he said. "You can't get them into the suitcases, when they're in boxes."

christmas can't wait . . .

Annelle looked at him in horror. "Open them before Christmas!" she exclaimed. "Why Mark Stevens, I wouldn't do that for anything. I want to open them Christmas morning!"

"Listen, dear," Mark spoke patiently. "It just isn't physically possible, with all the other stuff we have, to take those two big boxes along. You'll have six others to open on Christmas."

"But this big blue one is my favorite!" Annelle protested, clutching it to her protectively. "It's so beautiful!"

It was, too. Shiny royal blue paper, wide silver ribbon, and a huge silver cone stuck in the knot. Reluctantly, she pulled the blue paper apart. But her reluctance changed to a little shriek of excitement when she saw the name on the white box.

"Mark, it's from that wonderful shop where everything is custom-made!" Now she couldn't open the box fast enough. She gasped in awed delight as she lifted out a white crepe housecoat with a striking pale blue band across the breast and sleeves.

"Oh, darling, how heavenly. And look, it has a hood all lined in blue! Oh, *Mark!*" She dashed over and kissed him, then dashed back to the housecoat. "But will it fit?" Her wool dress was off in a second and the housecoat was on. Annelle has a really spectacular figure, and Mark's wolf whistle wasn't kidding.

"You sent me there to get those shorts just so they'd have my measurements!" she cried. "Honestly, sometimes you're just too smart to live!"

The other box turned out to be from the same shop. It contained black dinner pajamas, as formal in their own way as the most elaborate dinner gown. They had a gold and blue motif cut out at the neck just low enough to be interesting.

"Darling, you have the most perfect taste," his wife told him. "These will be perfect for dinner parties at home. I think," she added meditatively, "I'll give one the week we get back."

Mark laughed. "I really bought them for you to wear washing the car. You know those old dungarees just don't look right!"

"Oh you," she said, grinning. "Come kiss me."

LETTER FROM THE FASHION EDITOR

Dear You:

Some of you have been asking for behind-the-scenes information on what goes on in the Fashion Department. Where do we get the clothes we show? How do we get hold of the scarves and gloves and shoes and jewelry we dress up our dresses with? How does it work, anyway?

Well, in the first place, we work three months or more in advance. While you are doing your Christmas shopping and stamping the snow from your boots—we are thinking of hearts and flowers spring themes, and the office is draped three deep in sheers, prints and pastel cottons. Likely as not, there's a string of white summer beads dangling from one typewriter—and a bevy of straw bonnets parked on top of the file case. And of course, just as you are splashing about in the ocean in the briefest of bathing suits—we are looking at fur coats and tweed suits.

As to where we get clothes in the first place, the answer is Seventh Avenue, New York's garment center. Any day, every day, we're riding the elevators in Seventh Avenue's skyscrapers—dashing in and out of showrooms to pick prize clothes with *you* in mind. A showroom is a room where a manufacturer exhibits the fashions his designer has created for the coming season.

The showrooms are definitely on the swanky side—with thick carpets, soft lights, fresh flowers, shining mirrors—and a generally delicious air of glamor. They are lined with little booths, each with a table, chairs, pads and pencils. We park ourselves in one of these, assume our best bargain-hunting air and say, "Bring on your cutest playsuits at your lowest prices."

In come the models (and are they gorgeous gals!) wearing the pick of the manufacturer's line. We eagle-eye each garment. We make frantic notes. We look for fashion rightness, good workmanship, fine fabric, general come-hitherness—and low price. Finally we pick our favorite one of all. And that's the one we photograph for you. As for the actual photographing—that's a production in itself. In a later letter, we'll tell you all about what goes on *behind* what goes on in front of the camera!

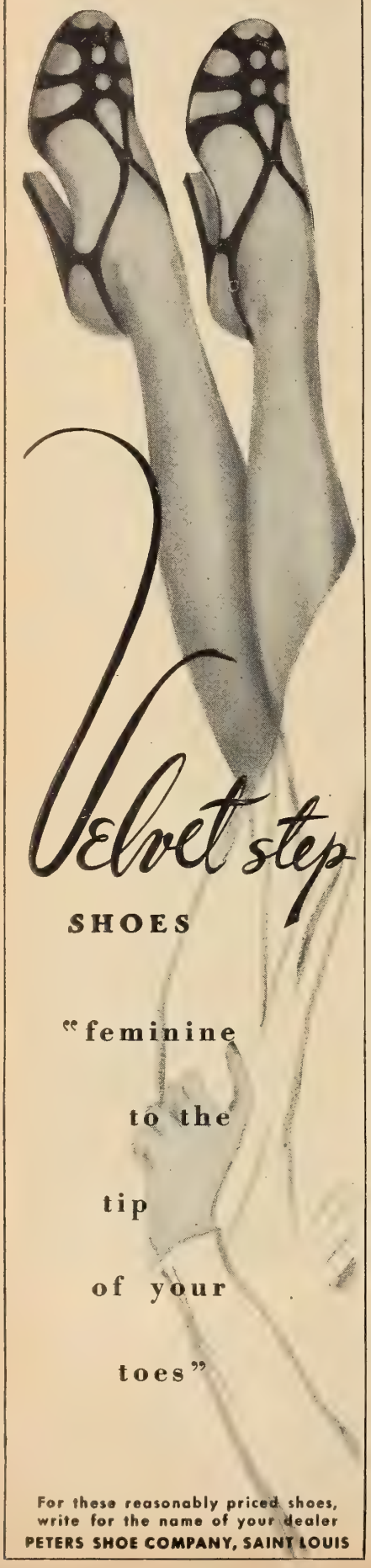
Yours for fun in fashion,
Connie Bartel

a typical Carole King girl



Carole King **DRESSES FOR JUNIORS**

"LA BELLE" . . . Look pretty, please! In this Carole King Original of Savoy spun rayon. Junior sizes 9 to 15. Under $13.00. Exclusively at one fine store in your city. For name of store, write Carole King, 17th and Washington, St. Louis 3, Missouri.



MY SISTER AND I

(*Continued from page 44*)

music) and painted murals, and all the kids who worked with us are famous now.

Father's friends—Chevalier, George Arliss—came to our shows. Madeleine Carroll saw Ida in her earliest parts there.

The act I remember most vividly was violently acrobatic. Ida was playing Dick Whittington, and I was playing the cat (our ancestors having been famous animal imitators, I was carrying on the tradition). At one point, Ida was supposed to pick me up by a foot, and swing me.

This particular night, she picked me up, swung me, and let me go.

I landed, howling, in the middle of the audience, and damaged the lap of some lady more than I damaged myself. I guess nothing could have hurt me then.

But the days of our little theater were numbered. Ida was given a Paramount contract, and she and Mummy went off to America. I was only nine at the time, but from then on, my life and Ida's life were sharply split.

After she and Mummy'd left, and Daddy and I had waved them off, and come home, he looked at me.

"Rita," he said casually, "how would you like to vacation in Spain?"

My breath caught, and Daddy smiled.

suddenly it's spain . . .

So we went to Spain, because Daddy wanted to do research for a book he was planning. Everything about the trip, the country, the people, excited me. It's hard to describe childhood impressions, and mine, remembered now, are simply a maze of shifting lights and colors.

I must have nearly burst with it all, because I'd find Daddy looking at me a little strangely at times when he saw my reactions, but I'm sure he understood them.

Mostly, I got excited by the music. "May I study Spanish dancing?" I'd beg.

"No," he said. "Certainly not. You will keep on with your ballet work." Daddy was a classicist; there wasn't any doubt of it.

We came home to England, and I kept on with my ballet—I was studying with Espinoza, the Ballet Russe teacher—and we heard from Mummy regularly, and from Ida scarcely at all.

The year Ida and Mummy returned—to do a picture, and to see Daddy—I was thirteen. And this time, when they sailed for America, I went with them.

That was 1937. I went to live with Ida and Mummy at the Ravenswood Apartments in Hollywood, and when I consider what Ida tolerated from me, I realize she must have had intensely strong family feeling. She tried to encourage me to act.

"I can help," she'd say. "I know people."

"I'm not interested in acting," I'd inform her coldly. "I'm interested in horses." All I wanted was to own horses.

After I got over wanting to own horses, I started dancing again. I went with Mitch Leisen's Revue, and I've been away from them most of the time since.

I go to see Mummy and Ida, and they're glad when I come, but I think when the sound of clicking castanets and beating heels are gone again, they're secretly relieved. Although they don't completely agree with my choice of careers, they don't object, because in our family each one makes his own decisions.

I've been looking this over, and it seems to me to be too much of Rita, and not enough of Ida, but we've been apart so much, that I can only tell her story by filtering the events of her life through the memories of my own.

From Mitch's group, I went into concert with Antonio Triana, my teacher, and in those years, Ida was married to Louis Hayward, a guy I adored. I was sorry when they divorced; they were a charming couple.

During the war, Ida and I worked together for the first time since we were kids. We did camp shows all over the country.

There was one funny night at the Hollywood Canteen. My partner and I did a straight Spanish number, and then Ida and Bob Hope followed us, and burlesqued it. Ida'd fly into Bob's arms, and he'd bang her on the head with an old castanet. It brought the house down.

Ida has a ridiculous sense of humor; she has a sentimental side, too, though she won't admit it. I'm thinking now of *The Corn is Green*. The whole thing is recent enough to be fresh in my mind. I'd decided, after a lot of talk, and a lot more dancing, that I was pretty tired. Maybe acting wasn't a bad idea. There was a part coming up in the new Bette Davis movie—the part of the young Cockney girl, and I was set to try out for it.

"We'll work," Ida said, and we did. She stood by, right through the test, and we saw it run off later. It was the only test of mine I'd ever glimpsed that didn't make me shrink down in the seat, and Ida grinned, and squeezed my hand. We were feeling high.

The job fell through, for me. It was just one of those things, and it was Ida who broke up over it. I ended up trying to comfort her. "Don't worry, darling, it doesn't matter, really it doesn't—"

To prove it didn't matter, I got myself a cockney part in the play *John Loves Mary*, which was coming to New York.

"You can do it," Ida said, and I knew I could if she thought so. There's no quick praise given in our family. Mummy was never a stage-mother with either of us, and Daddy never said anything was good, either. "You're learning," he'd say, if he was terribly pleased.

Well, I came to New York with *John Loves Mary*, but it was no use. I'm too nervous to be an actress: I can't keep still. I'd go around dancing between scenes, and then I'd be sure that the rest of the cast was staring at me, and saying, "This girl is neurotic."

matter of the mind . . .

I developed laryngitis, and I'm still not sure it wasn't psychic. Ida phoned, alarmed, and I told her I was fine, and it was the absolute, insane truth. I was sick, I was completely alone in New York, but I was out of the play, and tickled to death.

Maybe my family's right, and I'm crazy. Anyway, I went back to dancing. I did three concerts at Carnegie Hall with a full symphony orchestra, and now I'm at El Chico, here in Greenwich Village, and I'm wondering if my sister is really going to get married, the way the papers say.

The phone will ring one of these days, and then I'll know.

I'll be seeing Ida soon again, too, and maybe I'll get there on a Sunday, and be in time for a Lupino Sunday night.

Toward the end of the evening, everybody'll take his or her shoes off, and get up and dance. And mother will out-dance everybody. She'll do "Tea For Two," and if she's in a really silly mood, she'll imitate me doing a Spanish dance.

And in between bursts of laughter, Ida will give me a look, and say, "Hello, baby," and I'll know I'm home. Or at least as home as a character like me ever gets.

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices on merchandise may vary throughout country)

Perky Frox rayon gabardine bolero dress with polka dot cummerbund, collar and cuffs worn by Laraine Day in the full color photograph (page 65)

Detroit, Mich.—The Ernst Kern Co.
Kansas City, Mo.—The Jones Store Co., Junior Colony Shop, Second Floor
New York, N. Y.—Macy's, Deb Shop, Third Floor
Oakland, Calif.—Kahn's
Providence, R. I.—Shepard Co.

Carousel Frocks jacket dress with striped bow and cuffs (page 66)

Also, Rox Frox two-tone crepe dress with medallion belt (page 70)

At Dixie Shops in: Chattanooga, Tenn.
Kansas City, Mo.
Little Rock, Ark.
Richmond, Va.
Salt Lake City, Utah

Meadowbrook Jrs. striped rayon jersey and butcher linen all-around pleated, capelet dress (page 67)

Boston, Mass.—Conrad's, Junior Dept., Basement
New York, N. Y.—Hearn's, Junior Dept., Second Floor
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbel Bros., Junior Dept., Subway Store

Plutzer Prize-Winner rayon sheer print dress with marquisette neckline and harem pockets (page 68)

Boston, Mass.—Conrad's, Dress Dept., Basement
Detroit, Mich.—Winkelman Bros. Apparel, Inc.
New York, N. Y.—Macy's, Budget Dresses, Fourth Floor

Leslie Fay rayon jersey Merry-Go-Round print dress with flounced skirt (page 69)

Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co., Budget Dept., Fourth Floor
Des Moines, Ia.—Younkers, Budget Shop, Second Floor
New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th, Inexpensive Dresses, Fifth Floor
San Francisco, Calif.—Macy's, Moderate Priced Dresses, Third Floor
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop, Misses' Dresses, Third Floor, North Building

Jay Day rayon gabardine double-breasted suit dress with silver buttons (page 72)

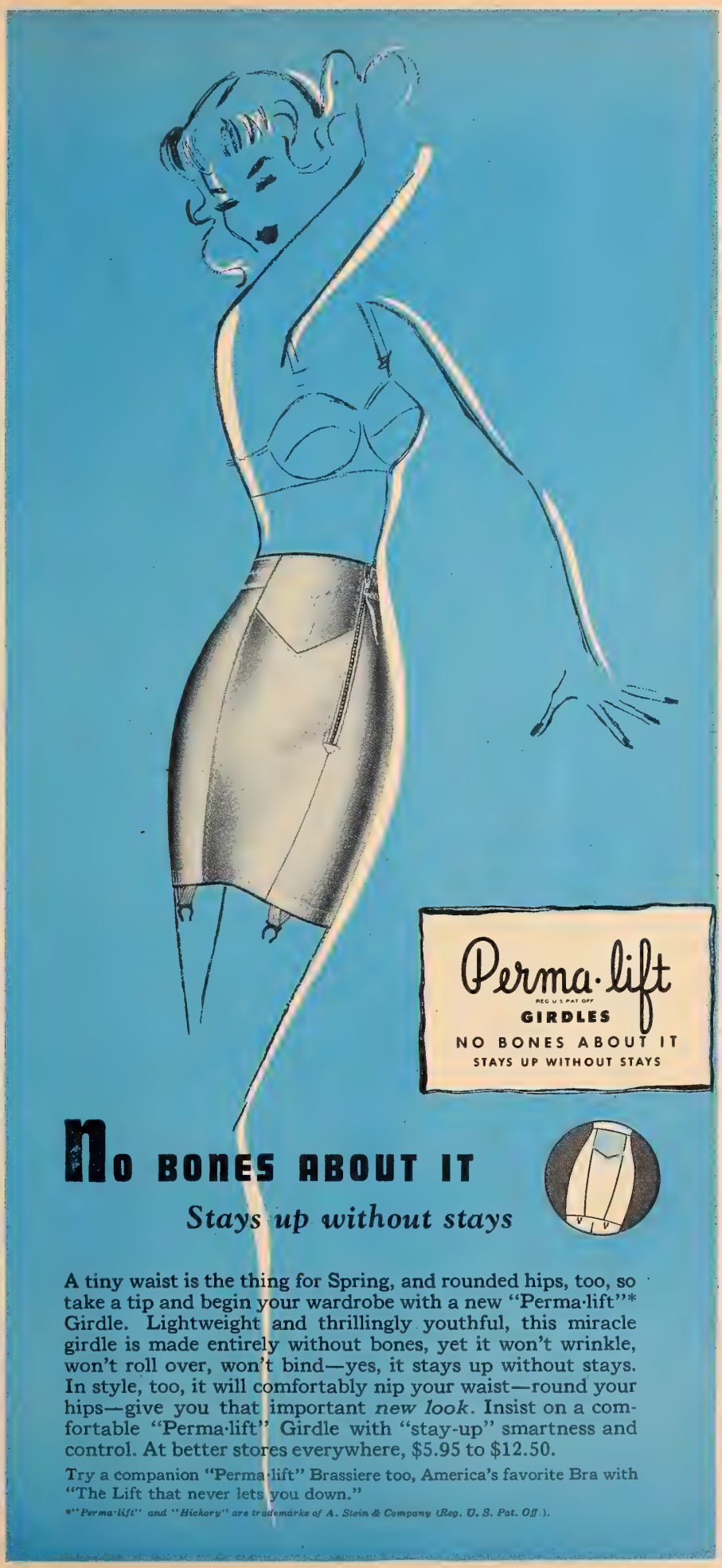
Miami, Fla.—Hartley's, Budget Dress Dept.
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's, Jr. Dresses, Basement

Barbette two-piece printed rayon double peplum dress (page 72)

Buffalo, N. Y.—J. N. Adam Co., Daytime Dresses, Third Floor
New York, N. Y.—John Wanamaker, Moderate Price Dress Dept., Third Floor
Philadelphia, Pa.—John Wanamaker, Moderate Price Dress Dept., Third Floor
San Francisco, Calif.—The Emporium, Suburban Shop, Second Floor

Star pin on pages 65, 70, 72, by Coro

If no store in your city is listed, write: Fashion Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.





"PAIN" DAYS
CAN BE
PLAY DAYS

MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"

"What a difference Midol makes"



MIDOL
RELIEVES CRAMPS
EASES HEADACHE
CHASES "BLUES"

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 23*)



To The Victor: Viveca Lindfors, former wife of a French collaborationist, comes to Dennis Morgan for help. Adventure with gunmen and the couple's falling in love follows.

TO THE VICTOR

Who wins a war? Any war? The victors? Not necessarily. Take three demobilized American soldiers in Paris. They were on the winning side, weren't they? And now look at them. They are playing the Black Market, betraying their own country as well as the starving people of Europe. Their names are Paul (Dennis Morgan), Gus (Tom D'Andrea) and Steve (Douglas Kennedy).

Paul, perhaps, is a little different from the others. At least it is to him that our story happens. A girl, Christine (Viveca Lindfors), comes to him for help. Not because he's Paul, but because death is close behind her and she needs someone, anyone, for protection. She is the former wife of France's best known collaborationist, Lestracs, and is supposed to appear in court to testify against him in a war guilt trial. But two of his suporters are determined that she shall not live to do it. They are Nikki (Anthony Caruso) and Firago (Eduardo Ciannelli).

When she tells Paul this story he considers it about ninety-nine and six-tenths sheer fiction —until Nikki takes a couple of shots at them. Paul finally catches up with Nikki, but can't do much except punch him in the jaw.

Inspector Beauvais (Victor Francen) who is in charge of the witnesses for the trial, sends Christine off to Normandy. With her goes her old friend, Pablo (Konstantin Shayne), a musician she has known since childhood. Pablo, however, is not much protection. It is Paul, seeing Christine board the train, who spots Nikki and Firago getting on too. At the last moment, Paul climbs aboard himself. He manages to get rid of the two gunmen, and he and Christine and Pablo go on to Normandy.

There Paul and Christine fall in love. It's a queer sort of love, reluctant, with no hope for the future. And Nikki and Firago are still on the trail, which results in as much action as you could wish for.

The new Swedish discovery, Viveca Lindfors, is worth seeing.—*War.*

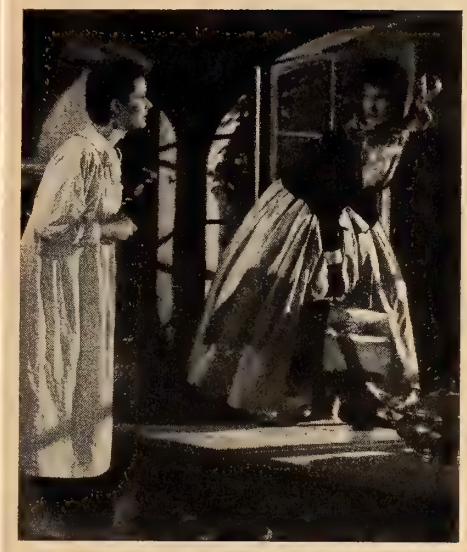
JASSY

A century ago lots of people had prejudices against gypsies, especially ones like Jassy (Margaret Lockwood) who have second sight. But to Barney Hatton (Dermot Walsh) there's nothing wrong with Jassy except fright, and he takes her home to protect her.

His mother accepts her as a "between maid" in their great house, Mordelaine. But Papa Hatton has an unfortunate weakness for cards and dice. By next day Mordelaine belongs to an unpleasant character named Nick Helmer (Basil Sydney). The only way Nick could ever have an ancestral home would be by winning it at cards. What he does have, however, is a beautiful daughter, Dilys (Patricia Roc).

Dilys is spoiled and imperious, but that's the way she has been brought up. She goes to a select boarding school for young ladies, but spends most of her time meeting a man whose regiment is stationed nearby.

Meanwhile, the Hatton family have moved from Mordelaine to a small house. Jassy is by now in love with Barney, although he doesn't realize it. His mother does, and gets Jassy another job, which happens to be maid at the school where Dilys is. Dilys takes advantage of Jassy's being from her home-town and persuades her to leave a window open at night so school rules won't interfere with



Jassy: Margaret Lockwood, maid at a girls' school, disregards rules for Patricia Roc.

her exciting romance.

This naturally leads to their both being thrown out on their pretty little ears. Dilys takes Jassy home with her and introduces her to her father as "a friend from school." Old Nick falls in love with her, which complicates matters since Jassy is still in love with Barney, especially since she is now back in his neighborhood. Just to make things even more confusing, Dilys flirts with Barney until he decides he's in love with her.

Jassy begins to believe that Barney loves his old home, Mordelaine, more than he cares for any woman. If she married Nick, she could persuade him to give her Mordelaine for a wedding gift. Then she could give it to Barney and he, at least, would be happy. Only none of it works out quite as she had thought. —*Univ.*

ATLANTIS

You've heard about the dream world of Atlantis—the world under the desert that many men lost their lives seeking? The world that no one was quite sure of, but that souls were sacrificed for? As the picture opens, two men are dying of thirst in the desert because of Atlantis. Their native guide is already dead, but Andre St. Avit (Jean Pierre Aumont) and Morhange (Dennis O'Keefe) are still barely alive.

A storm fills the gulley where they are lying, and suddenly they are in as much danger of drowning as they were of dying of thirst. Some Tuaregs come along, bundle them on their horses and take them to the lost land of Atlantis. So they arrive at their destination, but trouble and bitterness are

Does Tony Martin *expect too much* of a WOMAN?



MARTA TOREN AND TONY MARTIN IN "CASBAH",
A MARSTON PRODUCTION, A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL RELEASE



Too Exacting?

Marta Toren tells girls:

"Tony's critical. He expects a girl always to have the smoothest, softest hands. Too much to expect? Not really . . . if you use the right hand care. I always use Jergens Lotion." Other Stars, too, use Jergens Lotion. It's 7 to 1 their favorite over any other hand care.

You can expect even lovelier hands today from this hand care the Stars use. Due to recent research, today's Jergens Lotion makes your hands feel even smoother, softer; protects even longer, too. Helps smooth-soften your skin with the same two ingredients many doctors use. Still 10¢ to 1.00 (plus tax). None of that oiliness...no sticky feeling.



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For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use Jergens Lotion

Avoid underarm irritation...



...use YODORA the deodorant that is ACTUALLY SOOTHING

Wonderful! Yodora stops perspiration odor *safely, quickly* . . . yet is *positively soothing* to normal skin. Made with a face cream base, with no harsh acid salts to cause irritation, Yodora actually helps *soften* your skin, like a face cream. ***No other known deodorant gives this PLUS protection.*** Try Yodora, the *soothingest* deodorant. Tubes or jars, **10¢, 30¢, 60¢.** McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.



Brush Away GRAY HAIR

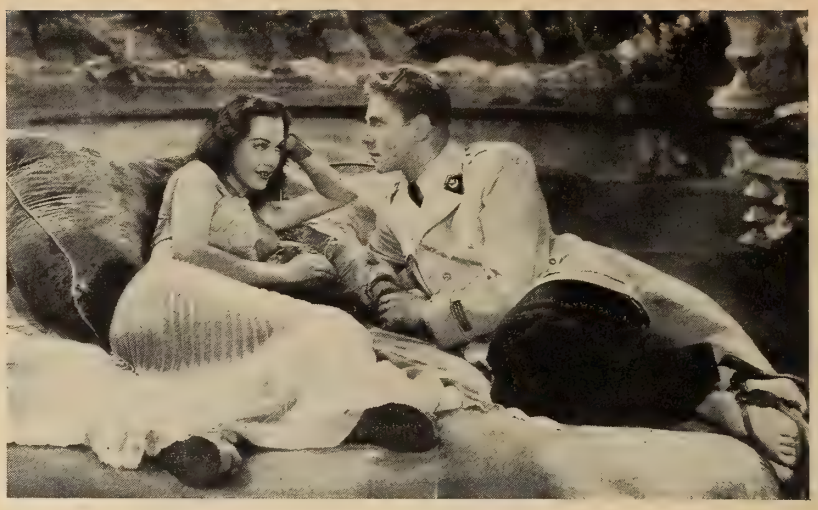


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• Now, at home, you can quickly tint telltale gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Approved by thousands—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless when used as directed. No skin test needed. The principal coloring agent is a purely vegetable derivative with iron and copper salts added for fast action. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch, as new gray appears. Easy to prove on a test lock of your hair. 75c and $1.75 at druggists. Get BROWNATONE now, or

Write for FREE TEST BOTTLE

Mention natural color of your hair. Send a post card today—BROWNATONE, Dept. 294, COVINGTON, KY.



Atlantis: Jean Pierre Aumont, stranded in the desert, is taken to the dream world of Atlantis where Maria Montez is queen—and rules his heart.

ahead. The queen is Antinea (Maria Montez) and there is something very strange and a little morbid about this woman. Morhange finds the embalmed body of the leader of a former expedition in one of the caves near her palace.

But by that time St. Avit is madly in love with her. He will hear no word against her and is violently jealous. Perhaps she is in love with him, too. It's hard to tell about women. At least she definitely prevents his leaving and gradually fills him with insidious propaganda against Morhange.

Somehow, St. Avit gets a peculiar idea in his mind. Because Antinea has cast her spell over him, he believes that Morhange, too, is in love with her. And when he is left alone with his old friend, he takes out his dagger and kills him.

It's a question whether a man ever gets over the influence of a woman like Antinea. St. Avit goes back to France eventually, but no one believes his story. Perhaps it isn't true. I don't know.—*U.A.*

T-MEN

Eagle-Lion has produced an exciting documentary in *T-Men.* This story of the Treasury Department's hunt for counterfeiters oozes smugglers, Secret Service men, and sinister figures in Turkish baths. It begins with the assignment of a couple of T-men, O'Brien (Dennis O'Keefe) and Genaro (Alfred Ryder) to a case. It ends, naturally, when the case is solved, but you'd be surprised at all that happens in between.

Okay, let's surprise you. O'Brien and Genaro go first to Detroit. They learn every last detail of local crime history and then, representing themselves as being just out of jail, get rooms at a place known by the police as a hide-out for gangsters. The scheme works and they are soon in touch with the local mob.

It doesn't take long for them to learn that someone called "The Schemer" in Los Angeles is the one to see. Leaving Genaro in Detroit to avert suspicion, O'Brien flies to the Coast and manages to pick up the trail of "The Schemer" (Wally Ford) in his favorite haunt —a steam-filled Turkish bath.

This fat man with the shifty eyes, spots O'Brien following him. He gets a couple of the boys to beat him up. But later, when they check on his Detroit background and get the word that he's known there as a criminal, they let him talk to the man next higher up, "Shiv" (John Wengraf).

Back in Detroit, Genaro has a bad time for a while. But at last he is able to get away and join O'Brien in Los Angeles, who by now has found out that the gang there is making counterfeit money on an exceptionally good grade of paper, but with inferior plates. He sells them the idea that he can get them better plates—and he can, too, straight from the Treasury Department.

There are scenes from here on that add to the spectacular quality of the picture. A heartbreaking moment when Genaro meets his wife (June Lockhart) and has to deny that he knows her. The horrible death of "The Schemer." I think you'll find *T-Men* a definite thriller.—*Eagle-Lion.*



T-Men: Dennis O'Keefe, government-man, tracks down counterfeiters for the Treasury Dept.

THE "BISHOP'S" WIFE

(Continued from page 24)

spaces, before he could finally come to terms again with his life.

But now it was 1948, and the sun was shining outside, and this girl was marvelous-looking.

In the few weeks that followed, he found out more about her. She was 27, she'd been married once to a Swedish businessman, and divorced; she spoke an enchanting brand of English— "Oh, I know she sounds good," he says, "but she doesn't make sense, you know."

Their romance was quiet, and private. Even David's closest friends thought the whole relationship casual. They noted that David and Hjordis had lunched with David's first wife's father, Mr. William Rollo, but they attached no significance to the fact, and David and Hjordis each continued to be seen with other people.

flowers for the fair . . .

That David thought Hjordis was lovely, there wasn't much doubt. There's a story he likes to tell about the painter, Vasco Lazzollo, who was strolling down Curzon Street on his way to a party at Sir Alexander Korda's. An old flower-seller on the corner stopped him, and offered her first bunch of early spring flowers. He bought them, smiling. "I shall give these to the first really beautiful woman I meet—"

Later, at the party, some of the guests noticed Hjordis holding flowers, but only a few knew why.

The same way only a few people knew about the approaching wedding. Two days before the ceremony, David's old friends, Mrs. Audrey Pleydell Bouverie, sent telegrams to his intimates. "Do come and have a drink with David Niven and Hjordis Tersmeden who are being quietly married," the wires read.

They came, and had a drink (a lethal mixture of schnapps and champagne) and pronounced it a wonderful wedding party. Hjordis was wearing a long, pale blue dress, and a close-fitting blue feather hat, and she and David both were beaming brightly.

They kept right on beaming through days of interviews with the press, ringing telephones, packing suitcases at Claridge's Hotel, where they were staying. They were still beaming as they sailed for America. Because when you're very happy, it always shows.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



While a salesgirl was waiting on another customer I was enjoying myself by smelling the lovely scents on display at the perfume counter. One particularly expensive perfume in a very chi-chi bottle caught my fancy. "Mmm . . . I love this one!" I exclaimed to the lady who had just walked up beside me. "Here, smell. Doesn't it make you feel just like a movie star?" She sniffed experimentally and said with a hint of amusement in her voice, "Well, that's hard to say. Just how do you think it feels to be a movie star?" I turned and looked at the lady carefully for the first time. It was Greer Garson!

Corrinne Giblin,
Los Angeles, California

"I dress for dinner . . . at 8 o'clock in the morning!"





1. **"FROM OFFICE-CLAMOUR** to evening-glamour! It's easy if you start the day in a jacket dress. Keep hair-do simple! And most important of all—remember to protect your dress from perspiration stain and odor with new Odorono Cream!" *This safe, new cream deodorant protects you a full 24 hours . . .*

And you'll be thrilled to discover new Odorono stays soft and smooth down to the last dab. Never gritty. (Even if you leave the cap off for weeks.)

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FULL SIZE HEAVY DUTY COMBS

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Sensational bargain. This set would cost up to $1.50 or more in any store if you could buy it. Double your money back if not satisfied

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Combs are in assorted gleaming jewel colors: Jade green, ruby red, amber yellow, lemon yellow, sapphire blue, jet black. Polystyrene plastic with ball point teeth. Send 25c plus 10c for postage and packing (35c in coin), or 3 sets for $1.00, postage paid.

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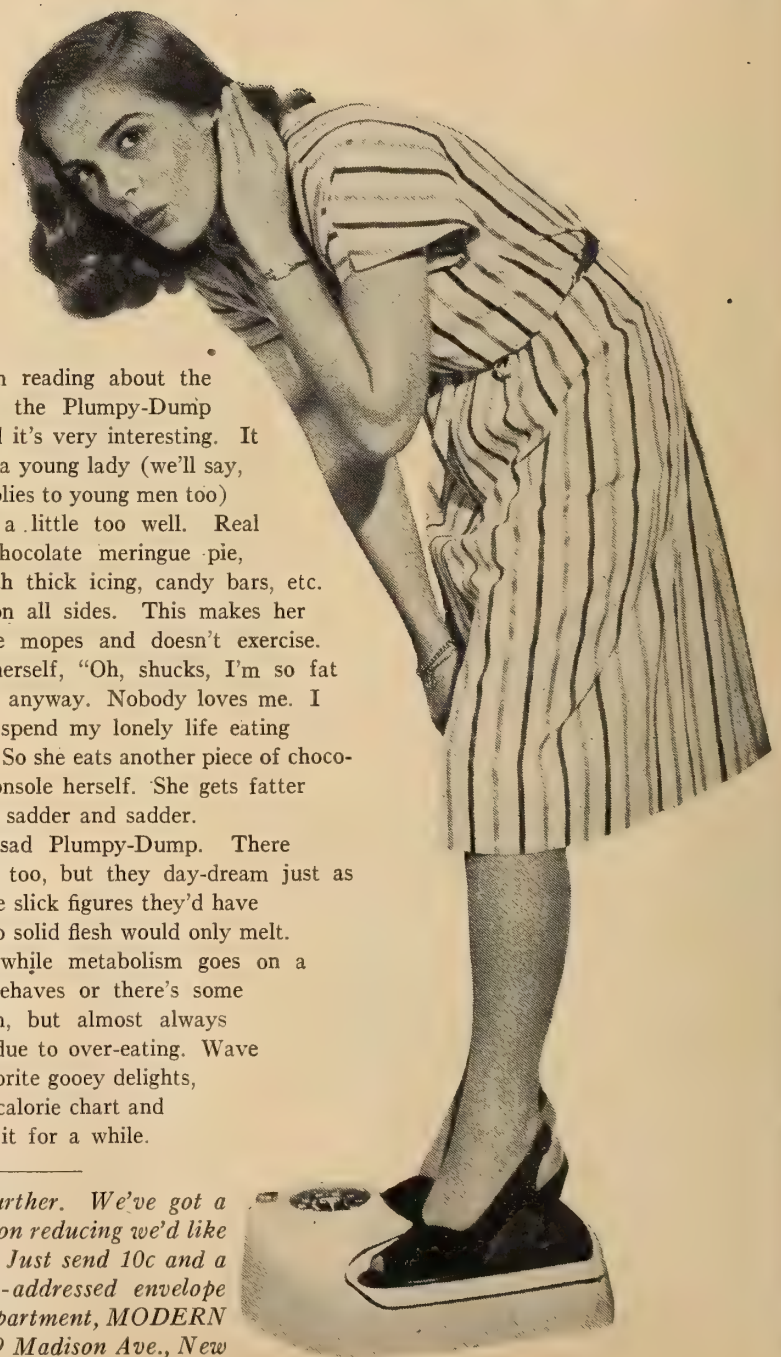
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That's the only mystery about
where bulges come from.
Count calories, as Lizabeth Scott does,
and you'd be amazed
at the excess food you've been eating!

by CAROL CARTER

slender hopes



■ We've been reading about the psychology of the Plumpy-Dump here lately and it's very interesting. It goes like this: a young lady (we'll say, although it applies to young men too) enjoys eating a little too well. Real rich things—chocolate meringue pie, layer cake with thick icing, candy bars, etc. She gets fat on all sides. This makes her very sad. She mopes and doesn't exercise. She says to herself, "Oh, shucks, I'm so fat I'm not pretty anyway. Nobody loves me. I might as well spend my lonely life eating my head off!" So she eats another piece of chocolate cake to console herself. She gets fatter and fatter and sadder and sadder.

That's the sad Plumpy-Dump. There are jolly ones too, but they day-dream just as wistfully of the slick figures they'd have if their too, too solid flesh would only melt.

Once in a while metabolism goes on a toot and misbehaves or there's some medical reason, but almost always overweight is due to over-eating. Wave aside your favorite gooey delights, get yourself a calorie chart and be faithful to it for a while.

■ *Look no further. We've got a swell booklet on reducing we'd like to send you. Just send 10c and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Service Department, MODERN SCREEN 149 Madison Ave., New York, 16, N. Y.*

AIN'T SHE SWEET!

(*Continued from page 47*)

like a dream. As Pat opened the door for her, Mrs. Freeman said innocently:

"You know, Pat—you in your tuxedo, and Mona in that white dress—the two of you look like you've just stepped off a wedding cake."

That was a joke, too. But lightning was striking inside Pat Nerney.

He got behind the wheel, stepped on the starter and they headed toward the hills on the other side of Sunset Boulevard. Then he heard himself saying, "We *are* going to get married!"

A paralyzed look traveled between the two.

Pat exclaimed, hoarsely, "Good Lord, what have I said?"

Mona was scared silly. "I don't know, Pat," she whispered. "What *have* you said?"

Everything turned a little incoherent....

Aside from the fact that it was much too early to be returning from a party, Mona's ever-loving parents needed only one look to know what had happened. Pat's mussed hair, the glow of lipstick that had been rubbed *in* more than it had *off*, and the kids' dazed eyes were a giveaway.

Somebody yelled, "Congratulations!"

A week later, Mr. and Mrs. Pat Nerney were shaking hands with Father Concannon on the steps of the Good Shepherd Church, and Mona felt as though she were standing apart from the scene, observing it all.

"Now—" the thought flashed through her mind, "I know why I left Pelham."

why mona left home . . .

Pelham is not a particularly good place to leave. It is in Westchester, one of the nicer suburbs of New York. Mona had come there from Baltimore, Maryland, with her family. She attended Pelham Memorial High School, appeared in one important play, being sent off to heaven on piano wire in *Uncle Tom's Cabin.*

She was in her unlucky thirteenth year, so far as her debut into the acting world was concerned. She was playing Little Eva, and for the "going to heaven" scene, a motion picture projection machine was supposed to flash moving clouds and falling snow upon the darkened stage, from which Eva was to make a fast trip to heaven via piano wire.

"I'm frightened to death," Mona exclaimed to Uncle Tom, just before the big scene. They were trying to put on her costume, and in the flurry of things, Mona had forgotten her underneath skirt. When she reached the stage and began to be pulled to heaven, her skirt flew apart, revealing over her gym-suit, the harness that held the piano wire. The audience roared. Mona suffered.

But she wasn't nearly as agonized as the special effects men. They'd put the film in upside down. The clouds traveled the wrong way—*against* the wind, and the snow fell *up!* What with such stark tragedy, plus two Great Danes who'd just come in and sat when they were supposed to have been running across the stage, with a phonograph record barking for them, the audience staggered out into the night in complete hysteria. And thereafter, Mona shuddered at the barest suggestion of an acting career.

She reckoned, however, without her guardian angel—or her uncle, Thad Sharrits. Thad was the sort of uncle every girl should have. Old enough to know something, young enough to start something. He took her to a museum in New York one day. After that, they went for

Do men see thrilling

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keep happier
keep going
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a walk down along Park Avenue.

They stopped in front of an office building, and Uncle Thad said, "I've got to see a man in here. Mind coming along?"

Mona didn't mind a bit. Uncle Thad was an actor, and it would be nice to catch a glimpse behind the scenes.

What happened next came so fast that she didn't have time to be frightened.

She was shaking hands with a man by the name of Powers, who was saying, "You're right; she'd be a very good model!"

"What is it like to be a model?" Mona asked Uncle Thad as they commuted home that night.

"My dear young lady," Thad replied, "I haven't the slightest idea, but *you* are going to find out."

She did.

Because she didn't have experience, she began first with catalogue work. A girl doesn't have to do much but wear clothes in this beginner's chore, but it helps her to learn how to pose. Mona's first important experience as a model was as hilarious as her Little Eva debacle.

"They asked me to take off my dress, so I did, and stood there in a slip, until somebody wrapped a raincoat around me. Then, bundled up, on a nice wet day, I was taken to Grant's Tomb to have my picture taken. There was supposed to be wind, but there wasn't, so lead weights were attached to the rain coat to flare out the skirt.

a flair for humor . . .

"It flared out all right. The coat ripped right up the back, and there I was, trying to look properly dignified in front of the great General's tomb while a big audience of people gawked at my pink satin rear and laughed themselves silly."

Once, Mona posed as a happy bride welcoming home her naval lieutenant husband, and she has never forgotten the incident because of what happened afterwards.

"The boy was handsome, and very nice, and his name was Bob Hutton.

"Bob was acting and modeling and making a try for Hollywood. Some months afterward, he signed his contract and was on his way west. I learned later that he'd tried very hard to interest talent scouts in me, which was very nice, since we'd never dated."

When they at last met in Hollywood, Mona, walking through the Paramount gate, stepped aside for a neat convertible, which stopped abruptly. A man stuck his head out and yelled, "Welcome home, wifie—now come on over and meet my real wife." This, of course, was Mr. Hutton.

She got to Hollywood through Uncle Thad, again, who introduced her to Jack Shallit, a talent scout for Howard Hughes. Before Mona could catch her breath, pictures were taken, airmailed to the coast, and turned into one of those contracts which tell you how you are going to earn two thousand dollars a week—until you look closer at the small type and discover it's only an option.

A check for four hundred dollars was attached.

Mona will never forget that. The four hundred was for acting lessons, so she enrolled for a course at Finch Junior College in New York, but when she tried to study acting, it seemed just too ridiculous. It was that Little Eva complex of hers.

So, on the first year of her option she received $400. On the second year, the option was "picked up," and she was off to Hollywood. But still no salary—expenses only. Fortunately, by the time Mona arrived on the coast, Paramount was interested.

Paramount was not going to sleep easy on its corporate structure without Mona Freeman, but could Mona Freeman get a release from Howard Hughes?

Mona went to see Hughes. She asked for her contract back.

"No!" said Mr. Hughes.

"Yes!" said Miss Freeman.

There were other words, most of them turbulent.

She was pretty miserable when she went back to her mother's apartment, but in a couple of days it was all over. She'd reckoned without her new agents, MCA. The phone rang, and somebody said she was now under contract to Paramount. Would she come right over and make a test for *Double Indemnity* with Fred MacMurray?

She came over all right, only to be told she was too young for the part.

Curiously enough, after being "too young" for Fred MacMurray, Mona became Jimmy Dunn's girl in *That Brennan Girl.*

In that picture, she was a girl trying to be good in a cruel world. She liked the story and everyone in the cast, and she also made a discovery about herself. If she does the normal thing and learns her script well the night before, she starts forgetting her lines. Nothing seems to go right. But if she waits until morning and then goes to work on the dialogue, everything's like clockwork. In *That Brennan Girl* she blew up in her lines exactly three times, which is some sort of a record.

Mona's being "too young" for picture after picture developed in her a philosophy which she labels her "no burning desire department." If she gets the part, she's thrilled to pieces; if she doesn't, she convinces herself that she was never up for it in the first place. She might not have been able to use this unique disappointment quencher when it came to Bing Crosby's *Connecticut Yankee,* if she hadn't already been well on her way to motherhood.

She sent Bing a wire: *I'd be just the girl for the part, if you could use a plump princess.*

He wired back: *If you were the mother of twins, you still wouldn't look old enough.*

Making her first few pictures, Mona was frightened stiff, until Bill Russell, the Paramount director, convinced her that she'd never make any progress if it weren't for that "all gone" feeling.

the big tease . . .

She gets along best when she's being kidded unmercifully. After *Junior Miss* started, Bill Perlberg, the producer, began teasing her by telling director George Seaton she was to have everything she wanted. They brought her makeup kit out before she needed it. They served luncheon to her with a flourish, and one day when she complained that she couldn't see a cue light, Seaton stopped the rehearsal by saying that what Miss Freeman undoubtedly needed was a blue cue light. The scene began again a few minutes later, and sure enough, on flashed a bright blue cue light. Mona laughed so hard she broke up the scene.

Freeman's really a pixie. Her husband knows this. Her various undertakings fill him with dread. She, herself, considers her greatest triumph in the field of personal plottings of one kind or another, the experience with John Nerney when he returned from overseas.

She showed John a picture of Kay Scott, with whom she'd worked at Paramount. "She caught the bouquet at my wedding."

Under protest he really didn't mean, John took Kay to a party. Two weeks later they decided to marry.

John and Kay said they were going to beat Pat and Mona in the matter of raising a family, and right off they took the

lead. They have a little girl named Troy, eight months old, while Mona's blessed event is still new enough to be the main topic of conversation.

"Pat wanted a boy," Mona says, pensively. "He says that when they brought me back from the delivery room and he told me we'd had a baby girl, I mumbled, 'You're kidding!'

"I think there must have been a plot afoot. At my baby shower, Betty Hutton gave me a gold chain of seven atta pearls. Usually, there are only three, but Betty sort of lost her head because she was so sure there'd be a baby girl.

"Then there was a wonderful musical chair from Joan Caulfield, and a beautiful carriage net from Diana Lynn. 'Mousie' (Mrs. Bill) Powell gave me the silver picture frame to be engraved with all of the baby's information, and she flatly predicted a girl. So did Ann Sothern, when she presented me with a portable washing machine. Besides, Ann told me, she was letting me have Mrs. Wilson, who has been taking care of her two-and-a-half-year-old Patricia. After all, Mrs. Wilson was used to little girls."

Mona says that all of her experiences in Hollywood are put in the shade by the adventure of motherhood.

While waiting for the blessed event, Mona worried more about Pat than she did about herself. Two weeks before the baby's arrival, she was rushed to the hospital on a false alarm.

stork alarm . . .

She called Pat and told him she was going to the hospital. He yelled that he'd be right over. When he came he was loaded with presents, including a bracelet with a gold whistle on it so she could blow a loud toot when the baby arrived. She knew that there couldn't be another false alarm—they just couldn't afford another of Pat's shopping sprees.

On the evening of the big event, they were having dinner when Pat declared that the time had come. Over Mona's protests, he drove her to the hospital, and by 12:49 A.M. he was right!

Now there's another Mona Freeman in Hollywood. They had decided to call the baby Karen (Kelly) Nerney, but Pat insisted that Kelly could be a later addition, along with Michael, and that the names would be fine for twins.

Talking of babies, Mona says:

"I can't imagine a girl growing up without a brother. My own brother, Peter, is an aeronautical engineer. He was always trying to sail a model plane out of a tree and falling down on his head.

"I was two years younger than Pete, and I couldn't understand why he was such a nut about planes, but still I skinned my knees plenty of times climbing across fences to retrieve his models.

"After he pushed me off a raft so I'd learn to swim one summer, and then had to drag me in more dead than alive, I decided that we loved each other but it was no use trying to keep up with him."

Mona Freeman, the first, is going back to pictures, but nevertheless she plans to have a lot more family to fill up the big house she and Pat are building on a hill.

"Pat's plans are a lot more important than mine," Mona declares. "He's going to have his own automobile agency soon, and he's not interested in the picture business. Of course, after the arrival of the baby, it's taken him a little time to get back to earth."

The day after the big event, a customer stuck his head into Pat's office at the Nerney agency and asked, "When are you going to deliver my new Ford?"

"Deliver your Ford?" Pat yelled. "Who cares about that—I've just delivered a baby!"

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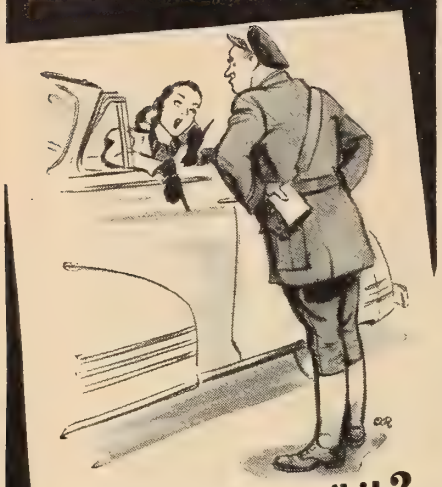


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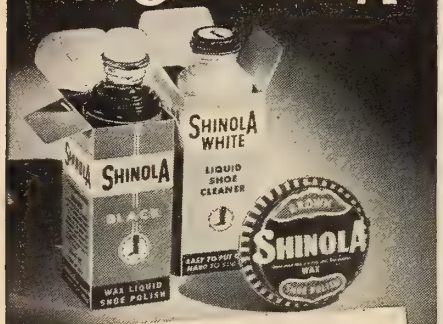
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SAME OLD JOAN

(*Continued from page 36*)

"Joan Caulfield's father." "There he is," the kids hiss as he emerges from his apartment house. "Ask him if she's home. Ask him for her picture." A couple have even asked him for his autograph. "Why couldn't she just be a secretary or something?" Mr. Caulfield's been heard to demand.

Even the devoted Betty mutters occasionally. Thursday is maid's night out at the Caulfields', and Betty gets dinner. "If it weren't for *her*," she yaps to her mother, "we could go out to dinner. Her and her blasted fans."

As a general rule, though, Betty loves Joan dearly. She read in a magazine that Gene Tierney's younger sister had made Gene a skirt for her dressing table, and Betty got to thinking. No sooner thought than done. When Joan walked into the room that she and Betty share in the New York apartment, there it was. A wonderful white organdy skirt for a double-size dressing table, no less, *and* two dreamy bedspreads to match, for the twin beds.

Joan, who's not much on tears, cried when she saw them.

"B—but you can't sew," she kept blubbering.

sob-fest . . .

"I took lessons," said Betty. "I'm an exquisite sewer. I'll turn in my thimble, however, if you're going to *cry*." Then Joan was sloshing on Betty's brand new perfume. Joan was holding Betty's new earrings up to her own ears. Joan—pointing to the picture of one of Betty's flames—was saying, "Who's that weasel?" And it was Betty's turn to bawl with relief and joy, because Joan so obviously hadn't changed at all.

At home, Joan Caulfield is hardly a queen bee. Except for labors of love like Betty's sewing and steak for her first night home, Joan is just the middle-sized daughter. (Betty, who's a New York actress, is the baby. Mary, who is married and lives in North Carolina, is the oldest.) Joan is still reminded to put on her rubbers, and told what time she should be in bed. Her beaux must be approved by "the board"—that's mother and/or pop. Not that they ever really put a foot down. Their methods are much subtler. F'rinstance.

After she'd been in the East a week or two, a very smooth lad came to the apartment to take Joan out. "Be home early," her father told her, with his there's-another-one-I-don't-want-for-a-son-in-law look.

"That was a nice sophisticated send-off," Betty said, after Joan had left.

"Didn't like him," Mr. Caulfield said.

"Neither did I," announced little Mrs. Caulfield crisply.

"The gold-dust twins," said Betty. "How men continue to besiege us, with *you* two looming in the background!"

Joan never went out with the boy again. "I didn't have a happy minute," she confided to Betty, "thinking of their faces."

"Don't let this go to your head," is Joan's mother's theme song. "This" can be anything from an invitation to dine with the eminent stage producer George Abbott who really discovered Joan, to winning the tennis doubles—which Joan did this year—at the Beverly Hills tennis club. It's not likely that anything ever *will* go to her head. For one thing, her family just wouldn't let it. After Joan made *Blue Skies*, you'll remember that the papers were loaded with kind words about her. The columnists sang hymns to her. The morning she read that she was "ravishing," "incredibly beautiful," and "a Technicolor dream," there was a note in the mail from Betty. "Loved *Blue Skies*, but did you have to keep giving that *elaborate* smile?"

The other day Joan's mother was telling her sister about the way Joan was mobbed when she went to have her hair done at Saks. She wasn't telling it in a bragging fashion at all, but in the slightly breathless, wide-eyed way she has. "Those women just gathered around her and *stared*," she said. "Joan nearly died."

"There's no pleasing me," Joan spoke up. "Because two days later I was ignored at the Stork Club, and I nearly died again, only on a much larger scale."

Joan had been to the theater with Lew Ayres that night, and they stopped off at the Stork for supper. The waiter took them to a small, inconspicuous table. Not a flash bulb flashed in their direction. "I really know Sherman quite well," Joan murmured uneasily. "I've been coming here ever since I was a tot."

"I know him, too," said Lew. "Known him forever." Presents were showered on all the surrounding tables. Champagne, perfume, orchids. Joan's sister Betty came in with one of her swains and was instantly handed a Stork Club lipstick.

"It'll all come at the end," Joan told Lew. "You'll see. I'll get a huge bottle of Chanel No. 5, and you'll get a hand-painted tie. And there'll be no check, of course."

They were bowed out eventually, presentless, Lew having paid the somewhat colossal bill right out of his own pocket. It was just one of those nights. Some stuffier gals wouldn't tell that one on themselves, but after the initial blow had passed, it began to tickle Joan.

It tickles Betty that Joan still gets stage fright. While Joan was East, Miss Turner, the headmistress of Beard's School in Orange, New Jersey, invited Joan to speak at the Christmas Pageant. "Don't let it go



*HOLLYWOOD MERRY-GO-ROUND

• The ideal story, from the press agent's angle, mentions all the people and products he is working for. It goes something like this one, which was an actual press release.

A bell rang at the Alfred Hitchcock residence and "Hitch" beat the maid to the phone.

A voice asked: "Is this Alfred Hitchcock who directed *The Thirty-Nine Steps, Rebecca, Lifeboat, Spellbound* and *The Paradine Case* for David O. Selznick?"

Hitchcock answered, "Yes, this is Hitchcock."

"Oh, I'm sorry," the caller said, "I have the wrong number."

**from the book by Andrew Hecht*

to your head, dear," Mrs. Caulfield said automatically. "But isn't it lovely?" Joan was thrilled, but terrified. "Imagine speaking in that big gymnasium! What'll I say?" she kept saying.

"You're positively gibbering," Betty said.

Going over in the car that Paramount put at her disposal the day of the Pageant, Joan took her nail polish off and put it back on twice.

"Miss Turner will scream when she sees my red nails," she kept telling Betty. "But when I take it off, my hands look so dish-panny." (Nail-polish had been tabu when Joan was at Beard's.)

"All right, all right, leave it on," Betty said at least five times.

"Miss Turner will *scream!*" Joan wailed, finally, but left it on.

Miss Turner did not scream, as it turned out, and Joan's warm little speech to the shining-eyed students couldn't have been better received, and it was really a wonderful day. Joan sat at her old desk and saw all the teachers she had known and was touched beyond words that classmates of hers who had gotten the word that Joan was coming to Beard's had dropped everything and come over to see her. The girls quizzed Joan about Hollywood.

quiz-kid . . .

"Who is *really* nice out there?" Madeleine Mead wanted to know, and Laura Broidrick was curious about all the big parties, and Lyn Riker wondered whether Joan had ever met her own secret dream-guy, Bob Taylor.

"Who's nice?" Joan mused. "Why, I wouldn't know where to start. Bill Holden and his wife Brenda Marshall are two of the swellest guys I know.

"And Van and Evie Johnson are two more nice ones. Then there are Bing and Bob Hope. June and Dick Powell—"

"How about Bob Taylor?" Lyn prodded her again.

"Everyone loves that guy," Joan said, and Lyn subsided, beaming.

While MODERN SCREEN's photographer, Bert Parry, was taking pictures of Joan, Madeleine cornered Betty Caulfield. "Has she really changed any, Betty, 'way down deep? Is she still as unassuming as she used to be?"

"She really is," Betty said, soft-eyed. Then she pulled herself together. "And just as stubborn, too. Maybe more so. She won't even do the New Look, if you'll notice." (Betty likes it. Can't get her clothes long enough. Not Joan.) "And she's still impossible to please, guy-wise. I've brought some big, beautiful men to meet her, but no sale. 'Stop casting for me, chum,' she tells me. 'They're not my type'."

"What is her type?"

"Oh, she wants someone who isn't too obvious. Someone completely unphony, who is what he is and doesn't apologize for it or brag about it. Someone instinctively kind and good, and with a sense of humor to boot. You know," she finished with a sly glance at Joan, who had on her listening look, "a great big Rover boy."

Joan turned away from the photographer for just a second and stuck her tongue out at Betty. Actually, though, Betty's description of Joan's type is pretty accurate.

Just before Joan left Beard's to go back to the city, Madeleine touched her arm. "Joan," she said. "Remember my brother, Jimmy?"

"*Do* I!" Joan breathed. "He was heaven."

"He's dying for a date with you," Madeleine said. "Joan, could you ever—"

"Oh, Madeleine," sighed Joan. "Imagine that dream wanting a date with me."

And that's when Madeleine knew for sure what everyone discovers sooner or later, that Joan Caulfield doesn't change. That, come movie stardom and mink coats, she's the same old Joan.

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THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

sweet and hot



By LEONARD FEATHER

****Highly Recommended**
***Recommended**
No Stars: Average

POPULAR

ALL DRESSED UP WITH A BROKEN HEART—*Buddy Clark (Columbia); *Peggy Lee (Capitol); Eddy Howard (Majestic); Alan Dale (Signature); Alan Gerard (National)
"Not an old-timer! Not a Latin tune! Not a novelty! But a real honest-to-goodness walloping new ballad!" So say the publishers in their ads—but it still sounds like an awful lot of tunes that were written when Mom was a flapper.

BEG YOUR PARDON—*Frankie Carle (Columbia); Francis Craig (Bullet); Larry Green (Victor); Eddy Howard (Majestic); Art Mooney (MGM)
Two Southern bandleaders, Francis Craig and Beasley Smith, gave this opus to a big NYC publisher in March, 1947; then the pub got busy with *Peg O' My Heart* and forgot it. Meanwhile Craig had leapt from Nashville to national jukebox fame with his *Near You*. So they dug *Beg Your Pardon* out of the dust—and Craig has shown Tin Pan Alley that lightning can strike twice!

OOH! LOOKA THERE AIN'T SHE PRETTY—*Buddy Greco (Musicraft); *Fats Waller (Victor); Benny Goodman (Capitol); Charioteers (Columbia); Larry Clinton (Decca)
The little Greco group revived this rhythmic tidbit, which Waller waxed in 1940. Can't understand it—tune was written by Carmen Lombardo!

PIANISSIMO—**Perry Como (Victor); *Buddy Clark (Columbia); *Bob Carroll (Decca); Mindy Carson (Musicraft); Bob Houston (MGM); Sam Browne (London)

YOU'VE CHANGED—**Mary Osborne (Aladdin); *Frankie Laine (Atlas); Harry James (Columbia); Anne Shelton (London).
My ided of a really pretty tune. Nothing happened with it in 1941, in spite of the James recording, but now they're reviving it, and boom, it's a plug song. Carl Fischer, pianist and musical director on a lot of Frankie Laine's best records, wrote it.

HOT JAZZ

LOUIS ARMSTRONG—*I Want a Little Girl (Victor)

BABS' THREE BIPS AND A BOP—1280 Special (Apollo)
Bebop singing sounds like Hawaiian mixed with double talk, but after a few hearings it becomes good fun and even good music—Tony Scott's clarinet solo is, anyway.

CHARLIE BARNET—*Jubilee Jump (Apollo)
Nice non-beboppish swing, with some pretty Barnet soprano sax on the second side, *Deep Purple*.

TADD DAMERON—*The Squirrel (Blue Note)
Fine arranger, who's written for Dizzy and Sarah Vaughan, heads a recording sextet with some real gone Fats Navarro trumpet.

HARRY JAMES—East Coast Blues (Columbia)
James on a jazz kick, playing some acceptable horn, then turning over the spotlight to trombonist Ziggy Elmer.

FROM THE MOVIES

CASBAH—For Every Man There's a Woman: **Peggy Lee-Benny Goodman (Capitol); Tony Martin (Victor). What's Good About Goodbye: *Tony Martin (Victor); *Dick Haymes (Decca). It Was Written In The Stars: *Tony Martin (Victor); Dick Haymes (Decca). Hooray For Love: Tony Martin (Victor)

IF WINTER COMES—Theme: Freddy Martin (Victor); Johnnie Johnston (MGM)

KISS OF DEATH—Sentimental Rhapsody: *Tommy Dorsey (Victor); *Les Brown (Columbia)
Originally based on a theme from *Street Scene*. Audrey Young makes her disc debut with Dorsey on this one.

THREE DARING DAUGHTERS—The Dickey Bird Song: *Larry Clinton (Decca); Freddy Martin (Victor); Blue Barron (MGM); George Olsen (Majestic)

YOU WERE MEANT FOR ME—Title Song: *Leslie Scott-Coleman Hawkins (Victor); *Claude Thornhill (Columbia); Connee Boswell (Decca); Art Mooney (MGM); George Olsen (Majestic)
Latest Hollywood conception of how a bandleader and his boys live is less phony than most, brings back some pleasant tunes of the twenties: *I'll Get By, If I Had You, Ain't Misbehavin', Ain't She Sweet*. And don't forget that Oscar Levant, whose acting almost steals the show from Jeanne Crain and Dan Dailey, has some wonderful classical piano work, including a recent album, on Columbia.

LIFE WITH ESTHER

(*Continued from page 55*)

childhood toys and treasures. I'd riffled through the album, listened to the Williams family struggles frankly and humorously told by Esther. We went on down to the shipyards where Esther's dad was a painter foreman. I watched Esther hug him in his spattered overalls before she swung the champagne on the nose of a ship he'd helped paint. I never saw any girl so happy and proud of her parents. There wasn't one ounce of pose, pretense or glamor in the whole day, and when I left I thought, "There's a real person!" I've never changed that impression.

When Esther and Ben Gage decided to get married, she was a lot farther up the ladder to fame, and for her wedding reception she needed a house larger than her tiny family home to hold all the friends she'd made. I offered her mine. At the same time, a wealthy movie friend offered Esther his big mansion. Mine was just a modest house. That's exactly the reason, though, that Esther chose it.

"I want to have the same kind of wedding I'd have if I wasn't in pictures," she said. That's just what she had—in a quiet little Westwood Village church—and I never saw a lovelier bride. I was her only attendant, and that reminds me of another blush I'll have to confess.

Esther has one fault, and that's being the late Miss Williams. She worries about it. So she made a resolution. "One thing I *won't* be is late for my own wedding!"

waiting at the church . . .

Well, the party had all gone ahead to the church and I was to drive Esther over. Esther was ready and waiting, but me, I was so nervous I couldn't fix my hair. Then I couldn't back out the car. So I made Esther late at her wedding.

Excuse, please, if I ramble, but that's what I've been doing, it seems, ever since I met Esther Williams. (I'm pecking this out with one hand and packing my bags with the other for a new p.a. tour with Esther.)

I remember one time in Washington, D. C., Esther and I were having dinner at the Mayflower Hotel. The headwaiter trotted over with a note. "Dear Esther," it read. "I met you once in Hollywood on the set with Clark Gable. I hope you remember me." The name at the end didn't click in Esther's memory, but she sent word for him to come over anyway.

They chatted a while—mostly about what *he* was doing—and then Esther remembered her imminent date at the Capitol Theatre. "I've got to leave now," she told him. "Maybe you'd like to come over and see the show."

"No," said the young man rudely, "I don't think so. Frankly, I don't like you in pictures."

Esther said, "Really? Why not?" and stayed around risking her stage act to listen to his reasons. I'm afraid I'd have slapped his sassy face and left.

I've been all over the country with Esther and I've yet to see her get in a jam with a mob of admirers.

I've never known anyone with a talent for pleasing people such as Esther owns. She was a solid hit—and still is—at army hospitals. Half the time, in the war days, the boys didn't know who she was in Hollywood or care. But they loved the girl who breezed in saying, "My name's Esther Williams. You've never heard of me probably. What's your name?" and proceeded to make them go on about themselves.

She likes to wind up her hospital visits by inviting the boys to swim a race with

All kidding aside...



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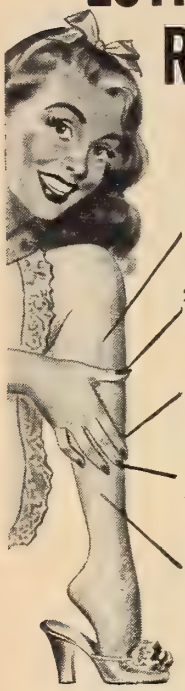




HERE I AM TAKING THE TASTE-TEST—ANNE

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*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

her in the pool. In one hospital recently, she let the crippled convalescents thrash by her and touch her out, so they could glow for weeks after having "beat Esther Williams." On the other hand, I remember a time she reacted very differently, and that was perfect psychology, too.

We were at a big army camp's pool, and when Esther invited some GI to race her, a muscular, streamlined soldier stepped out just a little too quickly, already in his swim shorts. I didn't notice the expression on his face or the ripple of suppressed excitement that went around the crowd, but Esther did.

They plunged into the water and streaked, neck and neck, both stroking like champs. I was surprised to see Esther tackle the race so seriously. She always liked the boys to win. But not this time. She was out of training for race swimming but she was giving it everything she had. She won—by an eyelash—and I never heard such a roar of applause and delight at her victory as came from those kids. I was puzzled, but not Esther.

Panting and dripping from the feat, she whispered to me. "I had to win this one. The boys framed me. That guy was a champ himself." How she sensed the set-up that quickly I'll never know. But she did. And by busting their frame-up joke wide open she made them love her twice as much. That girl seldom misses.

rank prejudice . . .

Esther could always fracture the Army's Important Brass thoroughly when they tried to monopolize her. "Oh, Sir," she could say so innocently. "I'm sorry, but I never speak to anyone higher than a sergeant. It's the sergeants who are winning the war, isn't it?" They usually grinned, "I'm afraid so," and retreated.

When you buzz around with Esther Williams, you not only meet the people, you know all about them. Wherever she is, Esther hears of the elevator operator's sciatica, the chambermaid's grandchild, the bellboy's bad luck in the Fifth Race. At home it's the same way: she's hep to the private lives of her milkman, paper boy—whoever comes in contact with her. That's part of the natural, curious friendliness I've been talking about, but it's been developed a lot since Esther married Ben.

I knew Ben, it so happened, a good dozen years before he married Esther. He used to live with a bunch of airline guys and I used to publicize planes instead of pictures. Ben's a big hunk of good-looking, good-humored, extrovert man—almost as tall (but not quite) as this Carlile skyscraper. He's the type, he'll admit, who will emcee any street corner, and often has. I was on Broadway off 42nd Street one night, with Esther and Ben, watching the bright-lighted advertising displays. Ben started talking about them—to the world in general—and Esther matched every funny crack with a comeback, until we had a crowd blocking the sidewalk yards deep.

Last November, on their second wedding anniversary, Esther beat her nimble brains out to edge up even with the gagmaster she'd married. Ben took off for golf that afternoon with his pals, and Esther went to work. She had her dad paint a flock of picket signs "Surprise," "Happy Anniversary," "First Two Years Were The Hardest" and so forth, rallied all of the Gage first team (I made it), gave us kazoos to make music, and ringed us around the 18th green at the Brentwood Golf club. When Ben came up, he was greeted by the anniversary works. Esther trundled out her last sign while a waiter trundled out champagne. Ben had to have an anniversary swallow first. The sign confronting him then read, "Now go ahead and putt!" He putted and he missed!

Esther slaves on every picture she makes. I know because I've watched. In *Fiesta*, for instance, learning those complicated bullfight routines. In every picture where there's been a water ballet.

One of Esther's proudest days was the day she came tripping into my office during *This Time For Keeps*. Her eyes were puffed and weepy looking, but she was practically shouting Hosannahs. I didn't get it.

"What goes on?" I asked. "Do you feel good or do you feel bad? Make up your mind."

"I feel wonderful," beamed Esther. "Mel, I just cried." I said I'd done that too. It wasn't exclusive. "But," explained Esther, "don't you see? I cried before the camera. I really acted in a scene!" I knew what she meant, and what it meant to her.

Esther tosses thought and energy into everything she does. Last Christmas she personally doped out and shopped for over 100 presents, none of which would have been right for anybody else except the person who got it. I have a gold cigarette lighter dangling from my dress, the like of which there's nowhere about because Esther designed it. I smoke but she doesn't. Esther has watched me hunt for a match so many times she had a lighter made attached to a husky shamrock pin that would take ingenuity to pry from my dress. She's always calling me up from somewhere. "Found something that looks just like you, Mel," she'll say, and before I know it a delivery boy is pounding on the door. She's generous with everyone except herself.

Esther buys most of her clothes at a $19.95 dress shop in Beverly Hills, but what she does to them is something. I've never known any one with such an amazing clothes sense. Once we were both caught in that feminine dilemma of "nothing to wear," and went shopping at a very expensive store. I stopped at the junior department to get my daughter, Gay, a dress and Esther went on upstairs. Pretty soon she was down with no dress and storming, "Holy smoke! The prices on things up there!" She started running through the numbers in the "junior" shop. I said she wouldn't find anything there, but Esther muttered she'd look anyway.

junior miss . . .

She walked away with a $39.50 dress that looked a dream on her, and that night, with all the $300 custom-stitched creations about, I can testify no one looked prettier than Mrs. Gage.

Esther's always summoning me over to make a lampshade into a hat, or vice versa. It's her favorite indoor sport. Or she's tasted a fancy dish at a restaurant, guessed what's in it, and wants to see if she can whip it up at home. I wouldn't call her a pot-and-pan girl (although she does her own cooking and does it darned well). Matter of fact, Belle, her housemaid, "walks into chaos every morning," as Esther says. A failing she shares with me is tossing things around and leaving them lie. Maybe that's why we're such good traveling companions; we're both sloppy.

But I don't know of a home that's warmer with living than Ben and Esther Gage's. Esther would rather be there than anywhere. She'd rather be knee deep in a home project—papering the bedroom, redoing the garden, de-ticking her cocker pup, installing some antique in a new corner or even steaming up the kitchen—than lunching at the Ritz.

Esther and Ben see more of a radio crowd than a movie crowd—radio's his field. They lean toward hot poker parties, and by now Mrs. Gage can bluff with the best of 'em. If there's a crowd and an occasion, the Gages will go out to dance, but left alone they wouldn't think of leav-

ing their own fireside. I've never known Esther to refuse to attend a charity affair, though. Somehow or other she also finds time to be civic and show up at Town Meetings out Pacific Palisades way. They (Ben and Esther) both know all their neighbors, and last Christmas they all gathered to kibitz while Ben was up a tree (and no kidding) on one of his projects, lighting a huge pine in their yard. Esther served everybody egg-nog, which made Ben wild, because he couldn't get down from the branches to taste it!

"Mom" and "Pop" as they sometimes call themselves (and when they feel like an extra touch of whimsy it becomes "Darling Baby Girl" and "Darling Baby Boy") have their future pretty soundly plotted. (You can tell from their nicknames that it includes children.) Esther and Ben are both suckers for kids—anybody's kids. Esther rose above her disappointment when she lost a baby last year, because Esther's own mother long ago equipped her to face the most discouraging buffets of fate. But the Gages will have a family; you'll see.

They're both hardheaded and practical. They've been sinking much of their money into real estate. A house in Acapulco, Mexico, built to rent in the resort season, brings them a tidy income. They've also acquired an island in Chain of Lakes, Michigan, where Ben used to spend his vacations as a kid, and they hope to develop that into a paying resort someday. They have mutual career plans, too. They're nuts to try one of those Mister and Missus radio programs together.

proof of the pudding . . .

A columnist called them the other day with one of those old stand-by separation rumors columnists just have to print now and then to keep happy. Esther and Ben were painting the kitchen.

"Look," yelled Esther, waving her brush vigorously and spattering Ben from head to toe. "I'm painting the kitchen. Now do you think I'd be putting in this much work for my husband if I was ready to leave him?"

Esther can be as blunt as a board, like that, and then as sentimental as the sapphires she and Ben give each other on every intimate occasion—and just as true blue, incidentally.

When my husband, Ken, left for overseas with the Navy, Esther—newly-married herself—came to stay with me three weeks until I got used to that empty house. Whenever I've been in trouble, Esther's been around. When I get any compliments for what I've done for her, I can honestly retort, "Esther's done far more for me."

I've felt like braining Esther a time or two myself, I'll confess. Last summer, for instance, I stood numb and frozen at the airport in Los Angeles—although it was an extra hot California night—and watched a huge airplane circle and circle the landing field. A DC-6 was coming in from Mexico City on its inaugural flight to Los Angeles. Esther was on that plane, and the plane couldn't come down. Something was wrong with the landing gear.

I sweated that out for a full half-hour, while my mind raced with thoughts I didn't dare think. Finally things straightened out, the plane sat down and out poked Esther's familiar sunny face—fresh as a daisy. Me, I was a wreck.

I was glad and I was mad at the same time. "Darn you, Williams," I almost snapped. "Don't you ever dare scare me like that again!" It wasn't her fault, of course, and the gay grin shifted quickly into an understanding one. But it would be hard for me to imagine Hollywood without Esther Williams—something like a sky without the sun. That's the way you get when you're exposed to her for very long.

Love-quiz... For Married Folks Only



WHY DOES HE AVOID HER EMBRACE?

A. Because he is no longer happy in their marriage, constantly makes excuses to avoid the romantic intimacy of their honeymoon.

Q. What has she done? Is it really all her fault?

A. It is not so much what she has done as what she has neglected . . . and that is proper feminine hygiene.

Q. Can neglect of proper feminine hygiene really spoil a happy marriage?

A. Yes, and the pity of it is, every wife can hold her lovable charm by simply using "Lysol" disinfectant as an effective douche.

Q. Can this purpose be accomplished by homemade douching solutions?

A. No...salt, soda and similar makeshifts do not have the proved germicidal and antiseptic properties of "Lysol" which not only destroys odor but is effective in the presence of organic matter.

Q. Why does this husband not tell his wife why he avoids her?

A. Because he feels that a woman should know these important facts . . . and use every means in her power to remain glamorous, dainty and lovely to love. He resents her neglect of such fundamentals as correct feminine hygiene which is achieved so easily by regular douching with "Lysol" brand disinfectant.

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IF THIS ISN'T LOVE

(Continued from page 16)

to give it a try—despite her objections.

She picked up the phone in her room and asked to be connected with "Mr. Power."

A very wide-awake voice answered, "Hello."

Linda, embarrassed and thin-voiced, said, "Hello, Mr. Power, this is Linda Christian speaking."

"Linda Christian?" Tyrone exploded. "Where *are* you?"

"Here, in Rome," Linda replied.

Tyrone's voice was full of amazement. "What in the world are *you* doing *here?*"

"In fact I'm right in the same hotel with you," Linda went on. "And on the same floor. I came abroad to place my sister in school in Lausanne, Switzerland."

"But this is wonderful!" Tyrone said excitedly. "Please come over and have a drink with me."

Linda, Ariadna and Mr. Minghelli accepted his invitation.

The four sat and sipped fine Italian vermouth until the grey dawn curled around the rooftops of Rome, and all four forgot sleep, fatigue—everything except the charm and friendliness within Tyrone's beautiful antique Florentine apartment.

friends from home . . .

That is how the Power-Christian romance began, simply—as a motorist from California, seeing a California license plate somewhere far from home, will honk his horn, wave down his fellow home-stater and introduce himself.

Of course, Linda and Tyrone weren't exactly strangers. They had met in Hollywood, long before, but were no more than speaking acquaintances.

Now they had three days in Rome—together and gay—but it could have been South Africa, Spain or Tibet for vagabonds like Linda and Tyrone. They visited the *Fontana de Trevi*, Rome's famous wishing fountain, and threw Italian coins into it (there's a legend which insists that anyone who tosses a coin into the water will return to Rome). They danced and sang and motored and just played tourist. They sat and talked and held hands in Rome's most crowded restaurant.

They weren't selfish in their personal happiness, though. They made personal appearances for charities, visited the sick and war-wounded and gave of their own personal money, to relieve the financial stress of worthy people. A short time before, in Amsterdam, Linda had learned of the hundreds of Dutch people stranded in the Netherlands East Indies without funds for the return trip to Holland, and had paid the boat fares for 100 of these people from her own bank account! (She'd also given most of her clothes to various old school friends all over Europe.)

Linda tells me that Tyrone has refused to permit any publicity to be released concerning his personal, charitable acts in Rome and therefore she doesn't feel free to speak of them, only to say that she saw these generous gestures with her own eyes and began to say to herself, *At last, here is a man with everything, yet he takes time to think about those who have so little, and to do something to help them!*

"And that is how I began to love Tyrone, I know," Linda told me, in this exclusive interview for MODERN SCREEN, from her bed in the home of her mother and step-father, Doctor and Señora José Alvarez Amézquita, in the beautful Lomas de Chapultepec district of Mexico City. She'd been confined to bed for several days with a recurrence of malaria. The malaria was originally contracted in South Africa in 1941, when Linda's ship (bringing her to Mexico from Palestine, where she had been living with her family) stopped there.

But we're losing the romantic thread. Getting back, it is necessary to explain that neither Linda, nor Tyrone, recognized their sense of pleasure in being together as *love*, while they were in Rome. One day, they were walking along one of Rome's main thoroughfares, and they saw a beautiful ring in a jeweler's window. Linda admired it and Ty made a mental note. Next day, he secretly bought the ring, but didn't give it to Linda—not then!

Ty's schedule called for him to leave Rome three days after he "found" Linda, and he definitely didn't want to go. But he had to leave for Eire, and two weeks' location on a new picture. Linda couldn't go because her father was due in from Palestine (where he is a big oil operator) to see his two daughters.

So Linda and Tyrone kissed goodbye, and then, for the rest of Ty's globe-girdling goodwill flight, cables and long-distance phone calls came to Linda at all hours of the day and night.

"Mr. Power calling from Eire!" . . . "Mr. Power calling from London!" . . . "from Newfoundland!" . . . "from Vancouver!" . . . and, finally, from Los Angeles.

Linda couldn't believe that Tyrone was really serious. She told me, "I fought against taking Tyrone seriously, from the very beginning, because I couldn't bring myself to believe that he wasn't just being charming when, almost from the first, he said lovely things to me."

I pictured Tyrone and Linda together. Knowing the two of them as well as I do, each with his own wealth of personal magnetism, I can imagine that it was impossible for one to take his eyes off the other for a moment.

Soon, Linda went on, "I tried to make myself believe that it was merely the excitement of Rome and of this sudden, unexpected meeting so far from home, and one night when Tyrone told me something which indicated his growing affection for me, I accused him of just 'talking.'

"Oh, he was furious!" Linda said. "And he was hurt."

surprise! . . .

Linda had promised to wire Tyrone the exact time of her arrival in Hollywood on her return from Europe, but she fooled him. She sneaked into town a day earlier, registered at the Bel Air Hotel, spent the afternoon at the beauty shop, and called Ty in the evening.

"Hello, how about dinner?" she asked over the telephone when he answered her ring.

"You little devil!" he howled, "why did you do this to me? I was just leaving the house to go to the airport to meet you!"

So, the romance, born in Rome, began to grow in Hollywood. Tyrone and Linda didn't go out much, spent most of their time together in the evenings in Tyrone's new house, looking at Ty's motion pictures which Linda hadn't seen. Fact is, Linda is ten years younger than Tyrone, and has spent all her life in Europe and in Mexico, with the exception of short periods in Hollywood. She never was a movie "fan," so she'd had no opportunity of seeing a Power picture. (P.S.—She thinks he's only "breathtaking" on the screen!)

She made her first plane flight with Ty at the controls, during her 10-day stay in Hollywood in December. They flew from L.A. to Palm Springs, and Ty gave Linda

her first flying lesson on that short trip.

It was during Linda's brief Hollywood stay that she and Tyrone knew, for certain, that they were in love. They liked the same books, the same philosophers, the same sports and the same music. Both are sun-lovers, both are "bubbly" on the surface, but earnest underneath.

When I served as unit publicist for Sol Lesser's *Tarzan and the Mermaids* on location in Acapulco, Mexico last July, (the film in which Linda portrays a mermaid) I found myself very impressed by her.

I watched Linda throughout six weeks of the toughest kind of motion picture making, in the oven-heat of tropical Acapulco, and I didn't hear her complain once of arising at 4 A.M., going through hours of hairdressing, makeup and wardrobe, working a full day in the broiling heat, swimming, diving in muddy lagoons, or "stunting" on rough rocks.

I grew to know and to admire Linda Christian, as I believe my old friend Tyrone knows and loves her!

Linda's beautiful mother, Blanca Rose Welter de Amézquita, now lives in Mexico City, as do Linda's two brothers, Eddie, 16, and Jerry, 23—and Linda *had* to spend Christmas with her family. Tyrone was tied up with picture commitments, so he couldn't leave Hollywood. Linda flew to Mexico City on December 21st, and proceeded to receive a shower of telephone calls from Ty.

"The upstairs telephone is in my room," Linda's mother told me, "but Mr. Power's calls wouldn't let me sleep at night, so Linda and I changed rooms."

Asked about her impression of Tyrone, Linda's mother said, "Oh, he is a wonderful boy! A fine man!"

"And," Linda added, in an aside to me, "Tyrone is the *only* man I have ever known of whom my mother approved—for *me!*"

Ty didn't like being alone without Linda in Hollywood for Christmas, but he told her, via long-distance: "I'll be in Mexico two days before New Year's, darling, and I'm bringing your Christmas gifts then—wait for me, Puss!"

Not only did Linda wait, but her entire family—mother, step-father, brothers and relatives—waited to have Christmas with Tyrone when he arrived.

It was a wonderful day, that belated Christmas in the lovely home of Linda's parents in Lomas de Chapultepec. Ty was shy, yet natural and poised. He wanted Linda's family to like him, but he didn't have to worry about that! They loved him!

The ring which Linda had admired in the window of the jewelry shop in Rome was Tyrone's principal Christmas gift for her. Of platinum, it features two double rows of diamonds on the ring's top, the diamonds paralleling a center band of square-cut rubies, the three strips of gems forming three concentric circles. Inside are engraved the words: "With all my love, Tyrone."

Linda gave him a heavy gold medallion impressed with the figure of the Virgin of Guadalupe, patron saint of Mexico. On the reverse side, spelled out in diamonds, is the word, "TUA," which, in Italian, means "yours." (To remind Ty of their meeting in Rome.)

Came New Year's Eve, and Linda and Tyrone served as maid-of-honor and gentleman-of-honor at the wedding of Linda's aunt. That was the first event of the big night, and Tyrone was deeply impressed. The cathedral was bathed in candlelight, the music invaded the soul, and Tyrone held Linda's hand throughout the ceremony.

food for thought . . .

"For a long while after the service, he didn't have much to say," Linda told me, "so I knew he was moved within himself and was thinking, as I was. Later, we all went to our house for a big family dinner."

After dinner, Linda, Tyrone and the family had their Christmas. Ty had brought gifts from Hollywood for everyone and they all had presents for him. The packages were opened around the Christmas tree, in good old family style. Then, everyone waited for 12 o'clock to arrive.

"After 'Auld Lang Syne' was sung, and the 'Happy New Year' wishes and embraces were over, Tyrone and I slipped out to be alone together for a little while," Linda explained to me later.

"We walked to the car, which was parked in front of the house, and Tyrone opened the door on my side. I got in, and Tyrone took my hand in his, and we looked up at the clear, cold skies filled with stars. It was a marvelous moment."

A few days later, Linda and the family flew to Acapulco in Ty's plane. They moved into the beautiful Hotel de las Americas and settled down for a few days of rest. Linda and Ty went deep-sea fishing, and laughed and baked in the sun until they were brown as Indians. They paddled on paddleboards to far, isolated beaches. They tried goggle-fishing (with harpoons). And at night they danced under the big, lantern-like stars, beneath the palms.

Then came a cable from Hollywood calling Ty back to the 20th Century-Fox lot to start work in his new film, *Black Magic*. Linda accompanied Tyrone as far as Mazatlan, but she had to return to Mexico for firm conferences. And, back home, she was hit with the malaria wobbles.

Being tied up with the motion picture industry, both Tyrone and Linda are having a difficult time keeping even a small part of their personal lives or future plans to themselves, and the one thing they do not discuss is their possible marriage.

Living in Mexico, as I do, I've had no opportunity to talk with Tyrone about his feeling for Linda. However, knowing her to be a girl of rare intelligence and utmost discretion, I am certain that she would not have given me her confidence concerning Tyrone's personal reactions to her if she were not sure that she could speak for him.

As for Linda's love for Tyrone, it is summed up in this statement to me:

"Tyrone is the most unselfish, most wonderful man I have ever known. I watched him with the poor and the strangers in Rome, never thinking of himself. I saw the depth of his character. He is the first man I have ever considered marrying! He is the first man I have met whom I should like to see as the father of my children."

I SAW IT HAPPEN



While visiting the 20th Century-Fox commissary, I saw Mark Stevens at a table near mine. He got up and went over to speak to a friend across the room. Suddenly, someone called out Mark's name, and as he looked up, a piece of cream pie hit him right in the face! Everyone burst out laughing. And Mr. Stevens, himself, joined them as he licked the pie from his face. It was like an old time movie, and Mark behaved like a real good sport.

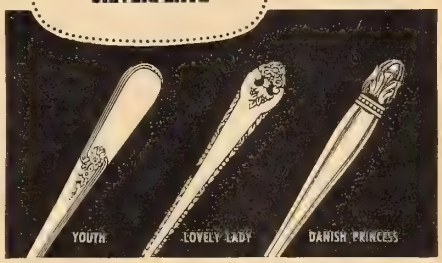
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THEY WAKE UP DREAMING

(*Continued from page 29*)

years of movie career; I can take it or leave it," she said. "I like you more than any person I've ever known. I can't talk about love lightly!"

She was cut off, before he could kiss her, even, by their cue to go on. Later that night, and for many nights after, they talked about themselves, their personalities and individual idiosyncrasies. They were in love, but they were cautious. At least Dale was. At the end of a week of probing talk, they both felt sure that this was no foolish romance. The only question in Roy's mind had been whether Dale would want to take on the responsibilities of a ready-made family, but she was the first to say that any independent career (independent of Roy, that is) would be impossible for her if they married.

They agreed a career tied in with his would be something she could manage, but they knew that was problematical, since Republic had substituted another leading lady in Roy's recent pictures.

If the studio heeds the demands of the fans, and asks Dale to come back to work, she will play again with Roy. All other job offers will be refused.

united we stand . . .

"We know that it will be no family if the children are in one place, Roy in another, and I off in still another," is the way Dale puts it. "If we work together, and have to go on location, we'll do our darnedest to take the kids along."

Dale's step-mother role was something to consider back there in Chicago when Roy popped the crucial question, but the problem was made simpler by the fact that Dale had been close to the whole family for three years. "I'd been friends with Roy, Arlene, his kids and folks," Dale says. "Then, last summer Roy began taking me out some. I'd spend time with the kids at their house, they'd come over to my house—"

About Roy, Dale says: "He's one of the fairest people I've ever seen. When he works he's no ham, he doesn't hog the scenes, he has none of the so-called Hollywood temperament. Until last summer he was more like my brother—I knew him that well. He's easy-going, lots of fun, and a good guy—the kind of man we have back home in Texas."

When Dale left home ten years ago, and embarked on a singing career, her aim was New York, and a Broadway show. She started in radio in Louisville, Kentucky, then she went to Dallas. Chicago was next, and that's where movie scouts found her. In this period she met a new (for her, at least) kind of man. The smooth-tongued, sophisticated, dinner-jacket type who made her think she was really living.

But time and Roy Rogers eventually swung her around full circle to the sort of guy she'd known back home in Texas.

"All Roy talks about right now is coon dogs," Dale said recently. "But I like him. He's real."

Plans for their wedding trip were kept quiet because Dale and Roy were tired of all the speculating that had gone on in the newspapers about their romance.

"We just weren't going to let anyone high-pressure our private lives," Dale says.

But when they returned from the tour with Roy's rodeo, last November, they announced their engagement. Then Roy went to work in a movie, and Dale started searching for a house. Roy's children were being looked after by a lovely lady, Mrs. Christensen, the mother of one of Roy's best friends. The children and Mrs. Christensen lived up at Roy's grain and fruit ranch on Lake Hughes, 60 miles from Hollywood. Roy himself couldn't make the 60 miles every night so a lot of the time he bunked at his horse ranch which is nearer to town.

Frantic weeks of house-hunting finally turned up a fine old place that had belonged to the late Noah Beery. Luckily, it meets the requirements of the new Rogers family. There are six bedrooms and six baths, and a basement playroom that runs the length of the house. After Roy has panelled this room himself in the best Western tradition, using wooden pegs, they'll be able to give informal parties there.

Twenty-two years old, the house stands on a fine hill overlooking town, practically within roping distance of Hollywood and Vine. Yet there's a feeling of seclusion about the place, with its two acres of ground, and with quail and rabbits scuttling beneath the pine trees and across the flagstone paths.

The house bought, Roy and Dale could turn their thoughts toward their wedding plans. They agreed that it'd be a quiet ceremony without fanfare, but where could they honeymoon out of the spotlight? A pile of travel folders—Sun Valley, Hawaii, Acapulco, Mexico—still lie on a table in Dale's house. Everything sounded lovely except that in all of those resorts they'd run into the movie crowd vacationing. This time they wanted a change.

Then Bill Likins, a big cattle man, flew in from Oklahoma. He breeds show cattle, and comes to Los Angeles frequently for the shows. Roy and Dale had become his friends when they'd stayed at his Flying L Ranch a couple of years ago when they were on location for *Home In Oklahoma.*

"Come to the Flying L," he said now. "We'll give you a plain and lasting little old Oklahoma wedding."

oh, what a beautiful wedding . . .

About fifty persons attended the ceremony. Roy's handsome manager, Art Rush, was best man; Mrs. Rush was Dale's matron-of-honor. Dale's family drove up through sleet and snow from Italy, Texas (near Dallas). And Wayne Morris and his wife who happened to be visiting nearby, came over. The Governor, Roy Turner, was there, too—he has the adjoining ranch, and Roy and Dale had got to know him during the shooting of *Home In Oklahoma.* All the other guests were local people—cowboys and plain Oklahoma folk, "Like my own people," Dale says.

A photographer was flown from Republic Studios, so that the public wouldn't be entirely deprived. But that was the only concession to fame and glamor that Roy and Dale were willing to make on this precious, private day of theirs.

They were married in front of a mistletoe-bedecked fireplace in the main room of the ranchhouse by a young Oklahoma City minister. It was a double ring ceremony. The minister wore the garb of a pioneer parson—cutaway, flowing black tie and black cowboy boots. Dale was in pale blue, a wool dressmaker suit, a blue hat and lots of veiling. She carried an old-fashioned bouquet of pink roses and blue forget-me-nots. Roy wore a navy blue cowboy suit with a plain white shirt, cowboy boots, and a light blue cowboy tie. After the ceremony he changed his white shirt for a checkered one.

A quartette of cowboys sang "I Love You Truly" just before the ceremony began, and took up with cowboy numbers as soon as it was over. The buffet supper celebration went on until well after

midnight, into the new year. Roy and Dale spent about a week at the Flying L, then traveled down to Texas to visit Dale's parents. One night, there in Texas, she and Roy went raccoon-hunting with some of the young men from her hometown.

"We started at 10 o'clock in the evening," Dale recalls, "and walked until 1:45 in the morning when we finally found our car again. After the first three miles pushing our way through brush and trying to hurdle the creeks, we built a fire. It was freezing. We'd lost two of our coon dogs by then and hadn't had a shot at a thing. But it was fun. I'd never hunted like that before. We were both happy."

When they had warmed up a bit, they continued, each holding a flashlight, the dogs ahead, running the trail.

"All we heard when we stopped to listen was that continuous ahoooo from the dogs. Never the sharp bark that means they have an animal up a tree."

It was a terrible chase, they crossed and recrossed streams. "Finally, I couldn't make the jumps any longer and Roy would pick me up and carry me across. The dogs kept running—we kept following." Dale smiles. "That's cowboys."

two of a kind . . .

Dale can take it. She may not be able to keep up with Roy in every situation, but she tries. And actually, he likes a certain amount of femininity and helplessness. The day they arrived back from their honeymoon, he was carrying her coat as they stepped off the train. He was shepherding her protectively through the crowds when suddenly, she discovered she had misplaced her wallet. He laughed and knew just where to go to see about having it traced. She was mortified, of course.

But then she'd been mortified practically the whole first day they'd worked together at Republic four years ago. She had told everybody she could ride. They believed her because, though she's uncommonly pretty, she's straight-talking, capable-looking, and she comes from Texas.

Well, she didn't fall off the horse or anything. But one look at this new leading lady trying to manage her horse as she sang, and Roy knew. He was heard to observe that day, "This is going to be some saddle-battle." It was. She felt awkward, and her pants split a little, and one of the caps she'd had made for her teeth fell off and a horse walked on it.

Now she rides quite well. She and Roy have never ridden together for fun. They're too busy working. Their relaxation hours so far have been spent mostly with the children (Cheryl, 7, Linda, 4½, Dusty, 18 months) up at the Lake Hughes Ranch. Roy has a projector and they show movies—their own, sometimes—and they all sing. Dale and Roy do a lot of harmonizing while driving. Cowboy songs mostly. Dale writes a lot of their numbers.

Manager Art Rush, who knew Dale even before he knew Roy, says Dale will make a swell hostess, mother and house manager. "She's capable and businesslike, humorous and beautiful. Everybody likes Dale. People talk about the All-American cowboy. Well, Dale Evans is my idea of the All-American cowgirl. I know this for sure—Roy's a terribly lucky guy."

According to Rush, Roy knows he's lucky. "He's very much in love. You can see it. He holds her hand, he's attentive, he's a lovebird."

And here is how Dale talks about this thing. "Too few people like the people they marry. They get all full of the sudden electric emotions they call love and that wears off in time unless you really like and admire each other. I've liked and respected Roy since the day I first met him. He was my friend. Now, on top of all that, it's love."

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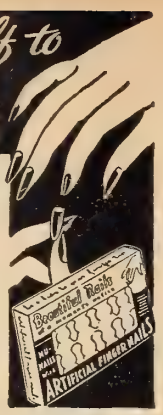
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THE HOUSE ON HOLLYWOOD AVENUE

(*Continued from page 41*)

witnesses of time long gone by, she told me a story different from the ones she tells the townspeople. The stranger, she said, must of course already know how Monetta is faring *nowadays*. She, Mrs. Cornwall, would tell me the truth about the struggles of the Dallas kid Monetta had been a few years ago.

Monetta's father, the postal clerk, Roy Darnell, and his wife Margaret, had four children. The girl known today as Linda Darnell was christened Monetta Eloyse, and she was chosen by her mother to satisfy an old ambition. It seemed that Margaret, who had been a most beautiful young woman, had tried her luck in Hollywood, one time. Mrs. Cornwall said she'd gone there when Undeen, Linda's older sister, was a baby. It was about 1914. What happened in Hollywood, Mrs. Cornwall didn't know for sure. "I think she did get as far as taking part in a parade, or something. But that was all. No movies. She called Roy to take her home."

Revenge is sweet . . .

Back in Oak Cliff again, Mrs. Darnell rarely spoke of her adventure, but she began a long-range plan of getting even with Hollywood. Picture this—a postal clerk's wife living in utter modesty somewhere in Texas, vowing to avenge her own rejection by Hollywood. Even the street she lives on is named Hollywood Avenue, and it is a daily reminder and prod to this determined woman.

First, Margaret Darnell chooses Undeen for the role of Cinderella, but Undeen is headstrong, and gradually, as the years go by, the mother turns to the next child, little Monetta. Monetta is five years younger than Undeen. And this girl is different. She is willing, she will do what her mother wants.

So the trek begins. The sallies out of Oak Cliff, to Dallas, five miles away. Dallas, glittering land of promise. A small girl is taught to dance, given elocution lessons, taught to act, taken to amateur shows.

She's taken to the sumptuous Baker Hotel each time a Hollywood talent scout sets up temporary headquarters there. Mrs. Darnell is always first in line, seeking an appointment, the small Monetta at her side.

Through all this, Roy Darnell, the postal clerk, helped, and said little. He had a Chevrolet, and he drove his wife and child around—to the movie theater which was holding an amateur show, to a local hall, to Dallas.

It never occurred to him that he was making a sacrifice, foregoing hours of badly needed rest at home after a hectic day. He was only doing his duty—maybe his wife was right, and the kid had a chance to make something of herself.

He was always in tight circumstances financially, what with four children, and Monetta being groomed for stardom. Every penny counted; he even felt guilty about going down to the movies on an occasional evening, until the time he drew the lucky number on a Bank Night, and came home with $964!

That helped.

Monetta grew up, went to high school, modeled in Dallas department stores, was the cheer leader with the high school band. "Her uniform was white, trimmed with purple," Mrs. Cornwall told me. "And she looked like a picture. Why, people stopped dead in their tracks when they saw the band coming up the street. Monetta had a smile for everybody—you couldn't but take to her."

As Monetta got older, other people joined in pushing her on. There was Billy Thompson, a reporter on the Times Herald—he saw that Monetta's pictures appeared in print. Monetta Darnell, the popular majorette, Monetta Darnell, the Texanita, clothes modeled by Monetta Darnell. She was a local girl, so editors were pleased to publish stories, and a local congressman, Hatton M. Summers, even wrote a letter of recommendation to a Hollywood studio about her.

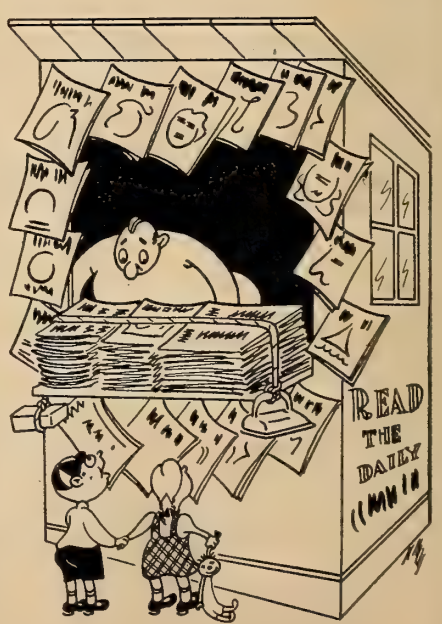
Mrs. Cornwall told me all this, and then sat back in her armchair, eyes twinkling. "If at first you don't succeed—" she said. "That's the motto of my story. Margaret Darnell kept trying—"

But there was something, I thought, this old lady had overlooked, or left out. What was missing in this picture was someone who thought of the central figure as a normal young girl, not as a candidate for fame. I visualized Margaret Darnell carrying out her long-range campaign, completely absorbed by one passionate thought: stardom for Monetta. And the pliable youngster, following orders. Yet somebody, somewhere along the road, must have befriended Monetta just for herself alone.

I was still groping for a clue which would help complete the picture, when I met a man who knew the answer. He said what I should have guessed, that Mrs. Cornwall, herself, had befriended Monetta, that it was at her house Monetta found encouraging answers, when bewildered by things her young mind could not comprehend. This was the reason a Hollywood star named Linda Darnell, on most of her visits to Dallas, stayed with Mrs. Cornwall, rather than at the finest hotel in town.

It was not by accident that I met the man who rounded out my story for me. I had gone to look for him, and I knew where to go—to the Terminal Annex of the Dallas Post Office. I had been given a name: Roy Thompson. And his status: postal clerk.

MODERN SCREEN



Good Housekeeping, please.

Was he there?

Third floor, ask at the counter.

On the third floor, men were sorting mail. Roy Thompson came out from behind some metal racks, a little man with a beaming round face, chewing an unlighted cigar. Yes, he was Roy Darnell's closest buddy. Yes, Roy Darnell used to work here.

He—Thompson—obtained the foreman's permission to come out with me, and as we stepped into the bright sunlight, and the hustle of Dallas' downtown, I discovered I was once again in the world of folks who had made the story of Linda Darnell their own. This section of that world was exclusively inhabited by Unce Sam's postal clerks.

The other postal clerks in Dallas were proud of Roy Darnell. They remembered his devotion. They remembered when his family (Margaret's plan having at last succeeded) left for Hollywood, that Roy Darnell stayed on alone in the little house, took care of it himself. A year later, when his child came home in triumph, he'd attended the banquet in her honor, and then, the festivities over, he'd resumed his chores, but he'd been lonely, so he'd asked for a transfer to Los Angeles.

He'd been told, "If you go, you forfeit your seniority, and start as a clerk—" and he'd said, "That's okay, chief, I don't mind—" and he'd gone to Los Angeles to start again as a substitute postal clerk.

Yes, the postal clerks in Dallas and Oak Cliff were proud of Roy Darnell. And they were proud of his daughter. To them, the postman's daughter making good was proof of the "little man's bigness." What could be more conclusive than a live example, a buddy's daughter?

They felt that, without Roy, Linda would never have succeeded, and while they didn't give it much thought as they leaned over the sorting tables, the comforting knowledge was there, just the same, and it made them feel good.

As Roy Thompson and I fought our way up Commerce Street, he said, "Do you think 20th Century-Fox is paying her enough? They ought to give her a share of the profits, or a bonus, or something, for this picture, *Forever Amber*—and increase her salary!" He looked at me anxiously.

Roy Thompson, the postal clerk—after 30-odd years of service, he was being paid $60 a week, but he didn't think it was right for Linda to be making less than a fortune. He and the fellows at the Terminal Annex wanted Linda to be treated right.

I had an appointment with John Rosenfield, drama editor of the Dallas Morning News, for three o'clock, and Roy Thompson walked me over to the newspaper office, still talking. He was telling me that Roy Darnell had two brothers, Bryant and Earl, both postal clerks, too, and fine men. Had kids of their own, nice breed. Earl was foreman at the Dallas office's Terminal Annex.

postal-politics . . .

"You know," Thompson said, "Roy was here a short while ago—came home on his vacation. Went rabbit hunting. I used to tell Mrs. Darnell she didn't know how nice a man she had. She'd say: 'You postal clerks always stick up for each other, don't you?' Roy kept his feet on the ground. Without him, the project would never have worked."

Thompson walked more slowly now. "He wouldn't take money from Linda, you know. Linda wanted him to retire, but he said his pension hadn't come up yet. It will, next year. He's put in 36, 37 years of service. He'd like to have gone on providing for his kids, no matter how little he makes. That's the sort of guy he is. I'll bet he goes on sorting mail thinking the kids may still need him.

"Linda's like him. As soon as she could, she set aside $30,000 for the education of the two younger Darnells, Monte and Sunny Boy (Roy, Jr.) and she fixed it so she could never touch any of the money herself."

Thompson spoke then of the Linda Darnell movies he'd seen. "Twice, she came home to attend premières. Two years ago, it was for *Fallen Angel*—she looked like a princess, in a glistening white gown—"

His voice trailed off, came back. "She stayed in the Presidential suite. Roy Darnell's kid . . ."

When I left Roy Thompson, I went up to the third floor of the Dallas Morning News where the drama editor, John Rosenfield, was waiting for me. He was a bulky man, and he smoked the cork-tipped kind of cigarettes.

"I contributed nothing to Monetta's success," Mr. Rosenfield told me, chuckling. "Mrs. Darnell did it all. I gave the girl good notices when she deserved them, but I've done the same for thousands of people."

scouting through dallas . . .

Ivan Kahn, the 20th Century-Fox talent scout, Mr. Rosenfield said, used to come through Dallas once a year. He'd recognized Monetta's potentialities, but he was waiting for her to grow up. He finally called her to Hollywood for a screen test, when she was fifteen, but she was still too young, and she came home again, and went back to school. As far as Mrs. Darnell was concerned, the fiasco meant nothing. A mere postponement.

In reality, Monetta's chances were slim. Then it happened—Jesse Lasky, veteran Hollywood producer, launched a nationwide "Gateway to Hollywood" amateur contest.

That Mrs. Darnell registered Monetta for the Dallas auditions goes without saying. Monetta won first place in the Southwest, went to Hollywood again, and lost out in the finals. She came home a second time.

The telegram from 20th Century-Fox summoning Monetta back to Hollywood for the third and final time arrived as a dramatic climax to Lasky's option, which had run out at midnight the previous day.

Mrs. Darnell and her daughter again went west; it was April, 1939, and now Monetta passed her screen test, and was signed.

"That's the story," John Rosenfield said. "Dallas' own success story." He grinned, as though he were thinking about the strange ways of destiny. Then, glancing up at the etching of Sarah Siddons, hanging on his wall, he shrugged. He, savant, and authority on the stage and screen (and a man who had thought Monetta Darnell only averagely talented, reasonably pretty) had been put to shame by the obsession of a postman's wife.

"Linda completed her education at the 20th Century-Fox studio school," he said, "but she wanted to graduate from Sunset High, as a member of her old class. She couldn't get the time off."

His smile was wry. "The glitter of Hollywood couldn't replace for her what she had lost, when she'd been earmarked for the Great Experiment. I guess she felt if she could have recaptured it by sheer pretense of still belonging to the happy crowd of local youngsters, her life might have been complete.

I thanked Mr. Rosenfield for his help, and walked out, and got into the elevator. Downstairs, in the lobby, Roy Thompson had been waiting, and now he rose from his chair by the reception desk, and came toward me.

"How was it?" he asked eagerly.



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I AM A MOVIE STAR'S MOTHER

(*Continued from page 39*)

such hope at the time. Though Gail *had* been a truly beautiful, peaches-and-cream baby, and when she was born I dared to dream fabulous things for her future.

Later, when Gail and I were spending a winter with friends in California, I noticed her growing taller and slimmer; but with the height came a new problem. She walked with her head down. She didn't know it yet, but she was beginning to be very pretty. I used to say, "What are you trying to hide, with your head down like that?"

I don't think Gail knew she was beautiful until after we'd come to California to live and she was going to Santa Monica High. Her classmates began to call her Hedy. She told me about it and I said fine, why not part her hair in the center and make it inescapable? She thought I was out of my mind. However, from that day forward she began to take more interest and pride in her appearance—locked herself in her room and worked with her hair from morning till night. Though I must say that the results were almost imperceptible—she wasn't then and never has become a glamor girl.

miss modesty . . .

People sometimes ask me how I've managed to keep a very pretty girl from having her head turned. My answer is made simple by the fact that Gail is not the kind that is affected by her looks. She doesn't invite attention, and is actually plain both in the way she dresses and in the way she acts. Only this morning she came into my room: "Mother, I've decided I'm not going to wear earrings any more." She's serious.

She continues to fix her own hair, still uses baby soap and when it comes to makeup, lipstick is as far as she'll go. For the longest time she wouldn't use perfume and I hoped she'd change her mind. I like it and, well, it's fun to get dressed up and wear perfume and when Gail became an actress I thought at last she'd begin to enjoy glamoring up a bit. "Oh, Mother," delivered with a downward inflection, is all the response I got to my suggestions.

After she got the Paramount contract and the studio would call her in for a conference about a script with a director or producer, I'd beg her to dress up: "Look like a movie star for a change," I'd say.

"You're the one who needs to grow up, Mother," she'd say. "This is the way I looked when Paramount sent for me in the first place. I never tried to wow them with wardrobe, why start now?"

The root of it all, I suppose, is that Gail doesn't know what to do with attention directed toward her in exaggerated quantities. In high school the boys began to make a minor fuss over her but she held them off. She felt more secure with one boy at a time, and discouraged the rest. When she went to Paramount (at 17) she had what the girls call a steady. They were a mighty unsophisticated pair.

I'd hear about school dances from other girls. Never from Gail, because she never went. "How about having a little party before the next dance?" I'd say, hoping this might break the ice and get her started.

"Now Mother, don't push me," she'd say. "I don't like dances." I never did learn whether she was afraid nobody would cut in on her or whether too many would. But do you know her idea of a wonderful time while the others were at the dance? To go over and help her boy friend

Simonize his car! That, to her, was fun!

She didn't even start going to dances until three years ago (when she was 19) and never felt she needed a formal evening dress until last year.

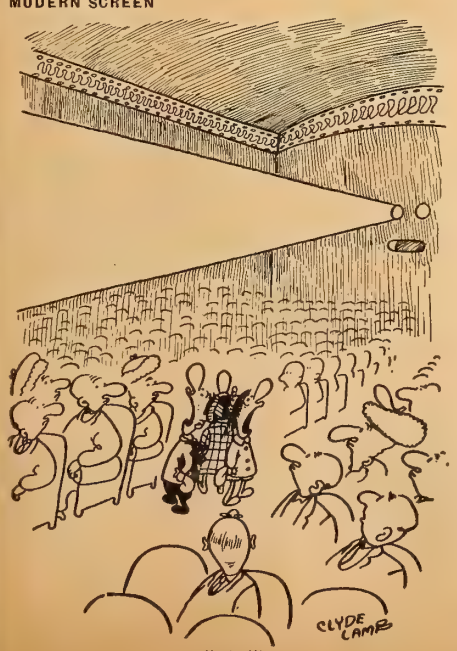
Earlier, her interest in clothes was limited to what would be good at the rink. They lived at the roller and ice rinks. But even here she failed ever to get very elaborate. There is the story of the time she entered a waltzing contest at the Pasadena ice rink—she'd taken prizes in previous contests—and I discussed with her beforehand what she would wear. She shrugged; the whole question was of no importance. But I went out shopping anyway, thinking that something showy was in order for a waltz contest. I bought a beautiful full skirt and went over to a friend's house in Pasadena and we worked up a blouse and some other things. Then I telephoned Gail to meet us at the rink a half hour early.

We waited and waited. That little devil came in at the last moment—on purpose—too late to change into our dazzling creation. She took the prize wearing a plain little number made of calico.

The clothes situation is only a minor part of a larger problem I have with Gail—to help her to grow up and adjust to the pressures of a career in motion pictures. In terms of her own inner emotional development, she was not ready for such a demanding career at 17. She was young for her age, and on top of that she had had no acting preparation. If Gail had had coaching first, it might have helped her confidence, but I seriously doubt that she ever would have developed the stamina and perseverance to plan and carry out a theatrical career. Go knocking on doors to get a job, for example. The only way it could have happened to Gail was the way it happened. *They* came to *her*.

The result has been worry, nerves and at times sheer panic. It's interfered with her eating; she has a nervous stomach today and her appetite flees whenever anyone mentions mealtime or tries to make her eat by the clock. She works up an appetite by visiting the kitchen to see and smell what's cooking. She resists meals with the family, and wants to take everything to her room. I don't approve, but I think the best policy is the indirect approach. We got her a little snack bar for Christmas, put it up in the playroom.

MODERN SCREEN



"Ma!"

Last night Guy Madison came over and they roasted a chicken, made a salad and had a cozy dinner at the snack bar, with candles burning. It looks like the start of improvement.

I'm confident at last that Gail is beginning to meet adult responsibilities. Her reaction to my serious illness last year was the first of her attempts to face things. When I entered the hospital she developed an inability to step past the hospital doors and come to visit me. "The smell of hospitals makes me sick," she said. What she meant was "I can't face mother's being so ill."

When I came home, she apparently hoped I would take up normally again and the whole problem would be over. There was, of course, a long convalescence still to follow. I think it wasn't until I broke down and cried one day that she saw that she had a duty in the situation. Suddenly she took over all my usual jobs—and did beautifully.

forewarned, but not forearmed . . .

It had been just before all this that the studio made the mistake of calling up and telling Gail two weeks in advance that they had booked her onto a radio program. Well, that child worried and fretted and worked up such an anxiety in her mind that at the last moment she was a wreck and unable to go through with the show.

Her daddy is the same sort of nervous worrier, walks the floor until he's all worn down when the big moment arrives.

Today Gail is less afraid of crowds and new people. Age and experience are beginning to give her a certain composure. On her first trip to New York a few years ago, she wouldn't leave the hotel room, but things have changed. She's learned that her publicity goes ahead of her, a great many of the strangers she meets already know that she used to skate a lot, that she collects dolls, is good at archery and riding. and that she's shy. In this sense, becoming a star makes the world a more friendly place.

In Hollywood she's met so many people now that when she goes to a huge party, like one at Atwater Kent's, she's likely to know three quarters of the guests. That helps. Still, I don't think she really likes those big parties. With her, it's business; she knows she's expected to go around to important social functions.

I'm certain that one day, suddenly perhaps. Gail will be a woman, strong and confident. But marriage for her, I'm sure, is a long way off. If the man in her life should turn up now, I doubt she would know it. She's not interested and she's not ready. Until she can meet the ups and downs of life with equanimity, she won't make much of a wife. The problems of her career are all that she can manage just now.

Meanwhile, Gail loves her home and my guess is she will stay with us until she marries—and that might not be until she's thirty years old. There's no reason for her to move into a place by herself; she has all the freedom she wants with us. I've never watched and clocked and pried at her. She doesn't have to call up from parties and report to me. A lot of mothers make a great mistake by prying into their daughters' affairs. They hound them right out of the door and into the arms of the first man. Early marriages made in rebellion against parents often fail, and presto, the child is back home again with all the old problems and a flock of new ones, too. Early marriages have been especially fashionable recently because of the war. Many mistakes were made.

Gail can take care of herself; it would be silly of me to try to check up on her. I've never worried about her, even when she went to the movies alone. She likes to

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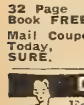
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go alone. even to this day. Recently one of her beaux called up and asked me where Gail was. I told him she'd gone to the movies alone.

"Alone," he said. "What a strange girl. She should have told me; I'd have loved to take her." He just didn't understand she wouldn't have gone with him. She wants to put all her concentration on the movie. Even when she goes with me, she sits alone.

Many mothers, I gather, make a grave mistake by rushing at all new young men who come to take their daughters out, trying to find out about the boy's family background, and habits. My own policy is to trust each boy to the utmost—I don't ask questions. For one thing, I don't feel my daughter is too good for this one and too good for that one. She's no queen, no sample of female perfection, she doesn't have to have the best man in the world. After all, who knows who is the best man in the world?

If I have any complaint to make as a mother, I guess it's that my children forget sometimes that their home is not a hotel. Though I know they are both concentrated on their careers, and though I feel my job now is to run the house to suit their needs, when things go wrong with the service, I'd appreciate a little sympathy and tolerance. I have two very different characters to deal with. My son, George, Jr., grew up and took on responsibilities early. Since he was 14, I've been able to go to him with my problems. I could never do that with Gail. Before George was 20 he was away from home months at a time playing in dance bands and experiencing the customary hard knocks. Then he went to war. Now he's back living at home but very caught up in his work. He plays at a local nightclub with a trio, The Three Bachelors, which he organized and manages. His life is full, his work hard, his hours irregular. Rehearsals, recordings, business conferences get him up out of bed frequently before he's had adequate rest. Sometimes he is compelled to sleep in split shifts.

Running a house in an orderly fashion to suit the schedules of two show business careers takes a lot of planning. I do mine in bed when I awake in the wee small hours. I have systems for everything and, on the whole, they work. There is food constantly in the oven and I can produce a hot meal any time, day or night. I can usually say just where any suit, dress or shirt is, and when it will be back from the cleaners' or laundry. I am practised at dealing with temperament, nerves and despair.

How do I like this role I play? You know I love it. I enjoy my children's success. I myself once dreamed of becoming an actress. Gail says it all sounds too corny to be true and I shouldn't mention it, but it does happen to be true. I lived in a tiny town in Pike County, Illinois, one of seven children. I was an orphan at nine. When finally I got up to the big city—Chicago—I had to take the first job that would pay me a living. I sold California fruit in a little store, and wore a little black dress and a white cap and my hair was coal black and I guess I was a type.

Anyway, one day the thing that a Pike County orphan in the big city could dream about but shouldn't expect to happen, did happen. A man from the old Essanay Studios in Chicago—they were making pictures with Gloria Swanson there then—saw me and suggested I come along with him to the studios, and he would try to get me a screen test. I thought maybe a little country girl had no business getting mixed up with the movie crowd. And I was afraid if I asked for time off, I'd lose my job.

I never took the test. I've thought about what I missed many, many times since then.

The story of my husband is similar. He was playing in a dance band when I met him, but after we were married and started a family, he gave up the work he loved to go into business where he thought he would have greater security. So here we are, thirty years later, our son is a musician, our daughter an actress. Everything we missed we are experiencing through them. We know how fortunate they are. Whenever either of them drops into a sulk, we say, "Count your blessings."

We have plenty.

We know we are a lucky family.

EASTER BENEDICTION

(*Continued from page 30*)

on the Heath. There were masses of children, romping and playing with their dogs—people everywhere.

A bank holiday it was, and a school holiday that lasted for six weeks. There was such gladness everywhere. The air was clear and bright. You could see for miles. The earth was warm and sparkling.

There was a sense of freedom in the air, of taking time off to relax and play. Some people went to Switzerland, some to the South of France. One time we went to Devonshire. I liked best to stay home.

One year we spent the whole Easter holiday at our house in the country. I'll never forget it. Howard and I had the whooping cough.

One day we went for a long walk exploring the woods back of our house. On the way home we stopped to fish for tadpoles in a ditch some workmen had cut. The ditch was about a foot wide and five feet deep and full of black muddy water.

Howard had a tin can almost full of minnows, but what we wanted were tadpoles. Suddenly I saw one and, with a squeal of delight, I lurched forward to catch it—and down I went, headfirst into that deep, narrow ditch. I struggled to breathe, and swallowed mud and water.

The next thing I knew Howard was pulling me out feet first and was gouging the mud out of my mouth so I could breathe. Then he yelled for Mother.

I was too heavy for Mother even to lift, but that day she gathered me up in her arms and ran with me to the house. I was put, clothes and all, into a hot bath. The doctor was sent for and he said if Howard had waited to call for help (instead of pulling me out first) I would have been gone in another instant!

I remember how lovely it was, later, to be tucked all warm in bed! And how wonderful it was to be alive! I remember how proud I was of Howard when everyone was making a great fuss over him and calling him a hero.

That Easter was especially beautiful to Howard and me. We had our first baby lambs for pets, and baby rabbits and guinea pigs, and our cow had a baby calf and we saw it born. And we came home and asked Mother all sorts of questions and she told us the truth, and from then on we felt quite grown up.

I remember that same year Mother was very ill one day and Nannie wouldn't let

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me go near her, as she wasn't to be disturbed. We had to keep very quiet.

I was in the garden under her bedroom window, playing with Bunty, my dog. He ran into the rose garden and I after him. I scratched my hand on a rose thorn and it hurt. I stopped to look at the rose and I wondered how it could hurt me, it was so beautiful!

And then I realized that it didn't hurt any more—that I had forgotten about the hurt in thinking about the rose and how beautiful it was!

Then I broke it off and ran up to Mother's room to tell her about it. I opened the door and slipped in. She had her eyes closed and looked very ill. I stood there beside her; I was frightened at first. Then a lovely feeling came over me.

I suddenly knew that Mother was just as perfect as the beautiful rose I had in my hand, because God had made her perfect, just as he had made the rose perfect.

She opened her eyes and smiled and held out her arms to me.

I've never forgotten those thoughts God gave to me about the roses, because they made Mother well. And several times since then they have helped me.

Easter to me is symbolic of all those things—a renewal of our faith, our hopes and our aims. A lifting up of our hearts.

No matter how hard or dark the long winter has been, Easter and the Spring bring us each a season of renewal.

Here in America we have so much to be grateful for, so much to live for! We have the best of everything, and our hearts should be so full of gratitude, not only for what we have, but for what we are able to give to a world so sadly in need.

Just as centuries ago, the Resurrection of Jesus served to uplift the thoughts of His disciples and His followers, just so should that same Resurrection of Jesus serve to uplift our thoughts to the need of all the hungry and war-weary people all over the world.

Last summer, Mother and I went back to visit our friends in England and we took as many parcels of food and clothing as we were allowed to take. It gave us the most wonderful feeling of supplying a need, a glorious feeling of being able to pass on to someone else some of the good things God had given to us.

And it was so wonderful to find, wherever we went, a terrific sense of life—not death—even with the people who had lost so many loved ones! Their sense of sorrow and loss had been overshadowed by a wonderful sense of life—life that isn't snuffed out by death, but life that goes on being life, and is near us, right where we are!

This is what Easter means to me.



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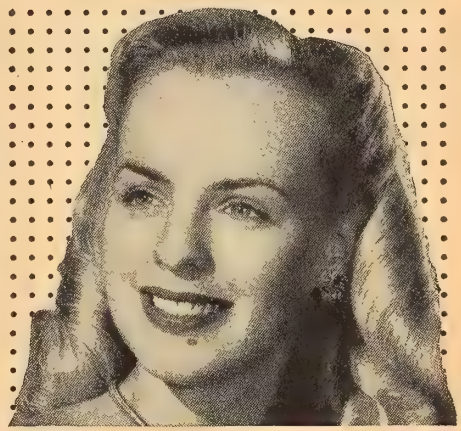
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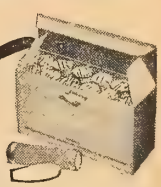
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I REMEMBER BARBARA

(*Continued from page 43*)

in *The Long Night* as it came hot from the cameras. I knew she was a winner.

Her personality is a study in contrast, a delightful combination of adolescence and maturity.

I was on the set one morning when Barbara, dressed as a 1910 teen-ager, came off the stage, sat down and lighted a cigarette.

Two lady visitors were standing behind me. One gasped and said, "Look at that young girl! Smoking!"

George Stevens, who teases Barbara unmercifully, chose that particular moment to come over, take the cigarette away from her and lecture on the evils of tobacco for the very young.

There are several children in the cast who have to go to school on the set. George framed Barbara beautifully. He told the teacher she was under age, but had delusions, and would pull a married-woman-with-daughter routine.

The teacher led her off firmly, the next day, and George had to rescue her.

stage-daughter . . .

Barbara decided to *prove* she was a dignified matron by bringing her child to the set for a visit. The dignified matron act flopped because Susan giggled during a scene, and sent her mother scurrying for the nearest exit.

Life began for Barbara twenty-five years ago in a narrow brownstone house in the East Fifties of New York. She remembers nothing remarkable about her early days except that she thought her sister Joan, six years older than she, disgustingly intellectual with her nose always stuck in a book. Barbara used books to prop doors open.

Their father, Norman Bel Geddes, was at his peak as a theatrical production designer and had a studio on the ground floor of the brownstone. It was always filled with smoke and fascinating people.

When she was about seven, her parents separated. She, her mother, and Joan went to live in a big house in Millburn, New Jersey. Barbara went to day school, and was a rebel when it came to studying.

Their mother died when Barbara was sixteen. She spent the next year at school in Putney, Vermont, "feeling very much alone, inclined to over-dramatize myself, and thinking I was in love with a new boy every other week." Her grades scraped the bottom of the barrel, and she was sent to a girls' school in Tarrytown, New York, the next year.

Surprisingly enough, it worked wonders. She might even have become a brilliant student, if she hadn't left Andrebrook because she wanted to be an actress. She was a pretty independent kid and when she told her father she wanted to go on the stage, he tried to talk her out of it, but wound up by helping her get a start.

Barbara achieved modest success in a staggering array of flops. Critics panned the plays but spoke kindly of the new young actress. Then, after playing *Claudia* in Eastern stock, she made a dismal trip to Hollywood, supposedly to star in *Guest in the House* but lost out on the part, and came home.

At this point, romance entered the picture—not the dreamy schoolgirl kind either. This was for keeps. At a party, she saw a tall, blond, blue-eyed guy she'd met the year before at another party. She hadn't liked him very much the first time, a mystery she's never been able to explain. His name was Carl Schreuer and he was a young electrical engineer who was working at the time for the Navy.

They had a mad, gay, three months of going steady—every evening at the Stork Club, El Morocco and the rest of the plushy night spots. There were no long serious talks about the future or art or anything significant. She didn't try to cook him any dinners; she wasn't a good cook. They'd close up whatever club they happened to be in at the moment, drive to the apartment where Barbara lived with her father and forget to go in because they'd be listening to an all-night disc jockey.

There was a wedding at the beautiful little St. Thomas Church on the block with the Museum of Modern Art, a champagne supper at the Marguery and a wild dash to Grand Central Station for the train that took them to Lake Placid, and the tiny inn where they spent their honeymoon.

Susan was born the day after their first wedding anniversary, January 25, 1945. Carl and Barbara lived in a hotel until just before Susan arrived, but they decided that was no place to raise a child, so they moved to an apartment in the 80's.

What made it more exciting was that Joan, Barbara's sister, married to Barry Ulanov who is editor of Metronome, had her baby at the same time and they had fun swapping fibs about their offspring. For five months, Barbara was busy being a mother exclusively.

Then *Deep Are the Roots* was given her to read. It had guts and she said, "That's for me." This play had the right combination, and for the first time instead of being a success in a flop, she was a success in a hit.

One noon, she was at Dinty Moore's having a snack before a matinee. She was feeling resentfully uncomfortable because a couple of men she thought were tourists were gawking at her, talking behind their hands, and gawking again. The next thing she knew, a waiter brought her a note. This was really too much, she told herself. The wolves! Womanly curiosity got the better of her so she read the note. They were trying to make a date with her all right. They were Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, and they wanted her for their new play if she was an actress. When she told them she was in the show down the street they withdrew their offer, saying they couldn't possibly afford her. The note, framed in black, hangs in her library.

gruesome twosome . . .

Barbara and I met for the first time shortly after she arrived in Hollywood.

The next time I saw her I didn't recognize her. It was at a costume party. She and Carl had done themselves up as Gravel Gertie and B. O. Plenty, and they looked gruesome. Barbara had gone to infinite pains with her outfit. She blacked out several teeth, wore a long, stringy wig and halves of ping-pong balls for eyes. Hank Fonda had helped her make the eyes. I was being very swank and freezing in sequin tail coat and shorts. When Barbara identified herself, she complained bitterly that everyone looked so elegant and here she was, hideous. "I've always been a frustrated comedienne," she said, giving me a horrible, gap-toothed grin that would have scared even Dick Tracy. Needless to say, she was the sensation of the party.

She adores games, and inveigles everyone near her into playing them. Hank Fonda taught her to play Last Face when they made *The Long Night*. That's the one where you sneak up on someone, stick out your tongue, then turn and run like a deer.

Hank always managed to Last Face Barbara, and she's been trying to get even ever since, if not with him then with someone else.

We'd been playing a crazy orange game at her house one evening. With a lemon, because Barbara was all out of oranges. She handed me the lemon as I left, trying to butter up her producer, I suppose. Then she snuck out of the house, ambushed and Last Faced me. I was caught with my dignity down, and the only way to restore it was to make a lipstick face on the lemon, run up and ring the doorbell, drop the lemon and get away fast—but exhausted.

When there's a relaxing period between scenes on the *I Remember Mama* set, all the activity somehow seems to center around Barbara. She was playing hide and seek with the kids one day when she found there were some visitors on the set. She was so taken aback that she really went and hid. We practically had to send a party of Indian trackers after her.

We were on location at a San Fernando Valley ranch for about two weeks and the company organized two baseball teams and played during the lunch hour. Barbara was cheer-leader for George's team and Irene Dunne for hers. And the cheers they made up were even quainter than the early 1900 costumes. The whole thing had a somewhat nightmarish quality, aided and abetted by Oscar Homolka, who plays Uncle Chris in the picture, wandering around in the long flannel nightgown he was wearing for his death scene, looking as though he thought everybody else was crazy.

But don't get the idea that Bel Geddes is a dizzy kid who wants to play all the time. When she gets tied up in knots over a scene nothing else matters, she's serious and intense.

I've seen some Broadway imports who didn't take to Hollywood, and vice-versa. Barbara really belongs. "But I thought," she told me, "Hollywood would be mad and hectic. Big Parties. Red mink carpets rolled out for me. Lights in the sky. I wasn't at all sure I was going to care for all the fanfare.

"And you know, Harriet," she said, "nobody rolled out even an imitation-rabbit carpet, or so much as turned on a flashlight."

I doubt that she minded.

She talks about getting in her own house, which isn't built yet. She and Carl bought a level lot at the top of Bel Air, and they have the most sensational view in Southern California. Barbara thinks it's silly to have a modern home with all those windows and nothing to look at through the windows.

Before they bought, she and Carl looked for a ready-built home, snooping around in empty houses, peering in through the shrubbery at some intriguing place that said "no trespassing" and feeling very devilish.

One night at her house I accused Barbara of being a traitor to womankind. She was dressed in a shin-length, ballerina-style black number that definitely had the "New Look." (Actually it's an old look if ever I saw one.) "But I *like* the new fashions," she said, just as if I weren't her producer and she wasn't a bit scared of me. As a matter of fact she looked cute as a speckled pup, but it would have been against the rules to say so. She and I have worked up an elaborate ritual of insult.

You can always get an argument out of her, whether it's about the new fashions, or who has the best tennis serve, or how to open a can of beans. All you have to do is express a viewpoint. She'll take the other side just for fun.

She's always about to go on a diet but never quite makes it. We were having a non-diet lunch one day along toward the end of the picture. She said to me wasn't it customary for the producer to give a party for the company on the last day of shooting. I said not necessarily—as a matter of fact, the stars often tossed a farewell shindig for everybody on the picture *including* the producer.

Nothing came of that part of the conversation, but Barbara did say would I come over for dinner next week. I said that would be fine, that she owed me a dinner. She looked at me with what would pass for wide-eyed surprise if you didn't know La Bel.

"Do you *really* think I do?"

I told her obviously she did, since she'd been at my house last.

She said all right, when would I come, the house looked terrible, those new drapes she bought were just awful, the cook was off next week and wouldn't it be more relaxing for me if we had dinner at my house. I told her it wasn't my fault that she didn't like her drapes, I wasn't planning to eat the drapes, and a dinner away from home in *any* surroundings, however primitive, was a welcome change.

It's hard to resist kidding Barbara because she takes it as well as she hands it out. There is no kidding, however, about the fact that she has a wonderfully natural, fresh and appealing quality on the screen, and that she has real impact as an actress. She is for my money (after tax deductions, of course) the most important new find in a good many years.

In brief, she's one of the reasons producing a picture can be fun.

ALIAS SAM SPADE

(*Continued from page 51*)

Five minutes later the pilot stuck his head out of his cabin up forward again. "We've picked up a hell of a tailwind," he announced. "If it holds, we're set."

It held. The briny never got *that* planeload, including our intrepid sergeant, Howard. When the war ended, radio got him, and he became that famous sleuth of the air waves, Sam Spade. But since he had only one crook a week to catch on this program, he had lots of extra time and filled it out by playing romantic heroes opposite some of our loveliest movie queens on various radio shows. He made love to them in a unique, rich, baritone voice—the kind of voice that breaks your heart because you imagine its owner to be tall, dark and interesting, and when you catch sight of him at an actual broadcast he turns out to be short, pallid and painfully woeful.

But that's why Howard's voice was unique. Its owner *was* tall, dark and promising. Things like that get around in Hollywood and the first thing Howard knew he had a movie contract to play the ex-soldier convict in *Brute Force* with Burt Lancaster.

"Well! Well!" said Howard, properly staggered.

Between the Howard Duff of today and the Howard Duff who was born in Bremerton, Washington, and raised in the north end of Seattle as a child, there are great differences. As a friend of his says, "He is six feet tall now, has dark brown hair and gray-blue eyes. But as a kid he was undersized, had straw-colored hair and was always getting one or the other of his

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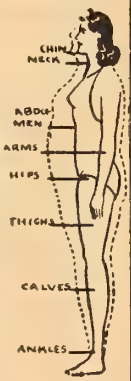
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ALFRED RYDER, who scores so heavily as Joe in T-Men, *was born in New York City on Jan. 5, 1919. He is 5' 10½" tall, has brown eyes and hair, and is unmarried. Al hails from the stage, can be reached at Eagle-Lion Films, Hollywood, California.*



ARLENE DAHL, Rose of My Wild Irish Rose, *was born in Minnesota on Aug. 11, 1925. She has dark hair and green eyes, is 5' 7" tall, weighs 122 lbs. Will next be seen in* The Three Musketeers, *and can be reached at M-G-M, Culver City, Calif.*



JIM DAVIS, the villain of Romance of Rosy Ridge, *was born in Dearborn, Missouri, on Aug. 26. He is 6' 3" tall, weighs 195 lbs., and has blue eyes and brown hair. Big break comes as Bette Davis' leading man in* Strange Meeting. *Write to him at Warners, Burbank, Calif.*

Pearl Hollander, B'klyn: Here are the top ten males and females in the MODERN SCREEN POLL for this year: Larry Parks (the Winnah), Sinatra, Crosby, Mitchum, Ladd, Power, Gable, Wilde, Johnson, Peck. And, Turner, Bergman, Grable, Temple, Allyson, Bette Davis, Stanwyck, Crawford, Hayworth, and Ann Sheridan. The ten box-office champs (Motion Picture Herald Poll) are: Crosby, Grable, Bergman, Gary Cooper, Bogart, Hope, Gable, Peck, Colbert, and Ladd. Previous year's winners are NOT available.

Rita R., Cinn.: Jo Ann Julian, Box 964, Columbus, Ohio, has the Burt Lancaster Club. Pauline Schwartz, 1015 Gerard Ave., Bronx, N. Y., has David Farrar's. Betty Brewer, 9328 Holmby Ave., L. A., Calif., has Marshall Thompson's.

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eyes smacked black or purplish-green."

Getting his eyes smacked during his kid street-gang fights in Seattle, Howard learned the rudiments of acting. "Where I lived," he points out, "if you could manage to act as if you were tough you would only get into fights with other kids who also looked, or maybe were, tough. But if you tried to sneak around, everyone would hit you, from softies on up."

So, for self-preservation, Howard kept on acting tough and did so well that one day he found himself leader of his own gang. Which was fine, until a certain street football game in which Howard was not only tackled by the opposing team, but by a passing delivery truck as well. Score: two broken legs and long days indoors for Howard, during which, in pure desperation, he begged his father to teach him how to play chess. But when he had learned the game, a dismaying thought hit him: "Gee! What will the gang think when they hear about this?"

He worried until one afternoon when the kids came to visit and were standing about his bed. Sitting up and sticking his chin out, he told them about the chess playing.

"Not only that," he added. "All you guys gotta learn how to play because I need action. I'm gonna take you on, one by one!"

high-school orator . . .

By the time Howard was ready to enter high school, which was in the middle of the depression 'thirties, he thought he might like to pick up something on public speaking. A friend advised him to take a course called "Oral Expression."

He found he liked to talk on his feet. He talked all through his first three years, and, as a senior, was chosen to debate on capital punishment. Howard was supposed to be pro-capital punishment but, somehow, found himself quoting the famous "Quality of Mercy" passage from *The Merchant of Venice.* This lost him the debate but won him the lead part in the school play, *Trelawney of the Wells.*

It was at this point that he decided he would like to become an actor. Whereupon, as soon as he graduated, he offered himself to the theater only to be immediately accepted by the Bon Marché department store, as a stock-boy. Three days of this, and he went off to join the Seattle Repertory Playhouse in his spare time. He didn't get any salary but he got lots of experience. Every night he would soak up new lines and every day he would deliver them, with gestures and in his best stentorian voice, to the inanimate wax models he was draping in the store windows. After a while, talking to a silent audience like this reminded him of radio announcing, and he thought it'd be interesting to take a crack at that. But by the time manhood had come, and he was old enough to apply for an announcer's berth, there were no openings in Seattle. There were openings in San Francisco, according to rumor, and Howard saved up rail fare and twenty dollars over to make the jump.

One fine day he showed up at a small San Francisco station where he was interviewed.

"There is a lot of foreign activity and we're going to try out some extra news broadcasts," said the station manager. "How are you on pronouncing the names of European cities and statesmen?"

This was no time to quibble, Howard decided. "Great!" he said.

The manager pointed to a large map of Europe on the wall. "Just had that put up today," he said. "Go over and read off the names of some of those cities. Start in Russia and work into Poland and Roumania."

Howard walked over to the map with an uneasy stomach. His first difficulty came in locating Russia. After that he tried to find a town with an easy name to start with but everyone he looked at read worse than the one before.

The name of the town he picked was Dniepropetrovsk. To this day he doesn't know how he pronounced it, except that he spoke loudly. He went on, calling out Zinovievsk, Sverdlovsk, Krasnodar and a few dozen choice others. A cry from the manager stopped him finally.

"What's the matter?" asked Howard, fearfully. "Was I wrong?"

"How would I know?" replied the radio man irritably. "I forgot I didn't know a thing about it myself!"

Howard got the job, but two weeks after he started he was fired. The program just wasn't pulling any listeners.

When America entered the war, Howard was playing "The Phantom Pilot," on a kiddies program. He had forgotten all about international matters. But a postman reminded him with a very official invitation to represent his country on such battlefronts as were available where he was nicely trained for the job.

One of his big moments occurred on Iwo Jima when he ran across a captured Jap who had been a next door neighbor to Tokyo Rose, who was even then broadcasting daily to the G. I.'s. Howard prepared a special broadcast on Tokyo Rose, replete with dramatic effects, for relay to the mainland as well as for consumption of the fighting forces. Just as they were about to go on the air a detachment of marines arrived looking for his star actor —the captured Jap.

"But you can't take him now," protested Howard. "We're about to broadcast!"

"He's leaving right now," said the marine officer.

"How can you say that?" pleaded Howard. "Haven't you ever heard that the show must go on?"

"Sure," came the answer. "But there's only one show going on around here that counts. The war."

Well, when *that* show was over—and Howard was in it for almost five long years —he hustled right back to Hollywood and The Phantom Pilot again. That's when Bill Spier, who produces *Sam Spade,* got the idea that Howard was his man.

He is content and happy now; only one thing really bothers him—a fear of high places. He is looking for a hilltop house and is going to spend so much on it that he'll just have to get over his phobia in order to make his investment worthwhile.

to live alone? . . .

That brings up another matter. Is he going to live up there all alone, a single man? He's a little cagey about that question. Once there was a flash that he was engaged to Yvonne de Carlo, but by the time people got around to investigating it, the engagement was off.

More recently, he has been seen escorting other young ladies. There was one star whom he wanted very much to meet in Hollywood, but before it could be arranged, he had to leave for New York where *The Naked City* was to be shot.

A couple of weeks later, in New York, he was seated in a restaurant when he heard his name called. Turning around he saw a friend coming up with a girl. You guessed it—she was the girl Howard had missed meeting in Hollywood.

Who was she? Howard won't say. But one night, after he got back to Hollywood and was rehearsing another Sam Spade show, he was asked to think up a name for a new character. And people who tuned in the show that night heard the new character introduced as Dr. Gardner —Dr. *A. V. A.* Gardner, to be exact!


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"I learned from experience that cool, mild Camels suit me best!" says Mary Goodfellow

Mary Goodfellow studied music and fine arts in Paris . . . stayed to learn the "hat business." Some years . . . and much experience later . . . we find her here at the left in her Manhattan salon, creating bonnets for American Beauties. "My cigarette?" queries Miss Goodfellow. "A choice of experience too . . . Camel! I tried many different brands . . . and I learned from experience that Camels suit me best!"

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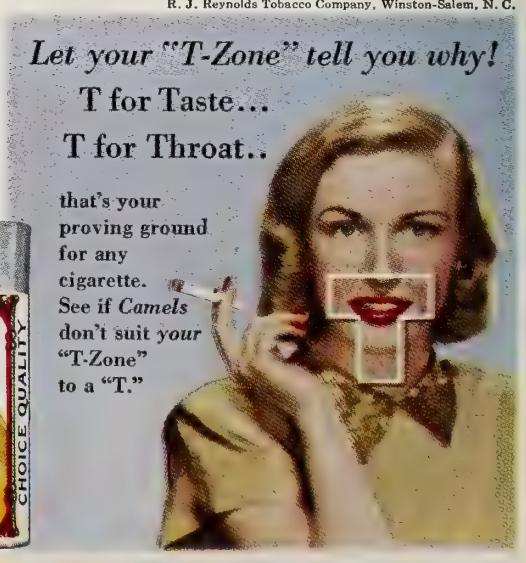
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The missing Bergman pictures!

modern screen

May 15c

DEPT OF PERIODICALS
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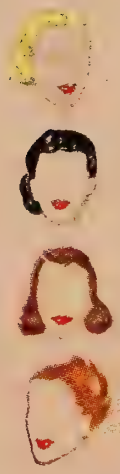
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APR -6 1948

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Advertisement

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid is never gritty or grainy, will not crystallize or dry out in jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. It will not rot clothing. And it's safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

MAY, 1948

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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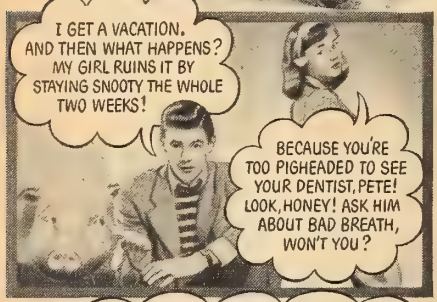
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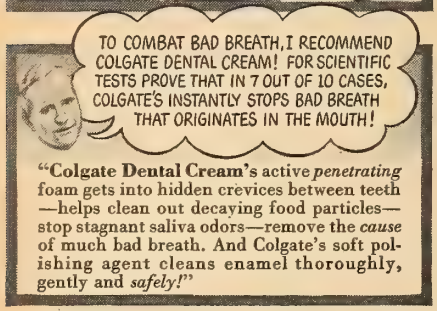
Color by TECHNICOLOR · Screen Play by ALBERT HACKETT and FRANCES GOODRICH · Based on the Play by S. N. BEHRMAN · Dance Direction by ROBERT ALTON and GENE KELLY

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It's a Sad Tale, Curly!







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Always use **COLGATE DENTAL CREAM** *after you eat and before every date*



To our Readers

THE LAST TIME I bragged about an issue of MODERN SCREEN was way back in January, 1947. Since then, I've been almost too busy. Tracking down the lost Bergman, for instance. Probably you never even knew she was lost, but Henry and I—we got the lowdown. Ever since we ran Ingrid's life story in August, 1943, we've known there was a cache of Bergman art in Sweden. We talked about it. 1943, we talked. 1944, we talked. 1945, we were still talking. This year, I turned to Henry Malmgreen. "Look," I said, "you being an old Swede, why don't you fly to Stockholm and bribe the royal family?" So he went, he snooped, and he came back with a fistful of pictures and a story even I don't believe. All about how he outwitted policemen, tortured embassy guards till they talked, etc. Still, he's happy with his story, I'm happy with the pictures, and we hope you'll be the same.

I JUST LOOKED in my memo book. It says, "Delacorte, don't stop bragging after Bergman; go on." So I will. Take this "Who's Who in Hollywood" magazine, compiled by the editors of MODERN SCREEN. It has a thousand names, a thousand faces. If you're curious about Vladimir Sokoloff or Maria Ouspenskaya "Who's Who" is your dish. Besides, this is the first edition in eight years; it'll take eight more before we have the strength to do another.

AND I'M STILL not finished bragging. Because it isn't every day a big shot like Quentin Reynolds'll get excited enough to drop Alida Valli and pick up a typewriter for MS. You know Reynolds—war correspondent for Collier's, lecturer, big battler for ideals. Well, he wrote the script (with Ben Hecht) for *Miracle of the Bells*. That's where Valli comes in—and Frank Sinatra—and our story. Quentin fought to get Frankie the Father Paul role in *Miracle* and he tells you why on page 27. MS motto: Get it from the horse's mouth.

AND WHILE I'M on that tack, take a look at the gem of a piece we've got by Mrs. Catherine Crosby. She says it may be true what they say about Dixie, but they've got Dixie's old man all wrong. Bing's *not* lazy. Bing *did* have a singing teacher—and anything you read about him in the papers is more than likely untrue. Anything you read about him in MS, though—ah, that's a different story. . . .

Albert P. Delacorte

ALBERT P. DELACORTE

"I found the night . . . and it was dark as his eyes . . .

I felt the dawn . . . and it was tender as his arms . . .

In the hollow of my beloved's hand . . . I saw

the whole world . . . and my own destruction!"



Vivien Leigh in the most magnificent love story ever written!

Vivien Leigh

and RALPH RICHARDSON

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LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news



Roy and Dale Rogers were happy newlyweds at Look Award Party. London's offered them $15,000 per week for appearance at Palladium. Cheryl, 7, may act in Bob Hope movie.



Roz Russell (with hubby Fred Brisson) won Look's prize, as outstanding actress, for *Mourning Becomes Electra,* also holds the Motion Picture Society's non-divorce citation.

■ Mrs. Mark Stevens now says, "I realize that Hedy Lamarr did not break up our marriage when Mark and I separated the first time. No one ever breaks up a marriage when *two* people want to stay married."

These wise and sage words were told me by Annelle after the Stevens reconciliation failed to take and they not only parted for the second time—she is going through with a divorce.

There is no longer a chance in the world that they will get back together.

But, if anything good ever comes of a divorce, I think it is that Mark's wife is no longer bitter about their parting. The first time, she was almost hysterical in her denunciation of Hollywood. She was convinced that if she and Mark had never come here, they would have been happy forever. She is a Southern girl and a non-professional and in that first big heartache, she unfairly blamed everything and everyone she could for their parting.

But now she knows it isn't a town or a career that comes between people. "It's the people who fail," she says, a little sadly.

* * *

I'm not blaming Frank Sinatra for the antics of his fan club in San Francisco, but if it is humanly possible for him to do something he should take action with these misguided zealots.

All right, so they adoooore Frankie and think he is the One and Only. That is no excuse for their disgraceful conduct staging minor riots against every other popular singer who tries to make a theater appearance there.

What happened to Kathryn Grayson and Johnnie Johnston was disgraceful. They were heckled in the lobby of their hotel by teenagers chanting "We want Frankie, we want Frankie."

It was even worse when they arrived at the Golden Gate Theatre. The Sinatraites were getting so out of hand that the theater manager had to call the police and have them clear the entrance to the house. Luckily, few of them got inside to spoil Johnnie's and Kathryn's performance.

But the little Grayson girl had such a case of the jitters, she refused to leave her dressing room between shows.

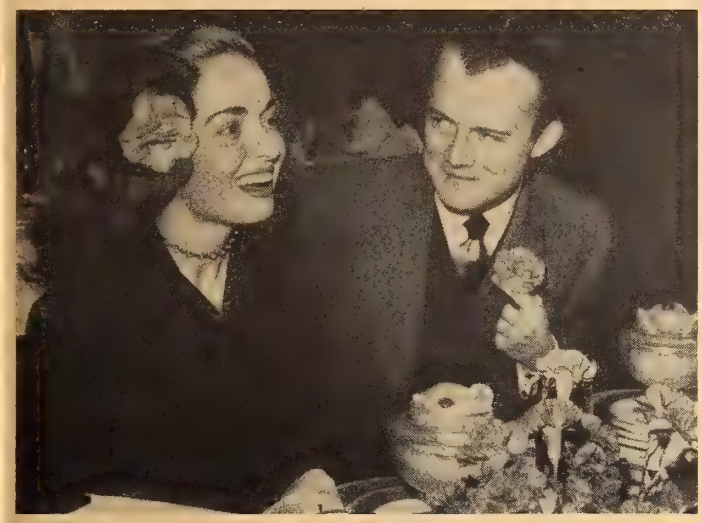
I know that Frankie doesn't want this kind



Bob Mitchum and Barbara Bel Geddes, who'll be co-starred in *Blood on the Moon,* were table-mates at the Look Party, held at Crystal Room of Beverly Hills Hotel. Bob denied he and wife Dot were separating.



Most romantic twosome at Crystal Room shindig were Howard Duff and Ava Gardner. Ava copped Look Award for being "rising young star of 1947," although columnist Lois Andrews called her "sloppy" off-screen.



When Lon McCallister turned up with Ann Blyth at the Crystal Room affair, he spiked rumors of his serious romance with Peggy Ann Garner. Ann's excited over a lead in Bill Powell's *Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid.*



Jane Powell and Elizabeth Taylor exchanged pleasantries with Gov. Earl Warren of Calif., at Look's banquet. Janie's going to announce her engagement to Tom Batten in 2 years—when she's 21. Liz was 16 in Feb.

of demonstration any more than the authorities and his real admirers but I am afraid he is going to have to do something definite to stop it.

* * *

Bets are there is no real romantic interest between Deanna Durbin and Vincent Price although they are seen together frequently. Her real new "heart" is said to be Charles David, a young man who looks amazingly like her first husband, Vaughn Paul. I understand the new beau is a writer.

Well, they say we gals fall for the same type over and over, and maybe it's true.

I am beginning to be convinced that I have the most devastating effect on Jane Wyman. When I arrived early at Joan Crawford's sensational party for Noel Coward, at Le Papillon, Jane was standing in the entrance to the cocktail room. One look at me and she turned and dashed out—not to return for the entire evening—as though Beelzebub was after her.

On another occasion, at a party, she burst into tears when I came in!

Of course, it is all because she knows how I feel about her divorce from Ronald Reagan. If ever a lady was mixed-up, it is this one.

But, thank Heavens, my entrance didn't have such a frightening effect on the 299 other guests, who rallied around for what Joan called her "one party of the year" invited to meet her honored guest, her old friend, Noel Coward.

Even though Joan had taken over the swank new Beverly Hills night club for the occasion, her personal touches in such good taste, were noted everywhere. I have never seen such flowers—white orchids and red camellias were the chief *decor*—and Joan must have corralled every bloom in town.

That girl is graciousness and charm itself as a hostess and she is very witty. Her famed guest of honor might well have written some of her best *bon mots* himself. She is also a lady who makes up her own rules, for only Joan would have had the daring to seat the man of her heart, Greg Bautzer, on her right—and Noel, on her left—and have invited two of her ex-husbands, Franchot Tone and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. to attend!

I'm sure you must have read a great deal about this party for it attracted great interest. Imagine George Burns, Jack Benny and Robert

A Gripping Tale



DeLong Bob Pins hold your hair as firmly as a thriller holds your attention . . . The Stronger Grip DeLong boasts about is no mere slogan dreamed-up by ad-writers . . . It's a fact as cold and hard as the high-carbon steel that goes into these quality bob pins . . . Try them and see how much better DeLong Bob Pins stay in your hair, how much longer they keep their strength and springy action . . . You'll never go back to the wishy-washy kind of bob pin that's in your hair one minute and in your lap the next. Always remember—

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out



YOUR FAVORITE VARIETY STORES ARE FEATURING DE LONG BOB PINS DURING NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK, APRIL 9-19.

Taylor as m.c's and such high-powered stars as Judy Garland, Dinah Shore and Celeste Holm obliging with song after song, with Noel Coward giving with a new number.

An interesting little sidelight of romantic goings-on was furnished by Diana Lynn, who came in with Bob Neal and sat right next to Fred Clark who is her escort whenever she and Bob get in those frequent tiffs of theirs. But what had everyone giggling is—the girl with Clark looked exactly like Diana!

It would take the rest of this column to list who was there but a few highlights were . . . Clifton Webb, the fashion plate, in a plum colored dinner jacket . . . June Allyson in an almost too-modest dinner gown, a blouse effect with long sleeves and a Peter Pan collar (Junie, are we going to have to go back to reminding you to dress up more?) . . . Barbara Stanwyck's beautiful un-ashamed gray hair in a new short cut . . . Mary Livingstone Benny's new diamond ring that looks like diamond netting . . . the startling blue of Mrs. Ray Milland's gown, and John Hodiak, surprising a lot of people by making some of the wittiest remarks of the evening. I never knew he had such a terrific sense of humor.

* * *

The Hollywood invalids at Palm Springs were certainly on the glamorous side. One week-end, soaking up the sun around the pool at the Racquet Club were the Errol Flynns, Clark Gable, the Paul Lukases, Ava Gardner, June Haver and Jane Russell.

Errol Flynn who had been so sick his boss didn't know when he would be able to return to finish *Adventures of Don Juan* improved so rapidly in the desert that he tossed a party for his ailing co-workers before he left.

He and Nora had cocktails in their bungalow and thought up a hundred amusing gags. They borrowed an operating table from the local hospital and used it for a cocktail table.

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

We've got 500 free subscriptions to MODERN SCREEN sitting on a shelf in the mail room with no place to go. Want one? Want the June, July, and August issues for free? It's simple! Just answer the questionnaire below and mail it back to us. If you're among the first 500 to do this little thing—a subscription is yours! We want to know how you feel about the stars. You know how *we* feel about you!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our May issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

Now It Can Be Told (Frank Sinatra) by Quentin Reynolds ☐
The Father's Doing Nicely, Thank You! by Dana Andrews ☐
Crown Princess (Shirley Temple) by Hedda Hopper ☐
Peter by Lady May Lawford ☐
And The Livin' Is Easy (Bob Mitchum) ☐
Story Of A Kiss (Burt Lancaster) ☐
Johnny On The Spot (John Garfield) ☐
Double Trouble (Susan Hayward) ☐
Audrey Faces Life (Audrey Totter) ☐
"Why We Left Each Other" (Cornel Wilde) ☐
Come Into My Parlor by Gregory Peck ☐
Accent On Oxfords (Dorothy McGuire) ☐
The Missing Bergman Pictures! ☐
Close-Up (Joan Crawford) ☐
Paris Album by Jean Pierre Aumont ☐
A Mother's Days (Bing Crosby) by Catherine Crosby ☐
"I'm June's Guardian Angel" (June Allyson) by Maggie McCarthy ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues: List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone..... State..... I am..... years old

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.



"THE BIG CLOCK"

Most Breath-Taking Picture of the Year!

starring

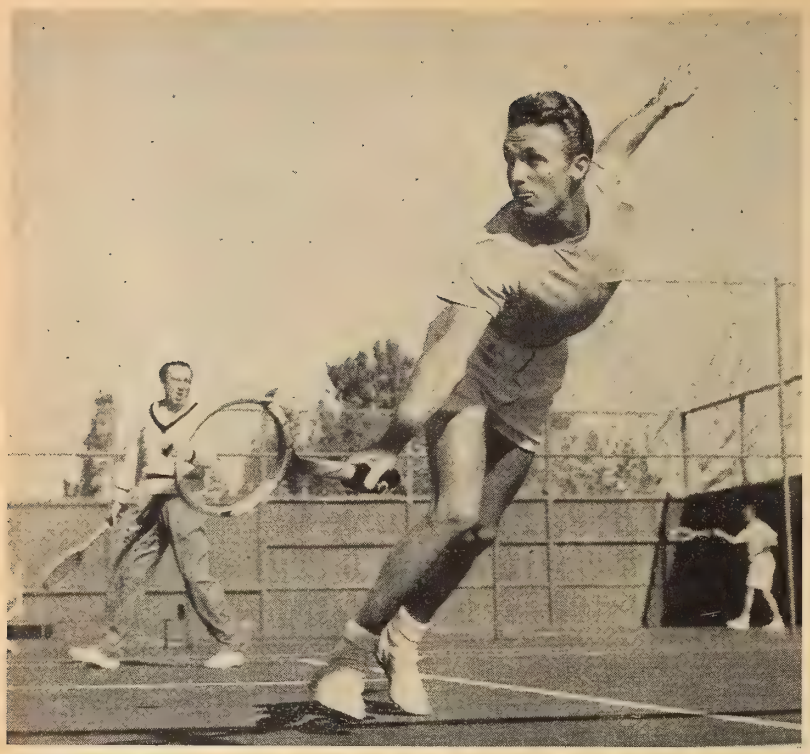
RAY MILLAND

CHARLES LAUGHTON

with Maureen O'Sullivan · George Macready · Rita Johnson

and Elsa Lanchester · Harold Vermilyea · Produced by Richard Maibaum · Directed by JOHN FARROW

Screen Play by Jonathan Latimer · Based on the Novel by Kenneth Fearing · A Paramount Picture



It's a love game when Bob Stack takes to the tennis courts at Charles Farrell's Racquet Club in Palm Springs. Bob also loves to water-skate—it's an invention of his own. Puts light cork soles on his feet, ties rope-line to motorboat and hangs on!



Down by the swimming pool at the Racquet Club the sun is hot and the decoration is former Powers model Candy Toxton with Tony Martin. Candy's signed an M-G-M contract.



Rory Calhoun and Vera-Ellen (left) took in tennis matches at Los Angeles Tennis Club, then went to Ciro's where they chatted with Peggy Lee who opened singing engagement.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

There were wheel chairs to hold all the guests and thermometers were all over the place serving as place cards.

Well, I'm glad Errol feels well enough to be kidding like that because, believe me, he was a very sick boy.

* * *

The funniest crack of the month was pulled by John Wayne. Someone asked him how he liked making *Tycoon* with Laraine Day right at the height of the Day-Durocher matrimonial tangle.

Leo was on the set constantly and always seemed to be on hand while the love scenes were being shot.

"It was tough," admitted John, "every time I kissed Laraine, Durocher looked like somebody had just stolen third base."

* * *

Close-Up of Rory Calhoun: He rests his chin against the hair of the girls he dances with . . . He doesn't like his dates too tall. Vera Ellen is the favorite of the moment. . . . He likes to buy clothes for the ladies he admires, an unusual trait in any gent. He just gave Vera a ballerina skirt made of suede with matching bag and gloves. He has also bought her several charming hats. . . . He drives his friends mad eating lemons. And peels them just like they were oranges. . . . For some reason he is convinced that he needs more self-discipline and does a lot of things he doesn't like such as taking ice cold showers, eating "health" vegetables, taking walks, being polite to dreadful bores and reading books that do not interest him. A psychiatrist might find all this interesting. . . . He gets in an argument at the drop of a hint that Van Johnson is "through" as a big favorite. He considers Van a top actor who will go on to even finer acting heights now that the "hysteria" about him is over. . . . In the daytime he "slops" around in sweaters and old slacks, but is always perfectly groomed at night. He is the hostess' delight in being agreeable even about donning black-tie in the evening. . . . He has a charming, confidential speaking voice that makes everything he says sound intimate. One ex-flame of his said, "Rory can say 'it's a nice day' and it sounds like he had said, 'I love you'."

* * *

That gay, giddy girl June Havoc gave the fun party of the month—a sort of belated wedding party, as it were. When she and Bill Spier were married, they had no time to invite their friends to a shindig but they certainly made up for it when they DID get around to having a celebration.

June and Bill borrowed Mitch Leisen's studio, hired a hot jazz band and summoned their playmates. What a party! Some of the most dignified people in our town were competing in the dance contests.

The old "Charleston" was brought back with a vengeance. Some of the younger fry didn't know how, but that didn't keep them from getting up and shaking a mean leg. I remembered the steps you bet—and did a little contesting myself.

Honesty compels me to report that two couples were better—Gene Tierney and Cesar Romero and Mrs. Van Heflin (who is cute enough to be on the screen herself) and Billy Daniels.

The "sweetheart waltz" was won by Anne Baxter (is that girl thin and glamorous these evenings?) and John Hodiak. Robert Montgomery who is always very dignified, sat on the sidelines and applauded loudly.

It was one of those parties that go on until


WARNER BROS. POUR IT ON!!!
12 ALL-TIME SONG SMASHES! including
April Showers
The World's Most Beautiful Girl
Cuddle Up a Little Closer
Carolina in the Morning
Pretty Baby
Moonlight Bay
Strolling Through the Park
Are You from Dixie
APRIL SHOWERS
FLOODS OF FUN!!! TORRENTS OF TUNES!!!
AND IT'S RAINING GIRLS! GIRLS!!! GIRLS!!!
STARRING
JACK CARSON
ANN SOTHERN
ROBERT ALDA
S.Z. SAKALL
AND DOZENS AND DOZENS OF OTHERS!
DIRECTED BY
JAMES V. KERN
SCREEN PLAY BY PETER MILNE • SUGGESTED BY A STORY BY JOE LAURIE, JR. • MUSIC ARRANGED AND ADAPTED BY RAY HEINDORF
PRODUCED BY
WILLIAM JACOBS

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



At premiere of *Cass Timberlane*, Spencer Tracy and son John got congrats. That night a John Tracy Clinic short subject dealing with deaf kids was run off, received good notices. Made with co-op of Disney Studios.



Latest about Bob Topping and Lana is they'll marry after his divorce from Arline Judge is final. They've been avoiding nightclubs lately, but Lana came out for *Cass Timberlane* with Bob and new diamonds.

the sun comes up. At midnight, Chinese food was served and it was delicious.

Gene Tierney came to the party with Charles Feldman, the producer-agent—and thereby hangs a story. She is dividing her dates now between Charlie and her ex-husband, Oleg Cassini, and it's hard to say which one will win out. Speaking of Oleg, I don't think he helped his chances any with that nightclub fist fight with Xavier Cugat.

It is amusing that Sam Wanamaker and Lilli Palmer, so romantic in *My Girl, Tisa* are not each other's favorite co-stars. The temperature on the set was definitely chilly. But it wasn't the great feud it was publicized.

Sam, himself, denied to me that he had said he wouldn't make another picture with Lilli. It isn't that bad. But I don't think either will break out in tears if they aren't teamed again.

The reason I mention this is because it is amusing that actors who don't seem to get along together on the set, frequently make wonderful screen lovers. I suppose it is because they have to try extra hard that the result is usually so good.

On the other hand, I've known of times when a couple of players had a private yen for each other and the scenes on the screen were only lukewarm. In their cases, it is because they have to "hold back."

Fashion Tips Hot From Hollywood: Rita Hayworth dresses up man-tailored blouses with cuff links and studs made of jeweled flowers. . . . Merle Oberon's pale blue and pink woolen dinner gowns are so attractive. Yes, the same weight wool your bathrobe is made of. . . . Lana Turner has earrings made up of her gold initials—L on one ear, T on the other. . . . Leather accessories, bracelets and earrings are popular with the younger set—very smart, too, and at one 'teenth of the cost of gold. . . .Diana Lynn pins gay little bunches of artificial Spring flowers on her handbags. More and more, among the younger girls, Diana is becoming a fashion leader. She originates, seldom copies fads.

* * *

Dana Andrews got you-know-what from his bosses for having that little run in with the police after he'd had an extra cocktail. But there is something so absolutely likeable about this guy, you just can't stay mad at him long, even when he's naughty.

Even the traffic cops had to laugh at his antics and the hardboiled desk sergeant had to wipe the smile off his face when Dana flatly refused to leave the jail "until my wife comes and gets me."

But, oh boy—does he suffer from remorse? He is bending backward being good these days.

* * *

And speaking of nice boys—they don't come any better than John Agar, that fine boy Shirley Temple is married to. And I think he has a brilliant future on the screen. He makes a surprisingly good debut in *Fort Apache* opposite Shirley.

But I liked him best of all when he came over to my house to be interviewed for a Sunday story. He is so frank and unassuming. He told me, not at all abashed, about the way they handle their finances. He pays all the grocery bills and keeps up the expense of running the home Shirley owned years before they were married.

"But I can't afford to buy her clothes yet," he grinned. "That's an item a little beyond my bank account."

* * *

Gloria De Haven and John Payne are so happy with their new baby boy, Tom. Oh rather, Thomas John. Even though the last name is spelled differently, they hope the baby will grow up to be as great as the famous "Age of Reason" Thomas Paine. John tells me that little Cathy is thrilled, and goes around chanting, "Kaki Payne's baby Tommy

(*Continued on page 92*)

They're off on their maddest, merriest adventure !!



EAGLE LION FILMS PRESENTS

BUD ABBOTT ★ LOU COSTELLO

"The Noose Hangs High"

WITH
JOSEPH CALLEIA
LEON ERROL
CATHY DOWNS

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY
CHARLES BARTON
Screenplay by John Grant & Howard Harris



Ethel Barrymore plays hostess to Joan Tetzel, barrister Gregory Peck, Charles Coburn and Ann Todd. The mysterious Mrs. Paradine (Valli), Charles Laughton and Louis Jourdan complete cast.



dorothy kilgallen selects "the paradine case"



Peck defends the accused Valli.

■ Alfred Hitchcock, sorcerer of suspense, has added another link of celluloid witchcraft to his delightful chain of cinema magic in *The Paradine Case*—as valid, intelligent and exciting a film as you are likely to see in a year of movie-going.

Nothing in the way of top-flight thriller material has been left out—the hot clashes are there, the cold moments of fear, the mystery, the scenes of normal tenderness and humor, the crescendos of eerie tension. All are blended skillfully and carefully and with the matchless Hitchcock sense of tempo—his daring to be slow when drama calls for a legato passage, his reportorial economy of words and motion when the truth of a scene dictates tautness and brevity.

The Paradine Case is the story of a woman who did or did not (I won't spoil it for you) murder her blinded husband, and it takes her from the oddly tranquil, controlled moment of her arrest to the feverish hour of the jury's decision, up and down a dozen scenic railway curves of bravery, deceit, despair and anger. It also is, even more vitally, the story of the lawyer who defended her, becoming fascinated by her beauty and strangeness, and of the lawyer's wife who finds herself in the resulting emotional dilemma.

And all the other major and minor characters in this human charade—which could have been extracted from any newspaper of our day—are drawn by Hitchcock (master of casting as well as of suspense) with an expertness that gives the picture an almost literary majesty beyond the fascination of dexterous cinema entertainment.

He has put Charles Laughton in the role of a powerful, wickedly humorous, mildly lecherous and infinitely sadistic judge, and Ethel Barrymore as his frightened wife. He has given Ann Todd magnificently directed scenes as the pained but understanding wife of the hero, and endowed Gregory Peck with new facets of strength and maturity as the attorney for the defense.

Valli, the newcomer? She is a good choice for the mysterious Mrs. Paradine, coming as she does a fresh personality to the American public. She is both beautiful and unusual-looking—in fact, she has half a dozen faces, depending upon the lighting of the scene and the arrangement of her hair. Sometimes she looks like Hedy Lamarr, sometimes she could be Dorothy Lamour's sister, often she bears a strong and haunting resemblance to Garbo. She is always photographically fascinating; whether she will hold as an actress may depend upon how often she is gifted with the equivalent of Mr. Hitchcock's overflowing bag of directorial tricks.

The other foreign surprise in the picture, Louis Jourdan, is a handsome and effective actor, a fine gift to the local public. He and Charles Coburn and Joan Tetzel and Leo G. Carroll are just a few of the valuable ingredients in a brilliant and satisfying composition.

Go to see it!



with
MADY CHRISTIANS · MARCEL JOURNET · ART SMITH · CAROL YORKE · Screenplay by Howard Koch
From the Story by Stefan Zweig · Produced by JOHN HOUSEMAN · Directed by MAX OPULS · A RAMPART PRODUCTION

Rinse Highlights and Color into your hair!



BLONDES!

Four of Marchand's twelve "Make-Up" Hair Rinse shades are created just for you! Now you can get the very color effect you want . . . whether it is to highlight your natural hair shade . . . or add a coppery tone.

BRUNETTES, BROWNETTES, REDHEADS! There are special Marchand Rinse shades for *you*, too. The color chart on the Marchand package shows you which shade to use for the particular effect you desire.

GLORIOUS HIGHLIGHTS! *Every* Marchand Rinse removes dulling soap film and leaves your hair softer and easier to manage. It does so much *more* than just lemon or vinegar . . . gives your hair sparkling highlights *plus* color!

SAFE, EASY TO USE! After each shampoo simply dissolve the rinse shade in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair! Not a bleach, not a permanent dye, Marchand's "Make-Up" Hair Rinse is made of government-approved colors that wash off readily.



By the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash

MOVIE REVIEWS

BY VIRGINIA WILSON

MIRACLE OF THE BELLS

Leave cynicism behind when you go to see *Miracle Of The Bells*. It's a story of sacrifice, love and prayer and it doesn't belong to the world of wisecracks and wise guys. Yet, curiously, its hero, Dunnigan (Fred MacMurray), comes from just that world. He's a Broadway press agent and he doesn't, in the beginning, believe in anything or anybody but ten percent.

That is before he meets Olga (Valli). Olga is just a kid from a little mining town, trying to get a job in a New York chorus. She can't dance, but there is a strange, luminous quality about her that makes Dunnigan notice her immediately. He has strolled in to see the director, and he says "Why don't you give that kid on the end a break?" So Olga gets a job.

It's a year before Dunnigan sees her again. This time it's Christmas Eve in a small midwest city. Olga is playing stock and Dunnigan is doing an advance publicity job. Their meeting is accidental, as their meetings are always to be, but with the odd stirring of fate behind it.

It's accidental, too, that Dunnigan is eventually able to make Olga a Hollywood star. If a temperamental foreign star had not suddenly walked out on the part of Joan of Arc, producer Harris (Lee Cobb) would never have tested an unknown for Joan. Dunnigan sells him on Olga. She plays the role with that same predestined quality that Joan herself must have had—it shines from her eyes and it foretells not only fame, but death.

Olga dies the day the picture is finished. She has known she was dying and even at the end she doesn't seem to mind. But she has a last request. She wants to be buried in Coaltown, where she was born. She thinks it might somehow help the tired, worn people there to know that one of them went on to fame—and came back to them again.

But after Olga's death, Harris decides not to release the picture. So there will be after all, no fame for Olga or for Coaltown. Unless Dunnigan can find a way. Or unless there's a miracle. . . .

Frank Sinatra plays a Catholic priest with simple sincerity. Lee Cobb is excellent as the Hollywood producer.—*RKO*



Frank Sinatra plays Father Paul, a sincere young priest in Coaltown, USA. It is in his modest church that the miracle occurs.



Fred MacMurray, cynical press agent, ballyhoos the Polish beauty, Alida Valli, to stardom, but she dies before she can taste success.





At dinner after the Maryland Hunt—Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont

"Before I go out—always a 1-Minute Mask!"

"Such a wonderful, different facial mask!" says charming Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont, of the famous Wilmington family. "No smothery 20-minute wait for results—the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream brightens up my complexion in *one minute!* Makes my skin look clearer and glowy right away! Smoother, too, with a soft, silky finish that takes make-up to perfection."

Always have a 1-Minute Mask when you want to look your best! Get a *big* jar of Pond's Vanishing Cream today. You'll use it constantly—for 1-Minute Masks . . . for light, non-greasy powder base . . . for wonderful smoothing hand cream. Send to Pond's, 9-E, Clinton, Connecticut, for free sample tube.



Incredibly Easy!

1-minute quick! Use that one minute pause to make magic on your *hands*, too! Stroke your still creamy fingertips over your hands and elbows. Pond's Vanishing Cream is satin-smoothing! Not greasy or sticky!

Secret for a Lovelier evening

1. Revive your late afternoon complexion to new beauty for the evening! Smooth a cool, white Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your face—except eyes.

2. "Keratolytic" action of the Cream loosens stubborn dirt and dead skin flakes. *Dissolves* them off! After just one minute, tissue off *clean!*

3. Your face looks lighter, clearer, sparkling—and exquisitely smoothed for make-up. Always before you go out—"re-style" your complexion with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream!

Beauty's My Business—



so I changed to the Gentle FLOATING LIFT of

SWEETHEART SOAP'S Extra Lather!

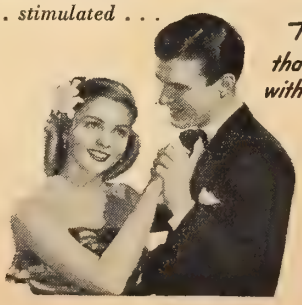
● "And my delicate skin thrives on this SweetHeart Care," says Jane. "For it reveals the clear, sparkling look that photographs radiantly."

Your skin may have a cover girl look when you change to *Floating Lift* Care. For SweetHeart's pure, mild, exquisitely fragrant *extra lather* has a gentle *floating lift*. Countless bubbles bathe the outer pore openings . . . *lift* off —*float* away—dirt and dry skin flakes.

Your skin looks smoother, fresher, lovelier—and the delicate, alluring SweetHeart fragrance completes your glamour. *Floating lift* that gives such wonderful beauty help has been *proved* by pictures taken through the microscope.



● *Invite springtime romance! Begin SweetHeart's* Floating Lift *Care. Night and morning, massage your face one minute with SweetHeart's extra lather. Rinse with warm—then cold water. Skin is cleansed . . . stimulated . . . more radiant!*



● A SweetHeart complexion is real date bait! So waste no time in envy. Adopt Jane's glorious beauty care

The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin



● For tub and shower, you can now also get the new, large bath size. SweetHeart's *extra lather* with its *floating lift* is marvelous.



Scudda Hoo! Scudda Hay!: Farm boy Lon McCallister drives stubborn mules for June Haver's father in breath-taking Technicolor.

SCUDDA HOO! SCUDDA HAY!

All of you who loved Lon McCallister and June Haver in *Home in Indiana* will be thrilled to find them reunited in *Scudda Hoo! Scudda Hay!*, a truly beautiful Technicolor film with a heart-warming story to tell. Lon McCallister, as Snug Dominy, lives on a farm with his dad, Milt Dominy (Henry Hull), his impossible stepmother, Judith Dominy (Anne Revere), and an obnoxious stepbrother, Stretch (Robert Karnes), who has nothing in common with Snug but a tremendous yen for Rad McGill (June Haver). When—following a particularly heated set-to with Judith, Milt Dominy leaves home to go back to the sea—Snug get a job as hired hand for Rad's father, owner of a brand new mule team. Seems that McGill can't do a thing with the mules, and he sells them to Snug, who, with a Scudda Hoo! and a Scudda Hay! (that's mule talk for giddy-yap and whoa) can practically get them to jump through hoops. With the help of a kindly neighbor, Tony Maule (Walter Brennan), Snug trains the mules well, eventually is able to earn fifteen dollars a day hauling logs with them.

Unfortunately he doesn't make as good time with Rad as he does with the mules, and there are moments when you'd like to give her a hot-foot or something to make her see the light. She sees it eventually, but we're not telling how.

For photography that honestly takes your breath away, for those priceless shots of June in a bathing suit, for that McCallister grin—you've *got* to see Scudda Hoo! Scudda Hay! And don't say we didn't warn you—your small fry will come away wanting a mule team for pets!—*20th-Fox.*

THE BIG CLOCK

Ray Milland is cutting down on his drinking. He was a complete alcoholic in *Lost Weekend*. In *The Big Clock* he's just a guy who likes to spend an evening now and then drinking apple brandy sidecars. I expect him to have become a complete teetotaller by his next picture.



The Big Clock: Crime magazine editor Ray Milland wants to vacation with his wife Maureen O'Sullivan, but murder keeps him at home.

As George Stroud, he gets into plenty of trouble through those sidecars. Almost loses his wife and his job, not to mention his life. You see, George works for Earle Janoth (Charles Laughton), head of the vast chain of Janoth magazines. And when you work for Janoth, anything can happen.

George is editor of Crimeways magazine. He is also, as it happens, an expert on tracing missing people. Sort of a hobby of his, and one that Janoth has used to advantage frequently. But never the way he wants to use it now.

I guess I'd better start at the beginning. George is all set to go on a month's vacation with his wife, Georgette (Maureen O'Sullivan). As usual, at the last moment Janoth wants him to begin a new assignment. This time George rebels. He flies into an eighteen-carat rage and tells Janoth to go to the devil. Then he goes out and starts on the apple brandy sidecars. He has company both in his anger at Janoth and in his drinking. Janoth's girl friend, Pauline (Rita Johnson), has quarrelled with the great man, too.

It's too bad for George that he spends that evening with Pauline and the sidecars. Because next morning Pauline is dead, and Janoth asks George to use his talent for finding missing people to trace the man she was with the night before. There are various clues and witnesses. Witnesses who describe in some detail a man who looks exactly like George.

Among the clues are an oil painting of two hands, a sundial with a green ribbon tied around it, and a watch that stopped at the wrong time. Gradually the web tightens around George, who is trying desperately to find the real murderer. Highly uncomfortable for George but exciting for the audience.—*Par.*

THE SAINTED SISTERS

You'll love the sainted sisters, from your first glimpse of them riding along in a buggy, smoking small, lady-like cigars. The sisters, Letty (Veronica Lake) and Jane (Joan Caulfield) are wanted by the New York police and they are trying to get over the Canadian

Marjorie Groat's **winning smile turns an idea into a career—**

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!



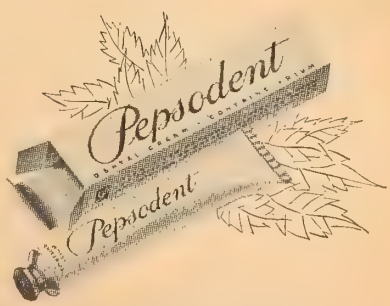


Marjorie Groat, Career-wife, is first to wear the latest fashions in Madison, Wisconsin—it's her job! Marjorie was a freshman at the University of Minnesota when she met Bill . . . and wedding bells ended her school days. When they settled in Madison, Marjorie decided that "Manchester's," one of the leading department stores, needed a fashion modeling staff. The store management agreed. Now Marjorie's winning smile is very much in evidence as she trains new models, plans and appears in fashion shows. It's a Pepsodent Smile! "I always use Pepsodent," Marjorie says. "It's the best tooth paste I've found for brightening teeth!"

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste!

People all over America agree with Marjorie Groat. New Pepsodent with Irium is their 3-to-1 favorite for brighter smiles! Just recently, families from coast to coast compared delicious New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said New Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried!

For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT
OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY



This is the Fable of Mrs. Gray
and the WASHDAY REBELLION. . . .

Mrs. Gray was a careful housekeeper—except on WASHDAY.
Any SOAP, real or imitation, that made SUDS suited her. . . .

When neighbors whispered, "TATTLE-TALE GRAY," she wasn't worried.
Even when best friends mentioned FELS-NAPTHA SOAP,
she ignored them. . . .

One day Mrs. Gray hung out her HALF-CLEAN WASH and went
inside to REST. Suddenly she looked out the window—
and was HORRIFIED! . . . she was being PICKETED! Her neglected
clothes demanded BETTER WASHING CONDITIONS!

Mrs. Gray hustled the INDIGNANT PICKETERS down to the LAUNDRY...
for some COLLECTIVE BARGAINING. Then she flew to the 'phone.
Ordered LOTS and LOTS of FELS-NAPTHA. In a RUSH. . . .

Next day Mrs. Gray's WASH swung gayly on the LINE—
CLEAN and WHITE—just like her neighbors'!

Moral—Don't let your wash line become a picket line.
Change to golden Fels-Naptha—bar or chips, today.



Golden bar or Golden chips—

FELS-NAPTHA banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



The Sainted Sisters: Blackmailers Veronica Lake and Joan Caulfield are discovered by Barry Fitzgerald in bright comedy of love and money.

border before they're caught. Such a fuss over their having collected twenty-five thousand dollars from an elderly, married wolf who had been making passes at Jane! Blackmail, the police called it, which was very narrow-minded of them.

In the middle of the night the sisters reach a little town called Grove Falls. And three things happen. Their buggy catches on fire, the horse runs away, and there's a thunderstorm. The girls think they're lucky when they find a deserted-looking house with an unlocked front door. They pick out a bedroom. Letty takes the twenty-five grand out of her bustle (this is back in 1895, I forgot to say) and they settle down for the night.

But the house isn't really deserted. Its owner, Robbie McCleary (Barry Fitzgerald), hears sounds and appears in a nightshirt, clutching a large revolver cautiously in his hand. He sees the girls, *and* the money. He has also seen the circulars put out by the police about two beautiful blonde sisters who are wanted for blackmail. Robbie decides to try a little blackmail himself.

He takes charge of the money. Then he announces that the sisters are to stay there and keep house for him. And furthermore he thinks that tomorrow morning he'll have his breakfast in bed!

Letty fumes, but she's going to stay and get that money back. Jane, as usual, does what Letty says. They both almost perish of frustrated rage when they learn that Robbie is giving chunks of their money away. Various deserving citizens are suddenly enabled to buy a cow, or pay their rent, or whatever their immediate problem is. And Robbie blandly tells them the sisters are responsible. No wonder the whole town starts regarding them as saints. All but handsome young Sam Stoaks (George Reeves) who regards them as two pretty girls and can't make up his mind which one he's in love with.

This is one of the brightest comedies to emerge from Hollywood in some time. And it's nice to see George Reeves back on the screen. William Demarest, Beulah Bondi and Chill Wills are also in the cast.—*Par.*

A MIRACLE CAN HAPPEN

Here is whimsy at its most whimsical. Toss logic and reason to the four winds when you buy your ticket to *A Miracle Can Happen*, because you won't be needing them for a



A Miracle Can Happen: Hank Fonda and Jimmy Stewart, two jive-happy boys, are being "sent" by the juke-box version of Harry's music.

couple of hours. When we tell you that this is the story of one day in the life of a roving newspaper reporter, the thing sounds quite sensible, but actually it isn't sensible at all.

To begin with, roving reporter Oliver Pease (Burgess Meredith) is obviously quite mad. He just has that look. His question for the day (suggested by wife Martha—Paulette Goddard) is "Has a child ever influenced your life?" And this might be harmless enough, were the people Oliver interviews not quite so odd. They are jive-happy Jimmy Stewart and Henry Fonda; confidence men Fred MacMurray and William Demarest; and Hollywood-ites Dorothy Lamour and Victor Moore.

Their three answers to Oliver's question are told in flashback style with amusing and sometimes hilarious results. The Stewart-Fonda sequence, written by John O'Hara, is by far the funniest, and these boys walk away with this star-studded job by the simple expedient of exquisite under-playing. Their voices are quiet. They throw away lines. And they absolutely *kill* the people. It is only unfortunate that their episode is the first of the series. If it were the last, you would leave your seat feeling that you'd been vastly entertained instead of feeling vaguely let down. Perhaps the truth of it is that this spotty script just isn't worthy of the stars involved. Nevertheless it is a lot of fun and full of surprises and Stewart and Fonda make it more than worth the toll.—*U. A.*

FORT APACHE

There's a very cute young couple in *Fort Apache,* played by a very cute young couple named Shirley Temple and John Agar. There are also John Wayne, Henry Fonda, Victor McLaglen and various other familiar faces.

Henry Fonda's face isn't as familiar as usual, since he is cast as a middle aged man with greying hair and a mustache. This character, Colonel Thursday, we took to be based on history's General Custer, but we could be wrong. Not, however, as wrong as Colonel Thursday, who is wrong about *everything* throughout the picture.

He doesn't belong in a place like Fort Apache, where the personnel is made up of hard-bitten Indian fighters. Thursday is furious at having been sent there from Washington and makes no effort to conceal it. Fortunately,

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SOFT-WATER SHAMPOOING

EVEN IN HARDEST WATER

RINSES AWAY DANDRUFF INSTANTLY

LEAVES HAIR SMOOTHER, SHINIER

MAKES HAIR EASIER TO MANAGE





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"Soft-water shampooing" gets your hair cleaner, shinier than any soap or soap shampoo you've ever used. And rinses away unsightly dandruff instantly. Your hair is easier to manage. Your permanent looks its loveliest. Today, enjoy "soft-water shampooing" with new Toni Creme Shampoo.

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Fort Apache: Shirley Temple, the Colonel's daughter, falls in love with Lieut. John Agar. Father disapproves, but Agar proves worthy.

his pretty daughter, Philadelphia (Shirley Temple), is more tactful, and she's soon very popular. Especially with young Lieutenant O'Rourke (John Agar). The Colonel disapproves, since O'Rourke is the son of an enlisted man.

Thursday is a stubborn and ambitious officer. He asks advice from Captain York (John Wayne), veteran Indian fighter but he doesn't take the advice when he gets it. Oh, no—he knows too much himself. He'll manage the post the West Point way, and the heck with everybody.

He does listen to York about the thing, however. The Indian chief, Cochise, has taken all his people over the Mexican border. The government wants them to come back, and if Thursday can achieve this, he thinks it will impress the boys back in Washington. So when York offers to go and see Cochise personally, and ask him to come back on peaceful terms, Thursday accepts the offer.

York succeeds in his mission, with the help of interpreter Beaufort (Pedro Armendariz). Cochise agrees to come back—on certain terms. But Colonel Thursday doesn't believe in making terms with Indians, and this time he's wrong once too often.—*RKO*

LETTERS FROM AN UNKNOWN WOMAN

Louis Jourdan, the sensational French actor of *The Paradine Case* plays opposite Joan Fontaine in this new picture. It's a tragic story of a woman's love for a man who never knows she loves him. It begins when Lisa Berndle (Joan Fontaine) is only fifteen, in Vienna, in 1890.

Lisa may be only fifteen but she can fall in love—and does, with a handsome young man of 24, Stefan Brand (Louis Jourdan). Stefan is a well-known pianist, also a well-known connoisseur of women. He pays no attention whatever to the somewhat awkward young girl who eyes him longingly.

Lisa is very sad when her mother (Mady Christians) says they are going to move to Linz. But there's nothing she can do about it until she is eighteen. Then she moves back to Vienna and gets a job as a model. She spends her time off standing in front of Stefan's apartment house.



Letters From An Unknown Woman: Sensational French actor Louis Jourdan stars opposite Joan Fontaine in a tragic story of unrequited love.

Lisa has now turned into a real beauty and it doesn't take long for Stefan to notice her. It would, however, probably have been better for her if he hadn't. Because the affair that ensues convinces Lisa that he is the man she will ever love, while Stefan hurries off to Milan and forgets all about her.

Lisa eventually has a child and names him Stefan, but never lets his father know that he exists. After all, she has her pride. The next eight years are hard for her but at last she marries a quiet, kindly man much older than she. Then she runs into Stefan at the Opera and while he is obviously interested in her as a beautiful woman, finds that he doesn't even remember her.

This recurrent pattern runs through the rest of Lisa's life until at last Stefan receives a "letter from an unknown woman."—*Univ.-Int.*

RUTHLESS

Perhaps you have to be ruthless to amass a really enormous personal fortune. Perhaps you have to use people and then kick them out of your way. Perhaps you have—in the end—to be alone with your money and to wonder why it ever seemed so important.

At least you do if you are Horace Verdig (Zachary Scott). When Horace was a boy his father was a drunkard and his mother was a bitter, poverty-stricken woman with no feeling left even for her son. From that background, Horace pulls himself up to become one of the richest and most influential men in the country.

It starts when he rescues Martha Wilding (Diana Lynn) from drowning. Horace's one friend, Vic (Louis Hayward), tells Martha's family all about it. And then Horace himself quietly manuevers them into semi-adopting him.

Horace has no particular interest in Martha until he realizes that Vic is in love with her. Then he takes her away from Vic just to prove that he can. Later, he discards both Martha and her family because they can no longer be of help. He has gone on to greener fields and if Martha is silly enough to let her heart be broken, that's hardly a concern of his.

(*Continued on page 89*)

See lustrous, natural "LOVELIGHTS" in your hair



not a soap—a smooth LIQUID CREME

IN bygone days, lovely women used egg with shampoo. Now, again, the lowly egg—just the right amount, in powdered form—helps make Richard Hudnut Shampoo soothing, caressing, kind to your hair! But the egg is *in* a luxurious liquid creme . . . that helps reveal extra glory, extra "love-lights." Try this *new kind* of shampoo . . . created for patrons of Hudnut's Fifth Avenue Salon . . . and for *you!*

A New Kind of Hair Beauty from a World-Famous Cosmetic House

Not a dulling, drying soap. Contains no wax or paste. Richard Hudnut Shampoo is a sm-o-o-o-th liquid creme. Beauty-bathes hair to "love-lighted" perfection. Rinses out quickly, leaving hair easy to manage, free of loose dandruff. At drug and department stores.



by dana andrews

Dana's had four kids of his own so he should know. You've got to keep calm; you have to rest, and when the crisis comes you need a wife like Mary to pull you through!



Before Acapulco trip, Dana (of *Deep Water*) talks to two-week-old daughter Sue.

the father's doing nicely, thank you!

■ Nothing unusual took place the day my daughter Susan was born. Everything was normal. Mary got to the hospital at four o'clock in the afternoon, and two hours later, there was Susan—eight pounds and ten ounces of her. (But as prompt as she was, she was a slow poke compared to Stephen, our two-year-old who got himself born ten minutes after we arrived at the hospital).

As I say, nothing unusual happened with Susan's birth. It could have, but she didn't take advantage of a certain situation. Originally, I'd thought Mary would go to the same hospital in Santa Monica where she'd gone to have Stephen. But instead, she decided on St. Joseph's this time.

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know," she replied, sort of dreamily. "For one thing, it's just across the street from Walt Disney's studio and all."

I gave this considerable thought, but it still didn't make sense to me. Why St. Joseph's, even if it was across from Disney's? No, it didn't make sense unless—(and I realized that women often got warm, fanciful little notions at times like this)—unless she was thinking that the baby might get bored during her first few hours, and by just yelling out the window would be able to bring both Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse chasing right over.

This wasn't Mary's reason, but it goes to show you *my* mental condition at the time. And, anyway, as I say, Susan ignored this opportunity as she ignored everything else for the first few days—including her father.

I guess all parents know that if there is a youngster already in the family when the new baby is (*Continued on page 84*)

INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet



SAM WANAMAKER, who debuts in My Girl Tisa, *was born in Chicago, on June 14, 1919. He is 5' 10½" tall, weighs 160 lbs., has dark brown hair and hazel eyes. He's married to Charlotte Holland, and they have one child. Write to him at Warners, Burbank, California.*



TIM HOLT was born in Beverly Hills, California, on Feb. 5, 1918. He is 5' 11" tall, weighs 165 lbs., and has brown eyes and hair. You can write to him at RKO Pictures, Hollywood, California.



BILL CALLAHAN, Zanuck's newest discovery (and dancing star of the Broadway hit Call Me Mister*) was born in Bronx, N. Y., on Aug. 23, 1926. He is 5'11½" tall, weighs 160 lbs., and has blue eyes and light brown hair. He's quite single. Deluge him with mail at 20th Century-Fox, Box 900, Beverly Hills, for a photo and personal answer. This column predicts he'll be the No. 1 Star of Tomorrow. Irma Schonhorn, 646 Willoughby Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., has his fan club.*

Roberta Broth, B'klyn: Don Castle was born in Beaumont, Texas, Sept. 29. He's 6' tall, weighs 162, and has brown eyes and hair. Write him at Monogram Pictures, Hollywood. Buddy Pepper has given up pix for a while. He wrote the successful Don't Tell Me, *and his newest songs are* Now You've Gone and Hurt My Southern Pride, Nobody But You, *and* That's The Way He Does It. *Yes, you and all their many other fans can still keep writing to Warners to cast the now grown up BILLY AND BOBBY MAUCH in bigger and better parts.*

Keep on sending those questions, with a self-addressed, stamped envelope, to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C. I have the answers waitin' for you.

SPECIAL OFFER

HERE IT IS AT LAST! (And well worth the waiting for!) The brand new 1948-49 Super Star Information Chart, completely revised, containing info on 500 of your all-time favorites, PLUS 100 NEW STARS never before charted, including Howard Duff, Ricardo Montalban, Valli. Over 10,000 facts in all; a must for every movie-goer. Send 10c and a business size self-addressed, stamped envelope to THE SERVICE DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y., 16, for your copy.

HEAVENLY CLOSE-UP ...for "Lustre-Creme" Dream Girls Only



YES, HEAVENLY, to move as one person . . . to the strains of enchanting music. That Wonderful Man holding you close . . . his cheek against your hair.

HOW REASSURING to know your hair weaves a lasting enchantment not to be broken when you leave his arms. Those moments his face touched your soft, fragrant, gleaming tresses . . . how thrilling he found them . . . how sweetly haunting still! And *you*—how happy and thankful you are, for Lustre-Creme Shampoo and the new, three-way loveliness it gives your hair! Your heart stands still when *he* says: "Dream Girl, that gorgeous hair rates a bridal veil."

MANY A BRIDE with soft, glamorous, Dream Girl hair is singing the praises of Lustre-Creme Shampoo. *Not* a soap, *not* a liquid, Lustre-Creme is a dainty new, lavishly lathering *cream* shampoo. Created by famed cosmetic specialist, Kay Daumit, to give hair new three-way loveliness:

(1) Makes it fragrantly clean, free of dust, loose dandruff; (2) highlights every strand with a lovely glistening sheen; (3) leaves your hair soft, easy to manage.

Lustre-Creme's instant, billowy lather is a rare blend of secret ingredients—plus gentle lanolin, akin to the natural oils in a healthy scalp. Use Lustre-Creme Shampoo to bring out the full natural beauty of the hair . . . to safeguard your "close-up" glamour. Be a Dream Girl . . . a lovely Lustre-Creme Girl!



For Soft, Glamorous "Dream-Girl" Hair

Now in Tubes as well as Jars . . . Lustre-Creme gives you your choice . . . for home or travel use . . . and for the convenience of the entire family. Four-oz. jar $1.00, or in smaller sizes, jars or tubes, 49¢ and 25¢. Rekindle your hair's highlights . . . bring out its true beauty . . . with Lustre-Creme Shampoo. In tubes or jars at all cosmetic counters.

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because

Veto says "no" to Offending!





Veto says "no"

—to perspiration worry and odor!

SOFT AS A CARESS . . . EXCITING . . . NEW—Veto is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy, always smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly . . . checks perspiration effectively. And Veto lasts and lasts—from bath to bath! With Veto, you feel confident . . . sure of your own exquisite daintiness.

Veto says "no"—to harming skin and clothes!

SO EFFECTIVE . . . YET SO GENTLE—Colgate's lovely cosmetic deodorant, Veto, is harmless to normal skin. Harmless, too, even to your filmiest, most fragile fabrics. For Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. No other deodorant can be like Veto! *So trust always to Veto—if you value your charm!*

Trust always to Veto if you value your charm!



now it can be told

by quentin reynolds

A columnist sneered, "Sinatra? He needs to be 'deloused'," and no one said anything. But Quent Reynolds has a liking for the truth, and now he sticks out his neck to tell it.

■ Your editors tell me they are calling this one: "Now It Can Be Told." I don't agree!

I don't think it should be told at all. I'm sure I'm going to regret every word of it. But just try and keep me from telling!

What I have to say concerns Frank Sinatra and a columnist whose attack on Frank has gone unchallenged until this moment—not because there were no answers—but because sometimes the best answer to nonsense is silence.

In general, this columnist announced that Frank after having practically been a member of Lucky Luciano's mob—and after having incited bobby-soxers to the spiciest forms of juvenile delinquency—needed "delousing." That's the word he used. Delousing.

To delouse him deluxe, his mobster friends (including me) conspired to ease him into the Father Paul role in *Miracle of the Bells.*

That's what the man said.

Of course there were a couple of things this columnist neglected to mention. For one, nobody could have forced the producer of *Miracle of the Bells* to have hired Frank. For another, Frank wouldn't let himself even think about the part until his church had given its okay. After you read the facts, decide for yourself if it isn't time somebody told the truth.

It all started at a party Mark Hellinger was giving for *restaurateur* Toots Shor, who was visiting Hollywood. (*Continued on page 96*)



Frank's first dramatic role—Father Paul in *Miracle of the Bells.*

peter

by lady may lawford

Balancing teacups in mid-afternoon—it's an old English custom that Peter follows with his guests, Pat Walker and Mr. and Mrs. Jackie Cooper.



Even in Hollywood where anything goes, this seems strange: Lady May Lawford, born of the aristocracy, rearing a son to the tune of English gardens and The Good Book—her boy, Peter, steeping himself in the Americana of jazz and bobby-sox . . . MODERN SCREEN brings you the story of a movie actor whom millions know. But not until you've read what follows will you really understand Peter Lawford.

■ When people ask me to speak of my son, Peter, I sometimes wonder where to begin.

It is as though, knowing him too well, I can not see him in broad defining terms. A purely objective reporter could probably sum Peter up in a few minutes. He walks thus, he talks thus, he has eyes this color.

But for me, Peter is the sum of a million little ways and habits and traits, and it is hard to know which ones to talk about.

Peter has a very fixed and determined character. Having once made up his mind to a thing, nothing can change him.

That comes from his early training.

I remember when he was a small boy, and he came to me one day. "I think I will go to the circus," he said. I told him he might.

A little later, he came to me again. "The nurse and the other boys are going to the swimming pool, and I think I will change my mind, and go with them."

"No, my dear," I said, "for in so doing, you will destroy something you can't see, which is your character. The circus it must be."

I suppose it was a difficult lesson for a child, but I think a good one.

Peter, who spoke only French until he was five years old, had a passion for guide-books. When we traveled to museums and cathedrals, he would always have a guide-book, and he would look up all the buildings.

I had been (*Continued on page 108*)



Pete, star of *On An Island With You,* would feel lost without his records. Here, Jackie looks over Stan Kenton album. Below, in Sir Sidney's formal garden, the boys get lowdown from Pete's dad on care of chrysanthemums.





crown princess

Over the radio came the flash: "To Shirley Temple, a 7-lb. girl." But Linda Susan's more than a baby—she's heiress presumptive to all the love a country has given her mother.

by hedda hopper

■ It must have been around nine that morning when the wires started crackling. Into newsrooms up and down the country, and out again over the radio networks: *"To Mr. and Mrs. John Agar (Shirley Temple), a daughter at 7:15 A.M. Weight, 7 lbs. 6 oz. Name, Linda Susan."*

That was the formal announcement, but most of us weren't very formal about it. "Hey, have you heard?" we yelled. "Our Shirley's a mamma!"

Our Shirley. There you had the story in a nutshell. Not just Hollywood's Shirley, but America's.

Plain as though I could see it, I knew what was happening right this very minute. Switchboards cluttered with calls. Newshawks (me included) waiting to pounce on the smallest detail. Gifts and flowers and messages pouring in from friends who knew Shirley and friends who'd never seen her except on the screen. From coast to coast, a happy stir and commotion, all centered on a girl lying in a quiet hospital room.

Less than twenty years ago in the same hospital, this girl had been born to Gertrude and George Temple. They called her Shirley Jane, and no flashes went out that day. Except to a very small circle, Shirley Jane was just another vital statistic.

Some four years later she danced into our hearts to stay. Now the child we've loved like no other had a child of her own. I sat at my desk, remembering how she looked as Little Miss Marker. How she looked in her wedding gown, floating down the aisle toward her Jack. And something caught in my fool throat . . .

That was Friday, January 30th. On the following Wednesday, I took off for the Mardi Gras in New Orleans, and I got back home the morning of St. Valentine's Day. In the afternoon I drove up to see Shirley. Knew you couldn't wait.

Being of another generation, I expected to find her in bed. Or at least on a couch. Not at all. With a baby exactly fifteen days old, there she stood on the doorstep to greet me. In a black skirt and white silk blouse. A Kelly-green ribbon round her hair to match the one at her throat.

"Shirley," I said, "you look like a Valentine yourself."

"Kind of a chubby one," she laughed.

"Honey, two weeks won't take off what it took nine months to put on—"

Came the chuckle that's hardly changed in sixteen years. "Never thought of it that way."

This was my first visit to Shirley's house. "What would you like to see first?" she asked.

"Are *you* kidding?" (*Continued on page 62*)





■ If you possess a radio, you have heard Audrey Totter at one time or another. She was the dialect queen of the soap-operas, the much publicized "Girl With 1000 Voices."

She does not use them any more. Her own husky, slightly insinuating, straightforward voice seems to match the neat, healthy body, the soft blonde hair, the unwavering blue eyes and the amused, knowledgeable quirk at the corners of her mouth. You feel that she has always been aware, and unafraid.

She was twelve, the day the circus came to Joliet. Her first circus, it was; she went to see it with a girl friend, not bothering to mention the fact to her parents. And as the gaudy pageant unfolded beneath the great tent, she thought that here at last was all the glamor and color she had ever imagined.

Unconsciously she compared the life these performers must lead with her own existence. Mr. Totter had come to America from Austria to be a priest. A few months after his arrival, he met the beautiful Ida Woodman, fell desperately in love with her and got married. He took a job as a streetcar conductor because he thought he could learn English quicker that way. It paid him enough to keep his family in comparative security, and he did not get another job even after he lost his accent.

But in the small, six-room frame house in Joliet, his two sons and his two daughters were raised with kind strictness, as befitted the family of a man who had almost joined the Church. Audrey, the oldest, had been taught all the virtues, and she had often heard her father's stated opinions of girls who went on the stage.

"Yes," he would say, at dinner, "being an actress is just as bad as being a—"

"John!" Mrs. Totter would interrupt, with a warning glance at the girls.

Now, watching the glittering circus acrobats on their high wires and swings, Audrey remembered that. But she saw that the



Audrey, being groomed as another Turner, visits Bob Taylor's dressing-room. They're co-starring in *High Wall*. She'll do *Saxon Charm* next. Romance Dept.: Nick Raye has the edge.

Totter's an ex-soap

opera queen with a husky

voice and a knowing

look that says: "I'm not afraid."

But every time she falls in

love, life can be devastating!

By ARTHUR L. CHARLES

audrey faces life

lovely girls hanging by their teeth high above the sawdust rings had long blonde curls that tossed back from their heads. *She* had long blonde curls, and a nearly complete set of strong, white teeth.

"Jane," she whispered to her little friend, "I'm going to join the circus!" Forthwith, when the show had ended, she sought out the manager of the outfit and offered her services. The manager telephoned her father. Her father came and took her home.

There was a scene, and, in the end, a compromise.

"If you will promise not to run away again," her father said, "until you have finished high (*Continued on page 75*)



■ Sometimes I look at Tim and Greg and the realization comes over me like a wave, "*Me*—with twins!" I can still hardly believe it.

Jess was the first not to believe it, though. I had gone to the doctor for an X-ray, and had left Jess sitting in the car. When I came out of the office, I walked slowly toward him. "Hello," I said, "you father of twins, you!"

He grinned. "Stop kidding me. I can't take it."

"I am not bandying words, nor speaking in idle jest," I told him grandly. "That's what the doctor said. Move over."

Jess shot out of the car and bounded up the doctor's office steps. He came back a minute later, looked at me, and exhaled. "Gee," he said. Which I thought was putting it rather mildly.

Mother was surprised, too, but not entirely. Her own mother had, among sundry other offspring, a pair of twins.

"Oh, my poor baby!" she wailed when I had phoned the news. "You *would* be the one to get them!"

For my part, I considered my doctor off his trolley. After the whole thing was over and Jess tiptoed into my hospital room, I looked at him somewhat foggily and said, "Well?"

"You're the mother of two fine boys," he announced.

I giggled weakly. "Jess! Stop kidding me!"

"I'm not. They're wonderful."

"Well, get me!" I said. "Mother of twins!"

Of course it (*Continued on page 65*)

DOUBLE TROUBLE



To avoid a fraternal fracas, Tim and Greg have two of each toy. Right now their preference is for footballs. Susan rushes home from work on *Tap Roots* to coach—and her word is law!



Barker twins, at 3, are separate personalities. Greg is the actor; Tim has good singing voice. Jess and Susan are careful that boys never feel one is the favored child.

With twins, your prob-

lems come in pairs: you've got

two hungry mouths to feed,

two howling savages to tame.

But you can wreak a

small revenge—you've also

got two piggy banks to rob!

BY SUSAN HAYWARD





Catherine Crosby, mother of 7, including *Emperor Waltz* star Bing.

Official holidays grow blurred, except for one or two . . . the time the kids took "the picture" . . . the time Bing slept on the fence . . . but holidays didn't matter; every day was Mother's Day with her.

a mother's days

by catherine crosby

■ Curiously enough, one of my warmest Mother's Day memories goes back to before the children were even born; back to the day when their father and I knew we had established a home for them; a place warm and livable, and I could close my eyes and imagine them there.

It was the same home, though we lived in several Washington towns in our earlier married life, and then settled in Spokane. There we lived in the north end of the city, close to St. Aloysius Church and Gonzaga University. All around us were young married couples, congenial and all of a sort in tastes, economic position and general outlook. Nobody was wealthy. Everybody was happy.

It was against this background that my youngsters grew up, and, while raising seven healthy children is by no means something that happens accidentally, I will always split credit with the community and the good people in it. It was a fine place with many activities that made for good living. Mother's Day? I don't know about the official holiday, but if you are speaking of plain everyday Mother's Days, I had thousands of happy ones there.

Like most families we can tell a good bit of our history by snapshots taken from time to time and there is one, a mite faded and peeling off at the edges now, that reminds me of a typical "Mother's Day," even if it wasn't that by the calendar. With the help of their dad, the children were going to surprise me with this photograph, a group picture of themselves. Everyone was to be up early, get dressed quickly, assemble in the yard—and Dad would (*Continued on page 105*)



come into my parlor...

by gregory peck

Photos by Gus Gale



"Had to uproot some of the trees—interfered with our baseball games."

■ What does a guy know about a house? That's my problem. Describe your house, Greg, you say to me, and I start, "Well, there's a lot of red and blue—" and my wife butts in, "Coral and turquoise—" It sounds better when she tells it.

Anyhow, we've got this long, rambling place—it's white, it's brick, it's beautiful—and I don't use Pond's. We've got a view of the coastline that Winslow Homer would have envied.

We bought our house last year, and it's only partly decorated. We were going to build originally, and then Greta came home this day, and she said, "What a place I saw. Plain, but wonderful."

I stared her down. I know my wife. "How much?"

She told me.

I stared her down some more. "Too much."

"But you have to see it," she said wistfully.

Naturally, I am now living in the house. So are my wife, our two children, Jonathon and Stephen, our Jesse, who's a combination cook and housekeeper, and a gardener named Joe.

Oh, yeah, we have a swimming pool. A movie star wouldn't be caught dead without one. Most movie stars wouldn't be (*Continued on page 85*)



"After *Gentleman's Agreement* and *Paradine Case*, I'm a family man again."



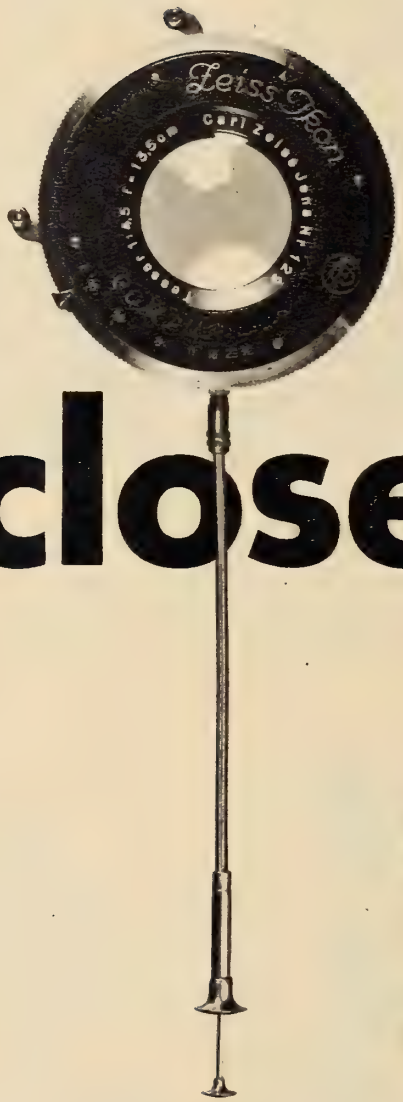
↑ "In the loggia, you can be indoors and outdoors, too—almost."

↓ "This is the room where we frolic. The bar's in the other corner."



Joan, always the actress . . .
pressing camellias in a book . . .
weeping over kidney beans . . .
washing dogs with lilac-scented oil.
These are the ways
editor Lusk remembers his
Crawford, last of the
fiery Hollywood queens.

By NORBERT LUSK



close-up





This was Joan when she first met Lusk, in '28.

■ Once I was indifferent to Joan Crawford. When we met early in her career, she disappointed me. I was a magazine editor -then and a little vain, and Joan Crawford had asked me to breakfast at a New York hotel in company with her press agent. But all she seemed to have to say was that she preferred to wash her own hair because she couldn't *bear* to have it touched. She *could* stand having it waved by other hands though, and did I know she had freckles?

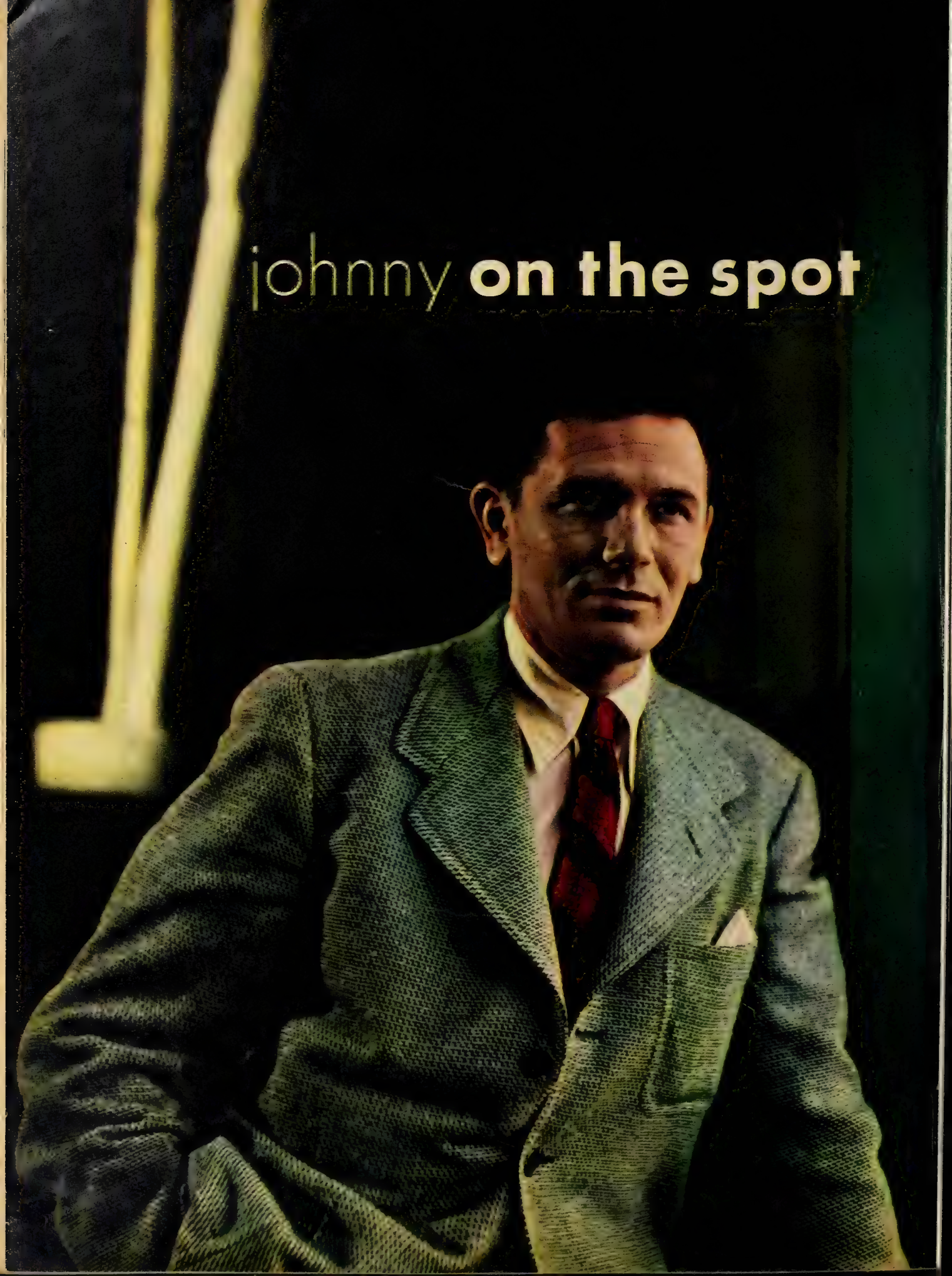


There was also the matter of fruit juice. It seemed that the essence of grapefruit and lemon had to be mixed just so, she told the waiter. Why in heaven's name doesn't she carry a measuring cup with her and blend the juices drop by drop? I asked myself impatiently. True, her legs and ankles were delightful below the very short skirt of the period, and she had a propulsive personality on the screen. But as a conversationalist—and a hostess—she lacked what we shall politely call awareness. The impression I got was not good.

Unfortunately, I couldn't get Joan Crawford out of my mind. Being in charge of a magazine, and film reviewer as well, I saw every picture she made, examined nearly every photograph she had taken and probably read every interview she gave. I was not kind in my criticisms, never understanding how an undecided young actress might be trying to make headway in the face of terrific competition. Nor could I guess how frantically she was working to improve herself in one gulp, so to speak, that she might all of a sudden make up for a childhood as miserable as might be found in a novel by Dickens.

I saw Joan Crawford only as a publicity-mad minor actress winning cups at dance contests, collecting dolls, and crazy to be interviewed on any subject that would enable her to strike a dramatic attitude. She was a symbol of the dance-mad era of the (*Continued on page 109*)

johnny **on the spot**



"Take down everything

he says," our editors ordered.

So here's Garfield—

how he talks, thinks, lives . . .

Garfield, the big guy

who worries about little guys—

because he was once one himself.

By VIRGINIA WILSON



He and Robbe have been married 16 years, have two kids: David, 4, and Julie, 2. Since *Body and Soul,* fixed fights are known in the trade as "John Garfields." John's next may be based on diary of Brooklyn cabbie.



For his appearance in the experimental play, *Skipper Next to God,* John received $60 a week. He'll net half a million for *Gentleman's Agreement, Body and Soul.*

■ The man at the table had dark hair, and eyes that sized you up in a split-second. The eyes made me slightly nervous, until the man smiled. His smile said, "Relax, we're friends."

It's not easy to interview John Garfield. He'll talk about anything except himself, and this story was supposed to be about Garfield. I told him so.

"That puts me on the spot," he said, rubbing his forehead. "I never can think of things to say."

"Oh, that's all right," I said hopefully. "I'll just ask you a whole lot of questions and that will make you think of things."

It did, too. Only every question would make him think of something that happened to somebody else. Not that John wasn't trying to cooperate. He just didn't seem to have any ego whatever. Ego or no ego, though, he has very deep and sincere convictions. These convictions are about a number of matters.

These convictions are the reason he has been appearing in *Skipper Next To God*—the Experimental Theater's production. John came to New York last fall wanting to do a Broadway play. But the script that interested him most wasn't going to be produced on Broadway at all. There would be no large salary; in fact, there would be practically no salary at all. But here was a play which John (*Continued on page 103*)

Here is the Cornel Wildes' story told frankly at last. It's about two fine people battling Hollywood —where the odds are the most dangerous in the world!

BY IDA ZEITLIN

"why we left each other"



Cornel completed three oils between scenes of *Walls of Jericho,* donated them to Movie Star Art Exhibit. He's happy wife Pat has come through "a very depressing period in her life."

■ I sat in the café on the TC-Fox lot, waiting for Cornel Wilde, and wishing I was anywhere else.

I'm no greenhorn, I've been at this game for years. But today was different. I'd been sent to find out what lay at the roots of Cornel's recent troubles. There'd been plenty of stories—all based on hearsay and speculation, what this friend had heard and that associate believed. But I was supposed to get it straight.

Well, you can't say, "Hi, chum, why did you and your wife separate, and how are things now?" Not unless you're prepared to be told it's none of your business—a viewpoint your editor finds unwholesome. No, you've got to be subtle. Round and round went my head.

Then along came Cornel, with apologies for being late. For my part, I groaned to myself, you could have been later. As a matter of fact, you could have stood in bed.

I dragged out my notebook. "This is a tough assignment."

He grinned. "About Pat and me? I'll talk."

From then on, it wasn't Cornel sitting beside me, but an angel. Before he got through, I knew that the Wilde story had been told for the first time—frankly, intelligently, and with no holds (*Continued on page 98*)



PARIS ALBUM

by jean pierre aumont

■ I have a friend who takes pictures. Not for a living; nothing so useful as that. No, this is a friend who, if you are showing a guest your library, you will find this friend lying on top of your bookcase on his stomach, taking your picture. The most he ever hopes for is to snap your picture when your mouth is open, your eyes are shut, and your teeth are out. My teeth are attached, so there is not too much he can do to me, but he tries. He tried all over Paris, and when I returned to New York, my old friends Al and Henry said, "These are cute pictures—may we use some of them?"

And what could I say? That my friend is a pest, and you will encourage him? Of course I could not. So here you have the pictures.

After finishing *Atlantis*, I left for Europe last June 8th. Almost a year has passed since then—a few hundred days, a few hundred units of time, and where they have gone, I am afraid to think, because so much has happened, and it seemed to happen so fast.

It was a lovely spring day, that June eighth, and the Hudson was looking very green, and even though I knew the boat was headed for London, I was already (*Continued on page 100*)

"Me drumming up trade for my play."





"An outdoor aperitif at the Cafe de la Paix."

"I disembark near the
Paris Opera House."



"At Maxim's with friends
after L'Empereur opened."





"The Jacques Faths,
Cina Pachezski
and us at Maria's
farewell party."



accent on oxfords

She hacked her own hair with a razor, and scoffed at glamor. "McGuire won't go Hollywood," people said— but Hollywood went all out for Dot McGuire!

By DAVID CHANDLER

■ "I'm sorry," said Hazel Flanagan, one of the studio's best hair-do people, "but about this one I'll bet you're wrong."

The young man with the red-blonde hair shuddered imperceptibly, and waved his comb at Hazel. "You'll see. She'll look at us like we're monkeys in a zoo. All these theater people got ideas about Hollywood and there's nothing we can do to change them. She'll be telling us how to run our business. You'll wish you were dead."

Hazel stopped fussing with a bottle containing a greenish substance. "She's a nice girl," she insisted. "Probably scared to death."

A harried messenger from the publicity department burst into the room. "Make like you're excited," said the messenger. "She's on her way. And, Hazel, ask her who's been doing her hair. I got an enemy I'd like to send there."

"See what I mean?" the young man said, triumphant.

A moment later she stood before them. She wore flat shoes suitable for scaling the Matterhorn, a skirt and shirt covered by a suitably ancient camel's hair coat. She looked like a suburban young matron.

"This," said the messenger, "is Dorothy McGuire," and fled.

The young man whispered something about an appointment, and also fled.

"What do you want me to do?" Miss McGuire asked Hazel, with the voice of someone who has come prepared for outlandish rites.

(*Continued on page 100*)

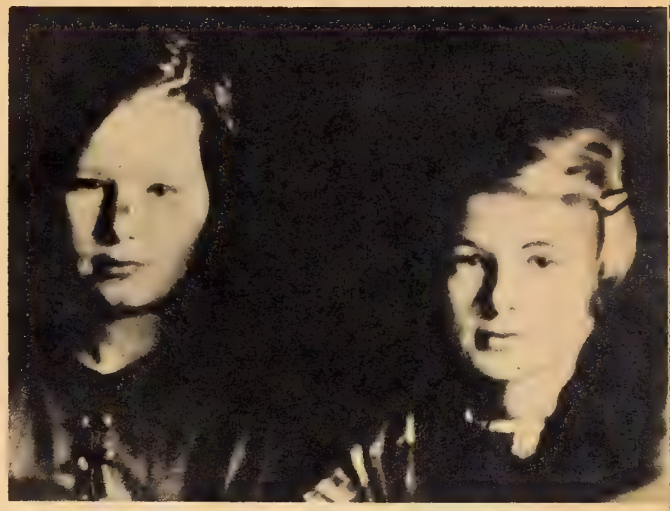


Between pictures Dorothy stays at home, in a barn along the Hudson; she and husband John Swope remodeled it. Following up *Gentleman's Agreement*, McGuire's doing *A Doll's House* for Selznick.





MODERN SCREEN flew to Sweden and brought back this rare collection of photos. Through them the exciting beginnings of an actress can be glimpsed. And the veil of mystery surrounding Ingrid's early life is finally parted . . .



CHILDHOOD OF A GODDESS: This photo certainly gives no hint of future glory. Although she acted before a mirror at home, Ingrid (rt.) was extremely shy, hated school recitations.

the missing bergman pictures!



DRAMATISK TEATERNS ELEVSKOLA: Ingrid (on couch arm) enraged dramatic school board when she left for movie career. Frank Sundstrom (seated rt.) is last year's import to Hollywood.

← **INGRID'S WEDDING DAY:** In a church in northern Sweden, 21-year-old Ingrid wed Aron Peter Lindstrom, then a dentist. This is first time the rare photo has been published.

■ Ever since MODERN SCREEN published the life story of Ingrid Bergman (way back in August, '43) we have been aware that there existed in her native Sweden a great treasure of early Bergman pictures which no American reader has ever seen. We wrote letter after letter, sent cable after cable, to film and publicity offices in Stockholm, but we got no results. We thought perhaps the Swedes felt a proprietary interest in the young Bergman, and were unwilling to part with the photographs for that reason, but this only piqued our curiosity further. For the strange story of how Editor Malmgreen flew to Stockholm on a quest that seemed quite as fantastic as the pursuit of Captain Kidd's treasure, turn to page 4 in this issue.

But the story that needs telling here—the story to which our pictures testify—is of a woman whose past has been singularly de-emphasized by the American press.

It is flattering to our American sense of superiority to imagine that Ingrid Bergman



MADONNA AND CHILD: An intimate photo of Ingrid and Pia, this is the first (and to-date the last) authorized for publication. When Selznick called Sweden to offer U. S. career, Ingrid pleaded busy. "Business" was having daughter. Pia, now 9, is in *Joan Of Arc.*



BERGMAN IN THE MAKING: Now grown up, Ingrid was incongruously typed as vamp. Seeing this it's hard to believe she became the divine Bergman you know.



A WOMAN'S FACE: In the film *A Woman's Face,* the Bergman you know today had finally emerged. Crawford did American version of the picture in 1941.

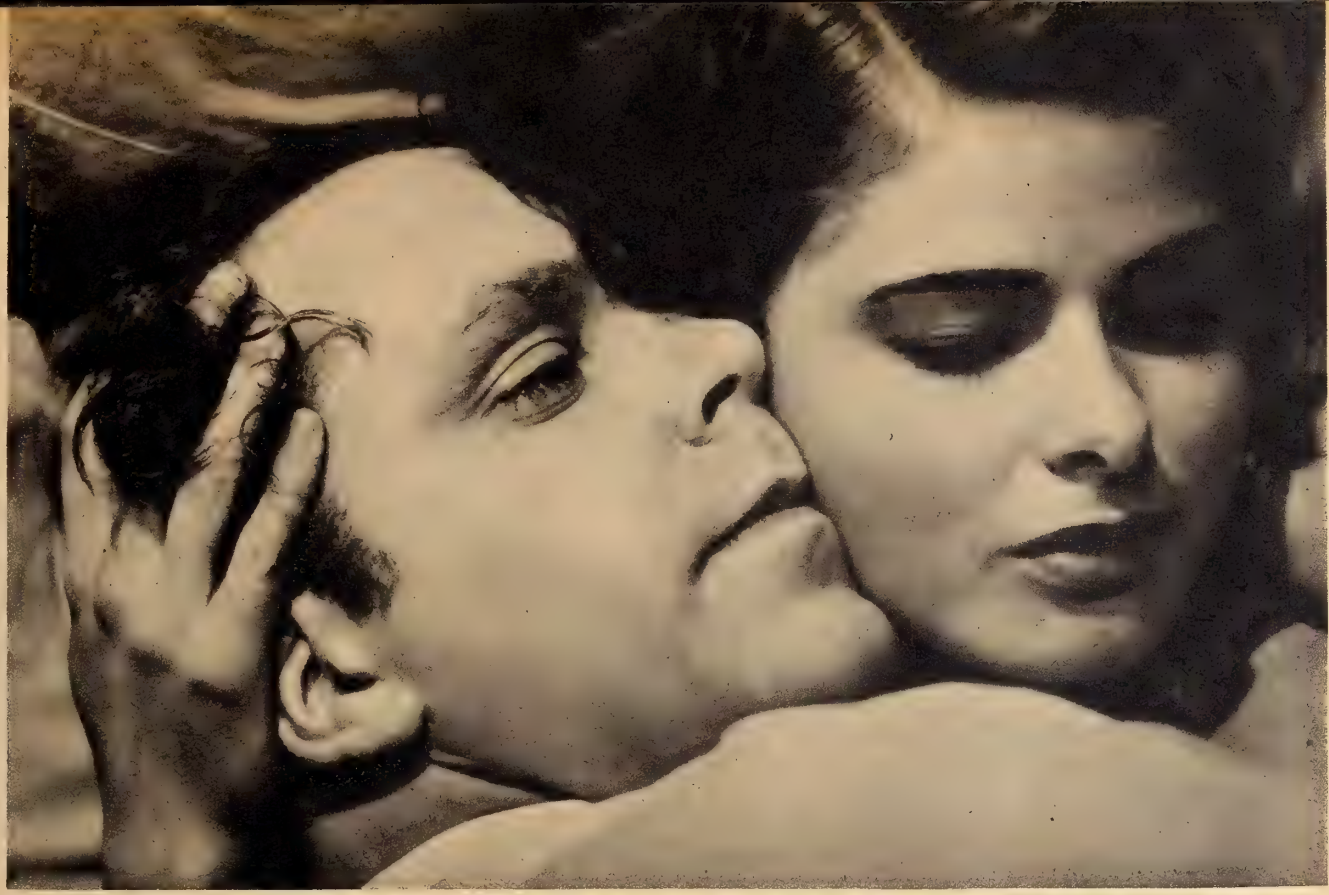
the missing bergman pictures!

came here a gauche, green country girl. Actually, she turned her back on a European film career of a brilliance perhaps matched only by Garbo's.

To see these pictures is to open the gate into an enchanted garden of the past, and to discover there a Bergman who ceased to exist when she first set foot on these shores. The mystery surrounding the lost Bergman is gone, but the loveliness of Bergman—then and now—has only been enhanced, and re-established.

To round out our pictures, we asked Stig Almqvist, a leading Stockholm journalist, to write an article about Ingrid as she was. Here, in his own words, is that article:

"We learn from Hollywood that Ingrid Bergman is defying certain established customs and rules of that movie city by constantly refusing to discuss her private life



FIRST STEP TO GLORY: In 1934, Swedish critics panned 19-yr.-old Ingrid. Later, she got medal from King Gustav for great acting!



PASSPORT TO AMERICA: When D. Selznick saw the Swedish *Intermezzo,* he bought American rights. Ingrid feared 7-yr. contracts, but heard that Leslie Howard would co-star, and took role.



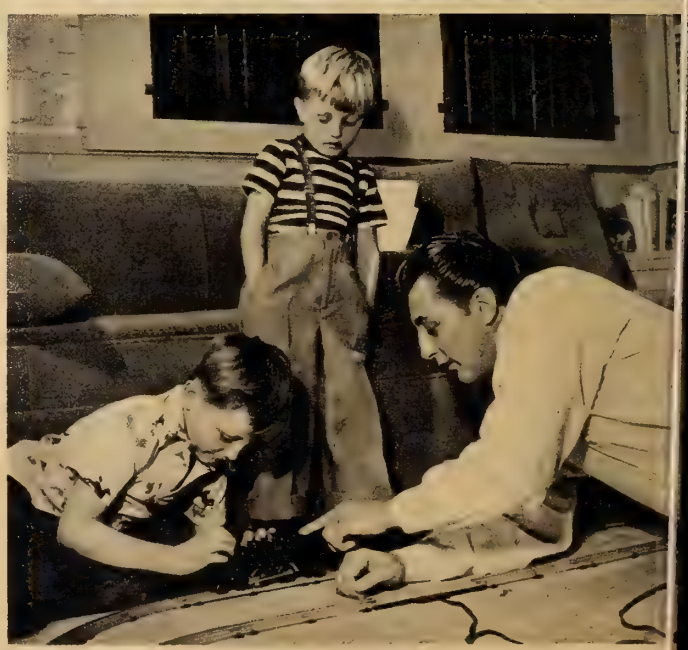
THE SECOND GARBO?: For the Swedes there will never be another Garbo; wistful, searching, lonely, she is a symbol of their dreams. But Bergman means reason and action; she is their answer to today's need.

with the press. Oh, we recognize that perfectly: Even before 1939, during her rising as a star in Swedish films nobody could accuse her of any over-eager co-operativeness, but if there were any hard feelings in the beginning, surely they disappeared very quickly. Whether it would have gone quite as smoothly, had the Swedish journalists been as diabolically inquisitive as their American colleagues, I do not know. Neither is the Swedish public so prying about the private business of the stars as the Americans seem to be. It never happens in this country that an actor or actress publicly discusses her love affairs, romances, divorces etc., and when Ingrid Bergman restricted her talkativeness still some degrees—e.g. by refusing to answer all round inquiries about this and that from ladies' weeklies—the interviewers very soon accepted her wish to be left in peace. The fighting got a bit harder when it came to photographing her home and little Pia. The Swedes simply love seeing popular personalities photographed in their private surroundings and with their little children. For a couple of years Ingrid's private life (*Continued on page 82*)

FOUR-YEAR-OLD CHRIS GETS THE COMICS READ; JOSH, AGED SEVEN, READS THEM HIMSELF.

Likes to loaf in the sun, likes his wife, likes to polish his kids' shoes. What does losing a fortune mean to this Mitchum fellow?

BY CARL SCHROEDER



BOB (OF *RACHEL AND THE STRANGER*) CHIEF ENGINEER ON JOSH-CHRIS LINE.

Photos by Bob Beerman

"...and the livin' is easy"



■ "Man down at the stage door says you owe him $5."

"Nope," said Bob Mitchum, putting down his copy of the San Francisco Chronicle. "I don't owe anybody $5. Go back and ask him again—maybe he owes *me* five."

Mitchum's man closed the dressing-room door. In three minutes he was back.

"Man still says you owe him five."

"Okay, let's go see him." Mitchum picked his big feet off a coffee table, hitched up his blue jeans and went down to see the fellow at the stage door.

"Uh-uh," he said. "Never saw you before. Don't owe you any money."

The man was big. He took a deep breath.

A cloud of smoke blew past Mitchum's ears.

"Maybe," said the man, carefully, "it wasn't five. Maybe it was ten."

"Sure," Mitchum replied evenly. "But then again, I said no. You got big ears. You can hear a small no—or maybe you need another answer."

"Yeah." The man's huge head slid forward. He blew some more smoke at Mitchum. "Yeah, there's a gym across the street. I don't go for no alley stuff, but if I went around and around with you in a ring, probably you'd remember what you owe me."

"Look," Bob said, "if you need five or ten, I'll give it to you—but don't act like a collection agency. And if you need some exercise, I'll give you that, too—but not right now because I'm due on the stage."

With that, he turned on the heel, walked up the steps to the wings, and on to face the audience.

"There's the guy, still waiting," Bob's Man Friday pointed out as he came off the stage and they emerged into the side street back of the theater. "Let's just ignore it."

"Yeah." Bob tossed off the one word. Then he walked across the street and into the gym. He took off his shirt. The big man, following behind did the same thing.

(Continued on page 79)

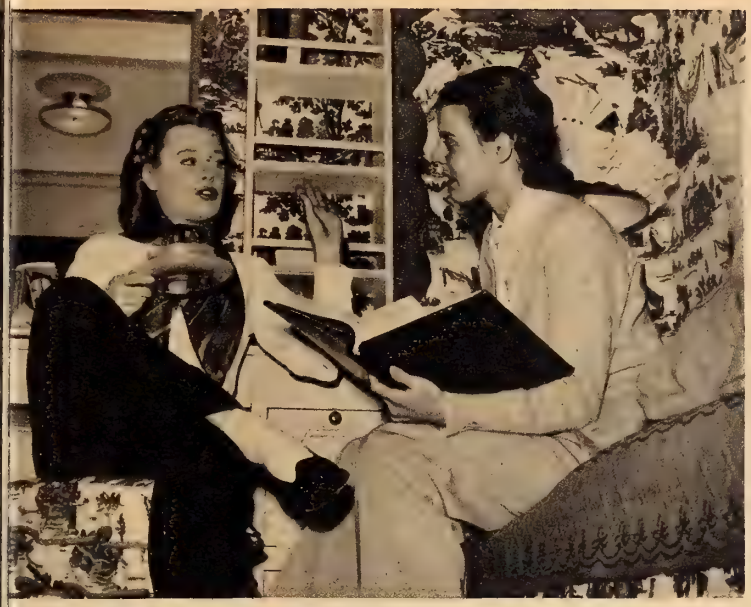
Pictures by Bob Beerman



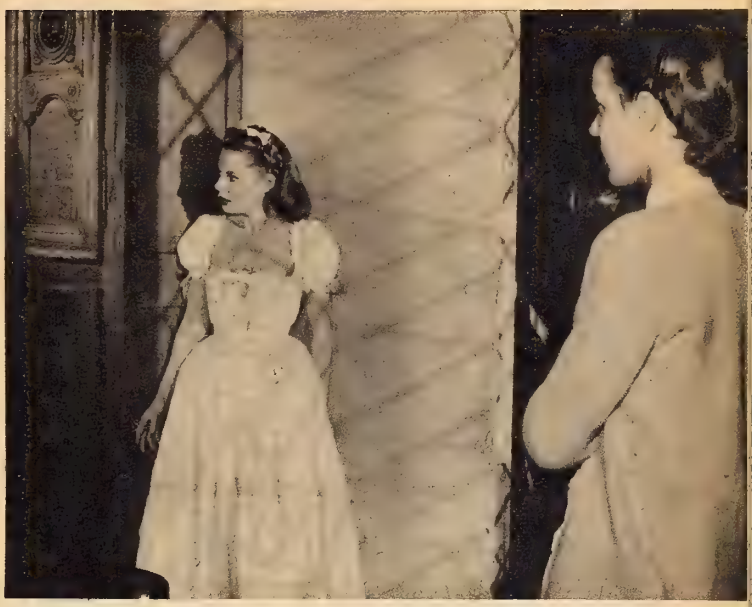
by Maggie McCarthy

i'm june's guardian angel

A secretary types letters and tells people you're out. But Allyson's right hand, McCarthy, has other duties; she's clothes-advisor, fudge partner, and keeper of too many kitchen curtains!



8:30 A.M. Hair and makeup finished, June has a second breakfast in her dressing room, with secretary Maggie McCarthy. Maggie feeds cue lines from script of *The Three Musketeers.*



9:00 A.M. The girls report for work, Maggie remaining on sidelines. Like all stars' secs, Mag keeps track of June's paraphernalia, runs errands when her boss can't leave the sound stage.

■ Being star-struck is a funny thing. I remember when I was a little girl, and my mother worked at M-G-M, she'd occasionally take me out there with her. I'd stand around and stare at Joan Crawford or Clark Gable until some superior grown-up came along and said, "Maggie, shut your mouth."

After a while, I grew up myself, and I figured I was pretty sophisticated, but I still got a kick out of reading movie gossip and watching movie people. I don't care what the columnists say about the nice normal lives stars live—there's an aura of glamor surrounding a star that's bound to excite us outsiders.

Fortunately, I married a guy who didn't say, "Maggie, shut your mouth." More than that McCarthy (that's my husband) worked at M-G-M. It was fate, I guess.

One night, he came home grinning. "June Allyson's secretary's leaving."

"That so?" I said, leaping to plot a campaign.

For a wonder, it worked. Bob (that's my husband again) took me out, introduced me, said a couple of words and beat it. My knees took it from there. I made a horrible impression, and June felt so sorry for me, she gave me the job.

Get me, Maggie McCarthy, hobnobbing with movie stars. And did I pick a cute one. You probably know as much about the way June looks as I do. But the way she *is,* that's something else.

I remember her when we were getting her scrapbooks in order. We spread things out on the floor, in front of the open fire. We had books, and clippings, and bottles of paste and scissors, and June was sitting there looking at a little yellow piece of paper, and her blonde hair was falling over her face, and she was a million miles away. After a while, she handed me the paper. It was a review of *Best Foot Forward,* the Broadway musical she'd got her big break in, and it was funny to read it, and to realize she'd been a star back in 1942.

Her press collection was tremendous. She showed me her favorite story—one from MODERN SCREEN called "Is It True What They Say About Junie?" Then she tossed me a couple she wasn't so partial to. "This one says I love parties, never go home, and drag my husband around until he's so tired he falls asleep in the car."

I looked startled. I was new enough so I didn't know exactly how I was expected to react. June shook her head solemnly. "And it's true, too—every word of it."

We were still giggling when I found the fantastic Sunday feature item that claimed June had been divorced twice, and had two children she never talked about.

"'At's me," she said happily. "Every time I have a child, I get more close-mouthed."

We were friends, from that moment on.

You should see hard-hearted old June answering her fan-mail, a tender glow in her eyes, and what I tell her is a half-witted smile on her lips. We found a letter six months old once—it had slipped down behind a lot of other things. It was from a woman whose little girl was ill, and she wanted to know if June would write the child a note.

June was horrified. "Six months! What will I do? What *can* I do?"

"Look," I said, "the child's probably well and blooming by now, and the mother's forgotten the whole business—"

It ended up with June sending the child a picture, auto-



1:00 P.M. Dashing back to the dressing-room for lunch, Maggie (who's switched to more comfortable costume) has difficulty keeping up with her super-charged charge.



2:00 P.M. In the afternoon, Maggie settles down to routine duties. Her work-shop is in a quiet corner of the Publicity Building at M-G-M. For office wear, Mag's in conventional skirt and blouse

graphed, a letter, apologetic, and also writing a painstaking explanation to the mother. Little Miss Conscience, we call her. She's got this terrific sense of right and wrong, and she'll forgive anybody's mistakes before she'll forgive her own. Take me—I've slipped up a couple of times, and put her on the spot. She doesn't hold a grudge. There was the time the John Paynes had an anniversary party, and June was sick and couldn't go. I thought she'd phoned regrets, she thought I'd phoned regrets, and the fact was, nobody phoned. Next day, after the party, June read the papers, and groaned.

I'm sure she felt like firing me. It was bad enough being sick, without having added troubles. But, after that first groan, I never heard about the episode again.

Maybe you'd like to hear what some of my duties are, aside from correspondence. Let's take a recent Thursday . . .

June had to sit for stills, that particular morning, and she'd gone off to the studio in a sweater and slacks because she knew Wardrobe would supply her with clothes for the sitting.

When I showed up, she was in trouble. "I want to go shopping this afternoon, and I won't have time to go home and change—"

I got it. You can't suggest to that paragon of neatness that she might go shopping in slacks; she'd faint. So I hustled myself right over to her house to pick out a suit.

She's got nice clothes, naturally. She's given all her Old Look ones away, though—except her mink coat; that's being re-made. Don Loper and Howard Greer design most of her things; she's got a Loper suit I'm in love with—it's Donegal tweed, with a red blouse and a red lining—but I'm getting lost.

Anyway, I picked her out a suit, and went back to the studio.

While she got into it, she muttered some words about furniture. "I'm tired of waiting for that decorator," she said. "The den's had two love seats and a table for months—"

"But it'll be beautiful some day," I said.

She said, "I can't wait. I'm going to Sloan's."

That was that. I drove her to Sloan's. She'd given me a list of shopping to do that afternoon, presents for people on the set, because her picture was finishing. After I dropped her, I was to get busy with the list.

"What's tonight?" she asked suddenly.

I looked at my memo pad, when we stopped for a light. "Dinner at the Richard Quines'."

"Hmm," she said. "It's Richard's birthday. I've got his present, but he needs a cake. I wonder if Susan knows it's Richard's birthday."

"Probably," I said wittily. "He's her husband."



6:00 P.M. Studio day over, June and Mag get together in friendly fashion at home, to finish the day's mail. June dictates an outline of what she wants to say, then Mag types it for her okay.

"You're wrong, kid," she said. He's *my* husband."

By the time we got our Richards straightened out, we were at Sloan's, and we parted.

The next morning, I arrived at June's house along with the furniture van. A couple of men got out and started to carry tables and chairs and lamps up the drive and into the house. June was watching bright-eyed. But after the things had all been put down in the den, and the men had driven off, her eyes were not so much bright as bewildered. "Somehow," she said thoughtfully, "somehow this all looks ghastly."

We proceeded to switch things around. Still terrible. We sat down, dolefully. "You know," June said, "these things are exactly the same as the things the Jackie Coopers have, and their place is darling."

"Maybe you could switch places," I said.

"Maybe I could cry," she said.

The problem was elementary. The furniture was small, and Early American, the den was large, and Tudor.

When Richard came home, he gasped, cried out, and acted generally pained, and the stuff went back next day, every stick of it.

June and Richard are marvelous together, they enjoy the same things, they go through periods of staying home every night interspersed (*Continued on page 107*)



6:30 P.M. Restless June is the first to suggest they quit work for a few hands of a new trick card game. June is wild with excitement over new games, wins every time because she concentrates so hard.



7:00 P.M. Time to dress. Mag helps June make up her mind about clothes; does much of her shopping. After a debate, June decides not to change, as they are dining informally with Dick, and Mag's husband, Bob.

9:00 P.M. Favorite evening diversion, aside from showing movies, is cooking up a mess of fudge for the boys. It's a set routine, with husbands not permitted in the kitchen until the chocolate morsels are done.



ENDS MIXING BOWL MESS!

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America's Finest



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Thousands Switching To Delrich E-Z Color Pak Margarine. It's EXCLUSIVE!

Let golden Delrich melt deliciously in your mouth! Taste its truly delicate flavor . . . so luscious, rich, country-sweet. Enjoy the *sealed-in* freshness insured by Delrich E-Z Color Pak Margarine. Yes, here's America's Finest Margarine for your bread, toast, coffee cake...real flavor luxury for your cooking!

No Mixing Bowl Mess!

No wonder homemakers are thrilled with Delrich E-Z Color Pak Margarine. There's no mixing bowl! No messy dishwashing! Delrich quickly blends to a luscious golden yellow right inside the sealed plastic bag.

See for yourself how fresh and delicious Delrich tastes—how easy to color—how nourishing! Every pound is enriched with 15,000 units of Vitamin A — packed with natural food energy.

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The kiss meant they should have met before this starlit night in Italy. The kiss meant that Burt and Norma belonged together . . .

by HOWARD SHARPE

story of a kiss



Burt (of *All My Sons*) and his wife, Norma Anderson, met in Italy. He was a soldier, she, a USO entertainer. Married on Dec. 28th, '46, the Lancasters live in Westwood with their baby, Bill.

■ The French, who have a phrase for almost everything (but particularly for that which concerns the heart) refer to frustration in love as *chagrin d'amour*—and it was this that Burt Lancaster suffered that summer night in Monte Catini Ferme. Italy was still a battleground, and this hilly spa, this Mount Catini, one of the few oases of peace on the continent. There was a large custard moon in the sky, with the cypress and oleander trees silhouetted against it. A gentle breeze enlivened the soft air. And here, on the edge of his barracks cot, sat T4 Lancaster, alone, while hundreds of kilometres away, also alone (he hoped) was Norma Anderson, she of the golden hair, the deep blue eyes, the pinup figure.

He had met Norma a few weeks before. Now, sitting here with only a mental portrait of her, and the memory of her voice in his mind he recalled that day clearly . . .

The particular Special Services unit to which he was attached had been stationed at Monte Catini for three years. It had produced *Stars and Gripes,* acknowledged as the best show of its kind staged in Italy. The company had a surplus of talent, an eighteen-piece orchestra, and now, at least for one performance, it was to have the loan of a blonde comedienne from Naples USO.

"Her name's Norma Anderson," the top-kick told Burt in the orderly room, "and someone's got to take charge of her while she's here, show her around, see that she's happy. Think you can manage?" (*Continued on page 93*)

NEW!
Shasta beauty cream shampoo
leaves your hair more
beautiful all 3 ways!



Beverly Loyd
"ups" her glamour rating at Hal Roach Studios after one Shasta Beauty Cream shampoo.
Screen test photographs show Beverly plussed her rating 100% by shampooing with Shasta. Need we say that this young talent scout discovery is now a Shasta fan?

NEW! Procter & Gamble's amazing Shasta—the *beauty cream* shampoo.

NEW! Fragrant, satiny Shasta *cream-cleanses* your hair . . . beautifies your hair *all 3 ways*—as no soap—bar or liquid—will! In one Shasta shampoo, your hair will have

- that *lustrous* "*alive*" look!
- that *sm-o-o-oth as satin* look!
- that *soft, caressable* look!

YES—ALL THREE! Yet your hair has "body"—it's not limp, not dried out. Shasta is safe, kind to hair. Makes mountains of lather even in hardest water. Removes flaky, unlovely dandruff, too. And doesn't spill or run into eyes.

Hurry! For more beautiful hair *all three ways*—get Shasta. Convenient sizes. All toiletries counters.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Shasta Procter & Gamble's Beauty Cream Shampoo

CROWN PRINCESS

(*Continued from page 30*)

"That's what I thought. Well, she's asleep but I guess we can take a peek."

She led the way to the nursery, which used to be the guest room. Only the baby's furniture is new, and the point d'esprit curtains, very full and ruffled and looped back with huge perky blue bows. Otherwise, they didn't re-decorate, and a glance tells you why. Nothing could be more appropriate than the broad-striped blue-and-white paper, the ceiling of pink rosebuds against a white background, the cut-out frieze of rosebuds all around. If this wasn't done from the start with a baby in mind, I'll eat six of my hats.

In the white bassinet her parents picked out together, Linda Susan lay sleeping. The little face was adorable, topped by soft silky brown hair with no curl in it.

"She can't do this to us, Shirley. It's *got* to curl."

"Well, I'm working on it. Keep fluffing it up every day. But if it wants to be straight, it can."

Does the baby resemble her mother? Mrs. Temple thinks so. So does the doctor who brought Shirley into the world. Shirley and Jack haven't made up their minds yet. Every morning they fly in to see if she's changed.

Actually, they think she looks like both of them.

There were toys all over the room, yet it wasn't cluttered. Some sat on top of the chest of drawers, some filled the shelves of the built-in bookcase. On the floor by the bassinet stood one of the most beautiful objects I've ever seen—a two-foot replica of a London hansom cab, drawn by a wooden horse. Heaped with orchids, David O. Selznick had sent it to Linda.

"I wish I could show you her clothes," said Shirley. "Such lovely things from fans all over the country, and everything useful. But I'd have to open the closets, and that might wake her. Sounds funny, but even when she's asleep, she seems to know if you're looking at her."

So we left her to sleep in peace, while Shirley showed me through the rest of the house. I don't propose to linger over details. You readers of MODERN SCREEN



*HOLLYWOOD MERRY-GO-ROUND

• It's not always easy for a star to live up to the he-man reputation of his screen roles. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. relates such an experience when during the war he was in charge of a landing operation. Faced with a high castle wall, he commanded, "Scale the wall!"

But the men stood back politely, waiting for Fairbanks to show his best wall-vaulting technique. Whereupon Fairbanks changed operational plans and commanded, "Break down the door!"

**from the book by Andrew Hecht*

probably know more about the place than I do, and it's the baby you want to hear about now. But before going on, there's one point I'd like to make. People have a way of referring to the Agars' "dollhouse." Why, I don't know. There's nothing remotely dollish about it. It's a beautiful grown-up French provincial house for grown-up people.

"Just big enough," says Shirley, "for one maid to take care of. And that's all I want."

It's also as gracious a home as I've ever stepped foot in. The living room's huge, yet so tastefully done that it's intimate as well. They call it their five-in-one. Shirley points to the fireplace. "There's our sitting-room." To the table down at the other end, which seats them. "There's our dining-room." To the piano and radio. "That's the music room." To the little table set in a big window that looks out over the valley to the sea. "Breakfast room. Turns into a cardroom at night."

"And where do you like to be interviewed, Mrs. Agar?"

"Depends what I'm being interviewed about. My daughter? Just any place at all."

It was late on Thursday night when Shirley phoned Dr. Bradbury and told him how she felt. The doctor thought it might be some little time yet.

"Better take one of those nembutals I left you. If it puts you to sleep, fine. If the baby's coming, it won't put you to sleep. Oh, and tell Jack to take one. It'll keep him less jumpy."

"That," said Jack, "is what I call a considerate man."

As a matter of fact, they were both beginning to drowse when suddenly Shirley sat upright and reached for the phone. Which brought Jack upright too.

"What did he say?"

"Hospital."

Her bag had been packed for days. Jack slid the car out softly—no sense getting the family all hot and bothered at 2 A.M.—and they drove to Santa Monica. Once she was put to bed, Shirley felt a little foolish. Nothing was happening. For a couple of hours she kidded back and forth with the nurse, then she quit kidding. After a while they knocked her out. She didn't even know when the baby was born.

while papa slept . . .

As for Papa Agar, here's where the script takes a twist. Far from pacing, he was so sound asleep in the waiting room they could hardly wake him. Yes, the nembutal dood it. Never having taken a sleeping pill in his life, it laid him out cold. First thing he knew, a nurse was shaking his shoulder.

"Wake up. You've got a darling little girl."

He shot off the couch. "How's Shirley?"

"Fine."

"Can I see her?"

"Not yet, she's still under. But Miss Agar'll be ready for a visit pretty soon."

"Miss Agar—" It started sinking in. "You mean my *baby!*"

Between then and 11 o'clock, Jack did his pacing. Phoned both grandmas, and paced. Took his first dazzled look at his daughter, and paced. Called the studio as he'd faithfully promised, and paced. Shirley was just sleeping it off, said the doctor, absolutely nothing to worry about. Jack wasn't worried, not much. Felt like walking, that's all. Before Shirley came out from under, he'd covered miles.

But at last they said she was awake and he tiptoed in and Shirley smiled at him and gave him the news. "It's a girl, Jack."

"I know. I saw her."

"How does she look?"

"Gorgeous." He touched her hair. "Tired, honey?"

"Uh-uh. Hungry."

He could have whooped for joy. Just the same, hungry or not, her eyes were closing and the nurse motioned Jack to go. But he was relaxed now. Went home and slept off the rest of his nembutal.

Shirley had a lovely time in the hospital. Felt well, saw her husband and baby every day, and her room was a garden.

She didn't feel much like reading, but had the radio on a lot and got plenty of giggles out of the broadcasts. Bob Hope's, for instance, when he emceed the Look Awards and suggested a special award to Shirley Temple for being the youngest producer in Hollywood. And Gabriel Heatter's. Don't pin me down to the exact wording, but it went somethig like this: "There's good news tonight. News about commodities, news about Shirley Temple and Babe Ruth. Commodities are down. Shirley Temple has a baby girl and Babe Ruth will be 53 on Friday—"

But it was Winchell's Sunday night sign-off that really started something. Again I don't remember it exactly. But he warned the nurses not to get mother and child mixed up. "Make sure," he said, "that you know which is the baby."

A few minutes later, in comes the head nurse. "Mrs. Agar, you know there's not the smallest chance of our getting your baby mixed up with anyone else's."

"Of course not. What put that in your head?"

"Walter Winchell just made some such statement over the air. I thought you might have heard it—"

"I *did* hear it." She wanted to laugh, but the nurse was too deeply distressed. "Did you hear it yourself?"

"No, the others told me."

"Well, they got it a little wrong. You come in at 8:30, and we'll listen to the re-broadcast. You'll see it's okay."

Not till she heard the sign-off with her own ears did the head nurse breathe freely.

One of Shirley's hospital memories has sorrow in it. The switchboard of course was flooded, but the doctor had said not to take too many calls. Jane Withers was one of the few people she talked to. Shirley didn't know of the sudden death of Jane's father.

"But her voice sounded strange, and I asked her was anything wrong. Then she broke down and told me—" After a moment or two, Shirley went on. "Imagine thinking of me in the midst of her trouble. Do you know Jane, Hedda? She's such a sweet girl and has such a wonderful husband—"

My mind flew back to that feud stuff the papers used to dish, when both girls were under contract to Darryl Zanuck.

"Shirley," I said, "apropos of nothing at all, you kids have twice as much sense as your so-called elders. Now tell me about yourself. I still can't get over your being up and around."

"That's how they seem to work it nowadays. Only thing the doctor said not to do was climb stairs. Makes it nice, because we haven't any stairs to climb. Pretty soon I'll be starting on the housework again. There's nothing like housework to help you get your figure back."

"Who takes care of the baby? I haven't seen hide nor hair of a nurse around."

"Well, there's a two-room suite over the garage, and the nurse lives there. We don't really need her much till night time, because I like to do everything myself. You know, before my baby was born, I was always scared to pick up a little baby. But with your own, it all seems to come naturally. The minute I hear a sound, I'm in there. I give her her bottle, I *love* to bathe her, and changing her is just nothing at all. Even Jack can change her—"

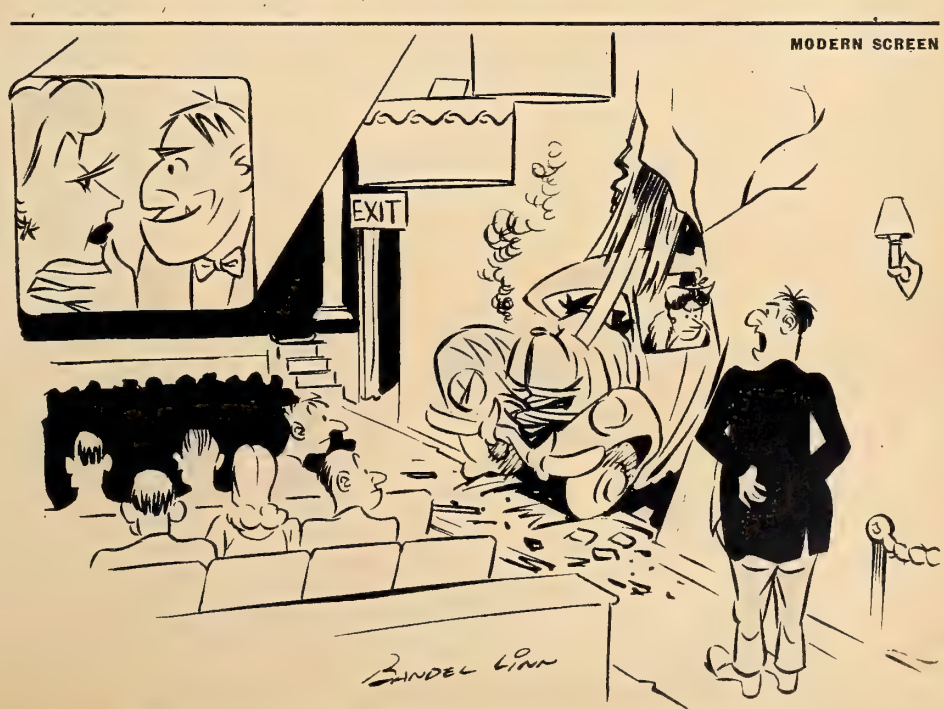
"You mean *he's* not scared?"

"No, no more than I am. And of course we're forever hanging over that bassinet. Can't get to look at her enough. Then at night the nurse takes over. Sleeps right in the room with her."

The baby isn't named after anyone. They just picked Linda Susan because they liked it. Both grandmas are knitting like mad, and the fan mail's tripled. One letter was unique. From a girl in the middle west named Linda Susan, born January 30th at 7:15, and just 16 when the Agars' Linda Susan arrived.

Nine fans out of ten write: "I'm so glad it's a girl. I hope she'll be another Shirley."

"How do you and her pop feel about that?" I asked.



That'll be seventy-five dollars for the wall and eighty-five cents admission.

Which Twin has the Toni?

(see answer below)



One Permanent Cost $15 . . . the TONI only $2

It's amazing! Yes, and it's true. A Toni Home Permanent is every bit as lovely as an expensive beauty shop wave. The Toni twins show it—and *you* can prove it today. But before buying the Toni kit you'll want to know—

Will TONI work on my hair?
Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Must I be handy with my hands?
Not at all! If you can roll your hair up on curlers you can give yourself a smooth, professional-looking permanent with Toni. Just by following the easy directions.

How long will it take me?
Waving time is only 2 to 3 hours. And during that time you're free to do as you please.

How long will my TONI wave last?
Your Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a $15 beauty shop permanent—or your money back.

Which Twin has the TONI?
Lucerne and Suzanne McCullough are well-known New York artists. Suzanne, at the right, has the Toni.

New Hair-Beauty Booklet For You!
It's 24 pages of valuable ideas. Professional secrets for choosing your most charming hairstyle. Words and pictures on how to style and set your own hair. Scores of other hair-beauty hints that will save you many dollars. Just mail a dime to cover cost, handling and mailing. Address your request for "Hair Beauty on a Budget" to The Toni Company, Dept. H2, Box 3511, St. Paul, Minn.



"We want her to be Linda Susan. But as far as acting's concerned, *she'll* have to decide."

"Did you give *your* consent at the age of three?"

The dimples twinkled. "That I don't quite remember. All I know is I loved every minute of it."

I'd heard tales about contracts and manufacturers' bids. Well, the contracts were just gags. But long before the baby came, a doll company wrote, asking permission to make a special doll—boy or girl—and name it after the Agars' firstborn. This they promptly turned down. No commercials for their baby, said Shirley and Jack.

"But you had a doll named after you," I heckled.

"Not till I was old enough to fall in love with it."

I might have known better than to spar with her. At 8, she had reporters eating out of her hand. Her humor never seems to fail her, even though I did get my wrist slapped at one point—sweetly but firmly. Thought I was being so devilish clever too. Told her this sad little story about when my son was born many years ago, and how people asked what my husband had given me. "Nothing," I said. "Is he supposed to?" They were shocked. Seems they got diamond bracelets and such—

"Ever since then I've been curious about what other husbands give their wives."

If I hadn't been so busy talking, I'd have known from her impish look that she saw right through me. "Well, Jack sent me beautiful flowers and my favorite candy."

"But I mean the *real* present."

"The real present's between my husband and me. I won't tell anyone."

You can't say I didn't try, girls. And I admire her for not telling.

We talked about pictures. I screamed with laughter over the title of her next one. *What Every Young Bride Should Know.*

"Are you supposed to be a living example?"

if i knew then . . .

"Today, yes. But when I was married, I guess I didn't know so much. Just thought I did, like you do when you're 17."

"How old are you now, 50?"

"Almost 20, Miss Hopper, and the mother of a growing child."

In this Selznick picture, which won't get started for a while yet, she'll have two leading men—Guy Madison and a certain John Agar. As it's lined up now, Guy gets her and Jack loses out. I told her how John Ford had buttonholed me not long ago to rave about Jack in *Fort Apache.*

"Shirley, I can see it all five years from now. Three names on a marquee. Temple, Agar, and little Miss Linda Sue—"

When I got up to go, Shirley took me to the door.

It's a miracle, I decided, driving home from Shirley's house in my car. I thought of some others we'd loved as children who shall be nameless. Married and divorced, married and on the rocks again. But here was the queen of them all, with the world at her feet since babyhood. Helping with the housework, because she didn't want more than one maid. Caring for her baby. Cherishing her husband. Keeping her head and her sense of values. Staying sweet. A miracle, yes, if you wanted to call it that—character and background and fine training.

Mentally I tipped my hat in three directions. To Shirley. To Gertrude and George Temple. To America, whose instinct in picking its symbols is sound.

Then I tipped it again—for luck—to the little crown princess.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

(*Continued from page 34*)

seemed ages before I saw them, as they'd arrived much earlier than expected and were immediately installed in incubators. But when finally I did, there was no doubt that they were Jess's and mine. Tim's hair, what there was of it, was blond, and he looked like a miniature of Jess. Greg was topped with reddish fuzz and looked like me. I won't elaborate on my feelings at that moment, or I'll break down and weep.

Anyway, the day we brought them home from the hospital, Jess drove as though the roads were made of eggs. The nurse, who sat in back with the babies mumbled something about getting home before her arteries hardened.

In those first days, Jess and I pretended to each other that we weren't nervous about our new responsibility. Jess, of course, didn't have too much trouble—he has a stack of brothers, and sons are the only thing Jess *could* have or understand. All he had to worry about was not dropping them on their heads. Me, I *didn't* understand boys, and I had two unpredictable young Indians. I buried my nose for hours on end in books on child care courteously supplied by the State of California.

There have been problems, naturally, but as the months have slipped by, I've found that motherhood, even with twins, rolls off my back quite easily. It's simply a question of learning what not to do.

Don't take them both shopping, for instance. I approached this problem with caution, taking one at a time on a preliminary test flight. Timothy was angelic from start to finish, so I tried it with Gregory. That went off all right, too. So I tried a duet. That was bad. Two small boys trying to open the car doors while I cruised the curves of Hollywood highways! After that, two small boys wrecking the toy department in a large store.

My son Timothy, for instance, sat in the middle of the floor, and banged away at the linoleum with a toy truck.

"Ha," he said. "Me bang it."

I whispered a terrifying reprimand, only to become aware that Gregory was out of sight again.



*HOLLYWOOD MERRY-GO-ROUND

• In the early stages of his Hollywood career, Peter Lorre was promised an important part in a picture, but the producer suddenly changed his mind. Lorre wanted to beg him to reconsider and went to the producer's office.

Groping for words, he just stood there, glaring. After a minute of this, the producer got as scared as Lorre's future cinematic victims. "Stop staring at me like that," he yelled. "You can have the part."

**from the book by Andrew Hecht*

"On Velvet" with Carnation Milk



Here's *news* for mothers

It's important news, too, for the mother who wants her baby to enjoy every nutritional advantage—with a milk of unquestioned quality. Consider this fact: Nation-wide surveys indicate that Carnation Milk is more widely used in infant feeding than *any other brand* of evaporated milk!

And consider *these* facts—that Carnation is absolutely safe, wonderfully easy to digest, and completely nourishing, with pure vitamin D_3 added, to help in building strong bones and sound teeth. That's why babies are "on velvet" with Carnation Milk.

Ask your doctor about a Carnation formula for your baby. The milk *every* doctor knows—that's Carnation!



WRITE for "Your Contented Baby"—36 pages of helpful suggestions on baby care. Also, ask for the "Velvet Blend Book" of milk-rich recipes for all the family. Both are free. Address Carnation Company, Dept. X-5, Oconomowoc, Wis.

"From Contented Cows"



THE MILK EVERY DOCTOR KNOWS

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how high

your

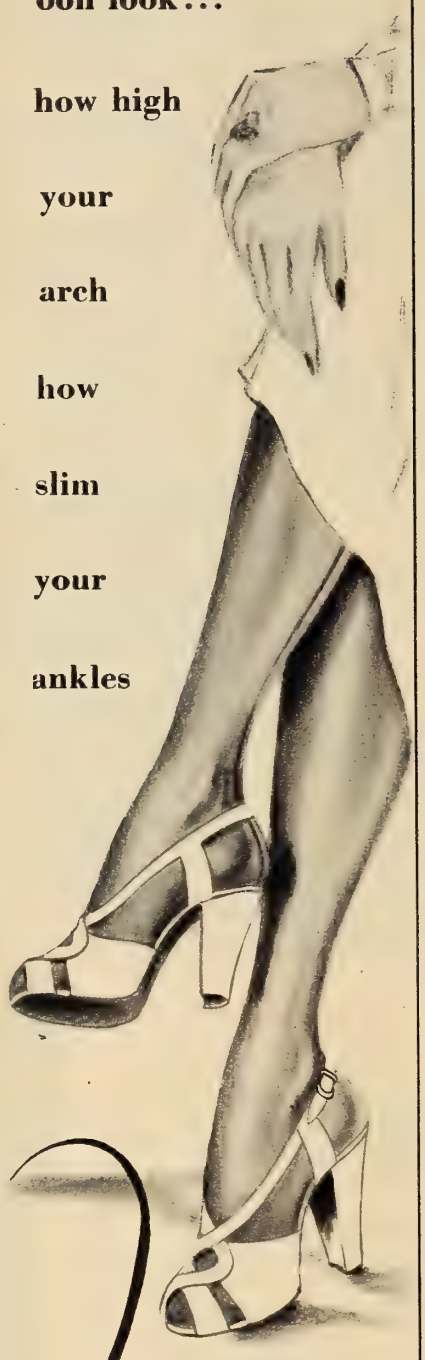
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how

slim

your

ankles



Velvet step

SHOES

feminine to the tip of your toes"

For these reasonably priced shoes, write for the name of your dealer

PETERS SHOE COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS

"Where's your brother?"

Timothy stared ruefully at the stilled truck. "With underwear," he offered.

In the lingerie department I found Greg, modeling a size 34 slip.

"Just like mama's" he was explaining to a captivated audience.

I gathered up the Barker brothers, and left, defeated.

My sons are adept at picking up adult words. Maybe too adept. We had guests for dinner one evening, and when the meal was over, we settled down in the den. Gregory had taken the nutcracker from a bowl, along with a hazel nut, and was putting all his strength into the matter of breaking the shell. Accustomed to the easy give of almond shells, he was perplexed. He pushed and forced until his face was as red as his hair, then he exploded.

"*Damn!*" he roared.

We all shot to attention as though Eisenhower himself had blown a bugle in the next room.

"Now, where do you suppose—" I started.

Jess looked at me with a Mephistophelean grin. "I can't imagine," he said, and turned to our guests.

We lead a double life around this house. There was double diapering and double concentrated liver, and now it's double bicycles and double footballs. This makes for a minimum of confusion, but I sometimes wonder if it's necessary with toys, as the boys share their things with astounding generosity. (That was bragging, but I can't help it. One of the rewards of having twins, to me, at least, is that lovely affection and loyalty between them.) From the breakfast room one morning, Jess and I watched them playing in the garden. Tim had come into the house for a cookie, when a little girl from the neighborhood joined Greg. She picked up Tim's football from the grass, and Greg took it from her, gently but firmly. She looked surprised.

"That's Tim's football," he said. "You wait and ask him when he comes out." He must have sensed her disappointment, because he peered into her face and then he said, "Here, you take mine. Not Tim's though."

I waved a hand vaguely across the table at Jess. "Give me your handkerchief. I think I'm going to cry."

like damon and pythias . . .

When one of the twins is sick, the other will stay close by and amuse his brother, and if we take only one and not the other when we leave the house, the chosen one protests the solo trip. "Why didn't you bring brother? He's a good boy." The two boys are affectionate with people in general, as a matter of fact, from the point of health, they overdo it to my way of thinking. They are forever wanting to kiss everybody, but Jess and I have explained that kisses are special, for mommy and daddy only. Nevertheless, when guests are leaving the house the boys look up at us hopefully. "Kisses?"

"No kisses," we say. "Just shake hands."

Another advantage of having twins is that sometimes I can work one against the other to attain an end. For instance, when MODERN SCREEN phoned that they wanted to come out and take pictures, Timothy came up with a stalemate.

"Don't want to pose today," he announced.

Oh, fine, I told myself. How can you *make* a three-year-old look pleasant for a camera? I turned to Greg.

"How about you? Do you want to pose for pictures today?"

He lit up, bless his little heart. "You bet."

"Very well, then. Gregory can be in all the pictures and Timothy will sit in a corner and watch."

It worked. "Me pose," said Timothy.

Jess and I have trained ourselves so that now it's almost automatic—if I pat Tim on the head, Jess contributes a pat to Greg. It's awfully important, to my way of thinking, that one boy doesn't feel the other is favored. Some people have noticed that I give Tim a slight edge where affection is concerned (always when Gregory is not around), and this is true. I can't put it into words, but I've known somehow, ever since they came home from the hospital, that Timothy is more sensitive than Greg and needs more understanding and affection. Gregory is of tougher fibre and seems quite happy to go jogging along on his own.

I'm only too conscious that there's never been a mother in history who doesn't consider her children as something different, but my two *are* different. I've watched them with other children, and they seem to stand out as tougher little human beings, resilient, full of bounce and zest. They also have a sweet quality I think unusual in kids so young. I remember the day I took them to see Santa Claus in a department store. When their turn came, they took longer than the other children and asked for everything except embroidery cotton. Sensing selfishness, I took them aside later.

"Well," I said. "That was quite a list. If you're asking so much from poor old Santa Claus, what are you going to leave by the fireplace for him?"

They thought this one over very carefully, and came up simultaneously with the answer.

"Our piggy banks."

I melted. Their piggy banks are something quite special in their lives, and this suggestion smacked of considerable sacrifice. I told Jess about it, and Christmas morning, in place of the tiny banks the boys had left on the hearth, they found two huge ones, clinking heavily with coins.

"You see, men," Jess told them, "when you are kind and give to others, you always receive kindness in return."

I don't know. Mother probably had a point when she was so taken aback at the news of twins, but I can't think what it was. Nothing more wonderful could have happened to a girl like me.

Marsha Hunt . . .

Eagle-Lion star you'll soon see in "Raw Deal." Marsha's finally indulging in a long-time yen to do a Broadway play, and we tracked her down in New York in the middle of rehearsals for "Joy to the World." It's a comedy about Hollywood, and judging from the scene we got a peek at, very funny.

Marsha poses for Modern Screen in a plaid cotton junior dress which we consider an out-and-out raving beauty. Did you ever see such glorious colors? Did you ever see anything perter than the big chin-whisker bow, or smarter than the hip cuff (straight from Paris!)? The new longer jacket buttons snug with lustrous smoke grey buttons, and gives you a lovely line at the waist and hips. The beautifully full skirt falls in soft wide pleats. And the super plaid is fine Dan River cotton, exclusive in this pattern with Doris Dodson. Washable, of course. What a dress for your vacation!

You can have it also in shaded tones of coral and mulberry; or blue and brown. Junior sizes 9-15.

By Doris Dodson About $14.95.

FOR WHERE TO BUY turn to page 80.


modern screen
fashions



by connie bartel, fashion editor

Pretty-girl Cotton in Dan River's silky iridescent pearly grey chambray. Darling tucked bosom, outlined with a curve of white pique—and echoed with a petticoat edge on the full circle skirt. Tiny pearl buttons on bosom. Also iridescent brown or green. 10-18. By Majestic . . . About $14.95. For where to buy, see page 80. *a modern screen fashion*

Crazy about Cotton

In this issue, which is aimed to dress you for the gayest, datingest, most "having a wonderful time" summer you ever had—we put the accent on cottons.

We're crazy about cottons—and from the look of things, so is everybody else. We picked our cottons from all over the country—from New York and California, from Saint Louis and Milwaukee. And we're proud as anything that every one of them is a Dan River cotton.

Every January when the swanky Fifth Avenue stores show resort clothes for Bermuda, Palm Beach, Nassau and other luxury spots—what do you suppose lots of the veddy, veddy, smartest play clothes are made of? That's right, Dan River cotton.

So listen. Way back last June (yes, we mean June, 1947)—when we looked ahead to summer, 1948—we decided then and there that we wanted *your* summer clothes to be made of the finest fabrics going. But, of course, we wanted them to be priced sweet and low—as usual.

So we flew out to Saint Louis—important market for cute junior clothes. First we tackled Alice Topp, top-designer for Doris Dodson. Could she make us (make *you*, we mean) a knockout two-piece dress—in, say, a Dan River plaid? At a price that wouldn't hurt? She could. She did. Marsha Hunt wears it on page 67. Then, just for good measure, she threw in the darling middy torso dress on page 70—also, of course, in Dan River cotton.

Next, we cornered Grace Durocher, whose Carole King designs you write us you love. This time we wanted a dark cotton—because they're so darn smart—and so practical. How about it? Mrs. Durocher not only said okay—but she talked Dan River into weaving, just for her, the really luscious *satin stripe* cotton on page 71. Satin stripe cottons are in the upper brackets as cottons go. And wait until you see the colors in this one. Pale blue, dark green, and raspberry!

The scene shifts to June Bently, in Milwaukee. This time we wanted a cotton suit—a junior suit to make a girl feel ready for all comers in town. The loot—the trim little striped number in Dan River Cordspun on page 73.

So it went. We wigwagged frantically to California, where everybody lives in wonderful sports clothes—and came up with Koret of California's casual plaid skirt. We peeked over designer Aurora Elroy's shoulder as she dreamed up the sweet silvery chambray dress on the opposite page. And we wound up, tired but happy, with the easy to get into, eyelet-front cotton coat dress, on page 74.

They're all yours! —C. B.





Hip-cuffed Cotton adorable middy dress with torso lines to show your young slimness. Buttons point up the hip cuff (high fashion!)—and repeat at shoulder. In Dan River's cool mint-green striped chambray. Also red, brown, navy stripes. Sizes 7-15. By Doris Dodson . . . About $12.95. For where to buy, see page 80. *a modern screen fashion*



Satin-Stripe Cotton pale shining blue cross stripes—on dark green, shadow-striped with raspberry . . . in a beautiful Dan River plaid exclusive with Carole King. Yoked and tabbed shoulders; jewelry neckline. Also wine or brown plaid, both delicious. Sizes 9-15. By Carole King . . . About $14.95. For where to buy, see page 80. a modern screen fashion



Play Cotton cute and casual playskirt with pointed waistband to make you even slimmer—and an impertinent bow in back. Dan River plaid with lavender, blue or beige predominating. Sizes 10-16. Smooth rayon jersey "Traveller" shirt—in scads of colors. By Koret of California . . . Skirt, $5.95 . . . Shirt, $3.50. For where to buy, see page 80. *a modern screen fashion*



Town Cotton to keep you cool, collected and confident all summer! Crisp striped suit with dazzling white pique—and a *pleated* peplum that goes all the way around. In Dan River's nifty Cordspun—gun metal, brown or green. Junior sizes 9-15. By June Bently. . . . About $14.95. For where to buy, see page 80. a modern screen fashion



Scalloped-eyelet Cotton . . . buttoned down the front with little carved buttons. Pique collar and bow; eyelet cuffs. Easy to get into; easy to launder; and fresh as the breeze on the beach! Dan River cotton in blue, brown, red or black stripes. Sizes 9-15. By Aronoff and Richling . . . About $10.95. For where to buy, see page 80. *a modern screen fashion*

AUDREY FACES LIFE

(*Continued from page 33*)

school, you may then be an actress."

"If you still want to," amended Mrs. Totter.

"I'll still want to, all right," Audrey said. Above her head, John and Ida exchanged glances of triumph.

But they were wrong. One thing obsessed her during her high school years. Dramatics. At graduation time, she was ready to take her parents up on their promise.

They had completely forgotten it. "But there is nothing we can do," Ida reminded her husband. "It was made in good faith. Audrey, how will you pay for this dramatic school?"

"I've got a job in Chicago. Selling wax."

Actually, she never got to dramatic school. She dropped by Ian Keith's repertory playhouse one day, read for a part, and got it.

It was a magnificent year, crowded with excitement and work and laughter, and finally, love. She had moved to a theatrical boarding house, inhabited by ex-vaudevillians, and found them enchanting.

plenty of atmosphere . . .

Almost perpetually "between engagements," they had the manners of dukes. There was the ex-Hamlet, with elastic-sided shoes, a concession to corns. There was the ex-Toast of 52nd Street (speakeasy era) with her corn-colored hair, her defiantly purple mouth, her black net stockings.

There was Hazel Hazlam, who in a way adopted Audrey, became her second mother and teacher, spending hours each day coaching her in voice and diction and technique. And there was Johnny.

Audrey had been in almost every scene, that particular evening, and when she came out of her dressing room at eleven-thirty she was tired. By the time she reached her boarding house, she had only one thought in mind: a quick cup of coffee, brewed on a hot plate.

But as she put her key in the lock the front door opened and a young man walked into her. She was unprepared for this, and sat down abruptly on the porch. The young man picked her up casually, and said, "That's what you get for being in a hurry. Are you in a hurry?"

She said, "Yes, I am. I want my coffee and I want to go to bed. Goodnight."

"But there's coffee in the lunchroom around the corner, and I want some, too."

She observed him critically. A thin, good face. She didn't know how to be coy. "We'll go to the lunchroom," she said.

She fell in love with Johnny, not that night, but gradually, on succeeding nights, while he read aloud to her the novel he was writing, and later when together they read the sides of his new play. She liked his wit, his essential brilliance. When he kissed her, she liked that, too. This was first love, incomparable and consuming, and she had no doubt that she would marry him when there was enough money.

In the late winter of that year she went home to visit her family for a few days. She had meant to stay for two weeks, but missing Johnny was a kind of mental and physical pain. She cut her visit and went back to town, her heart singing.

When she walked in the boarding house, Hazel Hazlam was waiting for her. Hazel looked ill. She took Audrey to her own room, got out a bottle of brandy and a glass, filled the glass and held it out.

Audrey took it, puzzled. "You know I don't drink."

a typical Carole King girl



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"It's just in case." Hazel paused. "I've taught you how to keep from being a ham for almost a year now. That's why the only thing I can do is give this to you straight.

"Johnny died this morning of pneumonia."

Somehow, it seemed better to get away, then. She auditioned for a Chicago radio station, and became a radio actress.

Later, she played in stock, and in San Francisco, a scout from Warners saw her, asked her to make a test, and she did, and it stank, and she went on with the company. Until at last it folded, and she found herself in New York, without a job.

The war was on, full blast. Broadway was still Broadway, albeit dimmed out. Audrey sat at a table in the Copacabana, with her escort.

After a bit, six gentlemen gravitated to her table, and were introduced, and sat. No one knew anyone else; there was silence.

Audrey cleared her throat, and tried to be amusing.

But it wasn't till two o'clock in the morning, when the party broke up, that Audrey's stories paid off. One of the men who had been roaring brought forth a sheaf of cards.

"These all belong to big advertising execs," he told her, scribbling hastily a magic sentence, initialed, on the back of each one. "Just take them in and say I sent you. You'll have a job!"

"This is strictly baloney," Audrey thought, tucking them away. But she had never been so wrong in her life. Because the next week, still out of a job, she went to see the first man whose name appeared on the first card she pulled from the stack. And he hired her.

At which point she met David.

There was nothing especially romantic about their meeting. She was introduced to him at 21.

mystery voice . . .

She was engaged to him by the time a Metro talent director, listening to his radio one evening, said, "I wonder if that Totter gal has anything to go with that voice and that talent?" The talent director forthwith wired his New York office to take a look at her. The answering telegram said merely, *Re: Totter. Wow!*

But—after 7 weeks, Audrey said to David, "I've put Hollywood out of my mind."

"That's bad," he said. "You see, I was just informed today that I'm being moved to the Hollywood office."

"Oh, *no!*" she said.

"Maybe the test will come through—"

Distractedly she ripped a menu card into small pieces. "It's got to, now."

And it did.

In the green and gold and red living room of the apartment she shared with her friend, Sandra Rogers, Audrey sat one day last week, staring at the wall.

"Whom are you having dinner with tonight?" Sandra said.

"Lew Ayres phoned."

There was a short silence. "Speaking of men," said Sandra, "and nobody was. You never told me what happened to that boy you were engaged to. David, I mean."

"It was just one of those things," Audrey said. "I'll tell you some day when I can do it without breaking something." She laughed. "After all, I should complain?"

Sandra started counting on her fingers, and reciting men's names. By the time she'd come to "Cary Grant, Art Ford, Nick Raye, Lew Ayres—" Audrey stopped her.

"Jolly fellows, all of them," Audrey said. "And guess what—MODERN SCREEN'S running a story."

"You're on the MODERN SCREEN poll?"

"If I'm not," she said grimly, "I will be. Watch little Audrey's smoke."

Where there's smoke, there's Totter.

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LETTER FROM THE FASHION EDITOR

Dear You:

Last month we rattled on about how we go about collecting fashions we think you'll like—and, if you're interested, here's the inside info on how we photograph them.

All we can say is, shooting fashion pix is something like a cross between staging a circus and running an obstacle race. With accent on the obstacle.

Take our color photographs of movie stars, for instance. We get a tip, let's say, that Fama Starr is coming to town. Quick like a flash, we call the New York office of her studio. Can Miss Starr pose for us? Well, the studio thinks it's a fine idea, but it really couldn't say. Too early to tell. Miss Starr is interested in reading some play scripts—and on top of that she has a lot of shopping to do—and she did mention something about spending a week in Bermuda. Call in about a week.

We call back—roughly a dozen times. Finally, we get a date for fitting the dress on Monday—and a date for photographing it on Thursday. Monday we stagger to the star's hotel, clutching the dress we'd like to have Miss Starr model. We open it up. Very pretty, says Miss Starr—but probably it's going to be a little short-waisted. We help Miss Starr clamber into it—and she's right. It *is* short-waisted. Very. Luckily—it just happens that we have another dress with us, as an alternate. This one, thank heaven, fits—and Miss Starr looks like a dream in it.

But—it's blue, and Miss Starr dotes on pink. Could we get it in pink? Nothing to it, we assure Miss Starr . . . with a confidence we're far from feeling.

We race back to our office and call the manufacturer of the dress. And where do you think he is? Up the street at his office? Not at all. He's in Florida—or Chicago—or Dallas. We burn up the long-distance and finally connect with him. We explain that Miss Starr loves his dress, but she'd like to model it in pink. Her hair, you know.

Pink! explodes the manufacturer. But he's featuring it in *blue*. We beg, we plead, we break him down. Okay—he says grudgingly—but they'll have to make it up specially. It'll take a week. We postpone our date with Miss Starr and reflect miserably that press time is getting uncomfortably close.

Well, you get the drift. Somehow, with the aid of airmail, special delivery, and a last minute break (about time!) from Lady Luck — we actually get Fama Starr, the pink dress, the accessories, and ourself all in the same place at the same time. The lights are set up—Miss Starr shows her famous teeth—and click!—we've got our picture.

But don't get us wrong. We still think there's no business like fashion business.

—Connie Bartel

". . . AND THE LIVIN' IS EASY"

(*Continued from page 55*)

The big man climbed into the ring and called for gloves. Bob did too. Somebody rang a bell. The big man shot across the ring. Bob ducked and looked up. He saw a whole acre of chin. In less time than a man can write it, he straightened out a right hand.

The floor of the ring came up and smacked the big man in the face. As though cued on by a director, two policemen climbed through the ropes, picked up the big one, along with his shirt and tie, and dragged him to the waiting Maria.

"You are a louse," Bob said to his Man Friday. "You called the bluecoats."

"Huh," snorted Bob's bodyguard. "The guy's been lifting fives and tens off actors around here for about six months. When he wakes up in the pokey, maybe he'll remember nobody owes him anything."

It was all a trivial incident. Happens all the time to actors. Not very often to Bob Mitchum, because a man can usually see that this boy with the sleepy look, the hawk nose and the dead pan is nobody to fool with. He's got good sense about almost everything but money.

That's true, and I know it, because I can remember Bob when he had one suit of clothes to his name. He had the first and last month's rent paid on a $60 apartment, a little provender in the kitchen for the wife and offspring, and enough money in his pocket to last until next pay day—if he didn't take a taxicab but stuck to the Sunset Boulevard bus.

"Saw you in *G.I. Joe*," I said. "Good."

"Thanks."

"After you get out of the army, going to stick with pictures?"

"Huh!" he shrugged. "I just came out here for the weather."

"Careful guy, aren't you?"

"Nope. Careless."

He said that. And he was so right.

Bob Mitchum has more than one suit of clothes to his name today. At least three, he has, but the tux in his closet belongs to the studio. Owns a house, too. Worth $22,000, maybe. Automobiles, two. Mark that down as another $3,000.

Money in the bank?

Eighteen dollars about six weeks ago. Doesn't owe any guy $5, but if you check into his account with the government—oh, what an aching head!

Maybe Bob is $50,000 in the red. Maybe $100,000. How'd he get there? Well, it's quite a story, and I know of no other actor who would so calmly admit that he was closer to the Motion Picture Relief House than to the gold at Fort Knox.

When we talked about it, Bob grinned and said, "My own fault. I didn't give it away in thousand-dollar tips to night club captains. I just took a few people's word for what to do with money. Shucks, boy, I'm no expert. So one day I discover that I've made several haystacks full of money, but there isn't any around.

"So the news gets out. So a magazine editor sends a sharp boy like you up here to find out what's happened. What am I going to tell you, that it's just a silly rumor? All I can say is that I didn't pay much attention to what was going on. How are *you* doing?"

"Bob," I said. "I understand that you went into Dore Schary's office a little while ago and asked him to tear up your contract, told him that you wanted to work for $100 a week."

"Yeah," he said. "I did that. I also told him I wanted four months off every year to do what I pleased. He just grinned. He knew I meant it. But he also knew I knew that I wouldn't get away with it. Too bad." He sighed.

I sighed, too, changing the subject. "It was tough getting up this hill."

"Yeah, everybody complains. Friend of mine said to me, 'Boy, get wise. Move to Bel Air.' 'Huh,' I said to him, 'I can not have just as much money living off San Fernando road as I can not have living off Sunset Boulevard—and up here there's no room for a swimming pool.'"

The guy has a way of throwing reporters.

"Look," I said.

"All right," he sighed. "My wife's going to walk in here in a couple of minutes. When she walks up to me and kisses me a good one, it's an act. We've got two children—Chris, aged 4, and Josh, aged 7. They go to Mocambo every night."

I took a drink.

The front door opened. In the Mitchum mansion, the front door opens on the living-room. A pretty girl walked in. She walked over to Bob. She kissed him, satisfactorily.

"You see," Bob said. "It's just an act. Tomorrow you'll pick up the papers and read that we're incompatible."

I raised my glass.

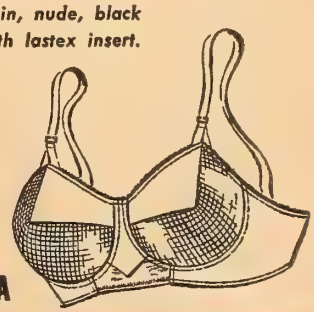
(*Continued on page 81*)



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Doris Dodson two-piece plaid dress worn by Marsha Hunt in the full color photograph (page 67)

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Brooklyn, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins, Half Pint Shop, Second Floor
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Brothers, Fourth Floor.
New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins, Half Pint Shop, Second Floor
San Francisco, Calif.—Hale Brothers, Debuteen Shop, Second Floor.
Washington, D. C.—Frank R. Jelleff Inc., Junior Cotton Shop, Fifth Floor
Gloves made to order by *Lucienne Harang*

Majestic pretty-girl chambray (page 68)

New York, N. Y.—McCreery's, Sport Dresses, Fourth Floor
Roanoke, Va.—Irving Saks, Inc.,
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

Doris Dodson hip-cuff cotton (page 70)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins, Half Pint Shop, Second Floor
New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins, Half Pint Shop, Second Floor
San Francisco, Calif.—Hale Bros., Debuteen Shop, Second Floor
Washington, D. C.—Frank R. Jelleff Inc., Junior Cotton Shop, Fifth Floor

Carole King satin-stripe plaid (page 71)

Baltimore, Md.—Hochschild, Kohn & Co., Young Baltimorean Shop, Second Floor
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co., Fourth Floor
New York, N. Y.—Gimbels, Junior Dept., Third Floor
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne Co., Junior Miss Dept., Third Floor
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.

Koret of California jersey shirt (page 72)

Lewiston, Me.—T. J. Murphy Co., Sportswear, Street Floor
Miami, Fla.—The Style Shop, Blouse Dept., Main Floor
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.

Koret of California plaid cotton playskirt (page 72)

Long Beach, Calif.—Career Girl, Specialty Sportswear Shop
San Francisco, Calif.—The Emporium, Sportswear Dept., Second Floor
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.

June Bently town cotton suit (page 73)

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens & Co., Junior Deb. Dept., Fifth Floor
Denver, Colo.—The May Co.
New York, N. Y.—Macy's, Debutante Shop, Third Floor
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.

Aronoff & Richling scalloped eyelet cotton (page 74)

At Diana Stores in: Jacksonville, Fla., Macon, Ga., Memphis, Tenn., West Palm Beach, Fla., Wilmington, N. C.
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If no store in your city is listed, write: Connie Bartel, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

(*Continued from page 79*) "I drink to you, Mrs. Mitchum—and I brought my own bottle."

"Thank you," she said sweetly. "Thank you on both counts."

"Bob," I asked. "How much money do you make?"

"I don't make any. We had a set of fine old engravings in the basement, but a gardener we had swiped them."

"All right. How much do you *earn?*"

"Nobody's going to approve of this. They called me 'in' as they say in this business (when I was making *Rachel and the Stranger*) and 'upped' me to $3,000—with an eight-week vacation thrown in."

"Boy, you're rolling now."

"Yeah—five years in the business, and I'm right back on the beach."

"I'm tired of your griping. I'd like to earn $3,000 a week."

"Well, go ahead. It's a free country."

"Not me. I don't want to live like an actor."

"All right—I'd like to live like a publisher. Let's call up New York and buy MODERN SCREEN."

"What'll we do with Al Delacorte?"

"Let *him* come out here and live like an actor. Say, when are you going home?"

"Maybe never. I like it here."

"All right, I'll tell Dotty to put on another pork chop tonight."

He got up, lazily, and drifted into another room. Pretty soon he was back with three pairs of shoes. Big shoes, little shoes, and quite tiny shoes. Gravely, he set to work polishing them.

"Some time I had when we went up to Eugene, Oregon, on location for *Rachel and the Stranger*. Sometimes I get lonesome for the family when I'm out around acting, so I talked the studio into letting the whole gang come along. We rented a house, and the first thing I know, Dorothy says the stove is dirty. So, like a chump I say I'll clean the stove. Oh well, it only took a few hours.

nice work, if you can get it . . .

"Huh—what do you think of a woman like that? I told her she'd feel bad if she came out to the set and watched me making love to Loretta Young. Funny thing about movies, you get paid for such pleasant work."

Mitchum is unimpressed with himself as an actor, even though he takes the business of acting seriously.

After signing his new contract, he said to his wife, "Honey—I'm going to take my eight-week vacation and go somewhere. Got to re-establish my perspective."

Dorothy said, "Sure, Bob, go ahead."

So Bob took off. He prowled around back East, visiting friends, looking up relatives. When he reached Birmingham, the studio got in touch with him.

"Some talkers they got," Bob mused. "A guy kept saying that ten thousand is ten thousand, and that's what I'd get if I went to San Francisco to do a personal appearance. So I said okay, and hung up."

Then he looked in his pocket. He had exactly eight cents. He called up the theater man who played RKO-Radio Pictures. The fellow was very nice about it. Sent a car after him. Picked up a plane ticket. A few hours later, Bob was in San Francisco, ready to go on stage.

"Okay," he said to the stage manager, "where's the script?"

"Script? Haven't you got one?"

"Nope—a guy said he'd send one up from Hollywood."

"Well, it's not here."

"Okay, lemme talk to that comedian."

Mitchum and the comedian began to talk. The comedian threw gag lines at him for ten minutes straight until they found a couple of routines Bob knew. Then, with a minute left, they walked on and did an act.

"Awful," Bob said, when it was over.

The house record for attendance was smashed to bits in the next two weeks.

His wife and children think he's as terrific as audiences do, too.

Recently, Bob took Chris to the Zoo. Chris was a little afraid of the lion.

"No use being scared of him, he's a big sissy," Bob said. "Go ahead, roar at him."

So Chris roared, a four-year-old's roar. The lion roared back.

Bob roared. Chris roared. The lion looked confused. He bowed his majestic head, ambled over to a corner of the cage, sprawled out and looked moody.

Recently, also, there was what is known to Mr. and Mrs. Bob Mitchum as "the late war." The conflict was short and exciting. It seems that the children in the neighborhood had become divided into "the good kids" and "the bad kids."

"We've got a problem, Bob," Mrs. Mitchum reported one night when Josh came home with a lump the size of a baseball on his head, and wouldn't say how it happened.

Next day, Mrs. Mitchum went shopping. She returned with a dozen noise-making six-shooters, complete with holsters. Also some neat-looking hats. Then she went to call on some friends. That afternoon, she drove up to the house with a half-dozen children in the back seat of the convertible. They were the nucleus of a group that was to reform the "tough guys." They weren't mothers' pets. They were just a gang who were finding out that there was more fun in hiking, holding meetings and getting acquainted with their parents than in seeing how much property they could tear down. Inside of a week, only one tough guy remained in the other group, and when he discovered nobody was paying any attention, he joined the Mitchum gang too.

Somehow, it's difficult to feel too sorry for Bob Mitchum, the actor who lost a hundred thousand dollars somewhere. After all, he has a house on a hill that's paid for. The kids have shoes. And he can still say, "I just came out here for the weather."



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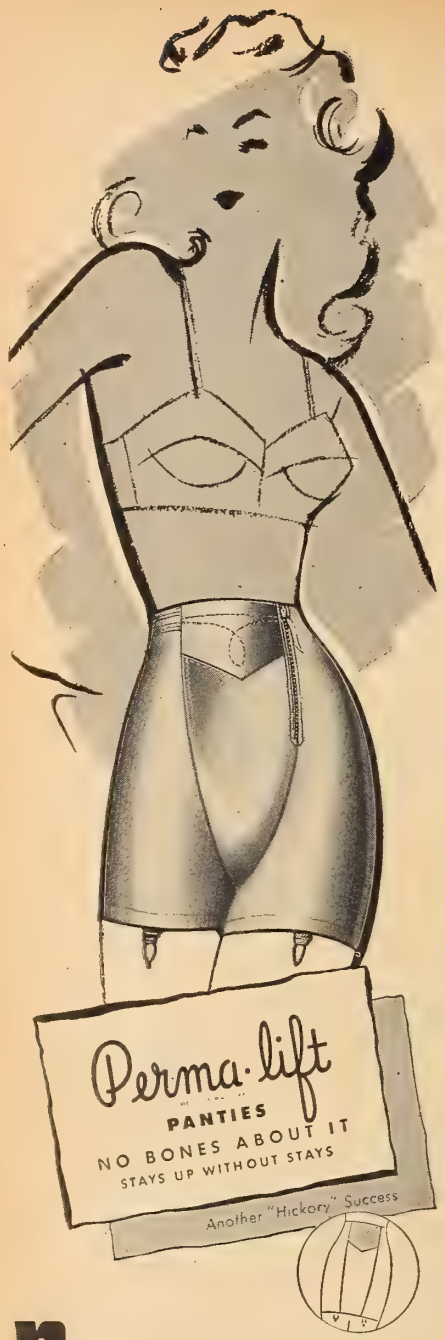
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THE MISSING BERGMAN PICTURES

(Continued from page 53)

was hotly coveted stuff, and many a journalist and photographer exhausted his energy trying to force the entrance doors of Ingrid's villa. But by and by the Swedish press learned this was quite useless.

It must be emphasized that Ingrid at an age of only 17 or 18, developed a remarkable cleverness about keeping intruding people at a distance without hurting their sensibility or pride. She did it unshakably firmly, but with a disarming smile.

Otherwise Ingrid would certainly not have enjoyed that immense popularity in Sweden that she had acquired before leaving for Hollywood. In 1937, the Swedes voted her, for the first but not the last time, their most popular star, with a majority that was overwhelming.

This was, happily, before the autograph hunting had begun to set in fully, and Ingrid could move freely everywhere, in streets, in restaurants, at first nights, without being gazed at by a pushing crowd. Still, her fan mail was the biggest in Sweden, and she managed her professional affairs very smartly, well aware of how her popularity could be turned into money. For every picture she made in 1938 and 1939, she would easily stipulate say 25,000 crowns, a very high salary by Swedish standards before the war. Making three films a year, she was one of the highest paid women in Sweden.

a natural for the movies . . .

From the very moment Ingrid entered the movie business, after one year in the Royal Dramatic Theater School, it was quite clear that she belonged there, and that she knew it. The first day she worked in her first picture, she astonished veteran actors by her very definite opinions about what should be done and how, and after a couple of months she took the reins in a way that grew with every new production. She decided supremely on what parts she wanted, on scripts, directors, photographs, partners, clothes and publicity in a way that would have been remarkable in an actress of twice her age and experience.

Old troupers among her friends can tell you that they never had seen such practical competence in a newcomer. And in front of the camera she displayed the same kind of superlative sureness: her acting was clear, transparent, flawless; you could read in her face as in an open book. And her freshness was breathtaking.

The Swedish people took Ingrid to their hearts as a charming embodiment of human qualities they always have held in very high esteem—good breeding, perfect taste and culture. They were completely satisfied with her sound, distinct acting and radiant appearance and cared very little for the absence of high-running emotions and passions. Already, Ingrid Bergman was set on a pedestal.

Her life as a woman, wife and mother, Ingrid Bergman has kept wide apart from career. She met her husband, Aron Peter Lindstrom, now a renowned professor of surgery, when she was only 15, and he 25—a young dentist with a future, prominent as a scientist, good tennis player, boxer, skier and swimmer. They continued to meet occasionally during four years. Theirs was no whirlwind courtship, but a warm friendship growing into a mutual understanding and a feeling of belonging together.

Aron Peter Lindstrom came from the North, from the province of Medelpad, land of big forests and rapid rivers. His father, 66 years old then and still a giant, was a master gardener, a horticulture expert in government service, living in the community of Stoede, near a little lake among the mountains. There, Aron Peter Lindstrom married film star Ingrid Bergman, on the 10th of July, 1937. The white rural church gleamed in a summer sun.

A couple of years earlier, the officiating clergyman had prepared Ingrid for her confirmation. The wedding of Sweden's most popular film star was a pure family affair. No royalty, no guests even from the Stockholm film colony, only the bridegroom's kinsfolk from the neighborhood, people of magnificent stature who made stern demands of a young woman, who insisted a young woman must have virtue, perfect behavior, and beauty as well. Never had they seen a bride who so perfectly as Ingrid Bergman fulfilled their demands in every respect. And on this day Ingrid played no movie part, she was every inch, and deep in her young heart, her real, delightful self. For once, she had allowed a couple of photographers to cover her great day, and mingling with serious churchgoers they got many charming pictures of the lovely bride and the handsome bridegroom.

At the end of the day, at sunset, the young Lindstroms waved goodbye to Stoede and turned Peter's little car towards the South. They traveled in Germany and France, visiting old towns, studying art and architecture, enjoying a culture that a few years later was destroyed by war.

They returned to Stockholm, to hard work and a three room flat—which they, as their incomes increased, exchanged for one of the finest homes in Stockholm, a 100-year-old villa, once occupied by great poets and prominent philosophers. The house is situated in an old park, Djurgarden, and hidden behind thick vegetation.

In the year 1937, Ingrid Bergman's idols among actresses were Greta Garbo, Elisabeth Bergner and Viennese Paula Wessely. Hardly could she have dreamed then, that she would be second to none of them.

Ingrid Bergman's career in Swedish

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legitimate theater was brief. She entered the Royal Dramatic Theater School, that venerable institution (some of its pupils have been Greta Garbo, Signe Hasso, Viveca Lindfors, Mai Zetterling) and there her professors found her keen, talented and charming. But soon she gave them much worry. Every off hour the young lady sneaked away to Stockholm's film studios, and that was not considered correct behavor within these stern walls, two centuries old and saturated with rigorous traditions. At the end of Ingrid's first year, the conflict burst open; Ingrid was forbidden further movie making.

Ingrid made a quick decision, openly announcing her intention of launching a career in the movies, and the theater bade her a definite and indignant farewell. It was made distinctly clear that the reckless young pupil should never in her life think of entering Sweden's Royal Dramatic Theater again, except as a ticket buyer. Today, the same board of directors that eleven years ago growled so angrily would jump with joy at the slightest possibility of getting her to star.

stage triumphs . . .

In the winter of 1937, Ingrid returned to the stage for a short period. First, at the Comedy Theater, in a French play *The H Hour*, and then, a few weeks later, at the Oscar's Theater in *Jean* by Hungarian comedy writer Ladislaus Bus-Fekete. She had a triumph. Eric Wettergren, the director of Sweden's National Museum, wrote: "A great victory was won by Ingrid Bergman. She was the young Primavera in person, flowers coming out in her traces."

To that kind of out-of-date lyrical ecstasy an old theater lover was inspired by this young artist. In the present generation of actors there is nobody to match her, and in vain I am searching in my memory for a similar combination of nobleness, cool naturalness and fiery spirit.

Greta Garbo never appeared on the stage. Her radiation, never equalled, was purely "photogénique," emotional, enigmatic. Whilst Ingrid Bergman is real, reasonable and wise, Greta Garbo was irrational, romantic and tragic—a doomed woman, victim of love, a lonely creature. The Swedes loved her because she expressed their own dreams and made their own, vague longing seem justified—she represented escapism from an over-rationalized world. Ingrid Bergman means effectiveness, clear thought, action.

In the opinion of most Swedes, I'm sure that Greta Garbo is the greater of the two, and many of us are inclined to explain Bergman's unprecedented success as a coincidence, pointing out that Ingrid in a remarkable way meets the needs of our tormented, modern world. Many Swedes are certainly ready to admit that Bergman is a more accomplished actress—but they hasten to emphasize, too, that should the most competent Swedish talent in Hollywood of today be nominated, they believe Signe Hasso has that talent.

Every Bergman picture is a big hit in Sweden. We are now anxiously awaiting *Joan of Arc*.

We in Stockholm hope that she herself will bring that picture—or *Arch of Triumph*—here for a gala opening. Her native town would give her a tremendous reception. Her return would be a public event, with riots at her arrival, as many crowds as we expect at our King's 90th anniversary, June 16th, editorials in the papers, official honors, Stockholm gone wild!

But "far from the madding crowd" Ingrid could find refuge among her old friends from stage and screen. They would love to see her again, to exchange memories and experiences and wish her with all their hearts a happy continuation of a brilliant career.

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THE FATHER'S DOING NICELY, THANK YOU

(Continued from page 24)

expected, great tact must be used. Kids can be very sensitive. Like our Stephen, for instance. A few weeks before Susan was born, I came back from location shots in Canada for *The Iron Curtain* and took Stephen on his first visit to a zoo. Afterward, he announced that unless the new baby was a baby elephant or a baby giraffe he wasn't going to like him!

"Stephen, I'm afraid that's quite impossible," I said.

"A baby bear, then?" he asked, sadly.

That gave me an idea. As soon as I could, I took Stephen back to the zoo. In my mind was a plan to unsell him on the bear, and sell him on one of the smaller monkeys. And from that I was going to switch him to a baby chimpanzee. And in that way, following up the line of evolution, I figured I could finally sell him on the idea of accepting a human baby.

But the plan bogged down with the chimp. Stephen wouldn't go past that point in the chain. At that, when I first saw Susan, right after she was born, I began to think that Stephen, who preferred chimpanzees, was going to be the only one not disappointed!

a woman's prerogative . . .

It was Stephen's sister, Kathy, who taught me that a few months can make a lot of changes in the attitude of a woman. When Kathy learned that there was to be a new baby in the family, she was just five years old. Her only request was that the baby be a girl.

Do you suppose then that she was happy when Susan turned out to be Susan? No. By that time, Kathy had grown to be five and a half, and had decided that boys weren't so bad after all, and there might be some advantages to being the only girl.

About the only thing I really have against Kathy (and even this I have forgiven her) is that she spoiled a pet scheme of mine about two months before Susan was due. I don't exactly believe in prenatal influence or any of that stuff, but I got an idea that it would be nice if the baby was born with a liking for her father's favorite hobby—sailing, so before she was born, four of us set out for a little sail in our 55-footer, "Katharine." There was Mary, Kathy, myself and a guest—Ethel Barrymore. It was a sparkling day, but things didn't come off as I had planned at all. We just couldn't convince Miss Barrymore that Kathy knew her way around a boat.

"That child is going to fall into the ocean," she announced. Suddenly I began to worry myself. Even though I was certain Kathy was a careful sailor, I could feel the influence of that strong Barrymore presence cutting down my confidence. Suppose these fears communicated themselves to our unborn child? I swung the wheel around and headed for home.

While prospective fathers have a difficult time, I am not blind to the fact that mothers-to-be have rough going occasionally as well. Take Mary now, when we first knew that Susan was on the way. I remember her coming home peeved one afternoon.

"I am surprised," she said. "I am surprised and mortified at the fashion experts!"

This was serious. As little an expert as I am, I know that women who are going to be mothers should be kept happy.

"I went to a dozen shops," she continued, "and in not one of them was I able to find a maternity dress with the 'new look!'"

If the dress industry is listening, I hope that a word to the wise will be sufficient.

But Mary didn't let the incident depress her for long. That's Mary for you. When I first met her we were both acting in a play at the Pasadena Playhouse. I had the role of the boy who never got her. With any other girl I wouldn't have minded, but with Mary I just couldn't stand it. I kept trying to re-write the play every time I saw her. Finally, when the run was over, we fixed up a new act, complete with orange blossoms, minister, a ring and weeping relatives.

Ours was like any other wedding, but with one difference. No wedding picture was taken. You see, I was getting ready for a western film at the time and had been ordered by the studio to grow a beard. It had been sprouting for three weeks when I showed up for the wedding. Mary took one look and made an announcement.

"I'll go through with the marriage," she said. "But I'll be darned if I'll pose for a picture with all that moss on your face!"

Later on, when the picture I was growing the beard for started shooting, the director decided there were too many actors with beards. He looked us over and called to me.

"You with the fungus! Shave it off!"

There are a thousand little things an infant depends on his father to take care of for him. Things to watch out for. A good example is what happened when we had an extra room built onto the house for Susan's nursery. It was finished two days before Mary was due to bring her home from the hospital. When I inspected it I realized that there was a smell of fresh paint in the air. I called it to the attention of the painter.

"Don't you think we ought to do something about it before my wife brings the baby home?" I asked.

"Naw," he said.

But I did. I wasn't taking any chances. I hung a canary in a cage in the nursery. Then before I let Susan be brought inside when she reached home, I peeked in, half-expecting to see the canary limp and dead on the bottom of his cage. But he was on his perch, singing away, so I knew everything was okay.

crafty pop . . .

Yes, you have to use your head in order to be a successful father. Take this business of trying to get a few minutes alone with your newborn baby. You keep getting chased out with excuses about it being the baby's feeding time, or her sleeping time, or her bath time. Never time for Pop. But there is a way of beating this if you're smart. Just get out of bed about two in the morning and sneak into the nursery.

There is nothing my Susan likes better than to stuff her hand or foot into her mouth and then listen to her old man. But don't get caught at at.

Babies today, you see, are brought up according to a strict schedule. As soon as Susan got home we all fell under the authority of the baby expert, otherwise known (to Stephen at least), as Dr. Peety Trishan.

He carries a small, black, rubber hammer, and mostly he is tapping all over Susan with it when I see him.

Well, all this ought to give a fellow a fairly good idea of what he faces in fatherhood. Any of you reading it are welcome to whatever you find helpful. But I should add that if you are really a prospective father, your best friend is a strong, calm, confident wife. If your wife is like this, rely on her. She'll pull you through.

COME INTO MY PARLOR

(*Continued from page 38*)

caught dead *within* mine. It's very plain. It's got a fence around it—to keep out children (so they won't drown) and wind (so we won't freeze). There's a plain flagstone path, a plainer diving board, and a lot of water.

Now I come to the hard part—for me, anyhow. The inside. Decoration, I don't know about. We wanted the living-room to be practical, and Greta and I thought a big circular couch around the fireplace would be pretty nice. We talked this over with a decorator named Theor Ackershott, and we ended up with a vast scarlet three-sides-of-a-rectangle sort of sectional couch all backed with wooden cabinets out of which we have small jungles growing. Very effective. It's also tremendously comfortable. In the center of the couch sections, we've got a big coffee table, and a jungle's growing out of that too.

There are a couple of things we're partial to in that room. There's a head sitting on a stand in the corner—I think it's ivory, and Greta and I found it one night in Chinatown. There are some book-ends made out of a pair of Jonathon's shoes that he wore during the war when shoes were rationed. He grew so fast we couldn't keep him shod; we had to cut the toes out of this pair so he could get them on—

Let's see now. We've got a loggia. That's a nice room. Big, and it opens onto the lawn out back, and it's got a linoleum floor. A loggia's practical. It's almost as much outside as it is inside, but it's sheltered. A linoleum floor's practical too; we're partial to them because the boys can whang their toys down without wrecking stuff and consequently we don't have to whang the boys. Don't think we're dull, but the loggia's all coral and turquoise too, and tropical plants.

We've got a simple mahogany dining room, and in a little alcove off this room there's a carved oak cabinet we both like very much. It's about the only piece we brought with us when we moved. We've got a painting hanging over it. The painting's "Two Girls in a Café" by the young American artist, Robert Phillips. It's graceful, a little reminiscent of Renoir.

I have a den, too. With a desk made to my specifications. Lots of leg room under the drop leaf, and in the den I keep my camera equipment and a lot of other stuff Greta doesn't want kicking around the

(*Continued on page 87*)

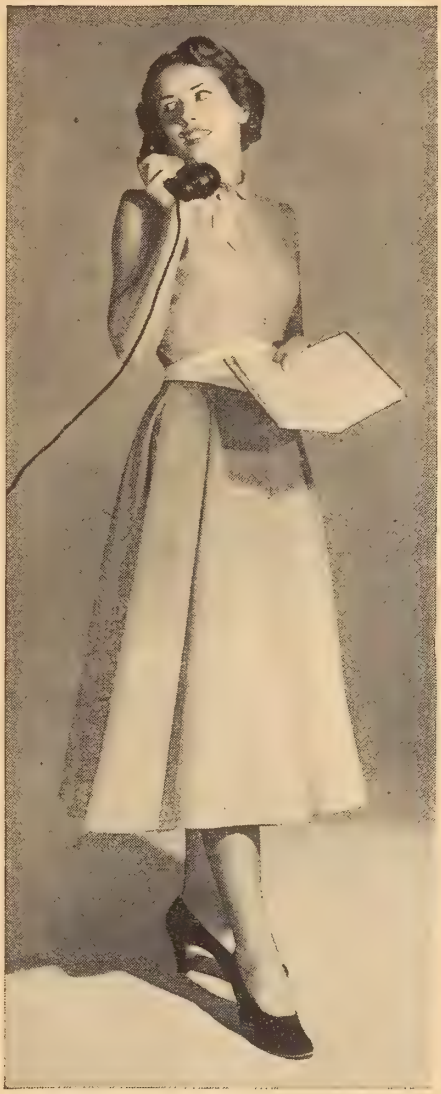
I SAW IT HAPPEN



Recently, Billy De Wolfe made a personal appearance at the Paramount Theater in San Francisco. Suddenly, he interrupted his act and said, "Will the little blonde girl in the fourth row move up here to the first row? Your brother has a seat for you now." It seems that the pair had come in twenty minutes or so before, but there was only one front seat, so the sister let her brother have it. Mr. De Wolfe had witnessed this little scene from the stage, and he personally escorted the girl to her front row seat.

Wanda Jean Thompson
San Bruno, California

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Jane Powell, young M-G-M star, is one of the lucky chicks with a smooth skin, but if you have any youthful skin troubles, read this and cheer up!

By CAROL CARTER



the school girl complexion

■ The complexion that's "growing up" can be a great trial to you teen-agers who may be grieved and disgusted at the way your skin breaks out. Doctors pretty generally agree that skin eruptions and acne are caused by a combination of circumstances, all of which contribute to the overactivity and disturbances of oil glands so common during youth. Cleanliness is important in helping correct the condition; so is diet. Also, there may be a slight glandular upset about which you'll have to see the doctor. Outdoor exercise is fine. Eight or nine hours of sound sleep in a well-aired room helps. If possible, adopt a philosophical attitude toward your "affliction." That means, don't worry unduly about it—your skin really can be improved—but do concern yourself enough to take the necessary steps toward improving your complexion.

Be tireless in scrub-duty. Bathe as often as possible. Shampoo your hair twice a week, both to keep it looking lovely and also to improve your complexion. Remember that it's skin openings plugged up with excess oil that cause your troubles so wash your face thoroughly several times a day and go very easy on make up (except for lipstick) until your skin is healed. And don't pick! It's dangerous and just makes things worse.

Frown on sweets and fried foods, or foods high in fats. Chocolate is an especially guilty trouble-maker. Gnaw celery, carrots, raw, green vegetables, apples and fresh fruit. Drink plenty of milk and water. Eat whole grain cereals, lean meat (except pork), lots of cooked vegetables.

* * *

• *We have a dandy skin examination chart supplied to us by a facial expert which we want you to have. Just enclose a large stamped, self-addressed envelope and write to: Carol Carter,* MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. After filling in the chart from us, return it to the expert for FREE analysis.*

(*Continued from page 85*) rest of the house.

It's a comfortable house, and I like that. I'm a big one for sitting up all night reading, talking—anything but turning in the way I should. One reason why I hate to get up before noon. "Sloth," my wife says. "Give you a T-shirt and a magazine, and you'd never go to work."

She wrongs me, but she rights me too. Even better than magazines, I like kids. I throw my one-year-old son Stephen into over-stuffed chairs and catch him as he bounces out. That's my half-witted idea of a good time. I also like to prove to my four-year-old son Jonathan that I can fly a kite better than he can. A lot of people claim this isn't much of a fight, but I don't care.

Those kids. They're terrific. We're redecorating a room for them in our wing of the house; right now they sleep in a little room in the servants' wing so Jesse can see to their needs at night. We'll move them as soon as Stephen's old enough to sleep out of a crib.

The other day, I was sitting in the loggia with Greta. Our Siamese cat named Monkey was sitting there too, and so was our white police dog named Perry, who's big enough to terrify a polar bear, and so was Troxy, a mutt Dorothy McGuire casually brought over and dropped one time. It was pretty smart of Dorothy at that. Troxy had nine children three days later.

Anyhow, Greta and I and Monkey and Perry and Troxy and her family were sitting around, as I said, when Jonathan came wandering in with two beagles.

"Where'd they come from?" I said.

Jonathan smiled angelically. Now I'm feeding those two hounds.

I'm trying to think what I've left out about our house and our household. The bar comes to my mind. That's a large place with a very chi-chi bar decorated by the former tenants. When we get through with it, it'll be plain wood, and much better-looking.

The master bedroom overlooks the swimming pool, and it's a compromise between masculine and feminine taste. That's what I say now. Originally it was pink and blue and ghastly. "You think I'm going to sleep in there?" I asked my poor cringing wife. She's only about five feet tall, so she gave in first. The room's now sort of tan and cream.

Very pleasant. But the most pleasant thing of all is the roof. On clear days, I go up and sit on that roof and stare at that ocean, and think long unimportant thoughts and Greta comes out on the lawn and catches sight of me and hollers, "You all right?"

And I'm all right. I'm fine.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



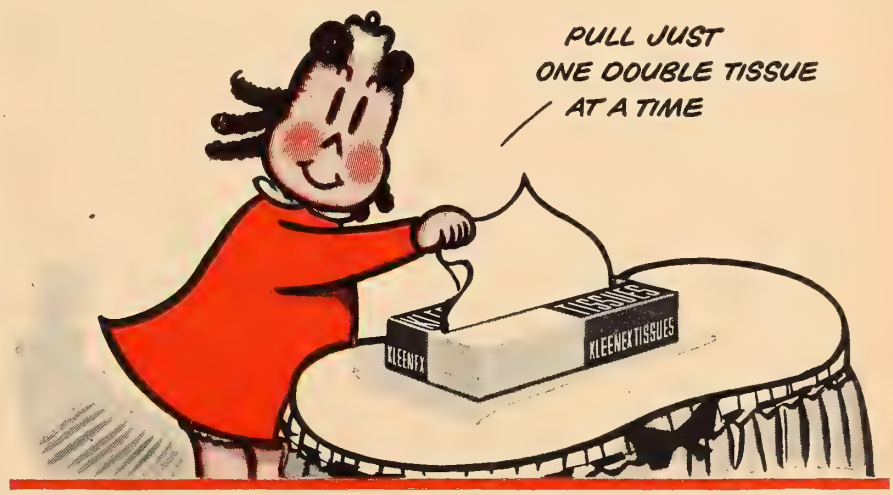
When Eddie Bracken made a personal appearance at the Earle Theater in Philadelphia, he held a mass interview backstage for high school editors. I was among those present, as the questions were flying a-mile-a-minute at Mr. Bracken. Obviously thinking of all the glamor gals that Eddie has wooed on the screen, one fellow asked, "To whom do you like to make love the most?" This question didn't put Eddie on the spot because he quickly answered, "My wife, son, my wife!"

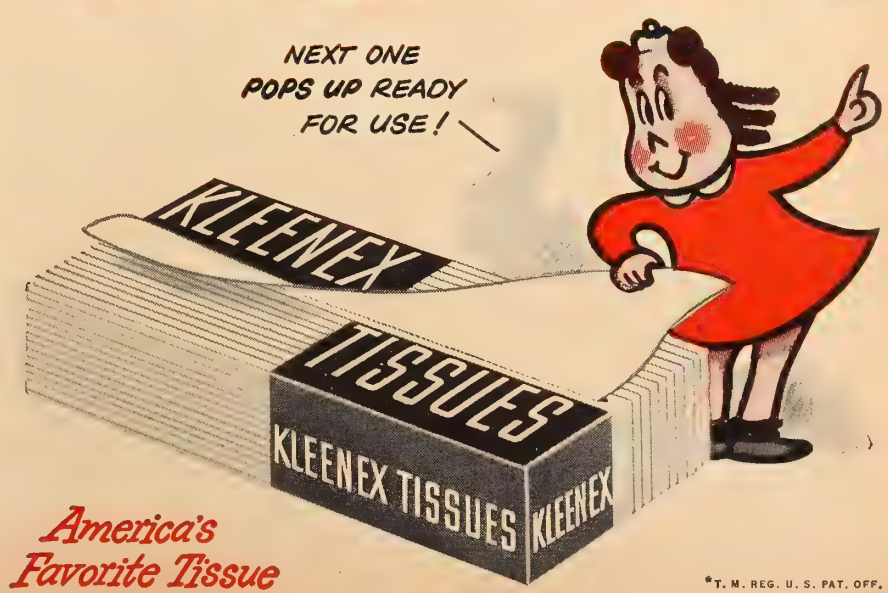
Fred Gable
Philadelphia, Pa.

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MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION



SHIRLEY FROHLICH
director

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associate

THE WINNERS! We always wind up an MSFCA contest with mixed emotions. We're happy because we have winners to announce. We're sad because *everybody* can't win. (They tell us you just don't run a contest that way.) And we're a little dizzy from having to select the "best" from so many wonderful entries. Our Writing Contest is no exception. We never realized there are so many wonderful potential writers in MSFCA clubs! But we know you're anxious for the results:

First prize ($10): Lee Garber, prexy of the Official Mel Tormé Club. Second prize ($7.50): Gladys Hagblom, vice-prexy of the Teddy Walters Club (for her article on Frank Sinatra). Third prize (tied; $5 each): Donna Meyer, June Allyson Club, and Kay McGowan, v.-p., Jean Pierre Aumont Club.

4th-8th prizes ($3 each) Virginia Keegan, v-p., Club Crosby; Dorothy Dillard, Original Jeanette MacDonald Club (Glenna Riley, prexy); Marilyn Sclater, prexy, Roddy McDowall Club (for her piece on Patrice Munsel); Pat Maben, prexy, Dan Duryea Club; Ellen Couglin, Frankie's United Swooners.

Lee's article on Mel is really a magnificent job—and you'll all have a chance to see for yourselves when we print it in a future FANS column. Congratulations to the lucky ones and thanks to all participants!

all fans on deck . . .

NEWS: The first annual Nelson Eddy Music Club (Rita and Jo Mottola, co-prexies) Convention is being held April 11-12 in Boston, Mass. . . . The Gene Autry Club is celebrating its 10th anniversary . . . Sleepy Hollow Clubbers signed up 35 new members at their 9th Anniversary party at ABC's Hayloft Hoedown broadcast. . . . Now that Jack Smith has adopted a six-year-old Dutch girl (under the Foster Parents Plan), his clubbers are getting together to adopt two more orphan children. Selma Carlson's and Delores Feeney's clubs are working hard on this project, and Ronald Farrington's club is offering free yearly memberships to the first 20 Smithereens who contribute $5 or more to this cause . . . How'd you like to join a *really* International Club—with headquarters in Alexandria, Egypt? Its prexy is Henry Ascar, 18, Zahra Street, and it's called simply, the Movie Fan Club. Honoraries include Betty Grable, Ronald Reagan, Gregory Peck (American); Stewart Granger, Jean Kent (British) and Renee Saint Cyr (French)! Their first project is selecting the film "bests" of 1947 . . . Pat Semenetz is the happiest wedding guest we've ever heard of. She was present when her honorary Janis Paige was married to Richard Martinelli . . . Beulah Hedrick, new prexy of the Edward Ashley Club, is offering a best-selling book to everyone who brings in two new members . . . the International Reno Browne Fan Club (Reno's dad is personally underwriting this club) now has 990 members—all over the world. Marcy MacRae is prexy . . . Vic Damone gave a party in the Paramount Building, N. Y., for the local flock . . . Warren Douglas has promised his clubbers he'll wear the tie they gave him for Christmas in his next movie . . . Louise Erickson Clubbers (Elsie Ellovich, prexy) have adopted a French war orphan, Georgette Francois, 5 . . . Admission to meetings of the Tony Trankina Fan Club (Anne Bogard, prexy) is two cans of food—donated to various charities . . . Martha Dietz' Johnny Long Club is holding a bake-sale to raise money for the treasury . . . Mary Susan Leonard, prexy of the *only* Shirley Temple Club, would like to welcome all presidents of unofficial Temple clubs to her organization. She'll also buy back issues of journals. Her address is Box 428, Kingsport, Tenn. . . . Each member of Hermina Levitt's Stuart Foster Club will receive a current Foster recording at the end of the year. Club has merged with Bobbie Meltzer's.

* * *

7TH SEMI-ANNUAL TROPHY CUP CONTEST
(3rd Lap)

New Prizes! There's still lots of time to enter the current MODERN SCREEN TROPHY CUP CONTEST. So get in there and start writing articles for your journals. Artists!! We have prizes for covers, and art work. TANGEE TRIP Kits, just wonderful for traveling. PONDS' wonderful DREAMFLOWER bath sets! Also, LA CROSSE "LOOK TWICE" pink ribbon lipstick and polish combos. And all you journal editors, sharpen your scissors! We have those marvelous EBERHARD FABER HARMATONE DELUXE pen and pencil sets to award each month. We've got subscriptions to SCREEN ALBUM and FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE! And don't forget, there are three Trophy Cups for the winning clubs.

"This Is My Best" Contest Winners: (100 points each) Marguerite Ford, "Italian Films," *Ed's (Ashley) Edition.* Lillian Menichini, "New York City," *Mason Mirror.* Janice Binder, "Editorial," *Carson's Collection.* Judy Gordon, "Adventure Trails," *Ladd* (Bellino). Doris Pyle, "Miracle of the Bells," *Fan's Fancies* (Sinatra, Pacilio). Jeanne Holder, "What the Doctor Ordered," *Tolerantly Yours* (Sinatra, Minnitti). **Candid Camera Winners:** First Prize, (100 points) Martha Kay (Duryea; Maben). Others: (50 points) Ellyn Sachs, Frankie Laine Fan Club. Ginny Wilson, Rise Stevens Club. Alice Meyers, Glenn Vernon C. (Olsen). Georgia Eustice, Rand Brooks Club. Nelda Clough, Charles Korvin Club. **Best Journals:** (500 points) League 1: Sinatra (Watson). League 2: Ladd (Bellino). League 3: (tied) Macdonald Carey, Basil Rathbone, Jan Clayton, Mel Torme. **Best Editors:** (250 points) League 1: Margaret and Joy Nicholin (Nelson Eddy). League 2: Loretta Verbin (Jack Carson). League 3: Joanne Julian (Burt Lancaster). **Best Original Art Work:** (150 points) Veronica Czarnikowski, Jolson Journal. **Most Worthwhile Activities:** (250 points) League 1: Nelson Eddy Club (Mottola) presented 35 to American Red Cross. League 2: Musical Notes Club gave $15 to Cancer Drive and 15 to support War Orphan. League 3: Stuart Foster (Levitt) adopted French Orphan. **Greatest Membership Increases:** (100 points) League 1: Reno Browne. League 2: Damone (DiGirolamo), Sleepy Hollow. League 3: Virginia Field. **Best Covers:** (250 points) League 1: Bing Crosby Club. League 2: Jack Carson Club. League 3: Jan Clayton Club. **Best Correspondents:** (50 points) League 1: Ruth Ness, Bing Crosby Club. League 2: Gerry Kee, Alan Ladd Club. League 3: Dorene Granade, Helen Gerald Club.

Leading Clubs in Lap 3. League 1: Nelson Eddy (Nicholin), 950 points. Dennis Morgan, 950 points. Frank Sinatra (Watson) 700 points. League 2: Jack Carson, 700 points. Alan Ladd (Bellino), 700 points. Alan Ladd (Pearl), 700 points. League 3: Sinatra (Ling), 950 points. Clayton, 850. Conte, 850.

* * *

ATTENTION: To obtain your copy of the new MSFCA Fan Club Chart—listing over 350 official fan clubs, send 10c in coin and a stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope (4" x 9") to Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 23*)

He is meeting the right people now—the important people. Like Susan Duane (Martha Vickers), whose family is prominent in banking circles. It doesn't take Horace long to become engaged to Susan. And since he is a bright young man who knows when to talk and when not to, he soon becomes prominent in banking circles himself. Oh it isn't done in a day or a month or a year. But before too long, Horace has a Wall Street office of his own. He never does get around to marrying Susan. But he still sees Vic, his one friend. In fact, Vic works for Horace's firm in some South American deals. He still thinks Horace is a great guy.

But gradually Vic, along with Buck Mansfield (Sydney Greenstreet), his wife (Lucille Bremer) and a few others find that Horace isn't great—only dangerous. Once again Horace has his eye on a girl Vic loves. It's an explosive situation—and it explodes quite thoroughly.—*Eagle-Lion*

ALL MY SONS

The New York Drama Critics' prize-winning play comes to the screen in a beautifully-cast, beautifully-produced movie that will hold your interest as few movies have held it. Burt Lancaster is such heaven to look at that you won't care whether he can act or not, but he can. Like mad. And Eddie Robinson isn't pretty, but he sure knows his stuff. Mady Christians is magnificent in the subtle, taxing mother role. Howard Duff is flawless. And Louisa Horton—a gal with the most disturbingly lovely speaking voice since Jean Arthur—is so real you keep feeling that you've known her always.

This is basically a love story—Chris Keller's (that's Burt) and Ann Deever's (that's Louisa) love story—but it is no simple boy meets girl affair. You see, the Deevers lived next door to the Kellers for years and years, and Ann was engaged to Chris' brother Larry, who has been missing for three years. Larry's mother (Mady Christians) refuses to believe that he is dead, and she is violently opposed to Chris' romance with Ann. There is conflict from yet another quarter. During the war, Joe Keller—Chris' father—(Eddie Robinson) and Herbert Deever—Ann's father—(Frank Conroy) were partners in a prosperous factory involved in war work. Twenty-one plane crashes were traced to defective cylinders shipped out of their plant, and at the ensuing trial Joe was acquitted and Deever was convicted and is still in jail. George Deever (Howard Duff), Ann's brother, opposes the romance because he feels that Keller is at least as guilty as their own father, and that the Keller money is bloodstained. In addition, there is the conflict between Chris and his father (and this one really tears you), arising out of Chris' reluctant suspicion that his father is living a lie.

In this movie you will find no extravagantly furnished sets, no fabulous costumes, no

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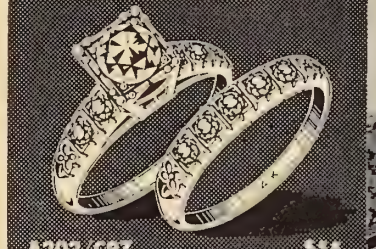
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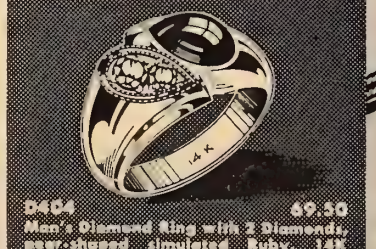
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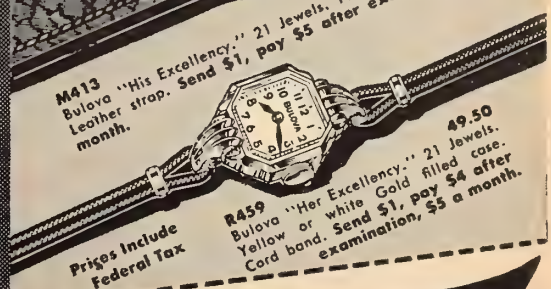
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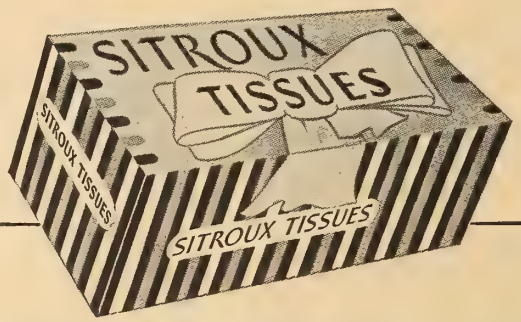


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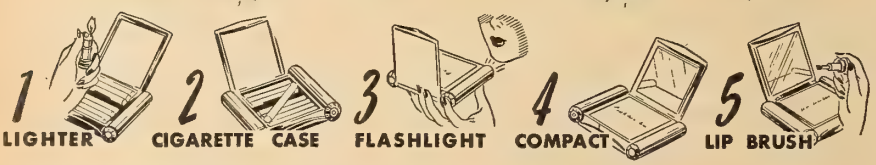


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All My Sons: Burt Lancaster, Mady Christians and Edward G. Robinson in a stirring drama involving war-profiteering and family betrayal.

Technicolor. But you will find superb acting. You will find unforgettable scenes, like the violent one in which Chris, in an agony of disillusionment, almost strangles his father, the creepy one in which Mrs. Keller finds Ann playing the piano which no one has played since Larry was reported missing, the gentle love scene on a high hill overlooking the city lights that is done with such wonderful restraint. Don't go into the theater in the middle of this one. It's a film to see straight through, and then maybe over again. —*Univ.-Int.*

UNDER CALIFORNIA SKIES

TRIGGER KIDNAPPED

Smartest Horse In Pictures Held For Ransom!

Honest, that's what happens in the new Roy Rogers picture, and it's only surprising that someone hasn't thought of it before. It all begins when Roy decides to go home to his ranch for a vacation from Hollywood. Cookie (Andy Devine), his foreman, and Bob Nolan and the Sons Of The Pioneers are there to meet him. They even kid him a little about the movies he makes . . . how come he never runs out of bullets, and things like that.

Roy soon finds that there's trouble brewing near his ranch. A very tough gang is rounding up wild horses there, and selling them to slaughter houses. They aren't always too particular about the horses being wild, either. Also, their methods are completely brutal, so much so that Roy gets in a knockdown, drag-out fight with one of the men about it.

The gang's boss, Pop (George H. Lloyd), now has an idea for something that would pay off better than slaughtering horses. He and his assistant, Lije (Wade Crosby), decide to kidnap Trigger. They send Ed, who had the fight with Roy, to do the actual job, during Roy's anniversary celebration, and Ed gets Trigger successfully away. They hide him in a deserted barn in the mountains.

Lije's ten year old step-son, Ted (Michael Chapin), is living at Roy's ranch, because of Lije's neglect and cruelty. He worships Roy and Trigger, and he suspects that maybe his stepfather had something to do with the kidnapping. It's a tough spot for a boy to be in. He's terrified of the "gang" but more than anything in the world he wants Roy to get Trigger back.

When Ed is murdered for trying to "sell



Under California Skies: Roy Rogers tries to recover the stolen Trigger with aid of Jane Frazee, Andy Devine, young Michael Chapin.

out" to Roy, young Ted comes to a decision. He'll get Trigger back by himself. Of course as it turns out, he does need a little help from Roy!—*Rep.*

SITTING PRETTY

Here's a light-hearted movie with absolutely nothing between the lines but laughter, and it's good fun to the last clinch. Harry and Tacey King (Robert Young and Maureen O'Hara) parents of three dynamos of sons and owners of a colossal Great Dane are, for obvious reasons, hard put to get domestic help of any kind. The last straw takes place the night Harry and Tacey are invited to the boss's (Ed Begley) house for dinner. After calling every sitter in the community of Hummingbird Hill, they finally resort to Ginger (Betty Ann Lynn), a scatter-brained, flirtatious dish with a crush on Harry. They get through dinner at the boss's, but during the evening their prying neighbor, Mr. Appleton (Richard Haydn), drops over with the information that riotous doings are afoot at the Kings'. Harry and Tacey dash home, find Ginger and throngs of her cronies jitterbugging while the three young Kings, including the baby, peer at them over the banisters.

That does it. In desperation, Tacey puts an ad for a resident baby sitter in the Saturday Review of Literature, is stunned and delighted to receive a reply from an intelligent-sounding person called Lynn Belvedere. Tacey hires her by telegraph, then knocks herself out making the maid's room into a perfect bower—frilly dressing table skirt, freshly-cut flowers, the works. Lynn turns out to be a man (Clifton Webb), and *what* a man. Within twenty-four hours he's taught the kids Yogi, and what's even more amazing, he's taught them manners. Furthermore, he has subdued the mush-throwing baby!

Eventually, there are complications, of course. Harry goes out of town on a business trip and the Winchell-minded Mr. Appleton starts a scandal about Tacey and Belvedere that practically costs Harry his job in the town's leading law firm. Trouble brews and brews, and Tacey goes home to mother, and Harry and the kiddies pine. But you never for a minute doubt that the ending will be happy, which it is, and that last scene is one of the cutest in the whole business. Go see, and take the kiddies.—*20th-Fox.*

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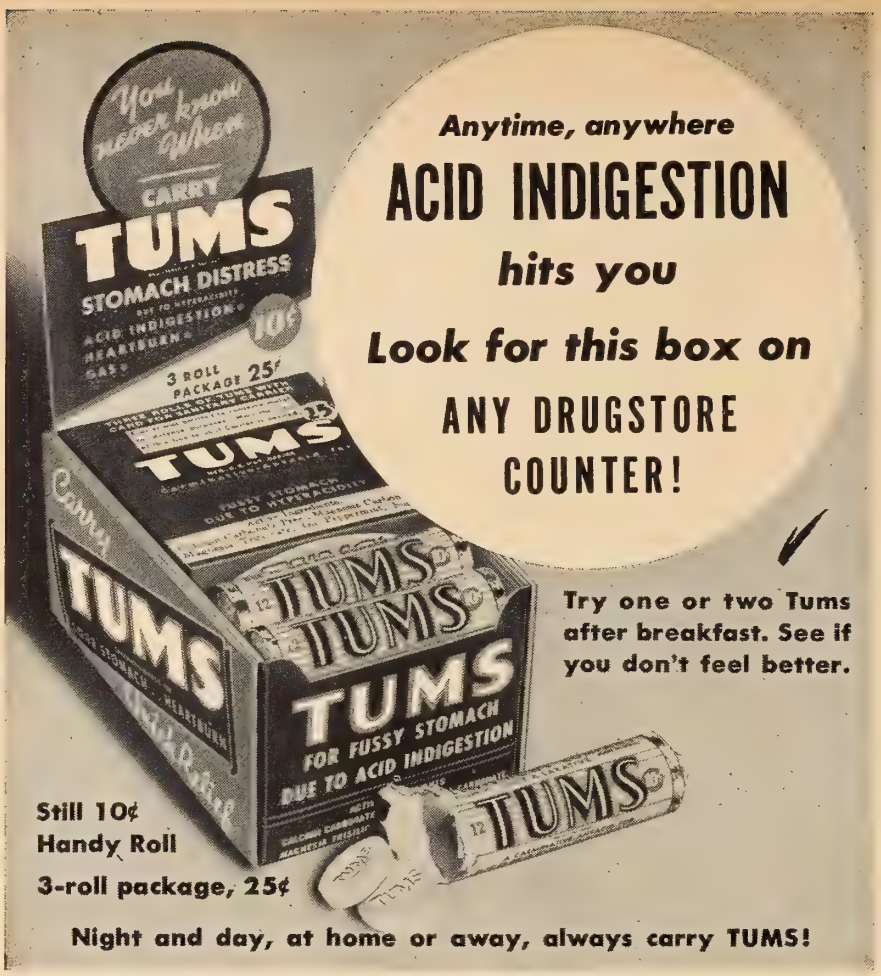


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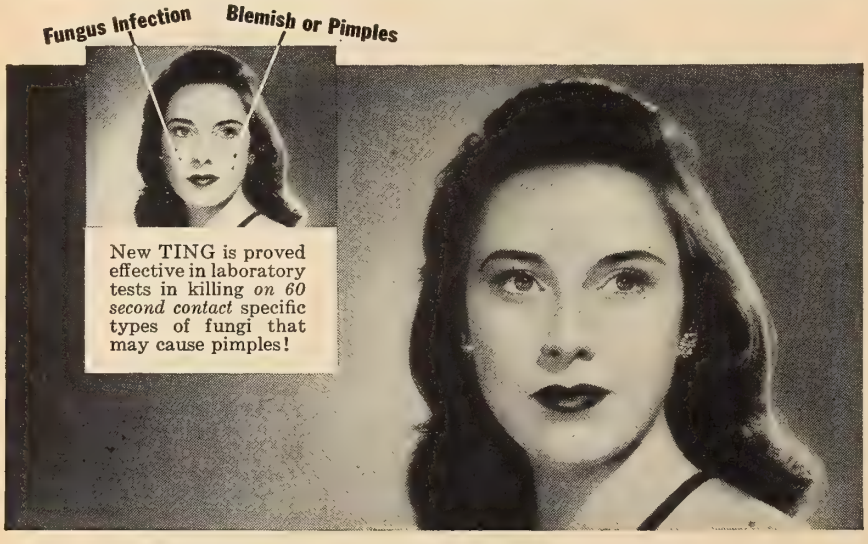
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GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 12)

Payne." He also says that Gloria had a tremendous appetite while she was pregnant, ate mashed potatoes and ice cream voraciously, and laughed when people chastened her. She's betting she'll be down to a hundred pounds in a month, though. By the way, the Paynes have a new nurse. Gloria went to the door one afternoon when the bell rang, and five minutes later, she came back and announced to John that she'd just hired someone. It was plain old feminine intuition because Gloria didn't know anything about the woman, but John says Wilma is the finest nurse in the world.

* * *

Another charming party given for Noel Coward (he was certainly THE honored guest of the month) was for cocktails at the hilltop home of the Jules Steins. Jules, one of the wealthiest and best known agents in America, and his beautiful wife, Doris, brought out so many people who do not usually accept party invitations.

Bette Davis, for one. I bet that girl doesn't attend one big party a year. But she arrived early and stayed late—so she must have had a good time.

Her hair was worn so severely—pulled straight back from her face, no curl, with a severe bun in the back. Her dress was simple, too—a maroon-colored shirtmaker style.

Barbara Bel Geddes, that up and coming young star who is so wonderful in *I Remember Mama*, has the reputation for not caring much about clothes. But she was certainly chicly done up in a black chiffon cocktail dress with a wonderful full skirt.

Deborah Kerr, in a tiny black and white check taffeta, trimmed with velvet bows, is just about the happiest girl in Hollywood. She says she doesn't know what she talked about before her baby was born.

Of course, the English crowd was out full force—the Ronald Colmans, Reginald Gardiners and Clifton Webb.

* * *

Well, another month—another time to say goodbye. But first, I thought you might be interested in knowing who seems to be attracting the most attention in Hollywood and who YOU are most interested in. How do I know? From your letters, of course.

The actor you mention the most in my mail is—Larry Parks!

Coming along very fast in the race is Glenn Ford. Surprised?

Wanda Hendrix is a girl you want to know more and more about—so I will give you a "Close-Up" of her next month.

Pete Lawford, who had been running in second spot via the postman, gave way, this month, to Glenn Ford.

Dana Andrews and Frank Sinatra are still hot and heavy in the race along with Alan Ladd.

So, keep on writing—your letters are enlightening as well as interesting.

STORY OF A KISS

(Continued from page 61)

"I don't know why you always shove these tough, dull jobs my way," Burt grumbled. "All the time having to take time off from my reading and playing checkers with the fellas, just to spend my time with some good-looking dame—what is it you want? A touch? I've only got twenty till payday, but you're welcome to half of it."

"You get this one for free, pal," the sergeant said. "Although of course if you'd happen to be free Friday night, when I have both a date and Charge of Quarters—"

"Okay. I pull your C.Q. Friday. Where do I meet this Anderson?"

"At the airport. 1300. Take a jeep."

But he had not expected her to be gay and intelligent as well as beautiful. She was a New Yorker, as he had been originally, and, it transpired, she'd worked for CBS and NBC before the war. Then she had simply got sick of the whole civilian deal and joined up. "And here," she finished, "I am."

"In the flesh," Burt added, admiringly. "You'll knock 'em in the aisles." He had already done his own tumbling act.

no time for romance . . .

They didn't have much time. Monte Catini is only four kilometres north of Florence, and they jeeped there so she could see the city. After the show (at which she knocked 'em in the aisles, all right) he took her for a long walk around Monte, until they found and climbed the hill above the town.

They sat side by side for a time under a scarlet oleander tree, and talked, of course, of themselves. Burt told her a little of his life, being as honest as he could. He told her of his childhood in one of the toughest sections of New York, painting a picture of poverty without being sentimental about it. He told her of his years as an acrobat with a small circus and carnival, and he mentioned his marriage, which hadn't worked out, and he spoke of his restless ambition, his fiercely partisan feeling for the underdog, the oppressed and forgotten.

It seemed that, at least in terms of personality and character and point of view, they were of a kind, these two. There was also between them (and both had known it from the beginning) a vital spark of awareness, an intangible excitement—

So that when he kissed her it was not just a casual, first-time, exploratory kiss; it was more a confirmation of a past they should have spent together, and a promise for the future.

They were in love from that moment.

Now, sitting bored and dejected on his narrow army bed, Burt recalled the other times they had spent together: the times he had stretched his weekend passes to the limit and beyond in order to get to Naples for a few hours with Norma. He remembered the evenings they had shared, and grew suddenly frantic with longing.

A private came trotting in. "Hey, Lancaster, there's somebody to see you in the orderly room."

"Okay." He turned and walked listlessly down the company street. In his pocket was Norma's wire, saying that she had been ordered back to the States, was leaving today by plane; that she loved him; that she would write.

He went inside. Norma sat swinging her legs over the edge of the table, chatting with the C.Q.

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She managed to keep Burt from saying anything until they were outside. Then she said, "I've only got a few hours. The plane I was supposed to catch was delayed, and there won't be another one until tomorrow night. So I took the chance. I had to see you."

"You darling."

"This is one last night—let's pretend it's just like any other. And have fun. Let's do Florence, hit the high spots, forget I'm going home. We'll make it something to remember until you come home, too."

And they did. It was a memorable night, compounded of laughter made poignant by the underlying knowledge that they would not see each other again for months. Burt got back to the post, found an unoccupied pile of mattresses in the supply room, and went to sleep.

He heard from her again two days later, astonishingly enough, by telephone.

"How was the trip?" Burt asked, when she'd identified herself. "And how did you get a call through from New York in wartime?"

lover's return . . .

"I'm not in New York," she said dismally. "I'm still in Naples. There was a slight hitch."

"Wonderful! Then I'll see you this weekend."

"Afraid not," she said. "The hitch was that the plane you put me on reached the airport here just as the plane I was supposed to catch took off from the other runway. So everybody was sore, and I'm stuck here for another three weeks. Furthermore, I'm in the jug."

"Why, the stinkers!" Burt said. "Just because you slip away for an hour or two to say goodbye to your future husband! But wait a minute—how can you be phoning me from the jug?"

"Well, actually I'm just restricted to quarters. But I can't leave or see anyone and I'm definitely in disgrace."

"I'll come there, then. We can work it out some way."

"You'll do nothing of the sort. Then we'll both be in a spot."

"I don't care. If you don't."

There was a pause. "Well—"

The company commander was definitely not in a good mood that Friday afternoon. "Listen, Lancaster," he said, fingering the bag under his right eye, "this is still an army and you're part of it. Look at last weekend. What the hell d'you think it'll do to the morale of the other men if I let you take off again tomorrow? No."

"Is that your last word?" asked Burt.

"That's it."

"Fair enough," said Burt. He left at midnight, in one of the company jeeps. He was stopped just outside Florence and escorted back to Monte Catini.

The CO this time was in an icy rage. He said, "You've done this sort of thing before and I've written it off because this is a special service outfit and not GI and you're a good man. Now I'm bored with this. You'll stay in quarters for a couple of weeks."

Norma reached him by phone again the next morning. "So you decided against it," she said.

"I wish I had." He explained. "But I'll try again next weekend, and this time I'll make it by plane. They won't think of that."

Meanwhile they had to talk, and the phone system between Naples and Florence was loaded with priority calls. When Norma rang him on Monday, he said, "Woman, you're working miracles. I haven't been able to clear a call through to you since the last time we talked, and I've tried every hour, on the hour."

A voice speaking English with a thick Italian accent broke in. "Thees," it said, "is the operator. The girls on thees board are all weeth you, and we'll clear your calls from thees end. Signorina, please talk only three meenutes."

"An audience, hey?" Burt said.

"Let's give the darlings their money's worth," said Norma.

So he began: "Love of my life, do you remember the night under the oleander—" and continued in the same vein for precisely three minutes, unblushingly. When he paused, the operator came in again, with a giggle.

"You may have three meenutes more, Signor," she said.

She could not meet him at the pier in New York, when he arrived, but the first moment he could get free he went to see her at her office. She was now secretary to radio producer Ray Knight, who worked in a suite at the Royalton Hotel. They decided to taxi up to the sidewalk cafe at the St. Moritz, and lunch at one of the little open-air tables behind the box hedge on Central Park South.

With the salad, Norma said, "You've been a little quiet. At least you're thinking about something, and you haven't told me. Do you want to?"

He reached out and covered her hand with his. "It's probably nothing," he said, "but a guy I used to know, a Hollywood guy, was in the elevator at the Royalton when I rode up. We started to talk, and he said something about my going to Hollywood. For a screen test. Silly, isn't it?"

"Why?"

"I mean—me in pictures. How do you *like* that?"

She hesitated. "I'd like it. For you. But—I don't think I'd see you again."

"Are you crazy?"

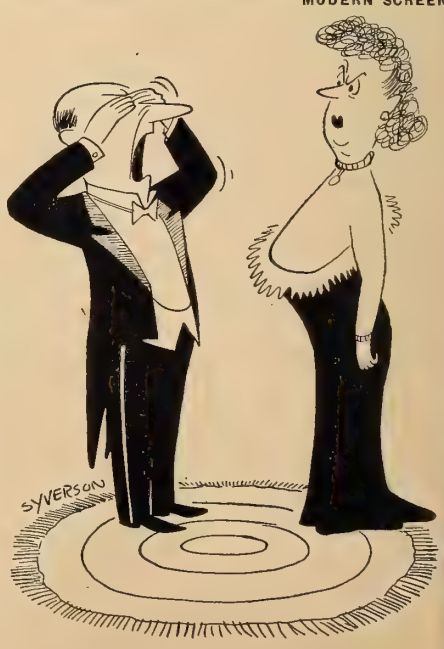
"No. That's the way it works." Her voice held a certain sadness, but her smile did not falter.

"I'm not going, of course."

"Of course you are. And of course you'll be the biggest thing in Hollywood. I ought to know. Now, shall we have a bottle of wine to celebrate?"

In the fall of 1946, Burt and Norma drove once more to 50 Central Park South—in the rain, this time—and sat inside in the Cafe de la Paix because the sidewalk tables were closed against the weather.

MODERN SCREEN



Oh good heavens, Gertrude, Aren't you supposed to be wearing a blouse, or something?

They ordered hot buttered rums, and omelettes and salad, and Norma said, "Well, I was both right and wrong wasn't I?"

"That's a fair average," he told her.

"I mean about what's happened to us. I was right about your making the grade in Hollywood."

"I'm not sure yet," he said. "There've been lots of flashes in the pan, in that town. One or two lucky pictures, then nothing. But let's not talk shop. Wouldn't you rather think about getting married?"

"I am thinking about that. It's the thing I was wrong about. You came back—"

He stared for a long time into his glass, twisting it slowly between his fingers. "A lot happened," he said finally. "I'm in the chips, and if I handle it right I've got a good thing in Hollywood. But I'm no millionaire by a long shot—you start low, out there, and I was broke to begin with. I don't have too much to offer you; I haven't a decent house, and dad's coming to live with me, and now that Bill's gone, I'll probably want his wife, Ruth, to come out too. I work pretty hard every day, all day. Being my wife will be a more complicated setup than we thought a year ago. But if you still feel the same—"

"I still feel the same," she said. She raised her glass. "Here's to the rough life!"

And it was summer again, a dry, fragrant California summer; and the two of them had lost two hours (which was rare for them) in a night club. They took deep breaths as they emerged, and looked appreciatively at the star-filled sky.

"It beats me," said Burt, "why we ever do it."

"We won't much longer," Norma said. "At least for quite a while. I suppose I should choose a nice dramatic situation for the announcement, but my timing's a little off anyway. We're going to have a baby, I should think sometime before Christmas."

At that point, another car darted in front of them and for thirty seconds Burt coped with his traffic problem. Then he said, thoughtfully, "You know, 1947's my year."

The Lancaster house in Westwood is a comfortable, eleven-room affair with a big garden. It is a house designed for a tight family group who want to live well, but not in the grand style.

completing the family circle . . .

It was here that Ruth Lancaster came to live, too, just before little Bill (named for Burt's brother, and Ruth's husband) was born. Burt had two purposes in mind when he asked her to come and stay with his family. One was that Bill had always talked of her as one of the most efficient homemakers he had ever seen.

Also, Burt felt that Ruth needed the household. She was young and pretty. Her year of mourning was finished. This would mean a change for her, a new life, another beginning. . .

Thus at dinner, a few nights after Norma and Bill came home from the hospital, Burt sat at his table carving the prime rib roast that Ruth had cooked, watching his father happily at work on a big salad, smiling at Norma, and thinking of little Bill, secure and sound and healthy, upstairs in the nursery. In Burt's pocket was his allowance for the week, a few dollars doled out to him that afternoon by Ruth. *All My Sons* was finished, and looked good. He would produce *Kiss the Blood Off My Hands* himself, shortly. Three other pictures were scheduled for the year.

"What," asked Norma suddenly, "are you grinning about? Private joke?"

"No joke," Burt said. He put an enormous slab of beef on her plate and passed it over. "Just happy."

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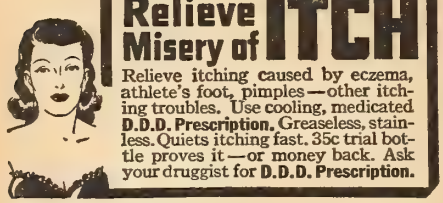
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NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

(*Continued from page 27*)

Frank Sinatra and I were talking casually, and suddenly he said, "You and Ben Hecht are two very lucky guys."

"Lucky?" I didn't know what he was talking about.

"Well, you're writing the script of *The Miracle of the Bells,*" he said. "That's a pretty wonderful book. And that Father Paul—I'd give my right arm to play that part."

"But you're a crooner, Frankie," I reminded him. "In our picture Father Paul is a humble little priest who gets kicked around. He's not even the Bing Crosby type of priest who gets laughs."

"He's a real priest," Sinatra said. "The kind I knew as a kid. But you're right, they'd never let me play a serious role. Mr. Lasky would probably bust out laughing." (Jesse Lasky, who produced *Miracle of the Bells,* had signed Fred MacMurray to play Dunnigan, the press agent; he had signed Valli to play Olga; he had Lee Cobb to play the part of Harris, the Hollywood producer, but he hadn't been able to find anyone to play Father Paul. He had tested about forty actors for the part. None had been able to project the humility and spiritual quality of the little priest.)

casting a crooner . . .

"A crooner," Frankie said bitterly.

"You look something like Father Paul at that," I said, thinking out loud. "Those high cheekbones of yours give you a Polish look. Father Paul was Polish. Hey, Ben," I yelled.

Across the room, Hecht and Toots Shor were back somewhere in 1924 talking about Rogers Hornsby and the time he hit .424. Hecht came over.

"What about Frank for the part of Father Paul?" I asked him.

"Most of his scenes would be with Fred MacMurray," Hecht said thoughtfully. "Good contrast in size. Frank's voice too would be a contrast to MacMurray's."

"You mean it?" Sinatra asked eagerly.

"Let's phone Jesse," Hecht said. He dialed the number and we waited. Sinatra was swallowing nervously. As a rule, writers of a script have nothing to do with casting. But Jesse Lasky is a different kind of producer. When he answered the phone, Hecht said, "Reynolds and I have an idea for you. Maybe we've hit on something. What would you think of using Frank Sinatra in the Father Paul part?"

"Well, now—" Lasky was wide awake and he hadn't "bust" out laughing. "I never thought of that. The kid can act. I saw his short, *The House I Live In.* I wonder—I wonder if the public would accept Frank in a non-singing role?"

"If he was good in the part they'd accept him." Hecht said.

"Then there's the question of money," Lasky went on.

Sinatra heard Lasky. "Tell him I'll play it for nothing," he yelled. "Ask him to give me a test, that's all. Just give me a chance."

"I heard that," Lasky chuckled. "Of course I'll test him."

At the studio, they put Frank Sinatra into clerical garb for the test. The grips, the electricians, the carpenters and a few assistant directors gathered around to watch, prepared to laugh. The thought of Frank playing the part of a humble, self-effacing clergyman did seem a little silly. But when Director Irving Pichel (far from convinced himself) called, "Let 'em roll," and Frank began the test scene, the smiles disappeared. This was a new Sinatra to those who were watching. You could see that he had studied the scene thoroughly. The "takes" were not the usual twenty- or thirty-second affairs; Pichel let him go on sometimes for two minutes before calling "Cut." The next day Lasky, his co-producer Walter McEwan, Pichel, Hecht and myself saw the test. This was the Father Paul we had written into the script, all right. Lasky was beaming. But he was still worried.

"I just don't know whether or not people will accept the kid in this role," he said thoughtfully. "Will the church think it irreverent to have a crooner play a priest?"

"Ask some priests to see the test," I suggested. Lasky did that. He asked a friend, Father Walter Schmidt, Dean at Santa Clara University, to look at the test. The Jesuit watched it, turned to Lasky and said simply, "That's Father Paul all right." Word got around Hollywood that Sinatra was being considered for the role. Hecht and I were on the receiving end of a lot of kidding.

"Everyone will think that Frankie is just playing it to show that he can do anything that Crosby can do," they argued. "Bing's fans will resent it. So will Bing."

Bing, who has always been one of Frank's greatest boosters, did not resent it. As a matter of fact, Sinatra asked Crosby's advice. Bing thought it a great idea. There is a strong friendship between the two men. Frank has always had a great admiration for Crosby. Once he told me that his two kids never missed Bing on the radio, and that the greatest present he could give them was a Crosby album.

"Twenty years ago," Frank said, "when we were kids, we had some pretty rotten heroes. When we played cops and robbers everyone wanted to be a robber. It's different today, thank God. Bing is a hero to my kids. Well, I'll settle for that."

Still, most of Lasky's friends tried to urge him to drop his fantastic idea. Frank's enemies (everybody who makes good in Hollywood has enemies) brought up incidents of his childhood to show that he wasn't the right sort to play a priest.

"I was kind of a dead-end kid," Sinatra admitted. "I did plenty of things as a kid that I look back on with shame. I guess that's true of every man."

The pressure on Lasky increased. Opposition even came from Sinatra's fans



*HOLLYWOOD MERRY-GO-ROUND

• Dane Clark relates that on a trip East by air he sat next to a man who was flying for the first time. At 8,000 feet altitude the airline hostess passed out chewing gum with the routine instruction, "For your ears." Half an hour later the man turned to Clark and remarked, "By George, it worked all right but you'd think they'd give you cotton. It ain't so sticky."

**from the book by Andrew Hecht*

around the country. They said quite frankly they only wanted to hear Sinatra sing. And even before Sinatra had signed a contract, the boys who make their living by smearing the characters of others gleefully started their attacks on Frank. But Lasky wasn't cowed. Finally he went to Father McClafferty of the Legion of Decency. He showed the test Sinatra had made. Father McClafferty thought it was great, and told Lasky that the church would most certainly not object to Sinatra playing the role. And finally Lasky signed Sinatra to play Father Paul.

When Sinatra had signed, Hecht and I went into a huddle with Lasky. "Should Frank sing in the picture or should he not?" We batted that question back and forth. Finally we hit on an idea. In the book (and in our script) Olga, the girl, sings an old Polish folk song. It is a song she had learned as a child in Coaltown, where the action takes place. In our script Hecht and I had merely written a line, "Dig up old Polish folk song; at this point Olga sings it to Dunnigan."

father paul sings . . .

Later in the picture we had written a scene in which Father Paul and Dunnigan (Fred MacMurray) are talking in the graveyard where Olga is to be buried. Dunnigan finds himself humming the old Polish song Olga had sung to him two years before. Father Paul recognizes the tune and tells Dunnigan that all Polish-Americans know that song. We had written it that way before Sinatra had been thought of for the part. Now we added a line to our script. "Note to director: At this point why not have Father Paul hum or sing the song without music? See how it goes."

When he came to that scene Director Irving Pichel had Sinatra sing the old song using English words. It was merely an experiment. Neither Lasky, Pichel, nor Sinatra himself was convinced that it was a good idea. But they saw the rushes of the scene that night and Lasky decided to keep it in. Frank sings the song very simply, as a priest would sing an old song of his homeland. He doesn't "croon" it.

When the picture was finished a print was flown to New York. Lasky asked Father Joe Conner of Cliffside, New Jersey, to bring a group of fellow priests to view the film. I sat with them in a projection room as *Miracle of the Bells* told its story on the screen. The picture ended. The lights went up. There was absolute silence in the projection room. I looked at the faces of the priests. It was obvious that they were still under the spell of the story. We all got up and walked into the hall.

"I don't mind saying the picture got to me," one of the priests said, blinking.

"I've never seen a religious subject treated so reverently," a second said.

"Sinatra was wonderful," Father Joe Conner said. "Somehow he managed to project the humility and spirit of Father Paul. He made Father Paul into the kind of priest all of us would like to be."

"You're satisfied then with the way Sinatra played it?" I asked.

"How can anyone not be satisfied?" he said simply. "He was great—great."

Sinatra was in Hollywood then. He phoned me that night to ask how things had gone at that initial showing. I told him. He was pretty happy about it.

As a co-writer of the script, I was pretty happy myself. So was Hecht. It is hardly good taste for anyone connected with the making of a picture to get up on a soapbox and start extolling it. But talking as a movie fan, it is my bet that *Miracle of the Bells* will establish Sinatra as a serious, sensitive dramatic actor who (if he wishes) will never have to gargle a low note again.

Me? I'm proud to have my name on that picture.

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"WHY WE LEFT EACH OTHER"

(*Continued from page 45*)

barred. He'd dug deep. For the first time I saw him and Patricia, not as magazine faces but as people, getting snarled up in emotions like the rest of us. For the first time I understood what had happened between them.

This might have been a sad story. It's still sad in spots. It's a story that's worth telling, if only as an answer to the $64 question—what's so different about Hollywood? Is there something in the air that breaks people up?

In many cases, yes. In the case of the Wildes, no. It didn't break them up, but it rocked their boat and made them good and seasick for a while.

To get the picture straight, you'll have to go back ten years to a couple of kids hunting jobs on Broadway. Pat was 17, Cornel 22. They met, fell in love, married, and went on hunting jobs. And there's the first point to bear in mind.

"Why doesn't Pat give up?" Hollywood nagged later. "Cornel's doing all right. Why does *she* think she has to act?"

hollywood logic . . .

Well, why didn't Bacall give up when she married Bogart, who was doing even better? Over and over you could explain that acting was no whim with Pat, that she'd been an actress before she met Cornel.

You could explain, but much good it did you. Hollywood knew better. Now that Cornel could buy Pat a mink coat, what more did she want?

Through all the years of economic pressure, she'd been the perfect companion. It wasn't a usual marriage, where the husband takes off in the morning and returns to the little woman at night. In New York they'd be working in the theater—or not working. They'd have all their meals together, go job hunting together, see movies together. This constant companionship drew them very close, made them deeply dependent on each other. Always broke, always worried, still being together was fun—the only fun they could afford.

Then Warners signed Cornel, and dropped him at the end of six months. Tests here, tests there, but never a sign of a bite. Pat had a miscarriage, and later on, a second. Now they were worse than broke, they were in debt. Both developed nervous stomachs. Both took sedatives, so they could sleep. But the blacker things looked, the closer they clung to each other.

In the end, Cornel got his contract at Fox and all looked rosy, but not for long. The reason lay in a certain naiveté on Cornel's part. When someone asked whether you liked a picture, he thought if you didn't like it, the right answer was no. He made enemies.

Meantime he was up for the draft. Rejected because of a back injury, he thought he might be called for limited service. Along with this ran the worry of being dropped by the studio. Only one good thing happened. Wendy was born.

Then came *A Song to Remember*. For this one they also went through the wringer. Cornel had been tested at three other studios for three other loanouts. Result: three goose-eggs. Why should the fourth be different? Anyway, Columbia had nixed him, to begin with.

Not till they ran out of other people to test, did they test Wilde. The first test convinced Buchman and Vidor. But he had to go through three more before everyone else on the lot was convinced.

So, fine, Columbia arranged to borrow him from 20th Century-Fox, and the Wildes were happy.

Through all the storms, there hadn't been a cloud between them. Oddly enough, it was the good breaks that brought the personal problems, though not right away. At first the excitement carried them along. How would the picture go over? And it did go over, and then another picture, and another. Pat missed the daily closeness they'd built up between them, but there was Wendy, and there was the promise of renewing her own career.

Eventually she signed with Fox at a very good figure. Life never looked lovelier, which shows you how wrong you can be. Followed what may well have been a series of coincidences. To a couple of people on edge they seemed more.

Cornel's still a scrapper for what he believes worth a scrap. Good parts are worth a scrap. With *Leave Her to Heaven* and *Centennial Summer* behind him, he felt he could now protest some role he didn't like, and make it mean something. A part came up, he refused it, he was placed on suspension. Soon thereafter, Pat was offered what they both thought an inferior part in an inferior story. *She* turned it down, *she* was placed on suspension. That made everything cosy, and put an effective stop to all their income.

Eventually these matters were straightened out. Cornel started the first version of *Forever Amber*. By the time it was shelved, Pat was being considered for the second lead in a musical. Suddenly they threw the masculine lead to Cornel.

in again, out again . . .

"I don't think this musical's for me," said Mr. Wilde. Meantime Pat had made her test. Those who saw it were impressed. Overnight, they decided the part should be played by a foreign girl. Pat was out.

By now they were both pretty upset. Justifiably or not, they began to feel that, whatever Cornel's fusses with the studio, Pat would be caught up in them. She asked for her release. The studio talked her down. Not till fifteen picture-less months had gone by, and she grew insistent, did they agree to let her go.

None of this was conducive to serene living. Neither was the background of Hollywood chatter.

"He keeps pushing her. He keeps hounding directors to give her tests."

Let it be said at the outset that these stories had no foundation in fact. Pat and Cornel are people of taste and good sense. Such people don't trade on each other's success. But the stories made juicy tidbits.

They went on even after Pat left Fox. To make a clean break between their careers, she switched from Cornel's agent to Berg-Allenberg, another highclass outfit. It speaks well for her that they took her on, since she's one of the only two people they handle who aren't stars. After *Roses Are Red* for Sol Wurtzel, she went into *The Fabulous Texan* at Republic. Cornel stayed away, but *far* away from that lot. Till the picture was finished. Till the company threw a party and invited him over.

Promptly the papers started popping again.

"Cornel Wilde was on the set at Republic, coaching his wife. What does he think directors are for anyway?"

How he could coach her, with the film already in cans, nobody bothered to inquire. Of course Pat got sore. The daily pricks and barbs grew a little difficult to take—the constant implication that

somebody else was responsible for any upward step, even if that somebody was your husband.

To make things practically perfect, Cornel was exhausted. He'd gone rocketing from picture to picture without a breather. They managed to pull him through *Homestretch* by having a nurse on the set to give him shots. Then came the five-month workout in the second version of *Forever Amber,* followed by *It Had To Be You.*

So here was Pat with her psychological warfare and Cornel with his utter weariness, and whenever they were together, they were together with problems instead of fun. The tension between them built for about a year.

So they came to a highly sensible decision. "Let's separate for a while and get a line on ourselves—" Wendy was away, which made this easier. She spends every summer at beaches in the East with her grandparents, because it's fun for them all and very healthy for Wendy. She lives in an average household, then, plays with average kids, and maybe she won't grow up with the notion that the world is bounded on four sides by Hollywood. Yet even for this Pat and Cornel have been picked on. Bergman's been away from her daughter for lengthy periods. But on Bergman they don't pick.

The whole point of their separation was that they never intended it to be permanent. Still, they had to get to the bottom of the trouble, and felt they could work it out best apart. But what could have been easily resolved in another city became a sensation here. Far be it from me to sling mud at the Hollywood press, I'm part of it myself. It just happens to be true that we're never content to regret the regrettable; we're too busy blowing up headlines.

Cornel took a couple of weeks for a fishing trip. His nerves relaxed. So did Pat's. His physical condition improved. Five weeks after their separation they were on a boat, headed for Honolulu.

Honolulu was no second honeymoon. To fall on each other's necks and say, "Darling, I love you," would have been pleasant and got them exactly nowhere. They were after a cure, not a soothing syrup. They still didn't see eye to eye on everything, but at least they were working together instead of at cross-purposes.

Finally they realized it was Hollywood they were bucking, and that they'd be just as smart bucking Grant's Tomb. In Hollywood, one of you may be working while the other isn't. That you can't avoid. And you can't stop the buzzers from buzzing, nor the columnists from printing what they please. These are the bills presented for success. If you want to stay in Hollywood—and the Wildes did—you've got to ride with the current.

So they went to New York, and places where they'd been happy together, whose memories greeted and warmed them and drew them close again. Nor did it hurt that by now Pat had two pictures under her belt, and Cornel's relations with the studio had been ironed out.

Here too it was a case of trying to see the other fellow's viewpoint. Cornel saw that when you worked for a big studio, every picture you made couldn't be exactly what you'd like. The studio has a schedule of many pictures, for which they must use the players under contract. That's what they sign players for. He saw that now and then he'd have to do things he might not be crazy about.

In turn, the studio realized that *what* Cornel did was more important to him than the financial loss or gain. This he had proven. The suspensions he'd taken had set him back plenty.

The studio made a further concession. Wrote into his contract a clause, allowing him six months' leave to do a play. He'll take his leave in the fall. And because a good play for two people is hard to find, Pat went ahead to line up one for herself so she could be working in New York at the same time as Cornel, so that they *wouldn't* be separated for long.

The minute *Walls of Jericho* was finished, Cornel joined Pat and Wendy in New York. Pat didn't do a play in the East after all, so the Wildes will come back together. By fall, Cornel's next picture will be done, and again the family will go East for that six-month leave.

It sounds okay to me. I hope it does to Hollywood. If they'd heard the story straight from Cornel as I did, I think they'd leave these two alone for a while. Still, I doubt that it matters. Pat and Cornel have brains as well as looks. With brains, you don't let the same nag throw you twice.

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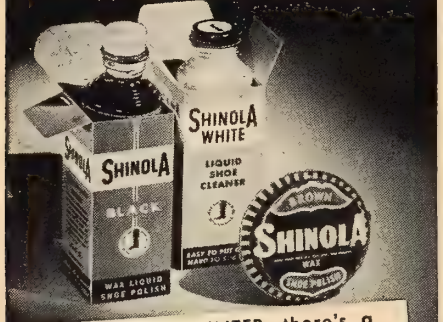
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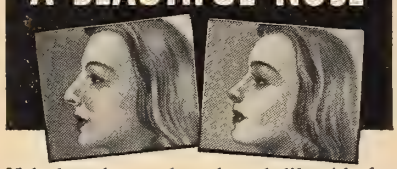
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PARIS ALBUM

(*Continued from page 46*)

thinking of how it would be in Paris.

In London, there was work to be done, and I like to work, but I am human. In London, there was an epic called *First Gentleman,* and for this epic, I must get myself dressed in a fancy uniform and a sword, and I must smile and show my teeth, and act out the part of a gentleman named Leopold, who became the first King of Belgium.

I did all this. It was good to be working, as a matter of fact. The city was so disciplined, and grey, and worn; it was not a city where a man could eat too much or rest too long without a great feeling of guilt.

I worked, and missed my wife, and hoped she would be able to get over soon, and I was busy and lonely by turns.

Then there came a break in my shooting schedule, and I was given a few days off. I went to Paris.

Paris is as different from London as the day is from the night. The people are free, and happy about it. You see this in the books, in the clothes, in the talk.

As for me, I have so many friends in Paris, and so many relatives, and I am even in love with the way the sun shines there in the early morning, and the way the fat busses waddle down the streets, and the look of the oldest, shabbiest buildings. The more obvious things—women selling violets on the sidewalks, outdoor cafés, bookstalls by the river—these are clichés by now, but all still there, and all still marvelous.

Paris is more exciting today than ever before. There's a flow of vitality, of ideas. One person says something to another, the other picks it up—and whole new worlds are born for the space of an hour or so. Sometimes for longer. There was the night I was having dinner with my old friend, Marcel Herrand. We had talked until we were tired, but we were stimulated beyond our fatigue by our own talk. "I wrote a play," I told him. "In Hollywood. The hero isn't a hero—he's a liar, a phony war-hero, sex-crazy—"

"I'd like to read it," Marcel said, and I said all right, still talking. "I was trying to make it representative of post-war confusions you see on the faces of ex-soldiers—"

He smiled. "Such a large order." But I left the play with him when I returned to London to continue work in *First Gentleman,* and one day he phoned me in London.

"Jean," he said, "if you will do the lead, I will produce your play."

I was delighted and excited, because for ten years, I had not been on the French stage.

By the time my wife, Maria, came to London, in October, I was worn out with rushing across the Channel every weekend to rehearse my play, then rushing back to London to make the movie. I was glad when *First Gentleman* was through, and Maria and I could go to Paris and settle down more or less.

The night my play, *The Emperor of China,* opened, I was frightened.

"But darling," said my wife, "you're such a wonderful actor—"

"But darling," I said, "suppose I'm such a terrible writer that nobody notices what a wonderful actor I am—"

The critics were kind. They liked the play, and the audience seemed pleased too, and that was even more important, as Maria pointed out.

After the performance, we went to Maxim's for a party, and being emotionally drained, I remember very little, only that there was champagne and music and a girl singer in a white dress, and I had almost never been so tired or felt so fine.

Two weeks later, Maria had to go back to Hollywood, and after that, my life was routine. The play, some radio work, and a few interviews. A quiet dinner every night in a small restaurant in Montmartre with my brother Francois, or my friend Claud Dauphin—

On Mondays when *Emperor of China* was closed, I went to other plays. People want comedy now, and two Molière revivals were among the leading successes of the season.

There is not much more to tell. I came home a couple of months after Maria, and she and I are planning on Paris very soon again, maybe in July. We are going to do a Jean Cocteau movie together there, a version of Jean's play *Orpheus* and we hope to take our baby girl over with us this time.

She is not too young to be enchanted. I shall never be too old.

ACCENT ON OXFORDS

(*Continued from page 48*)

Hazel could say nothing for staring at her charge. "Who's been doing your hair?" she choked.

"Why," said Dorothy proudly, "I have. I cut it myself with a razor blade."

A few days later, one of Twentieth Century-Fox's press gentlemen was intercepted in his office with a wild look in his eye. "Hey," somebody said mildly, "ain't you happy?"

"Sure, I'm happy!" he exploded. "I'm charmed, I'm enchanted, I'm damned near infatuated. I am sincerely convinced that my present client, a Miss Dorothy McGuire, of whom you have doubtless heard, is the greatest young actress in America, but I don't see how I can get a line in print. I can't get her to wear a sweater. She would willingly perish before being seen in a bathing suit, she hates parties, nightclubs and gossip. And she leads such a plain life that she can't even remember what she did yesterday. I believe she paints as a hobby. You don't know any editor who would want to replate page one with that kind of hot intelligence, do you, son?"

A lot of wear and tear could have been saved those first days if Dorothy had come right out and said she was the kind of girl who didn't fit into anybody's pattern. She made her own pattern and waited quietly till people discovered it was a pretty good one. She became a star on Broadway by the simple expedient of turning up for an interview with Rose Franken, the author of a play called *Claudia,* wearing not minks and sable but the inevitable McGuire skirt, shirt and polo coat. "There is Claudia!" exclaimed the worn-out Miss Franken. And Dorothy was on her way.

Two years she'd played on Broadway and then she signed a piece of paper which said she'd go to Hollywood as soon as the play closed, and she spent a lot of time telling herself she wasn't going to let them make her over into a doll-face. She became a problem at once. She sent a sketch of a snake-tight long dress back to her producer, Mr. William Perlberg, with a notation that not only Claudia but Dorothy McGuire would never be seen in such a frock. The makeup people were strictly informed they could put away their eyebrow tweezers, and that Miss McG. had no intention of putting on a mask of paint for the cameras.

The interesting thing is that everybody agreed with her. Everybody respected her integrity, and when they saw her work, they knew this was no cutie fetched from before a soda fountain, given a fast three-week coaching and tossed to the wolves, but a real actress.

The frightened young lady did her daily stint before the cameras and went home to an apple and a good book. She had a few friends in Hollywood. When she was thirteen and they were both amateurs in Omaha, Nebraska, she'd played with Henry Fonda in Sir James Barrie's *A Kiss for Cinderella*. Her first California friends tended to come from the small circle called "the Leland Hayward set." There were the Haywards themselves, Margaret Sullavan, the then Mrs. H., Jimmy Stewart, then a GI on his way up to getting chickens on his shoulders, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cotten, the then-as-yet-unmarried Buzz Meredith, the Fondas. Down the street lived Ingrid Bergman, whom Dorothy didn't know too well, but whose attitude about being herself Dorothy admired.

You can't say the girl was lonely. She always was the kind who was glad for a free evening when she could read. One evening her phone rang. It was a chap named Swope who'd come backstage in New York when she was doing the play. There were two of them, brothers, she remembered after she'd asked him to drop around. One was named Rod, and the other was John, and she wasn't sure which one this was.

When he did drop around, she played it safe all evening by referring to him as Mister Swope.

"Say," he finally said, vaguely irritated, "aren't you ever going to call me John?" He proposed to her a short time later and they've been married five years.

Claudia was out; the picture was a hit. Nobody had plucked off McGuire's eyebrows, and she hadn't had to pose for bathing suit art. She wasn't so scared any more about working in a new medium, and had even come to believe that

I SAW IT HAPPEN

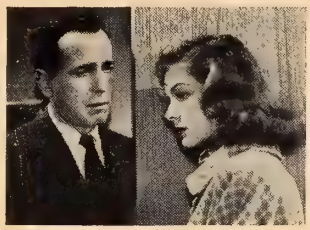


Some years ago, Jimmy Durante made an appearance at a church benefit in Brooklyn. When he arrived, he was met by a crowd of fans. They followed him to the entrance of the hall where a young boy of five was standing. The boy was gazing at Mr. Durante's face as if it were a mirage. Finally, Jimmy laughed, bent down to the little boy, and pointing to his nose, he said, "Go ahead. Touch it. It's real, believe me."

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Like a good wartime wife, Dorothy lived down in Phoenix (where John had set up a training project for air cadets) when she wasn't making pictures, but she found time to make *The Enchanted Cottage*, another *Claudia* picture, *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, and *Till the End of Time*. By this time John had joined the Navy, and Dorothy moved back to the old apartment. She was sure of herself now. She liked Hollywood and didn't care who knew it.

"You've changed, Dorothy," a friend commented.

"Of course I have," Dorothy said firmly. "Only fools don't change."

When they gave John a ruptured duck and told him he could take off his uniform, the Swopes decided on a long vacation. They went back east, and found an old barn up on the Hudson River. They decided they'd remodel the place, and just stay put for a while, and they spent a year turning that barn into a place to live. Until Dorothy came out to make *Gentleman's Agreement*. A New York friend ran into her in Beverly Hills just before she started the picture. "Where've you been, Dorothy?" he asked.

"Back east," she said, excited the way she always gets when she talks about the house. "John and I have got this place in Scarborough—"

"Of course," the friend interrupted dryly.

"What do you mean, 'of course'?"

"Oh, I mean that now you're a big star, you've got houses and all that kind of thing."

"But it isn't like that. It's just a barn."

Dorothy has pictures to prove it, too. They've taken this vast, Victorian barn that used to belong to a now-abandoned mansion, and they've turned it into a kind of residence that, like Dorothy herself, defies all the rules and looks good. The kitchen is now in what was once the carriage stalls, and a tool shed is a pantry, and you have to go outside to go upstairs, but people who come calling can't stop admiring the place. That is, if they can find it. A few months ago, Jennifer Jones came calling and sped right past the place up to the uninhabited mansion at the top of the hill. The Swopes hopped in their car and went up the hill after her. They found Jennifer walking through the ghostly, cobwebby halls of the old house, terrified.

"I knew," said Jennifer, "you both like things very *unique*, so I thought you'd decided to live in a haunted house."

When Dorothy came back to make *Gentleman's Agreement*, John got himself a job as technical advisor on *Mr. Blanding Builds His Dream House*. After all, he was a real easterner who knew how a Connecticut house should look.

Dorothy and John talked so much about their barn-house that people were always trying to get them to buy or build another house out here. But Dorothy wouldn't. "I can only stretch my loyalty so far. I'm a one-house woman."

The closest they came to it was when they met a young architect at a party, and he turned out to have the same ideas as they about California houses. The three of them had a wonderful time planning a big but modest open-style place centered around a patio. They even looked at some lots in the $2,500 sector near the Douglas plant, which ought to give someone an idea of what they think about a "good address" and all that sort of thing. The whole venture, as planned, would come to about $8,000, including the lot. It fell through, but if Dorothy and John ever build, this is just about where they've set their sights.

Meanwhile they've still got the apartment the studio took for Dorothy when she first came out here. Her real home is back east, though something happened last summer that may ultimately involve keeping her away from the barn more than she likes to think now.

It started with Gregory Peck. He and Mel Ferrer and Joe Cotten and some others had put their heads together and they came to her and said in effect, "What about doing some summer theater?"

She said sure, so they all went to visit David O. Selznick, and presented him with the priceless opportunity to drop a wad backing a summer theater down at La Jolla, California.

It fell to Dorothy to do three plays from Noel Coward's "Tonight at Eight-Thirty," and all the things the cynics said would happen did happen. There wasn't adequate rehearsal time, and a couple of times the audiences laughed in the wrong places.

"But it was fun," Dorothy says. "Standing up there and not quite being good enough in one place or another. It was like a game, just as if we told the audience, give us another try and we'll be all right again."

In any case, they all had so much fun that Dorothy has promised to be part of the company again next summer, and Greg Peck and Laraine Day took *Angel Street* on the road for a few weeks this winter so they could pay back Selznick.

Dorothy likes her barn and she likes pictures and she likes the stage and she likes living in California and she wants them all. Sure, she admits, it'll take some doing, but so does everything in life that's worth while. "You know what Walt Whitman says," she quotes. "'What, do I contradict myself? Very well, then, I contradict myself.'"

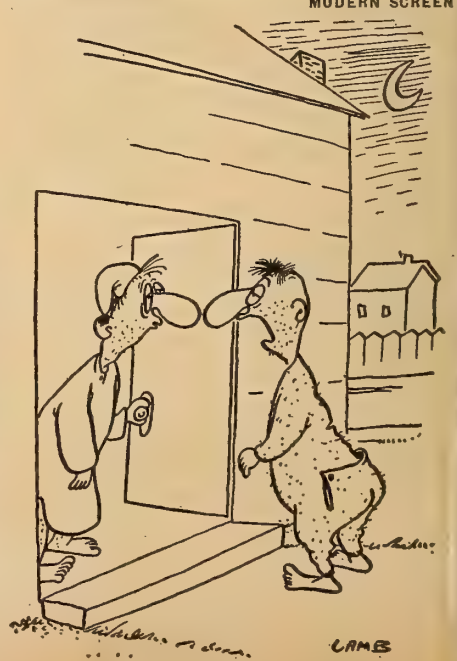
It's as easy as that when you know you belong. And Dorothy feels she belongs now. The other day a lady stopped her in the market where she shops, and this lady declared that she was crazy about the McGuire hairdo and wanted to know where she could get one just like it.

"I do it myself," Dorothy said brightly. "Hack it off with a razor blade."

"Thank you," the lady said. "That's just the way I'll do it from now on."

Dorothy figures maybe she isn't the only one who's changed. Maybe people have changed too.

MODERN SCREEN



Your alarm clock is ringing!

JOHNNY ON THE SPOT

(*Continued from page 43*)

felt should be seen by the public.

It was by a young Dutch writer, Van Hartog. It was about a Netherlands ship captain who has a boatload of Jewish refugees. He's promised to deliver them to a place where they will not be persecuted.

You've never seen as exciting a performance as the one John gives as Captain Kuiper. Eventually the play moved from the Experimental Theater's downtown house up to Broadway and more success.

I had seen John's terrific performance in *Skipper Next To God,* so maybe it's no wonder I was a little dazed during my interview with him.

I asked a lot of questions, and some of them got answered, and some of them got side-tracked, and here are the things I learned during the interview. Remember that none of them are phony, or for publicity purposes, or anything but the real John Garfield.

There was a time at Madison Square Garden. Joe Louis and a comparative unknown named Jersey Joe Walcott were slugging away up there under the bright yellow lights, and getting nowhere fast. The champion didn't look like a champion and the challenger was challenging.

he could show 'em how . . .

A voice said disgustedly, "Lord, I saw a better fight than this in a movie last night. *Body and Soul* was the name of it, and that guy Garfield could take over either of these two in one round."

From the row in front of him, a dark-haired man turned around.

"Thanks, pal," said John Garfield, "but I'd hate to try it."

John has no illusions about his ability to step in the ring and do a quick one-two on any professional fighter. He started studying boxing three months before *Body And Soul* started, and kept right on all the while they were shooting it. They didn't do the fight scenes till the end, in case John should get hurt.

It was just as well, because he was on the receiving end of a couple of very tough punches—but he handed out some of the same.

There's been considerable comment on the convincing reality of the fight scenes in *Body And Soul.* The reason is simple. The cameraman decided not to use the ordinary large camera mounted outside the ring. Instead he used a tiny hand camera and got right in the middle of things.

"He was worse off than I was," John told me, grinning. *"Either* of us might have landed a wild punch on him."

"How did you happen to make that picture?" I asked him. "I know you formed your own company to do it so you must have been really interested."

"I was," he said. "I've always wanted to make a picture about a fellow like that. The hero didn't necessarily have to be a prize-fighter, but he had to be a guy who had got too far too fast. He gets caught in success too early and doesn't know how to handle it."

"How about all the talk that boxing circles didn't like it because it made the fight game look crooked?"

John laughed. "The wildest rumor that went around was the one about that La Motta fight that was supposed to be fixed, just about the time the picture opened. They claimed we arranged it for publicity."

John, fortunately, always laughs at rumors. They never bother him. "You can always use the newspaper to wrap a herring in," he says, philosophically.

You see, John has his mind on things that seem much more important to him than gossip. His interests are wide and varied. That is, perhaps, one reason why he didn't want to go to Hollywood at first. People tend to get one-track-minded out there. Robbe, his wife, didn't want him to go, either.

"You belong to the theater," she told him, and meant it very deeply.

Fortunately Robbe has a sense of humor. She claims now that what won her over was the time a big executive took them out to dinner and talked to her.

"Mrs. Garfield, don't you want a sable coat, a beautiful house in Beverly Hills and a swimming pool?"

"Who wouldn't?" said Robbe simply.

"So," she now tells you wickedly, "we went to Hollywood. But did I ever get the swimming pool, the beautiful house, the sable coat? I did not. I've been robbed!"

It's true enough that they have never owned a house in Hollywood. That's partly due to John's liking to move every six months or so.

"Dates back to when I was a kid. My old man used to get thrown out at least once every six months for not being able to pay the rent."

Then there was the war, of course, with John overseas on camp shows, and later in the army. But some day soon the Garfields are going to build a house in the San Fernando Valley which their children will always think of as home. The children being David, who is almost four, and little Julie who is two.

Since most of John's old friends call *him* Julie, his daughter is known as Juliepoolie. She's intensely feminine, and worships her brother David to the extent of occasionally being a nuisance. David is the rugged type. A while ago he discovered that it was fun to hit people. The first few times they let him get away with it. The next time he got a thumping whack in return and decided it wasn't so much fun.

When John came to New York last fall for his return to the stage, he brought Robbe and the children with him. The kids really got a kick out of New York. They loved the big stores, and when the stores palled, they went to Central Park and rode on the ponies.

disc-happy . . .

The children both love music, although David is chiefly fascinated by watching the records turn over on radio phonographs.

"What kind of music do *you* like, John?" I asked him during the interview.

He laughed. "Any kind. All kinds. I love opera; I also think Nellie Lutcher is one of the great discoveries of all time."

"How about jive? Fifty-second Street sort of thing?"

"I love that, too. You know a picture I want to make? A real jazz epic, maybe starring Lena Horne. There hasn't been a good history of jazz."

John has a strong sense of fair play, which is exemplified by his treatment of his fans.

"What do you do when a whole mob wants your autograph at once?" I asked.

"There are only two things I *can* do and be fair. If I have time I give it to all of them. If I don't have time, I tell them where I'll be later. We make a date to meet there and I do the job then." It would no more occur to him to break a "date" like that with the kids than to break one with his wife.

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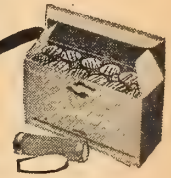
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He and Robbe have one of the happiest marriages in Hollywood. They were born just twenty blocks apart on the lower East Side, and later both of their families moved to the Bronx where John and Robbe eventually met. They married young, and have never regretted it.

Occasionally John and Robbe quarrel. He broods about it for a while and then comes around with that disarming smile.

"Could be you were right."

"Could be you were," Robbe admits. And that's that.

Robbe, who combines a serious turn of mind with a triple-edged sense of humor, frequently tells him he ought to make only really worthwhile pictures. Big and intense.

"Listen, people want frothy stuff now and then," John argues. "Wouldn't you get tired of a solid diet of roast beef and want an ice cream soda once in a while?"

Robbe, with a gleam in her eye, pursues the argument, but she has frequently been known to say she really thinks he's right.

restless rembrandt . . .

John has two hobbies—painting and fishing. He paints anything that he's interested in, a half-eaten orange Julie has left on her plate, or a view of a storm at sea. Usually he paints when it's raining, or when he can't sleep at night.

"I don't care whether it's any good or not," he says. "Just so I like doing it." He keeps right at it, the way he keeps at everything. Take tennis playing. If he plays with someone who beats him, he keeps practicing until he's able to win.

He'll fight anytime when it's necessary and when it will do some good. Otherwise nothing will get him into a fight. One day he was about to enter a New York subway station. A heavy-set man with the battered face of a professional fighter came up to him. The heavy-set man was drunk.

"Look here," he said accusingly, "you was the character did all the hot fighting in that *Body and Soul*, wasn't you?"

John admitted that much, cautiously.

"So you think you can fight!" the pug roared. "Put up your mitts. Whatsa matter? You scared?"

"Frankly," John said, "yes," and hopped a nearby cab. Quite possibly he could have beaten the guy to a pulp, but why bother?

It's just as well that his physical condition is so good when he has to make personal appearances. While on tour, he does radio shows, makes speeches for various causes he's championing, and generally knocks himself out. When he went to Boston it was for the Community Chest. The Chicago trip was for the Purple Heart Fund.

"I like those disc jockey programs," he says, grinning. "You can ad lib all over the place!"

Of course when he appears on a regular program as the star of a play, it's a different matter. He claims playing with professional radio actors scares him to death.

"You should have seen me just before the Studio One program began, with me doing the literary agent in *Let Me Do The Talking*. I chain-smoked, my hand shook so I could hardly hold the script, and I told myself I'd give up radio forever."

When John goes around the country, he always makes a point of talking to the exhibitors in the various cities.

"They're the boys who know what the people want," he says. "Their answer is simple. Good pictures. And it doesn't matter whether they're light or serious."

I agreed on that. Certainly *Gentleman's Agreement* and *Body and Soul* are examples, although John didn't name them. I brought up *Gentleman's Agreement* myself.

"How did you happen to take such a comparatively minor role, John?"

"I don't think the size of the role is particularly important. I knew Darryl Zanuck and Moss Hart were going to make a fine picture; they happened to want me for the part and I was proud to do it."

"Some people wonder whether a propaganda picture like that does any good," I mentioned. "I've heard them say that it just causes more trouble."

John snorted. "I suppose if they were sick they wouldn't go to a doctor. They'd just keep very quiet about it on the theory that it would then go away. It's the same idea. I don't believe in straight propaganda pictures because people won't go to see them. But if you can combine entertainment with something worth saying, I'm all for it."

So there you have John Garfield, or as much as I know about him. I hope it makes you think he's terrific, the way I do.

P.S. Oh yes, one more thing—what he eats for breakfast. Melon and coffee. That's all.

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FROM THE MOVIES

THE BIG CITY—Ok'l Baby Dok'l: *Page Cavanaugh Trio (Victor); Pied Pipers (Capitol); Xavier Cugat (Columbia); Connie Haines (Signature).

CASBAH—What's Good About Goodbye: *Margaret Whiting (Capitol); Dinah Shore (Columbia). Hooray for Love: *Dinah Shore (Columbia); *Johnny Mercer-Pied Pipers (Capitol). See also last month's listings.

DAISY KENYON—You Can't Run Away From Love: Bob Eberly-Russ Morgan (Decca).

DREAM GIRL—title song: *Les Brown (Columbia); *George Paxton (MGM); Carmen Cavallaro (Decca); Freddy Stewart (Capitol); Tex Beneke (Victor).
Most of the sound track of this song wound up on the cutting room floor. It's a good song, but the picture is about a *dreamy* girl and the song is typical girl-of-my-dreams stuff; doesn't seem to fit. I think you'll like George Paxton's "new-sound" band with the oboes, flutes, English and French horns and stuff.

IF YOU KNEW SUSIE—title song: Eddie Cantor (Columbia); Frankie Masters (MGM).. This was a hit when Cantor sang it in Kid Boots around 1925; that's when he made the above record. Song came back in *Ziegfeld Follies* pic and *Anchors Away;* now here's its fourth lease on life in the new Cantor flicker.

NIGHT SONG—Who Killed 'Er: Hoagy Carmichael (Decca).

SIGN OF THE RAM—I'll Never Say I Love You: *Clark Dennis (Capitol); Horace Heidt (Columbia); Art Kassel (Mercury); Kate Smith (MGM); Monica Lewis (Decca).

TO THE VICTOR—You're Too Dangerous Cherie: *Buddy Clark (Columbia); Hal Derwin (Capitol); Freddy Martin (Victor).

YOUR RED WAGON—**Count Basie (Victor); Jackie Paris Trio (MGM); Andrews Sisters (Decca); Starlighters (Capitol).

A MOTHER'S DAYS

(Continued from page 36)

snap them. I was not to know what was going on even though I had to dress half of them (pretending to be curious about why they insisted on their "Sunday best" even if it wasn't Sunday); had to listen to their excited chatter (which on the part of the younger ones was a complete give-away of their plan); and then orders to each other on how to pose, completely exposing their secret.

But, even if the surprise element was missing, it was, and is, just about the nicest present a mother ever got. All of them (except Bob who was yet to be born) are in the picture; Larry, Ted, Everett, Catherine, Mary Rose and Bing—just about Bing, I might add, because somehow he had gotten his newly-starched shirt rumpled, and, sort of conscious of it, had withdrawn to one side of the group so that he just about shows in one corner of the picture. But what there is of this four-year-old Bing in the snapshot is all smiles.

I think that it was right after this picture was taken that Bing started out for a playmate's house but never quite got there. He climbed the back fence of the playmate's garden and decided to rest there, promptly falling asleep where we found him hours later. He had gotten up too early for the picture.

We had quite a bit of music in our home. Both of my daughters played the piano, my husband the guitar, and all of us sang, including this boy Bing, always singing around the house. It was always pleasant to listen to him until, one day, nature caught up with him and he hit his first (and I think last) sour note. We had a little discussion with him and suggested that he stop singing for a while until his voice made up its mind on how it was going to change, just how low in pitch it was going to drop. It was quite all right with him. It meant he was not to sing in church choir any more. But he was busy with many other things; baseball, swimming, work after school and his general home chores. And when it was time to sing again, he just did naturally.

You will notice that I didn't say he was busy with school—because that never seemed to keep him busy. His work there came very easily. And this is the reason that one of Bing's first attempts to entertain was with the wrong people at the wrong time . . . his classmates during school hours. Having mastered a lesson in a brief portion of the allotted time he would spend the rest of the period amusing the other pupils with whispered remarks and impromptu pantomime. I learned about this via a note from his teacher which he brought home and gravely laid in my hand. It stated that if he did not mend his ways he would have to be dealt with by the principal.

"Do you know what is in this note?" I asked. "Yes, Mom," he replied. "Then it's up to you, isn't it?" I told him.

There were no further notes for weeks and I was very pleased and let him know it. But he was honest and confessed that he hadn't stopped and had been caught again.

"You mean you had to go to the principal?" I asked. He nodded. "What did he do?" I wanted to know.

"He dealt with me," replied Bing. "And . . .?" I asked.

"That's all," said Bing. "I think I get the idea now."

a son's promise . . .

From Larry to Bob, all my children keep in close touch with us, and in the case of Bing and Bob, whose activities are covered so much in newspapers and by radio news broadcasters, it has been quite a consolation, because the reports are not always dependable, particularly those of the "gossip" columnists. When he first started in show business Bing gave me a promise that you can call a good "Mother's Day" present. He said:

"Mom, pay no attention to what you read about me in the papers. I'll keep you informed of anything important. If it says I'm going to marry Little Orphan Annie, broke my leg, flew around the world or joined the Updike Whittling and Tobacco Chewin' Club—it ain't so if I haven't written you about it."

And it's never been so. Bing is prompt, methodical, sticks to his plans and sticks to his word. If he goes on a vacation today and tells me he will be back on the twenty-third of June, for instance, I can depend on it. The papers may report that he has changed his plans, that he is flying to New York, that he is staying longer, but on the twenty-third of June, Bing is back. Neither of us even mention the things that have been said in the paper. He didn't write about them. They never happen.

Any mother will agree that this sort of dependability is a fine, year-'round gift from her children. Dependability was a necessity in our house with seven youngsters around and a happy life only possible if everyone followed an established pattern of family routine. The older children had to help with the younger ones and they had to try and not be an expense on the family purse. When their clothes and their parties became an item, they had to seek methods of earning their way a little to help out. And they did. When it comes to Bing he had a quick, early understanding of this without a word said to him.

I used to smile at the popular impression that he is lazy, careless of his obligations, too indifferent to work hard. Why he wasn't even twelve when I happened to overhear a friend of his suggest that Bing ask me for money to go to a show. Bing demurred. He said he would make some money on an after-school job the next day.

"What's the difference?" asked the other boy.

"Oh," said Bing, "I like a jingle in my pocket that's my very own."

"Lazy? When he decided to sing with an orchestra that some of the local boys



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"Mamma was very angry," says Groucho. "She said, 'Don't ever let me catch you using expensive beans when there is plenty of gravel in our window box!' "

**from the book by Andrew Hecht*

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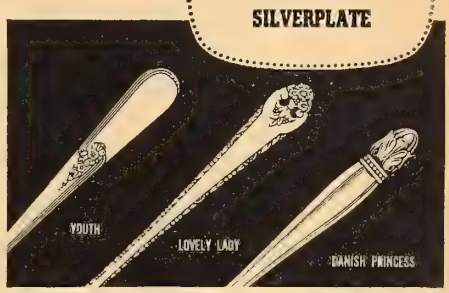
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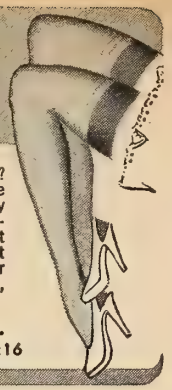
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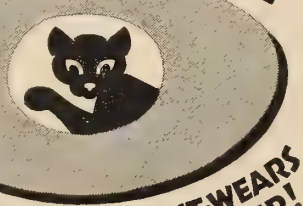
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were forming it was necessary that he learn to play an instrument. Since the drummer was usually the singer he chose drums too. How many times have I seen him wrestling with his big drum and his hundred and one traps on the way to a dance, and coming home all loaded down with them and so sleepy that he weaved back and forth.

When Bob got older and talked about learning an instrument, Bing once told him: "Not drums, Bob. Take piano. It's there when you get there."

Drums is not the only music Bing studied. He was never a half-way fellow. When he started to sing it was the most natural thing in the world to seek proper training. The world likes to insist that he doesn't know one note from another. People come up to him today and tell him that. The only thing left for him is to argue differently and he doesn't argue. But, if I have to say it in a small voice so as not to disappoint anyone, Bing took voice as a youngster from a teacher who is now in Hollywood and highly regarded in the musical world.

"You see, Mom," explains Bing, "when they talk about voice training they mean study in Italy, Paris and under the famous vocal coaches of the operatic and concert worlds."

"But how could you?" I demand. "You had to earn your pay all the time."

"And probably a very good thing," he replies. "How would I look singing opera opposite some of our heftier sopranos?"

Bing's way of taking things easy accounts for much of the wrong conceptions about him, I know. That, and the fact that he never was a debater. The usual pictures show him in lounging poses. Perhaps somebody ought to take a movie of Bing walking from his office to the studio to offset these. It is about four miles and he walks it often, seeming to be taking his time, but covering it generally in about an hour.

I am sure every mother of a large family will agree that the only children who get particular notice are those who sit around and get under one's feet. I never tripped over Bing as a child or found him in my way when he got older. He was up and doing all the time, with not a lazy bone in his body. That is a permanent Mother's Day present that any mother of a lot of youngsters will understand.

Another boon to such a mother is the child who isn't always requiring help or service. My children were brought up to "do for themselves," and from the oldest to the youngest, they still do. Anyone who works with Bing, for instance, knows that he rarely sends or asks for things. He just quietly goes and gets it for himself.

Perhaps this is why I have never received a typewritten letter from Bing—one that would lead to suppose that his secretary or someone else wrote it. His letters are in longhand, written by himself, and full of the witty and interesting things he always has to say about his work or play.

But there is one popular notion about Bing which I will not destroy; his dislike of being dressed up. That he was born with and retains today. I have one "Mother's Day" memory of this habit I will never forget . . . It was so characteristic of so many other occurrences like that in Bing's life.

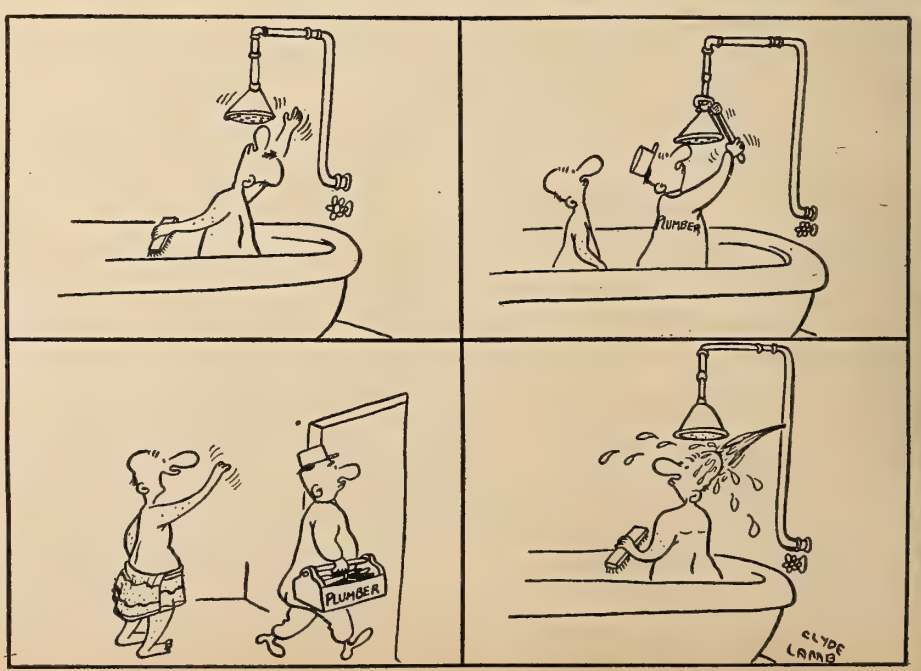
He was about three and a half years old when Mary Rose was born, and after that I was quite ill for a time. Bing was wandering about the house with no one paying much attention to him. A friend who was nursing me finally decided to dress him up nicely and send him to my sister whose home was only a few blocks away.

When he was all shined and spruced up she started him off and phoned my sister that he was coming. Bing walked to his aunt's home faithfully—but in the gutter all the way, and managing to tumble about in the dirt as well.

My sister had no idea of what he had done and was surprised that we would let a child out in the street in such a filthy condition. She bathed him, put him in bed for a nap, and had his clothes cleaned and dried by the time he was ready to go home. Bing walked all the way home—once again in the gutter and once again a sight when he toddled into the house.

Now we were surprised at my sister. How could she let him get that way? Not till we all got together and questioned Bing in the bargain did we get to the truth.

He just never liked starch and fuss and frills. He still doesn't.



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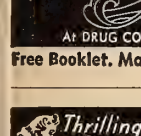
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I'M JUNE'S GUARDIAN ANGEL

(*Continued from page 59*)

with periods of hitting every shindig in town, and fortunately the identical mood seems to hit them at the identical time.

Here's a week from June's date pad.

Sunday: Golf with the Sidney Lanfields and the Ben Hogans. Home in the evening.

Monday: Fitting for slacks. Lunch at the studio with Chuck Walters, director of *Good News.* Home in the evening.

Tuesday: Tests all day for *Three Musketeers.* Evening preview of *The Bride Goes Wild* in Huntington Park.

Wednesday: Dentist. Lunch with Joan Crawford. Dinner at home with the Robert Montgomerys and the Tony Owens.

Thursday: Discussion with Jane Loring about *Three Musketeers.* Don Loper fashion show. Home in the evening.

Friday: Visit Benny Thau at the hospital. Visit Richard on the set of *Pitfall.* Home in the evening.

Saturday: Start *Three Musketeers,* work all day. Attend Joan Crawford's party for Noel Coward.

A happy medium sort of week.

June likes sports, and she's a maniac about football. I went to a game with her last fall, and she jumped up and down so much she fell and tore her stockings and made her knees bleed.

"You must have had a grand time," Richard said drily, after she'd come home all bruised and battered.

She looked at him, so bland and innocent. "They put me in the game in the last quarter. Too bad you missed it."

That's my boss. When she's fond of you, she'll make you a grilled ham and cheese sandwich and you have to act like she's handing you war bonds; those sandwiches are a specialty.

And if she's feeling particularly domestic, she'll get out those pesky curtains.

Oh, those curtains. The Powells have fifteen kitchen windows—count 'em, fifteen—and Mrs. Powell has to decide to make the curtains herself. She could live in the curtains if she wanted to, I had to get so much material. It's heavy white pique, and supposedly all fifteen curtains will be trimmed with very wide red rickrack, if we find the right rickrack.

As it is, she's still on the pique kick. She sits there stabbing herself with the needle, the picture of incompetence, and Richard says, "My little woman," and I say, "My little boss," and June acts injured.

"You wait," she says. "You just wait."

So we're waiting. And it couldn't be for a nicer kid.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



My buddy and I were walking down State Street in Chicago when we passed a theater. I stopped to ask a man near the ticket booth for the time. He told me, and as I was about to move on he said, "What's the hurry? Why not go inside and watch a ham act?" We didn't go in, however. The next day, I picked up a daily paper and learned that the man was Jerry Colonna—and the ham he meant was himself.

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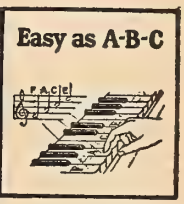
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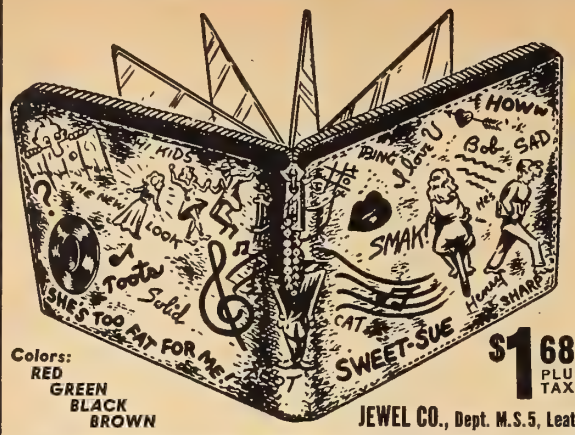
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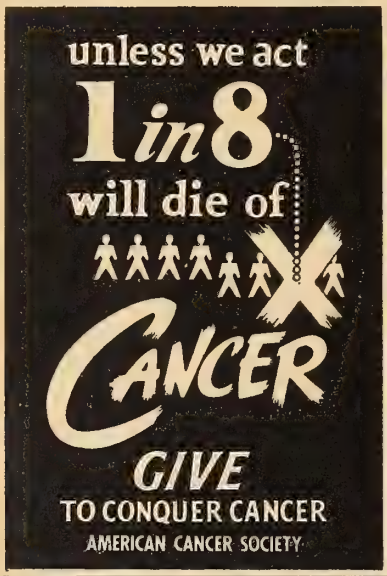
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PETER

(*Continued from page 29*)

teaching him Scripture, but once he was old enough to read, I got him a Bible of his own.

"Do you see this fat book?" I said. "This is a guide book."

He wanted to know what kind of guide book.

"It is a guide book for your life to come, and everything in that life that you want to know. The language is old, and different from ours, but—"

"I don't understand," Peter said.

"Well," I said, "you know I only give you meat once a week—"

"Is that in the guide book?"

I turned up Genesis for him, and showed him the portion about eating the "fruits of the earth." "Whenever you are miserable, Peter, look in this book, put the words into your own language. If you're ever perplexed, apply the rules you find here—"

Peter has profited from that early teaching. He puts himself automatically in everyone else's place; he is kind, he is dependable.

Of course, I was lucky; I had only the one child to train, and plenty of time. If a woman had ten children, she couldn't do it.

And speaking of the Bible, and faith, reminds me of a strange instance, long ago. For four years, as a tiny child, Peter suffered from hay fever to the point where he cried every time he saw flowers.

hay fever blues . . .

I was at a party one evening, and I met a friend who said, "You seem to be worried."

"Worried?" I said. "I'm frantic. I have the sweetest little boy you've ever seen, but he sits at home and cries, and won't go out of the house." And then I told the girl the reason why.

She suggested Christian Science, and I thought, why not? We had tried all the medicines, and all the doctors.

Nothing did any good, so I sent him to a Christian Science practitioner. One afternoon several weeks later he came into the house with an enormous bunch of pinks.

He'd been out with the nurse, and I was furious. "What a fool that woman is!" I thought. "The child will be hysterical tonight."

Peter noticed my distress, and smiled at me. "It's all right, Mother," he said. "We've trodden on the devil. He doesn't dare come in these pinks."

It was completely beyond my understanding.

We put the flowers in a vase—it was the first time we'd had flowers in the house for years—and when Sir Sidney came home, he turned on me reproachfully. "Do you call that being considerate?" he asked me. He could scarcely believe my news. But Peter has never had hay fever since that time.

Peter is, I believe, instinctively good. In later years, I have "loosed him and let him go," as the Bible says, and without any fear of his turning on me. I never worry about his choice of companions. He knows, and marvelously well, how to deal with people.

One foggy evening, some weeks ago, Peter was startled as he drove up to the house to find two damp and shivering figures huddled on the doorstep. Closer inspection proved them to be teen-agers who had been waiting for hours to catch a glimpse of him. After bringing the youngsters into the house, Peter left the lecturing to me while he telephoned their parents, who, at that point, were frantic.

He then bundled them into his car and drove them home—but not before each of them drank a cup of steaming chocolate.

Peter is a completely normal person. He likes to dance, he likes nice clothes, he likes to look at flowers in the garden, though he knows very little about them. Like any man, he can't find anything unless it's dangling from the end of his nose. And these days, his nose is always buried in that leather-covered book. That script of *Julia Misbehaves.* It seems to take the dickens of a lot of study.

Peter's neatness is an obsession; if one coat is out of order in his closet, he notices, and since our French maid panders to him, he is spoiled.

He never walks (in America, I'm certain the next generation is going to be born without legs) but he does work out in a gymnasium, when he gets an hour off.

And while he may have excellent taste in decorating modern interiors, I rue the day I listened to him concerning my old treasures.

Most of our things were in England, of course, and it seemed logical to Peter that we should sell them there, rather than bring the lot over here. I let 14 Persian carpets go for $400, and then I felt terrible.

There were a few articles I could not bear to part from, so we did have some boxes sent. In the shipment were two tall-legged tables, Ming period, from the Empress of China's summer palace, and there was also a Ming vase.

When they came, Peter sniffed haughtily. "Send them to auction, or junk them."

I was considering these courses of action, when the appraiser for the insurance company showed up. "The tables are worth $3000 minimum, the pair," he said. "The vase, $3500."

My son simply said, "Hmm. I didn't know we had all that junk."

Among the boxes, Peter found a picture of me when I was seventeen, and needless to say, he didn't recognize me.

"You know," he said, "that's a very good-looking girl."

I was never pretty; I don't kid myself, but I did enjoy that comment.

The painting from England that thrilled me, though, was one of my husband, done many years ago. *"That's* my idea of a good-looking man," I remember telling Peter. Peter's sweet, but he'll never look like *that.*

When Peter entertains, it's on a modest scale. Occasionally, he has a cocktail party; most of his parties are held, though, when I am out, or in bed.

He and a few of his friends will come back after the movies, or the fights, and there'll be beer and cokes in the icebox, and cake and cookies. The doors can be shut off between the two ends of the house, and Sir Sidney and I never hear the noise at all. Our only stipulation is that the young people must clean up, and they're good about that. When I get up in the morning, to make breakfast, there's not a crumb out of place.

Peter gave a little farewell party after *Good News,* for some of his friends in the cast, last year. I shall never forget it.

It seems he invited a couple and they arrived with their baby. (My husband and I knew nothing of this, we having retired early.)

At twelve o'clock I heard screams, and I shook Sir Sidney.

"What do you hear?"

"Terrible shrieks from Peter's room," he said.

I rushed to Peter's room, and found an infant. I got Peter on the phone extension. "Come and remove this child," I said.

He came running. "Poor little thing," he said, picking the baby up in his arms. "So frightened."

"Poor little thing!" I said. *"Where did it come from?"*

The next morning, Peter was terribly apologetic. "I'm sorry you were disturbed, but if your friends bring their baby, what do you do with it?"

He loves children; they fascinate him. When he was a little boy in Honolulu, he once stole a baby!

It was twelve years ago (we'd been there for a year, in a hotel cottage, and Peter had lived mostly in the water).

Honolulu in the early morning is Paradise. It's beautiful. You're afraid to stay over a year, because the Island gets you.

Anyhow, this particular morning, I'd been dreaming about Peter as a tiny boy. I opened my eyes, and on the bottom of the bed there was a little two-year-old baby.

I touched Sir Sidney in the next bed. "Look, look!"

He sat bolt upright. "Good heavens," he said. "Where did you get it?"

"I didn't *get* it!" I told him sharply. "Somebody put it there during the night."

We heard a great shouting outside, and then some Hawaiians, and a woman's voice speaking English. She sounded alarmed.

I went out in my night-dress with the baby. "Does this by any chance belong to you?"

The woman—she lived in the next cottage—almost fainted with relief. I found out later that the Hawaiian nurse had left the child in the play-pen in the early morning, and Peter had thought he would like it. When he decided to go for a swim, he'd left it on my bed.

I scolded him about it, but he looked at me innocently. "I didn't steal it, Mother. I borrowed it," he said.

That was—that is—my son, Peter. There's no one else quite like him.

CLOSE-UP—BY NORBERT LUSK

(*Continued from page 41*)

Charleston, and the Black Bottom. My disapproval of her persisted. From time to time I heard that she cried because of my harsh judgments. She was known for her easy tears, and I didn't care if I caused her to weep some more.

Seven years later, I met Joan Crawford again. Then she was truly famous, darling of the fans, box-office plus. Newspapers reported a near-riot on her arrival at Grand Central Station. I was invited to a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer party for her, and I went. From a distance I saw her, a gaunt, white-faced celebrity bearing no resemblance to the shallow, plumpish girl of other years.

I went over to her, we sat for a moment, and talked of pictures other than her own. Then she was called away. That brief encounter was a milestone for me. I knew that even if I never saw Joan Crawford again I had come face to face with one of my ideals. The understanding and compassion in her eyes, the simplicity of her gestures—they belonged to a star who was first of all a woman, and a woman with a troubled soul and a mothering heart.

I felt she must not go back to Hollywood without hearing what I had to say, so I wrote to her. "Too long have I been a blind black sheep," I said. "Now I want to be a white sheep and follow you with eyes





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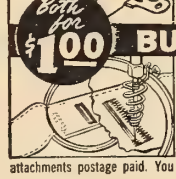
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wide open." Immediately came a reply, and presently we were together for a long talk.

Being alone with Joan Crawford wasn't difficult. She held no grudge, though she herself admitted she was every inch the turbulent, dramatic actress given to tears upon reading adverse reviews and sarcastic comment. Moreover she remembered every item of disparagement or praise, with quotes. That day Joan and I parted as friends between whom there was an understanding that went beyond words. Soon came the first of hundreds of letters and none more revealing than this:

"Dear Norbert Lusk: Since I can't have you knighted, I've seen to it that you shall have saint in front of your name when you go to Heaven.

What I am about to say comes from my heart. I want you to believe that.

I wanted us to be friends, you and me. For a long time I've wanted that. Because as I told you, you have no enemies, so whatever stood in the way of our understanding each other was on my side.

Please believe me when I say I wanted your friendship for its own sake, and not for what you could do for me in your magazine. I wanted terribly for you to know that, and now we shall never mention it again.

My heart is so full of gratitude and warmth! I've tried to write and thank you dozens of times, and I couldn't. I can only say that your opinion means so much to me, that with your friendship and letters I want to work harder than I've ever worked. I want you to be so very proud of

Joan

a friend, indeed . . .

Thirteen years have passed since that letter, and I have come to know Joan Crawford very well indeed. She has seen to it that ours is an absorbing friendship, and not a casual one. It would be impossible for her to be casual in any relationship, any expression of herself whatsoever.

Perhaps it is with her children that the full force of her character is most evident.

One Christmas Eve I said to Christina, who was 8 then, that I'd heard she'd learned to play the piano since I'd last seen her, and would she please play for me? She got a fit of shyness, and said she had forgotten. I refused to believe that and told her so. She grew more shy and self-conscious and said, "I can't!" Joan, knitting as usual, took in every word until, annoyed but controlled, she said very sweetly: "Don't say you *can't*. Don't say you can't do *anything*. Try!"

Christina was obdurate. Joan's temper was rising, and I was interested in seeing how she would handle the situation. "Let's go to the piano and try," she said. The child slowly followed. "But, mother, I tell you I've forgotten," she whimpered. "You haven't forgotten this," insisted Joan, striking a note, "nor this," sounding another. "Remember?" By now Christina had her hands on the keyboard and slowly, tentatively played "Silent Night."

After dinner Christopher wanted to put out candles as he had seen grown-ups do, snuffing them with his palm. With boyish bravado, he said he was sure he could. Christina said she was afraid, though. Joan showed them both how easily it could be done if you acted quickly. The boy grinned delightedly as he made jabs at the candle, but the girl still said she was afraid, and drew her hands back, tears in her eyes.

Again Joan took charge. "Be afraid of *nothing*, Christina." The scene at the piano was repeated, with the same patience, fixity of purpose. And with the same triumphant ending for all three.

These significant little episodes took place at the secluded house at Mt. Kisco, 37 miles from New York, that Joan had rented for the children for her six weeks' stay in the city. She maintains a spacious apartment overlooking the East River the year round for her occasional visits, but she'd decided the children should have a place of their own where they could be out of doors in the snow she had promised them without interference of interviewers and photographers.

Joan is a maniac housekeeper, a perfectionist. Even the fringe on rugs seemingly is combed every day. I have seen her vexed to tears over a trifle. As, for example, kidney beans.

She had invited me and a couple of others to what she said would be a light supper so we could catch an early show at Radio City Music Hall. Beans heated, seasoned and mixed with chopped green pepper would be the hot dish, with salad and dessert, to follow. But horrors! The beans were served as a salad mixed with other vegetables. "But this isn't what I asked for," said our hostess to the temporary butler. "I wanted them *hot*, a very simple thing for any cook to do, isn't it?" She was so annoyed that tears came.

she was meant
for us
that's why she's
our june cover-
girl—
jeanne crain—
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may 7

That night, Dick Leibert, organist of the Music Hall, who'd been told she was coming, played a favorite air of hers as a welcome. She was as pleased as she had been vexed before, and the picture, *Our Town*, caused her to weep copiously as she sobbed that it was the most beautiful picture she had ever seen. Fans were waiting for her as we came out, they followed her to Fifth Avenue. "Hey, Joan," yelled a passing taxi driver, "don't you ever take a cab?"

"Sure I do," she yelled back, "But there isn't one big enough for us all."

Joan's organized energy is astounding. At Christmas time, she wraps presents elaborately, professionally, till the room in which she is working looks like the interior of a shop. A present from Joan Crawford is something to see regardless of what is inside. "But it wouldn't be Christmas if I didn't do it all myself," she explains.

"Angel Queen, where does it all come from—this inexhaustible furious energy? From God?" I ask.

"Yes," she answers very low.

Getting back to Joan's housekeeping, which I really believe is an obsession, she does not always think in terms of canned beans. When all is running smoothly, as in Hollywood, she sees to it that meals are perfect. Her lovely dining room is walled with hand-painted flower panels under glass, her hot plates are really hot, and cold ones icy. The table gleams with silver, mostly of Swedish design, and candles are everywhere. She likes place cards and individual hand-written menus on little silver stands. If she offers roast lamb, it is accompanied by three sauceboats containing gravy, currant jelly and mint. On salad, you have your choice of mayonnaise, French, Russian or roquefort cheese dressing. Her favorite cake, angel food, is decorated with spirals of whipped cream, each rosette covered with a fresh violet.

As might be expected of so vital and outgiving an actress, her emotions are easily roused, her feeling for the dramatic uncurbed. Take the incident of the black cocker spaniel named Inky.

Joan had heard that a cherished dog of mine had died. She telephoned and asked me to dinner. I went to her house, someone ushered me into a small reception room and closed the door. The only other occupant of the room was a little black cocker spaniel with a huge pink bow. I thought him a dog of Joan's that I'd not met, till I saw an envelope attached to his ribbon addressed to me.

Then Angel Queen appeared in the doorway glittering but tender. "Are you friends yet?" she asked. "It will be hard for you at first but oh! so much better in the end. Because, you see, you and Inky were meant to be together. I knew that as soon as I saw him. And," she added gayly, "I've washed him myself with Mary Chess's bath oil. White lilac. He didn't smell very nice when I got him."

"This is all so dramatic," I said. "They can take *everything* away from me and I'll *still* be dramatic," she said with truth.

As might be expected, Joan places a high sentimental value on anything done for her. Give her but one white camellia and like as not tears will come "because it is so beautiful" and she will later press it between the leaves of a book for a keepsake.

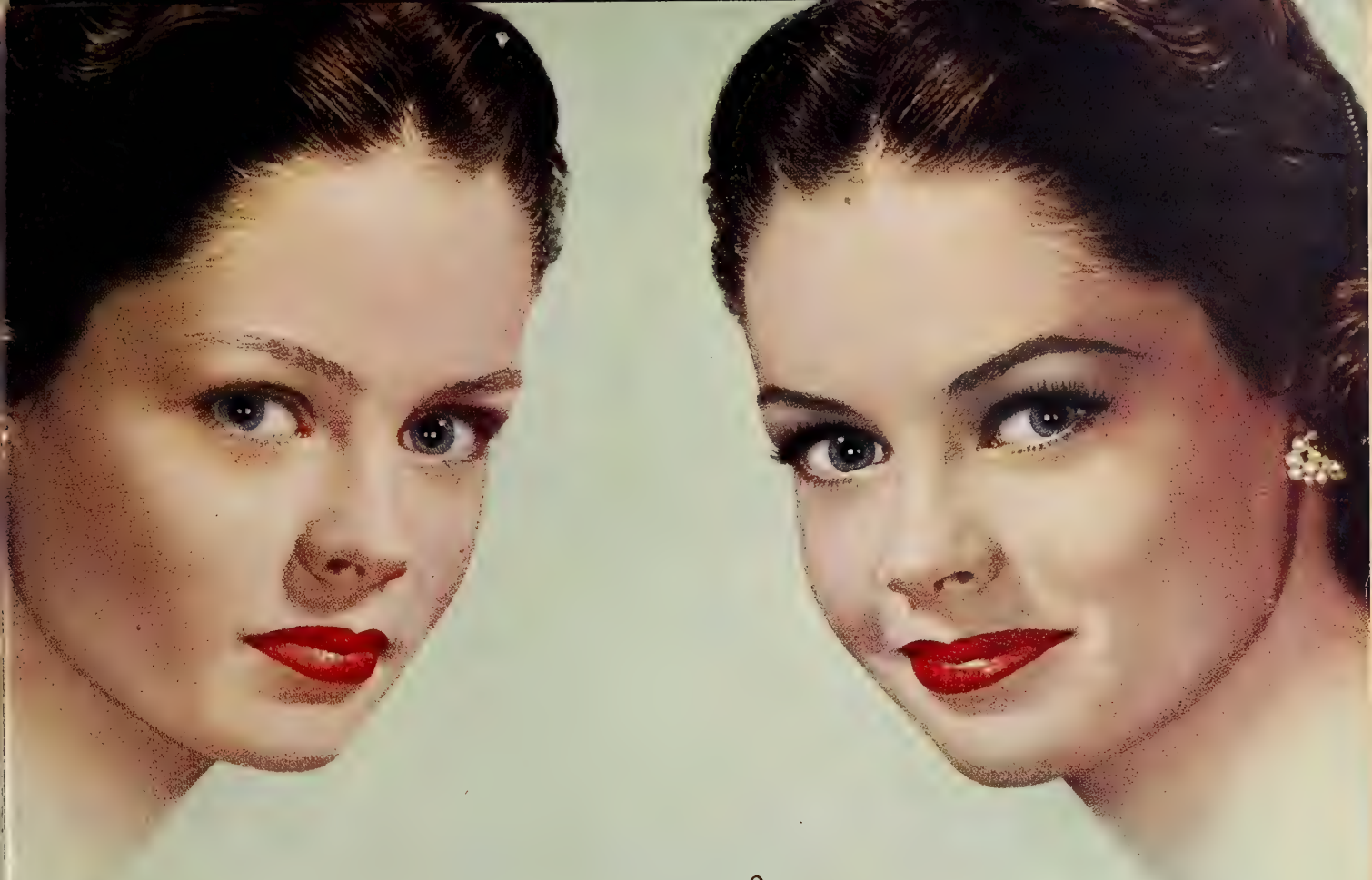
charmed circle . . .

While she makes a cult of friendship, she holds her friends too. In 1931, she and Helen Hayes became acquainted while the latter was making *The Sin of Madelon Claudet* at Joan's studio. And also with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne when they were filming *The Guardsman* the same year. Today one notices a pair of baby skis addressed by Miss Hayes to Christopher under the Yuletide tree. Before the evening is over, the Lunts are likely to long-distance affectionate greetings from wherever they happen to be. It is true that no one would willingly let these famous, charming people slip outside one's circle, but what about persons of whom you have never heard before you meet them at Joan's? You learn they date from her distant past, come from all social levels.

As I see her, she is an actress born, not made. And she passionately loves being an actress. "I'm never completely functioning until the lights are on, the cameras turning and I'm acting," she says. She never spoke a truer word.

Recently a friend who has known her since her first day with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in 1926 described an evening with her: "Joan looks wonderful, she now has four adopted children, we saw two movies in her own theater, the phone rang a lot, scripts arrived, dinner was superb, we toured the house which has grown as Joan has grown, and is very beautiful. She's still the glamour queen, colorful, tender-hearted, fiery, happy, sad, the one and only Crawford. The last of the stars with the sweep and magnificence that many used to have.

To me (rather than the glamor queen described—though I like that side of her too) she shines as a friend, consistent, unfaltering. She is compensation for all that I have missed in other stars, consolation for what I have missed in myself. Soberly I call her Angel Queen, because she has been that to me for thirteen years.



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Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

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JUNE, 1948

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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To our Readers

MEDALS, THAT'S WHAT I like. Decorations. Glitter. We insist that all our writers be worth their weight in lead. Some of 'em are boy scouts, some belong to Orphan Annie clubs—they've got badges of one kind or another, or they don't lay a finger on a MODERN SCREEN check . . . Anyway, I was reading the paper a while ago, and I noticed an item about this Inez Robb. A newspaperwoman. Medals from here . . . to there. "You see?" I said accusingly to Henry. "If you could read, we wouldn't always be missing out on stuff like this." I called Miss Robb's apartment, and someone with a deep voice answered the phone. "Would you like to work for MODERN SCREEN?" I said. "No," said the deep voice. "I'm the butler." Later, I got Miss Robb—on the phone, and in the magazine. In the short time since we've printed her, she's managed to gather a couple more awards. One from INS for covering the wedding of England's Princess Elizabeth, one from the University of Missouri—the School of Journalism there gave her its annual prize. In MODERN SCREEN's February issue, she wrote up the royal wedding; this month, she tells you about the new Selznick star, Alida Valli. If you want to send Miss Robb a medal it's okay . . .

YOU EVER HEARD of the Quigley box-office poll? It seems that every year, the exhibitors (theater owners) pick the movie star who's made the most money for them (the exhibitors) in the past year. They've been picking Betty Grable with a sort of deadly monotony, and it confused me a little. Could a woman with a minimum of husbands, and a couple of kids really have as much sex appeal as Lana Turner? The answer is probably no. But for all-around appeal, Betty's got every other girl in Hollywood beat. Hedda Hopper admits that in this issue. Women like Betty, men like Betty, children like Betty. We checked back on old Quigley polls (first brushing off the old Quigleys) and we discovered that Marie Dressler had been more popular than Jean Harlow, and that folksiness makes money. Now Henry's practicing a drawl that'd frighten Gabby Hayes . . .

EVEN A HOMEBODY like Betty Grable occasionally steps out. Hedda says twice last year, to be exact—and one of those two times, Betty went to Ciro's. Herman Hover, Ciro's owner, likes movie stars, and vice-versa. Take Kathryn Grayson and Johnnie Johnston, two of Hover's best friends. Nothing they wouldn't do for him. When MODERN SCREEN wanted to shoot pictures of a young couple on a Ciro's spree, they volunteered. Morning of the big day, Kathryn went to the doctor's. "I feel terrible," she said. "You feel pregnant," he said. And that was the first inkling the Johnstons had of their impending parenthood. Kathryn went through with the Ciro's layout anyhow, while Johnnie and Herman Hover patted her on her brave little back . . .

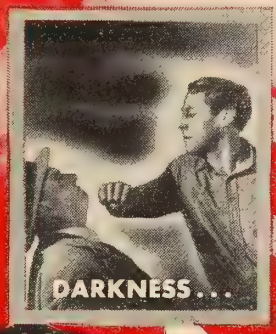
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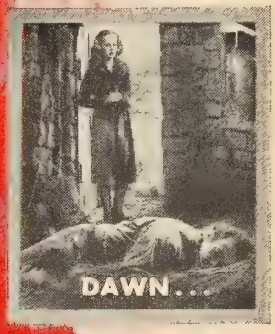


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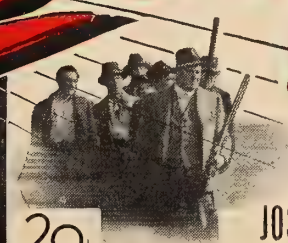
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20th CENTURY-FOX



Shirley Temple, in glamorous coiffure, attended Louella's dinner with husband Jack Agar. Late in March, the Agars went to Chicago for opening of their first co-starring pic, *Fort Apache*. Proceeds went to wounded vets.



On her 27th anniversary with the Hearst press, Louella Parsons was feted by her friends at the Cocoanut Grove. Among notables present were brand-new Oscar-winner Ronald Colman and Claudette Colbert.



Louella with Governor Warren of Calif. Tribute to be remembered was that of Harriet Parsons: "I am your daughter, mother, and also your friend."

louella parsons' good news

■ Let me tell you a few untold stories behind the scenes of the Academy Awards—some amusing, some with a tear.

Before Rosalind Russell, that gallant loser, came on to the Mocambo party to kiss and congratulate Loretta Young, she went home first for a little while to talk with her mother.

"I'm sorry if I have brought you disappointment," Roz said, holding her mother close, for there were tears in Mrs. Russell's eyes. "But I want you to know that in giving me you, and my husband, and my boy and my wonderful life, God has given me more awards than I ever deserved."

What a wonderful gal!

Never in my memory has an Academy evening been as gay. There were parties galore for the winners.

Edna Best and Nat Wolfe were determined to entertain for Ronald Colman, win or lose—and their invitations read, "Either a wake—or a celebration." Well, my friends, it WAS a celebration what was a celebration with all Ronnie's close friends, of whom I am proud to be included, there to congratulate him.

Only Benita Colman was speechless in the milling throng. Shaking her head from side to side, the only thing she was able to say was, "Never again could I sit through all that *uncertainty*—never, never again."

But, believe me, Mr. Colman was articulate enough for both of them. One of the first things he told me was, "Bill Powell called me up from Palm Springs—the first congratulations I received." Theirs was another case of two close friends competing for the Oscar.

* * *

You would have thought I had won something the way I was all over the town. Before hitting Ronnie's party, I stopped in at Darryl Zanuck's fiesta at the Mocambo where there was much toasting to *Gentleman's Agreement*, the prize-winning movie, going on.

Susan Hayward, one of the nominees, was a dream in white tulle—and didn't look at all



Frank Sinatra, the guy who eats like "a condemned man" had a field day at Louella's party. Table-mate Greer Garson may go to England this summer for costume drama M-G-M plans to make in its London studio.



Silent screen star Sally Eilers and George T. Delacorte, publisher of MODERN SCREEN, renewed old friendships at Louella's celebration. A complete newsreel of the party was made as a surprise by Jack Warner.



Despite rumors of separation, Judy Garland and husband Vincente Minnelli showed up together at Parsons affair. Judy's film schedule is nonstop, but she's found time to write poetry—book'll be published soon.



Louis B. Mayer greets Loretta Young and husband Tom Lewis at Cocoanut Grove party. Loretta was overwhelmed at Academy Awards affair when she was awarded Oscar for performance in *The Farmer's Daughter*.



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unhappy that she hadn't won. "I didn't even expect to be nominated," she told me.

As for Loretta Young, the whole evening was Christmas, New Year's Eve, Easter and all the other holidays rolled into one. I almost blubbered myself when I ran into Tom Lewis, the proudest husband in the world. He kept saying:

"When they called her name, she paid no attention. I said, 'Loretta, it's you.' She said, 'It can't be'."

Greta and Gregory Peck sat next to me. Greg said he felt Ronnie deserved the award.

I nodded, "You've got time."

"You think I'll ever win?" he laughed, "I've been nominated three times—always the best man, never the groom!"

Celeste Holm was celebrating two ways. It was her wedding anniversary as well as her Oscar night. She said she had made up her mind that she wasn't going to get the award, just so she wouldn't be disappointed. "But" added the honest, forthright Celeste, "I would have busted into tears! I did cry anyway."

Ingrid Bergman pulled me to one side. "Wasn't I awful?" she whispered, referring to her role of handing a special award to James Baskett (Uncle Remus). "I became confused and couldn't remember my English so well. I couldn't think of the word 'industry'—of all words to forget on Academy night!"

And I have to tell this on myself (don't tell my daughter, Harriet.) As we were leaving the theater, a fan on the sidelines called to me, "That was a beautiful speech you made about your mother at your anniversary dinner." I thanked her politely and didn't tell her it was *my* daughter who had made the speech!

* * *

The next day was my hour for thrills! I had all the top winners — Loretta, Ronnie, Celeste Holm, Edmund Gwenn, Darryl Zanuck — and Academy President Jean Hersholt in my broadcasting studio after they'd won their honors.

That Gwenn is the cutest little guy in the world—and in his seventies, too. Well, he is 70 years young, I can tell you. He surprised me by making up a jingle. He quoted:

"Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way. Louella, dear, Louella, dear, this is a wondrous day."

After the broadcast, Mr. Santa Claus hurried away to attend a dinner in his honor. I've never seen anybody as happy as he is over *Miracle on 34th Street.*

* * *

Hollywood has hardly been out of a beaded bib-and-tucker all month. What with the Academy Awards, some outstanding parties and my 27th anniversary with the Hearst newspapers celebration, its been a whirl.

If you think I'm going to be polite and talk about my party last—you don't know your girl!

I won't go into the details so thrillingly covered by my newspapers and other publications, but there are a few highlights that will stay in my heart forever:

The gold plaque in Mr. Hearst's own handwriting—"for a good job well done"—the finest tribute a reporter could receive from the greatest boss in the world . . . Governor Warren's amusing comment that my column was largely responsible for the housing shortage in California . . . My daughter, Harriet's, "I am your

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Like other winners, "best supporting actress" Celeste Holm was surprised to receive Oscar. Her prize was for *Gentleman's Agreement.*



Ingrid Bergman, in a white Grecian gown, presented James Baskett, star of *Song of the South,* with special achievement Oscar.



Edmund Gwenn, Santa Claus of *Miracle on 34th Street,* got a congratulatory kiss from Anne Baxter, an Oscar winner of last year.

LOVE they couldn't resist... **DANGER** they couldn't escape!

Tense scenes, hushed scenes, scenes of held-breath escapades; all this happens because of a kiss that shouldn't have happened!

DENNIS MORGAN

in a role more thrilling than any he's ever had



and this is

VIVECA LINDFORS

From Sweden comes a New Star to bring all America a New Kind of screen excitement!

WARNER BROS.

"To the Victor"

"TO THE VICTOR GOES THIS WOMAN!"

with VICTOR FRANCEN · BRUCE BENNETT · DOROTHY MALONE · TOM D'ANDREA · DIRECTED BY DELMER DAVES · PRODUCED BY JERRY WALD

WRITTEN BY RICHARD BROOKS



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"Sheer Delight"

with gay, new "Peek-a-boo" neckline

You'll look dainty—and *so* embraceable—in this SHEER PRINT RAYON, perfect for all occasions. It's delightfully chic—surprisingly inexpensive! The full peplum, edged with rose pattern black lace, gives your hips that new, rounded look. Exquisite figure-moulding design is accented by the delicately shirred bodice. Concealed 20" zipper, tie-back belt. And the price—a low $6.99. Sizes 9, 11, 13, 15, 17. Flower pattern in Black, Chocolate Brown, or Mediterranean Green — on White background. Order now on approval!

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Rush "Sheer Delight" by return mail in color choice and size indicated below. I'll pay postman only $6.99 plus postage. If not thoroughly delighted, I may return dress in 5 days for immediate refund.

COLOR	2ND COLOR CHOICE	SIZE

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Enclose money and we'll pay postage.

daughter, mother, and I am also your friend." . . . the hundreds of wires from old friends . . . Bob Hope's crack, "Louella has made a sewing circle of the whole nation—without using too much needle" . . . The personal, sentimental message from Bing Crosby put into my hand just before I left my suite for the Cocoanut Grove . . . The newsreel compiled as a surprise by Jack Warner and presented to me with "the fond hope that you will continue to re-live this wonderful occasion whenever the mood strikes you" . . . The wit and heart in the speech of my husband, Dr. Harry Martin, made right TO me instead of into the microphone . . . the warm pressure in the hands I clasped . . . and last, but far from least, the special song, composed by Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson:

Louella, Louella, Louella,
Everybody loves you;
Louella, Louella, Louella,
And Dr. Martin, too . . .
Press agents live for your column,
Everyone's hustling you,
Oh, how we love you, Louella,
And your 900 newspapers, too.

* * *

Whew! Let's take a little time off between parties to gossip a little about other things. The Robert Cummings' new daughter, for instance.

When Bob called the hospital, someone said, "Congratulations. You are the father of TWINS!"

Poor Bob, who didn't know whether to faint, or yell with joy, broke all speed laws getting to the hospital where someone with a very red face explained, "So sorry, Mr. Cummings. It is another Mr. Cummings who has twins. You have a little daughter!"

* * *

Much to the annoyance of some better known beauties, the two girls usurping the romance spotlight are Iris Bynum and Linda Christian.

This is because Clark Gable is dating Iris and Tyrone Power is exclusively Linda's.

With Ty, I think it may be serious. I had heard rumors that he and Linda plan to be married in Italy when he goes there to make *Prince of Foxes* early this Fall. This would be before Annabella's California divorce is final which means that Tyrone and Linda would run into the same complications that beset Laraine Day and Leo Durocher. Ty is a smart boy. I

(*Continued on page 117*)

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

We never get tired of hearing what you think about MODERN SCREEN. In fact, we have 500 free subscriptions waiting for some of you now. That's right—the July, August and September issues belong to the first 500 of you who send in the questionnaire below. An easy way to speak your mind, isn't it? And fun, too!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our June issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

Her Heart Stood Still (Loretta Young) ☐
Crowning Moment (Ronald Colman) ☐
Is The Lady A Has-Been? (Greer Garson) ☐
Life Begins at 6:30! (Glenn Ford) ☐
Virtue Pays (Betty Grable) by Hedda Hopper ☐
Loves of Rita (Rita Hayworth) by Dorothy Kilgallen ☐
Double Life (Alida Valli) ☐
The Mystery Of Bob Walker ☐
Susie's Day Out (Alan Ladd) ☐
The House They Live In (MacDonald-Raymond) ☐
Oh, That Alice! (Alice Faye) ☐
All The Things You Are (Jeanne Crain) ☐
Jackpot! (Jean Peters) ☐
The Good Life (Susan Peters) ☐
Pictures Of Mother (Irene Dunne) ☐
You're Welcome At Ciro's If (Kathryn Grayson-Johnny Johnston) ☐
Or Would You Rather Be A Fish? (Ann Blyth) ☐
Louella Parsons' Good news ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues: List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone..... State..... I am..... years old

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"Do all rich women play games like this?"
COLUMBIA PICTURES presents
RITA HAYWORTH · ORSON WELLES
in
The Lady from Shanghai
with Everett SLOANE and Glenn ANDERS
Screenplay and Production by Orson WELLES
COLUMBIA PICTURES



Proud husband Tom Lewis and L. Young, after she won Oscar for *The Farmer's Daughter.*

her Heart stood still

Now Loretta was holding the Oscar and her eyes were bright and she kept thinking, "This must be a dream."

By LOUIS POLLOCK

■ There was no car waiting for the tall girl with light brown hair and the man with her, who, long after midnight, walked out of the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles, the night of the Academy Awards. There were no fans. The screaming thousands who had earlier crowded the bleachers and sidewalks, keeping two hundred policemen busy holding them in check, had gone home long before.

It was cold, and the street was deserted now. The girl and the man were the last people to leave. The two of them, close together, couldn't help but make a lonely looking pair against that dark, forlorn street, and it was a strange contrast to a scene, not long before, when the girl had stood flushed and triumphant on a spotlighted stage to receive the plaudits of the cinema great assembled inside the theater.

It was as if that had been a dream, the girl thought, and this was reality. But then her eyes fell on something the man was holding. That was no dream—that was Oscar himself.

Suddenly, from a shadowy corner of the entrance a figure detached itself and ran toward them—a young woman holding one of the discarded awards programs, dozens of which were lying about on the sidewalk. She wanted an autograph. Across the street, the door to an upper balcony of a house was flung open, and a grey-haired woman stepped out to lean on the railing. "I prayed for you," she cried out. "That's what did it, honey," the girl called back happily.

From nowhere, a cab shot up and stopped in front of them with squealing brakes, its driver calling out as if he were an old friend, asking if he could drive the couple home.

(*Continued on page 66*)

9 out of 10 Screen Stars are Lux Girls!



"A Lux Girl? Indeed I am!" says this famous star

Maureen O'Hara is one of the hundreds of famous screen stars who use gentle Lux Toilet Soap beauty care. "Thrilling the way it leaves skin softer, smoother!" she says.

Maureen O'Hara

star of
20th Century-Fox's
"SITTING PRETTY"

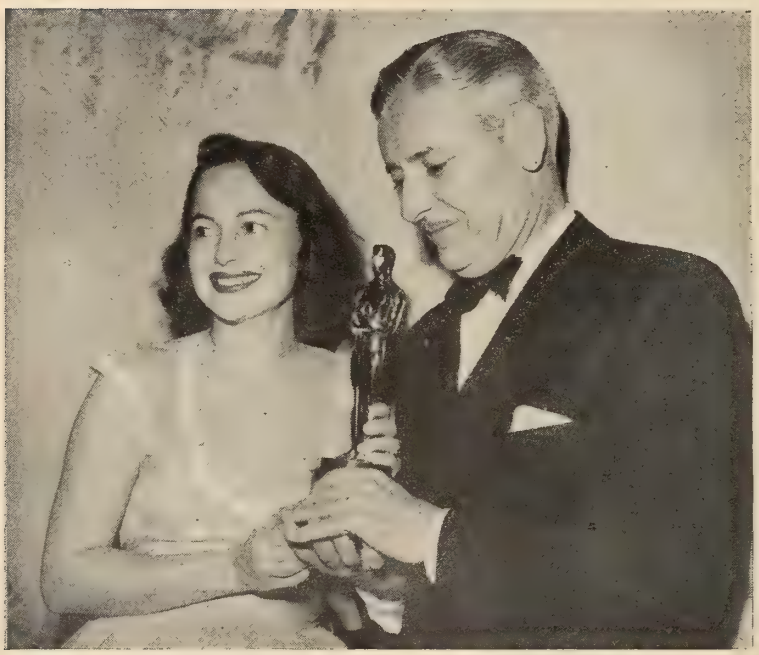
Here's a *proved* complexion care! In recent Lux Toilet Soap tests by skin specialists, actually three out of four complexions became lovelier in a short time!

"I work the fragrant creamy lather well in," says Maureen O'Hara. "As I rinse and then pat with a soft towel to dry, skin takes on fresh new beauty!" Don't let neglect cheat you of romance. Take the screen stars' tip!

Lux Girls are Lovelier!



Crowning moment



Ronnie won coveted prize for *Double Life*. O. DeHavilland made the award.

Each moment has its own private eternity, but for Ronald Colman, one will stand out above the rest . . . one moment, climaxing 25 wonderful years of stardom!

by prince michael romanoff

■ *When it was announced back in February that Ronald Colman had been nominated for an Academy Award, his good friend, Michael Romanoff, Prince of all Restaurateurs, was moved to dash off the following tribute. Now that Ronnie has actually won Hollywood's highest award, Prince Mike's charming little piece of sentimentality reads even better. Accordingly, we reprint it word for word as it was written way back when Ronnie was still a long shot!*

At long last, Ronald Colman, 57, has been nominated for an Academy Award. I hope Ronnie gets it, too, not only because he and Benita eat regularly in my restaurant, but because his superbly sensitive performance in *A Double Life* merits an Oscar. Moreover, the award of a statuette to Ronnie would serve somehow as a crowning achievement, a truly fitting climax to his quarter of a century in the cinema.

Colman has been on film since 1922. In all those years, he has led a quiet, exemplary sort of British life. In Beverly Hills, this is no small accomplishment. Ronnie has avoided newspapermen and headlines as a fox avoids the hounds; he has never double-dated with Peter Lawford or Linda Christian; he has never been involved in a paternity case except with his wife; and he has scrupulously stayed out of the courts, except for one day in 1932 when he sued the lexicographer, Mr. Sam Goldwyn, for libel. Ronnie charged that Mr. Goldwyn's corporation had caused statements to be issued which "reflected upon my character and ability as an actor." These statements implied that Ronnie preferred to fortify himself alcoholically before playing love scenes with Mr. Goldwyn's leading ladies.

When one considers some of the actresses Mr. Goldwyn has had under contract in the past, one can excuse Mr. Colman his prophylaxis, even if it were true, which it wasn't. The truth of the matter is that Ronnie is a complete teetotaler, always has been. And the upshot of the suit was that he refused to work for Mr. Goldwyn, a right many others have since exercised.

Eventually, Ronnie joined the camp of Darryl Zanuck and Joseph Schenck now known as (*Continued on page 101*)

Are you in the know?



Can "toothpick" pegs gain beach allure, via —

- ☐ *Gooey sundaes*
- ☐ *Bicycling*
- ☐ *Scanty swim suits*

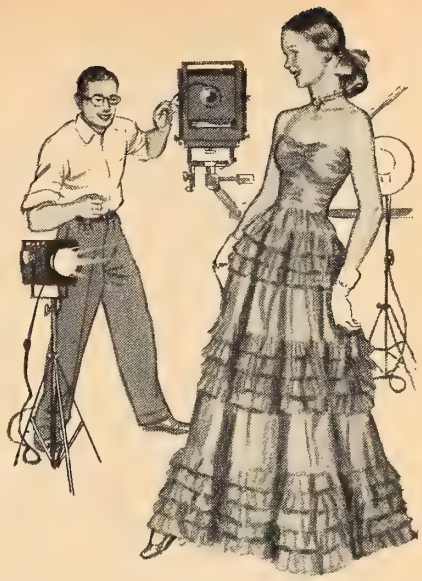
Try this for thighs—(and pegs, too) that aren't so fully packed: Mooch a bicycle. Pedal like mad, daily, to build up underdeveloped leg muscles. Meanwhile, a discreet dressmaker bathing suit will help keep 'em beach-worthy. It's a good style for your particular problem. And here's a good thought for problem days: Kotex comes in *3 sizes*—giving you a choice of Regular, Junior and Super. So, there's a Kotex napkin just perfect for *you*.



Do the Crew Cuts rate you —

- ☐ *Affectionate*
- ☐ *Affected*
- ☐ *A femme to follow*

Since smooching won't improve her rating, a gal might improve her conversation. Don't keep saying "See?" . . . "I mean." And only a dreep would dare the affected "Do you *rah*-lly?" approach. Shun mannerisms. Be yourself. And be rated a femme to follow. You can always be your own gay self when calendar qualms are off your mind. With that exclusive *safety center* of Kotex for *extra* protection, there's no ceiling to your confidence!



How to start a modeling career?

- ☐ *Trek to the big city*
- ☐ *Take a charm course*
- ☐ *Find out if you're qualified*

Modeling's glamorous . . . but gruelling. How's your health? Disposition? Can your arches take long hours of standing? You needn't fly far afield to find out. Try your wings in fashion shows at your local department store. Good training. Tells if you're qualified. On "those" days, comfort *counts*. Not 'til you've tried *new* Kotex can you appreciate this new, suave softness that *holds its shape*. It's utter—this napkin, made to *stay* soft while you wear it.



When can a girl ask for a date?

- ☐ *But never*
- ☐ *In Twirp Season*
- ☐ *How desperate can you get*

A miss *can* stalk her man—in Twirp Season. Anytime you and your gal pals declare one. Call for your dates, give 'em zany corsages. Plans can include a dance or movies, plus refreshments—natch. The catch? Twirp means **T**he **W**oman **I**s **R**equested to **P**ay.

At certain times, choosing Kotex pays, in self-assurance. Why not, with those *flat pressed ends* preventing telltale outlines? Thanks to this secret mission, Kotex' flat pressed ends help *so* many girls to stay in the fun . . . serenely!



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Which deodorant would you decide on?

- ☐ A cream
- ☐ A powder
- ☐ A liquid

Granted you're in the know about napkins . . . what about *deodorants* for napkin use? Fact is, while creams and liquids will do for everyday daintiness—yet, for "those" days a *powder* deodorant's best—sprinkled freely on sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. And soft, soothing *Quest Powder* is made especially for napkin use.

Being unscented, Quest Deodorant Powder doesn't just mask odors. Quest *destroys* them. Safely. *Positively*. To avoid offending, buy a can of Quest Powder today!



Quest Deodorant Powder

Ask for it by name



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HALF TONE . . . soft-spoken, alluring, a perfect shade to wear with pastels and prints. Charming, with a ring of decorative lace just below the Gold Stripe. All nylon . . . 30 denier. Buy these stockings at your favorite store. If not obtainable, use coupon.

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I would like to buy the stockings illustrated "On A Pedestal." Please send me, through a local store, one pair Gotham Gold Stripe "Friv-O-Lace"* in 30 denier HALF TONE, Style 4304, at $1.65 a pair. My size is .....
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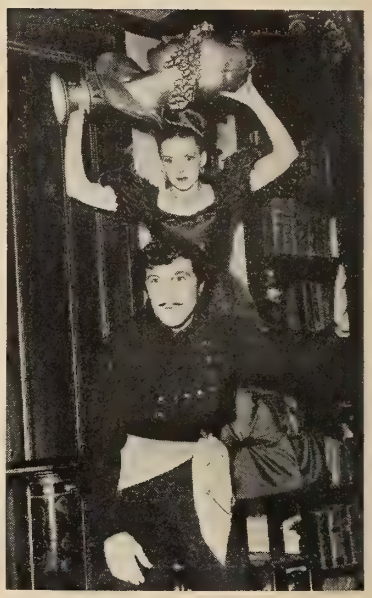
*TRADE MARK

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Virginia Wilson



Gene Kelly, a versatile actor, arrives in San Sebastian in time to break up Spanish beauty Judy Garland's wedding to the unromantic mayor. She joins his act.



Actually, Kelly is the legendary pirate, Macoco, who's been missing for years —except in dreams of gals like Judy.

THE PIRATE

Like Judy Garland and Gene Kelly? Like whopping, great musicals? Like technicolor? Good. You're all set—this is for you.

The Pirate of the title is one Macoco, who is a legend of bravery and ruthlessness, all over the blue Carribean Sea. However, nothing has been heard of him for years now, and he is recalled only in street urchins' songs, and the dreams of romantic young Spanish girls, like Manuella (Judy Garland).

Manuella lives with her Aunt Inez (Gladys Cooper). From Aunt Inez' point of view, her niece is a very lucky young lady indeed. She is engaged to Don Pedro (Walter Slezak), the mayor of the town. This is an arrangement made by Aunt Inez and a battery of lawyers, without consulting Manuella. "But after all, *any* girl would want to be the mayor's wife."

This statement is viewed somewhat doubtfully by Manuella. Don Pedro is in his forties, slightly bald, and with more than a slight paunch. Definitely not a romantic figure. However, the wedding is all arranged for next week, and the trousseau will arrive on a ship from Paris in a few days.

That trousseau is what precipitates matters. Manuella talks Aunt Inez into a trip to the port where the ship comes in. After all, a girl can't just let her trousseau arrive ungreeted, can she? So off they go to San Sebastian. And on the ship with the trousseau is an actor, named Serafian (Gene Kelly). He is a dashing young rogue with a ready wit, no money, and a habit of calling all girls "Nina." Says it simplifies his life.

Serafian meets Manuella and persuades her to come to the performance he and his troupe are giving that night. Serafian is a hypnotist, among other things, and hypnotizes her into revealing her dreams about the pirate, Macoco. He also finds out that she is to marry unromantic Don Pedro the next week. Of course Serafian decides to interfere. Before long, real and false Macocos are popping up like jumping beans and eventually there is a wedding, but it isn't Don Pedro's.—*M-G-M.*

THE WOMAN IN WHITE

Everything happens in this melodrama—mostly to Eleanor Parker, who handles a difficult dual role with skill and charm. Here you'll find intrigue, murder, romance—and a surprise ending. What's more, you'll see wonderful costumes, for the story takes place in London in the 1850's. It's a lovely setting for Eleanor Parker's fragile beauty.

When Walter Hartright (Gig Young) goes to Limmeridge House to instruct Frederick Fairlie's (John Abbott) pretty niece Laura (Eleanor Parker) in the arts, he has no inkling that evil things are a-foot there. One glimpse of the motley crew comprising the household, however, is enough to set him wondering about the place.

Frederick Fairlie turns out to be an eccentric invalid who is confined to his room. House-guests Count and Countess Fosco (Sydney Greenstreet and Agnes Moorehead) strike him as an extremely odd pair. In fact, the only normal individual in sight appears to be Laura's cousin and companion Marian Halcolmbe (Alexis Smith.)

To heighten the eeriness, Walter, on his occasional walks, keeps encountering a mysterious woman in white—Ann Catherick (Eleanor Parker), an illegitimate cousin of Laura's who has escaped from a lunatic asylum—who insists that Laura is in grave danger. As it turns out, cousin Ann knows what she's talking about.

How Count Fosco's plot to kill Laura and get her money is foiled makes exciting watching, and if you don't get lost in the complexities of the plot, you mystery fans will have a fine scary evening for yourselves.

Here's a film that may very well befuddle you, with all its wheels turning within wheels, but it's a cinch it won't put you to sleep.

Sidney Greenstreet, who returns to his villainous ways, and Agnes Moorehead, as his wife, give outstanding performances, and the cast is uniformly good.—*War.*

I SAW IT HAPPEN



It was the night of the big American National Theatre and Academy Benefit. The theater was filled to capacity. All the most famous talent were appearing in their most memorable scenes. Everyone except my favorite actor seemed to be on the program. It was toward the end of the show when Bert Lahr did his famous song, "Woodman, Spare That Tree." When he'd finished, the stage was littered with wood. The emcee called, "Come on out, Skipper, and sweep this up." A man appeared with a broom and with his back to the audience he swept the wood across the stage. Suddenly, the audience burst into wild applause. I looked at the stagehand through my opera glasses. It was John Garfield, wearing his seaman's clothes from the play, Skipper Next To God!

Geraldine Shay
New York City

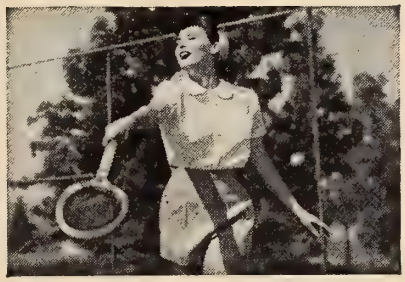
WIN HEARTS . . . WIN LOVE . . . WITH

that Always-Fresh look



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soon to be seen in
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Try Ava Gardner's beauty-glow cleansing

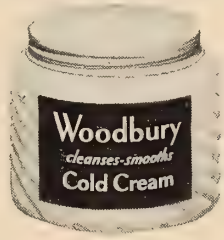


Sun up! "Pretty early to sparkle," admits lovely Ava. "But I count on Woodbury for thorough, deep cleansing that tells my skin...'Time to wake-up-and-glow'!"



Sundown! Ava turns on the glamour—a 1000-watt sparkle! "A romance date means a Woodbury beauty date—to cleanse and smooth. Skin looks dreamy!"

"In Seconds, your skin looks Woodbury-wonderful!" promises Ava. "First, massage on Woodbury Cold Cream—its rich oils cleanse deep to the skin, loosen grimy make-up. Tissue off. Pat on more Woodbury for smoothing—four special softening ingredients leave skin velvety. Tissue again, splash with cold water. And look!—your skin glows with that Always-Fresh look!"



Woodbury Cold Cream



Another Part Of The Forest: Dan Duryea, Ann Blyth and Fredric March as the evil Hubbards.

ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST

There is a sinister violence to the people you meet in *Another Part of the Forest.* They are the same family as in *The Little Foxes,* at an earlier stage of their career. They haven't improved with youth.

Much of their folly is the result of Marcus Hubbard's (Fred March) character. He is the head of the family, and as such, is feared, but neither respected nor admired. During the Civil War, Marcus ran what we would call a "black-market" in salt. Now he is a millionaire—and hasn't a single friend.

His daughter, Regina, (Ann Blyth), always sides with Marcus against the rest of the family, but it is not, as he thinks, out of love. It is partly so she can have all the pretty clothes she wants (she's the only one who can get money out of Marcus), and partly to enrage her brother Ben.

Ben (Edmond O'Brien) hates his father and Regina with a subtle, menacing hatred, far more alarming than violence, but so long as Marcus controls the purse-strings, Ben, who cares for nothing but money, is helpless.

There is another brother, Oscar (Dan Duryea), who doesn't count for much except to be used as a pawn by one Hubbard against another in the eternal intrigue that goes on among them.

Only Lavinia (Florence Eldridge), Marcus' wife, takes no part in it. The rest of the family pays little attention to Lavinia anyway. Ben is occasionally kind to her—usually when he has some subterranean motive. Oscar is too involved in his affair with a dance-hall girl (Donna Drake) to be interested in what happens to his mother. And the strong will of Regina dismisses her as a nonentity.

Eventually, of course, all the Hubbards find that this was their big mistake. That Lavinia is far more important in their family game of chess than they realize. But, by then, too many things have happened.

John Dall plays a pleasant but not-too-bright Confederate Army officer, and Betsy Blair is effective as his bewildered sister. But it is only the Hubbard family who really counts.—*Univ.*

I REMEMBER MAMA

"And most of all, I remember Mama."

It is the high, clear voice of a young girl speaking. The girl is named Katrine (Barbara Bel Geddes). She is twenty now, and looking back to the days when she was growing up. Remembering all the warm, happy—or sometimes heartbreaking—moments in the life of their big Norwegian family. But most of all, remembering Mama.

Mama (Irene Dunne) is an unforgettable character. She is serene, wise, firm at the right moments, and yielding at the right ones, too. She manages her husband (Philip Dorn), her three daughters and one son, and her three sisters, with the same love, generosity, and determination.

On Saturday nights, Mama gathers the family around the kitchen. There a solemn ceremony takes place. Father's salary is divided into neat little piles—one for the rent, one for



I Remember Mama: Barbara Bel Geddes is Katrine; Irene Dunne, her Norwegian mother.



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the grocer, one, perhaps, for new shoes for Katrine, or a notebook for Christine (Peggy McIntyre). Or maybe even a little pile that would make it possible for Nels (Steve Brown) to go to high school. *That*, Mama feels, would be worth sacrificing for. "Is good," she says proudly, "for a boy to vant to learn."

There is another member of the family, whose occasional visits to San Francisco are accompanied by all the sound and fury of a one-man band. Uncle Chris (Oscar Homolka) is a fierce-looking man with a bristling, black moustache, a considerable amount of money, and an inordinate fondness for whiskey. Also — but only Mama knows this—the kindest heart in all the world.

When Uncle Chris drives perilously up to the front door, loudly tooting the horn of his new-fangled automobile, and yelling like a drunken banshee, everyone quails except Mama.

I wish I could tell you more about *I Remember Mama* but I think it's only fair to let you see for yourself. Irene Dunne and Oscar Homolka get top acting honors, but everyone connected with the production deserves the highest congratulations.—*RKO*

B. F.'s DAUGHTER

In a slightly white-washed version of John Marquand's best-selling novel of the war years and the decade preceding them, this one alternately beats the drum for the liberals and the conservatives and winds up sitting neatly on the fence. B. F. Fulton (Charles Coburn) is a dough-heavy industrialist who worships his pretty daughter Polly (Barbara Stanwyck). He has given her everything money can buy, and she should be pretty soft, but somehow she isn't. When she meets Tom Brett (Van Heflin), an unmoneyed, unpressed young Economics professor in a smoke-filled speakeasy, she knows that he's for her, and it's love at first sight. When he asks her to marry him in one of the film's warmer scenes, she says "yes," even though she has been engaged to ultra-conservative Bob Tasmin (Richard Hart) practically all her life.

Step by step, Polly builds Tom into a national figure, putting not only her heart and soul into the process, but also—unbeknownst to Tom—her moolah. When at length he discovers that Polly's been subsidizing him right from his very first lecture contract, he is heartsick, and there is the inevitable crisis in their relationship. On his deathbed, B. F.



B. F.'s Daughter: Barbara Stanwyck, in title role, weds Professor Van Heflin, builds his career.

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or cream shampoos hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film

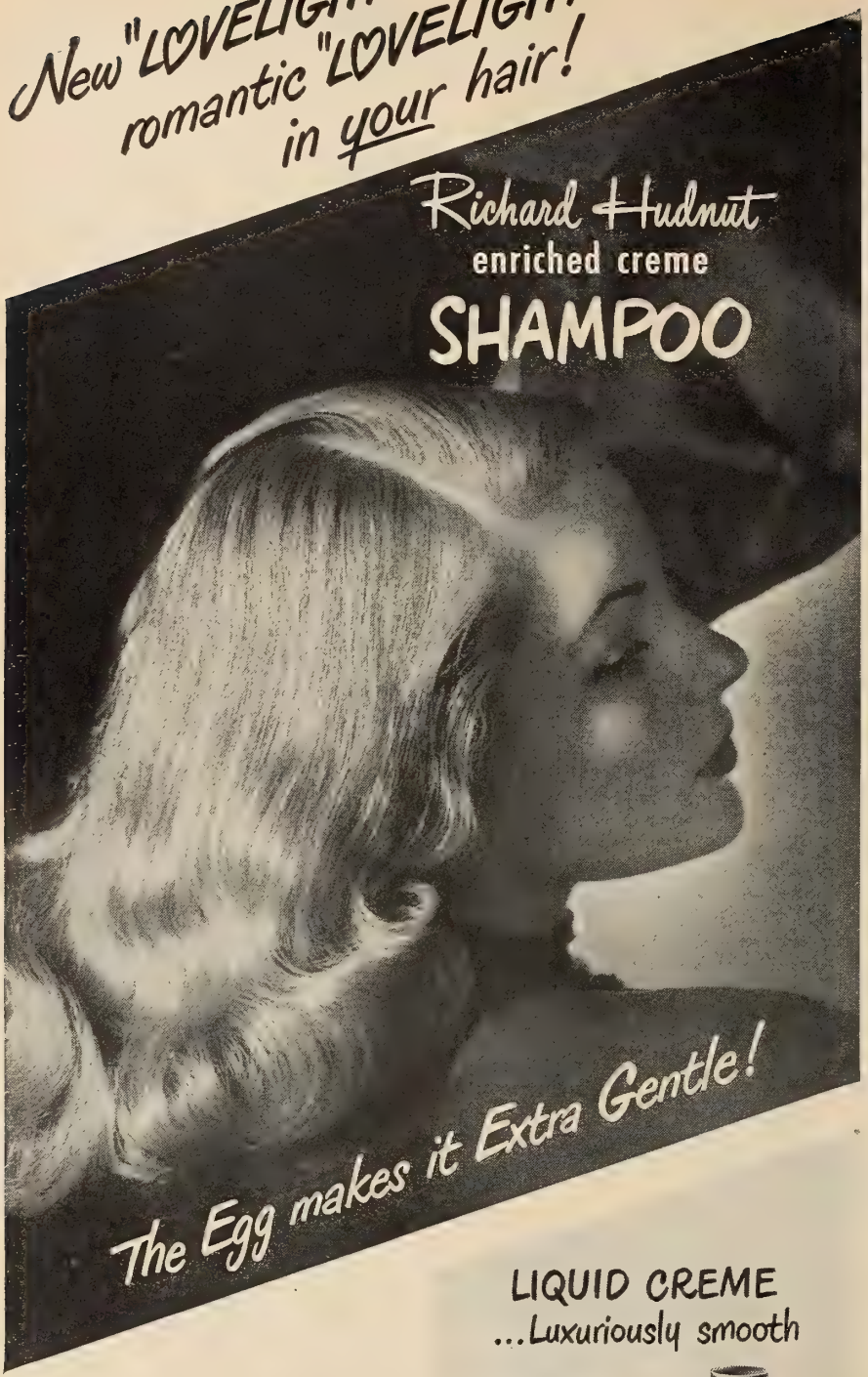


● Halo is made with a new patented ingredient. Halo—not a soap, not a cream—cannot leave dulling film! ● So Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights. ● Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely! ● Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant! ● Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic! ● Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! ● Buy Halo at any drug or cosmetic counter.

Halo Reveals the Hidden Beauty of Your Hair!

New "LOVELIGHTS" romantic "LOVELIGHTS"... in your hair!

Richard Hudnut
enriched creme
SHAMPOO



IT'S *so soothing*, so caressing . . . this *new kind* of shampoo. The reason? A little *powdered egg!* Yes, and Richard Hudnut Shampoo brings out all the "lovelights," the glorious *natural* sheen of your hair! Be sure to try this *luxury* shampoo, created especially for patrons of Hudnut's exclusive Fifth Avenue Salon . . . and for *you!*

A New Kind of Hair Beauty from a World-Famous Cosmetic House

LIQUID CREME
...Luxuriously smooth

Not a dulling, drying soap. Contains no wax or paste. Richard Hudnut Shampoo is a sm-o-o-o-th liquid creme. Beauty-bathes hair to "love-lighted" perfection. Rinses out quickly, leaving hair easy to manage, free of loose dandruff. At drug and department stores.





Silver River: Ann Sheridan, Errol Flynn and Thomas Mitchell in a drama of the old West.

tells Polly to fight for her marriage, and with that in mind Polly joins Tom in Washington.

Unhappily, Keenan Wynn, most of whose lines couldn't be cornier, is thrown away in the part of the left-wing reporter. Margaret Lindsay, however, is fine as Polly's best friend, Apples; and Spring Byington is excellent as Polly's ineffectual and unaware mama. People will talk and talk about this one, and you won't want to miss it.—*M-G-M.*

SILVER RIVER

The tall gambler on our left with the wicked twinkle in his eye is Mike McComb, (Errol Flynn). Mike has had quite a history. He was a captain in the Union Army, cashiered for burning up a wagonload of the government's money. He did it to keep the Rebels from getting it, but he was court-martialed anyway.

His pal here on our right is "Pistol" Porter, (Tom D'Andrea) and he does anything Mike tells him to, which is sometimes a good idea and sometimes not.

Over here, the beautiful gal in the shirt and jeans is Miss Georgia Moore, (Ann Sheridan). Georgia, at this point, does not think much of Mike. She and her husband had a lot of machinery they had arranged to have delivered to their Silver River mine. But before Georgia realized what was going on, Mike had bought the concern that was to deliver it. And it was his gambling equipment that was being delivered to Silver River instead.

You see, Mike has been pretty bitter since he was thrown out of the army. His motto now is "McComb for McComb." If anyone gets in his way it's just too bad. He goes on the make for Georgia, and gets exactly nowhere. Maybe that's why, when Mike gets set up as a real power in Silver City, he buys into the Silver River mine. Now he and Stanley Moore, (Bruce Bennett), Georgia's husband, are partners. So he and Georgia are partners, too.

No one ever knows how much coincidence there is to Stanley's prospecting trip into the dangerous Shoshone Indian country. All they know is that Stanley is killed, and that Georgia and Mike get married after a while.

But the silver empire which Mike has gradually built up, is beginning to fall apart. Old enemies become more powerful. Old friends, like his lawyer, John Beck, (Thomas Mitchell), turn against him. "McComb for McComb" turns out to be a pretty poor slogan, after all.—*War.*



Berlin Express: Robert Ryan and Merle Oberon star in a lightning-paced post-war thriller.

BERLIN EXPRESS

This is a lightning-paced drama, as timely as a news flash, with a message the world should take to its heart. It is essentially the story of one man's crusade for lasting peace.

Dr. Heinrich Bernhardt (Paul Lukas), a wise, middle-aged German, is en route from Paris to Berlin to discuss his plans for a unified Germany. On the same train, also on their way to Berlin for various reasons, are four young men of different nationalities, thrown together by chance and by mutual admiration for Lucienne Mirabeau (Merle Oberon), Dr. Bernhardt's lovely French secretary. They are, Lindley (Robert Ryan), a G. I.; Sterling (Robert Coote), an Englishman; Maxim (Roman Toporour), a Russian; and Perrot (Charles Korvin), a bogus Frenchman; and they start the overnight trip completely at odds, none trusting the other, none liking the other.

Early in the trip, an attempt is made to assassinate Heinrich Bernhardt and everyone in his car—including the oddly-assorted foursome—is taken into custody. At which time the four men grow to trust each other even less. They seem to have nothing at all in common except deep respect for Bernhardt, and it is his mysterious disappearance in the Frankfurt Station that begins to unite them.

Their desperate search for him through the ruins of Frankfurt is as chill-making as anything we've seen, and by the time they find him, only to lose him again, you'll be absolutely gasping with excitement. Thrill piles on thrill as the hunt continues, through the shady, out-of-bounds night club district, into a frightening, cavernous old brewery. Take a spare set of fingernails along for chewing purposes—you'll need 'em in this noisy, action-packed scene.

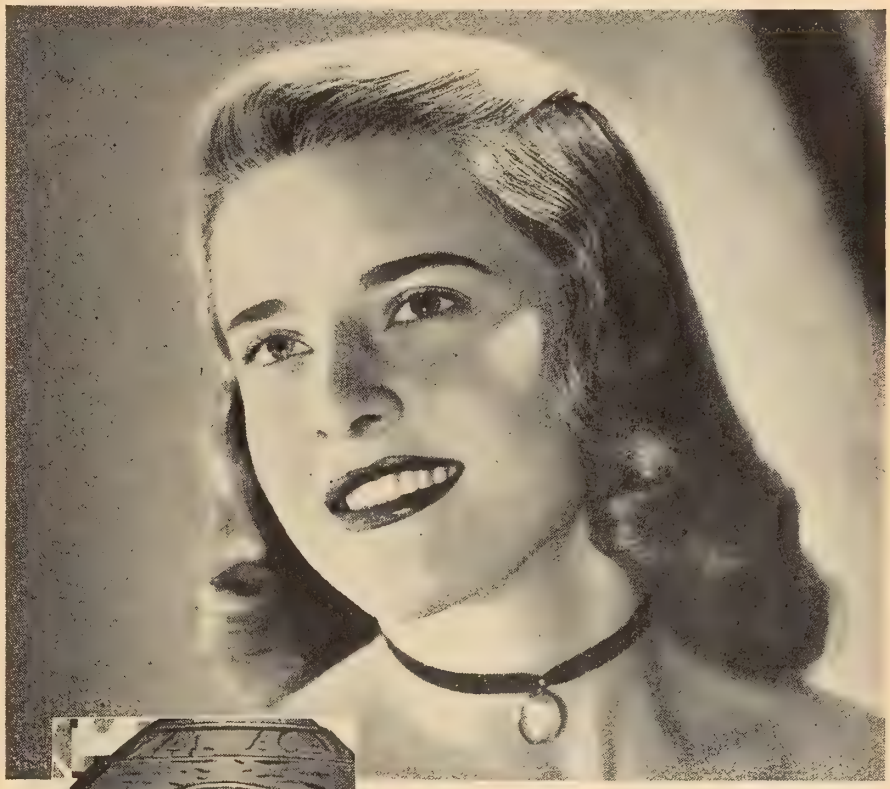
If you want to know whether they find the doctor alive, and which of the four guys gets the gal, you'll have to go see for yourself. You won't be sorry, for after all the terror and suspense, there's a quiet, hopeful ending at which to warm your fast-beating heart.—*RKO.*

WINTER MEETING

Bette Davis has the kind of part which suits her best in *Winter Meeting.* On the surface, Susan Grieve is a prim, spinsterish young woman, who writes poetry—very dull poetry. She is proud of her New England ancestors, and her apartment looks like a Beacon Street parlor. But underneath, there is another Susan,

Joan Smith's **smile wins her proudest title—**

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!





Joan Smith, Beauty Winner over 20,000 girls—"America's most photogenic girl" in a recent contest—looks forward to a new title. It's the proud "Mrs." she will add to her name when her Annapolis Midshipman fiance graduates. Joan, a Bellmore, L. I. girl, is reserving her most radiant smile for this year's June-Week festivities at the Naval Academy. For then, in the traditional Ring-Dance ceremony, she receives her engagement diamond. Her radiant smile will be a Pepsodent Smile! "Pepsodent's my tooth paste always," Joan says. "There's none better!"

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste!

People all over America agree with Joan Smith in preferring New Pepsodent for brighter smiles. Families from coast to coast recently compared delicious New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said New Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried!

For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!



ANOTHER FINE
LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCT

"Color's bad, needs FELS-NAPTHA"

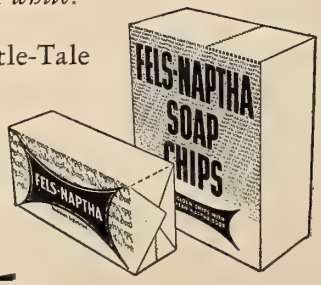


. . . and the good 'doctor' might well have added —"or it won't last long".

A shirt that shows Tattle-Tale Gray is, actually, a 'sick' shirt. That dingy color proves there still is dirt in the fabric. Hard rubbing that *may* remove dirt, *surely* shortens the life of the garment.

Fels-Naptha will help make all your fine linens and delicate things last longer. This mild *golden* soap, combined with Fels naptha, removes imbedded grime and perspiration stains with almost no rubbing or bleaching. It brightens colors, keeps all washables fragrantly clean and *white*.

If your washes suffer from Tattle-Tale Gray—try the Fels-Naptha 'treatment'. It works!



Golden bar or Golden chips—

FELS-NAPTHA banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



Winter Meeting: Spinsterish Bette Davis unexpectedly meets, falls in love with Jim Davis.

one who wants to fall in love, to experience life, to let herself feel and care, and, if necessary, be hurt.

Most people don't know this second Susan exists. Stacy Grant, (John Hoyt), a wealthy man-about-town, for instance, has known Susan for five years and has not the slightest idea of what she is like underneath. But then, Stacy is too self-centered to think about other people.

At the moment, he is feeling rather smug. He and Susan and a young man named Novak (Jim Davis) and a voluptuous blonde, Peggy Markham (Janis Paige) are having dinner together in a smart restaurant. Novak was one of the outstanding heroes of the war, and even now, his presence creates a little furor of excitement. Stacy feels mildly pleased at having corralled this dinner guest, and provided Novak with as obviously desirable a date as Peggy.

It is therefore a considerable shock all around, when, at the end of the evening, Novak calmly takes Susan home, leaving Stacy to escort a furious Peggy out to Brooklyn. Susan is more surprised than anybody, and doesn't know how to deal with the situation. But Novak persuades her to relax a little and "Let the Maguire side of the family come out for a while." Gradually, he learns more about her. That she hates her mother because she considers her responsible for the suicide of Susan's father. That she is afraid of love because her mother followed it too far.

Susan in turn, learns why Novak feels that he really isn't a war hero at all. Why he has not gone back to his home town and the acclaim that awaits him there. Oh, they both have plenty to learn about each other and about themselves.

La Davis is wonderful as always, and Jim Davis, who plays Novak, seems to be quite a discovery.—*War.*

HAZARD

The whir of the roulette wheel, the click of dice, or the soft riffle of falling cards may not mean a thing to you. Certainly, they are something you can take or leave alone. This is not true of Ellen Crane (Paulette Goddard). To her, they are an escape from the unhappiness she can't face, and as such, she just *must* have them.

Ellen lost her husband in the war, and ever since, she has been gambling away her fortune in an effort to forget. This time, she has gambled herself into a situation she is not going to find it easy to get out of.



Hazard: Smooth detective Macdonald Carey chases Paulette Goddard across the continent.

Lonnie Burns, (Fred Clark), who has a finger in many of New York's rackets, has a check Ellen gave him. The check turned out to be worth as much as a laundry slip. "No Funds," the bank said, succinctly. So Lonnie makes Ellen a little proposition. They will cut for high card. If she wins, she gets the check back. If she loses, she has to marry Lonnie.

She loses. But she welches on the bet, and leaves town before Lonnie can do anything about it. What he does do, however, is hire the smoothest private detective you ever saw, off screen or on, to find her and bring her back.

This detective is named Storm (Macdonald Carey), and he is told only that Ellen gave a bad check to Lonnie.

The chase that follows covers most of the continent, with Ellen stopping off for a fast game of roulette, or a day at the races, here and there. Storms catches up with her on each of those occasions, but besides being the smoothest private detective, he is also the unluckiest. Ellen always gets away again, until, after an extra big crap game, she finally lands in a Los Angeles jail.

Storm bails her out and they start East in his convertible, and grim silence. Neither lasts very long. The convertible burns up when Ellen tries to pull another fast one, and the silence is broken by what are now, obviously, lovers' quarrels. Eventually, Ellen finds the truth of that old saw, "Unlucky at cards, lucky in love."—*Par.*

RELENTLESS

This is a something-for-everyone deal. Enough blood and thunder for Junior and his pop, enough love interest for mom, enough blazing Technicolor desert sunshine to make us all leave the theater with first degree

(*Continued on page 92*)



Relentless: Blood-and-thunder Technicolor starring Robert Young and Marguerite Chapman.

The Most Feminine Face Powder Color Ever Created

NOW One Color is Intensely Flattering To All Types of Skin, Including YOURS!

"Bridal Pink"



Jay Thorpe Original

Here's something wonderfully new and *different* in a shade of face powder! A color that is so truly *feminine* it not only flatters, but brings you a charm that is entirely new and completely captivating.

And my exciting new "Bridal Pink" is for you, because I have tried it on every skin-color type I could find, and without exception every girl, every woman who wore it, instantly found herself more interesting, more exciting than ever before.

IF you're a Blond, "Bridal Pink" will intensify your blondness, make you look more feminine than ever.

IF you're a Brunet, with fair skin... "Bridal Pink" glorifies this contrast with a new, more feminine look.

IF you're Brown-Haired, with a medium skin..."Bridal Pink" will bring you the exciting lift of new femininity.

IF you're Auburn-Haired, with a pale complexion..."Bridal Pink" will wake up your skin, giving it the life and warmth of real live femininity.

Lady Esther "Bridal Pink" Now at all Good Cosmetic Counters

Look *different* tomorrow! Appear with this newly beautiful, more feminine look. See how your face lights up with instant new life and warmth. Find out, as you will, how much more attractive you immediately become.

Lady Esther Face Powder is sold at the best stores in 50¢ and 25¢ sizes. Get your box of Lady Esther "Bridal Pink" today!



Lady Esther

© 1948 Lady Esther

dorothy kilgallen selects "mr. blandings builds his dream house"





Cary Grant, Melvyn Douglas and Myrna Loy view the beginnings of a dream.

■ Accurate imitation of life can be one of the finest forms of comedy—and that, I think, accounts for the superior brand of hilarity in *Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House.* A custard pie in the face is classically humorous, but special—not an experience universally shared. After all, comparatively few audiences know what it is like to be caressed by a plateful of meringue.

But let a man on the screen grope feebly through a closet crammed with his wife's finery and falling boxes, and the magic of recognition goes to work. Joe Doakes nudges the missus, Aunt Mabel whispers "Just like Harry," and the laughter that drowns out the sound track is warm and sympathetic.

That's why they will roar merrily from border to border and coast to coast at Cary Grant as Mr. Blandings. Blandings, the would-be home builder, never descends to improbabilities or slapstick. In the entire enchanting course of the movie nothing happens to him that has not happened to millions of his fellows—with the possible exception, of course, of the fact that he is given Myrna Loy for his wife.

How many mortals have started out with a harmless little summer afternoon idea and watched with horror as it grew into a monster?

Who has not struggled with the baffling vagaries of a plumber, a painter, a cement-mixer or a well driller? Who has not paid too much for a dream?

The answer is very few, and even these will find *Mr. Blandings* a warning, an instruction and a delight.

The story based on the book of the same name, quite obviously also is based on life. It is simple and funny. An apartment dweller gets the urge to own that plot of land, that hearth, that castle with closet space. And the fun begins. Fun for you, that is—not, until the very end, for poor handsome Mr. Blandings.

The proceedings are enlivened with unusually intelligent dialogue, enhanced with a bright, witty musical score, and softened with the charming blend of connubiality and romance that Myrna Loy and Cary Grant seem to achieve better than most. Melvyn Douglas is admirably offhand as their unhelpful but attractive "best friend." H. C. Potter's direction is respectful of character delineation and pace.

It's one of those pictures "for the whole family"—but especially for a family that has built a dream house, or expects to some day.



Making a Sensational Splash!

Everybody's talking about the new Bath-Size Camay. Buying it. Trying it. Praising it to the skies! Because this bigger Camay makes every bath a luxurious beauty treatment. Bathe with it every day of your life—and your skin will be lovelier from head to toe. And you'll rise from your bath just touched with the delicate, flower-like fragrance of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women!



CAMAY
NOW IN 2 SIZES!

Use Regular Camay for your complexion—the new Bath-Size for your Camay Beauty Bath.

Bath-Size Camay

FOR YOUR CAMAY BEAUTY BATH

You Can say "Yes" to Romance



Because Veto says "No" to Offending

Veto says "no"—

to perspiration worry and odor!

Soft as a caress . . . exciting . . . new—Veto is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy, always smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly . . . checks perspiration effectively. And Veto lasts and lasts—from bath to bath! You feel confident . . . sure of exquisite daintiness.

Veto says "no"—

to harming skin and clothes!

So effective . . . yet so gentle—Colgate's lovely, new cosmetic deodorant, Veto, is harmless to any normal skin. Harmless, too, even to your filmiest, most fragile fabrics. For Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. No other deodorant can be like Veto! *So trust always to Veto—if you value your charm!*

TRUST ALWAYS TO VETO IF YOU VALUE YOUR CHARM!

In Hollywood,
talk's cheap, and some
of them are saying
Garson's all washed up.
But let's take a
look at the record . .

By ERSKINE JOHNSON

is the lady a has-been?



■ She stood in the center of a crowded courtroom and twisted her handkerchief.

It was one of the most dramatic scenes she had ever played, and she played it to the hilt.

All eyes in that courtroom fastened on the tall, beautiful red-head, as she told the story of a section of her life. A space of months paraded before them as she unfolded that story:

He had played her son in a picture. They had fallen in love. She was older than he was, but that didn't seem to make any difference.

Women in the courtroom silently pulled their handkerchiefs from their purses and wiped their sentimental eyes as she talked.

She told the court that it was a happy marriage up to a point, then something had gone wrong, the romance had soured, and now she was asking for a divorce. As the final justification for her request, she said that her husband had told her she was a "has-been" in Hollywood.

"A has-been!" The phrase that touches a Hollywood heart with a cold and icy hand and holds it in a death grip of fear.

It was the curtain speech of her performance in the court. "He told me I was a 'has-been'."

Now (*Continued on page 113*)



1. "That crazy collie pup of mine, Bill, gets the papers at 4 a.m. and hides them. This morning they were right under the camellia bush. Very uninspired, Bill. I could have done better myself."



2. "I'm an hour late for the studio already, and I have to dash upstairs. I've forgotten my shoes—and my script. On the way down, Pete collars me for a good-bye kiss. Ah, this is what I live for . . ."



4. "In the scene we're going to do now, we ride into camp after the last battle of the Civil War and wreck the place. So you can see that we've got to do it right the first time—or else!"



5. "It's after 12, the weekly poker game is over (I lost), and I've put in a call to Ellie, who's on tour. Now, I'll slip my favorite symphony on the record machine, get a good book—and wait for the phone."



life begins



3. "Bill Holden and I are waiting for them to get ready for the big courtroom scene in *The Man From Colorado*. We started this game first day of shooting and—excuse me, they're calling us . . ."



6. "In a few hours, it'll be 6:30 again, and I'll be starting all over. Right now, I've got to learn 300 words of dialogue. But I'm feeling very good. I've just been talking to my wife."

at 6:30

by glenn ford

"You actors," sighs his ex-bootcamp buddy. "Sleep till noon . . . kiss beautiful dames . . ." And Glenn grins wearily, because he's been up since 6:30 a.m.—and the only female on the set has four legs and a saddle!

■ I ran into an old Marine Corps buddy of mine the other day. I'll call him Joe, because that's not his name.

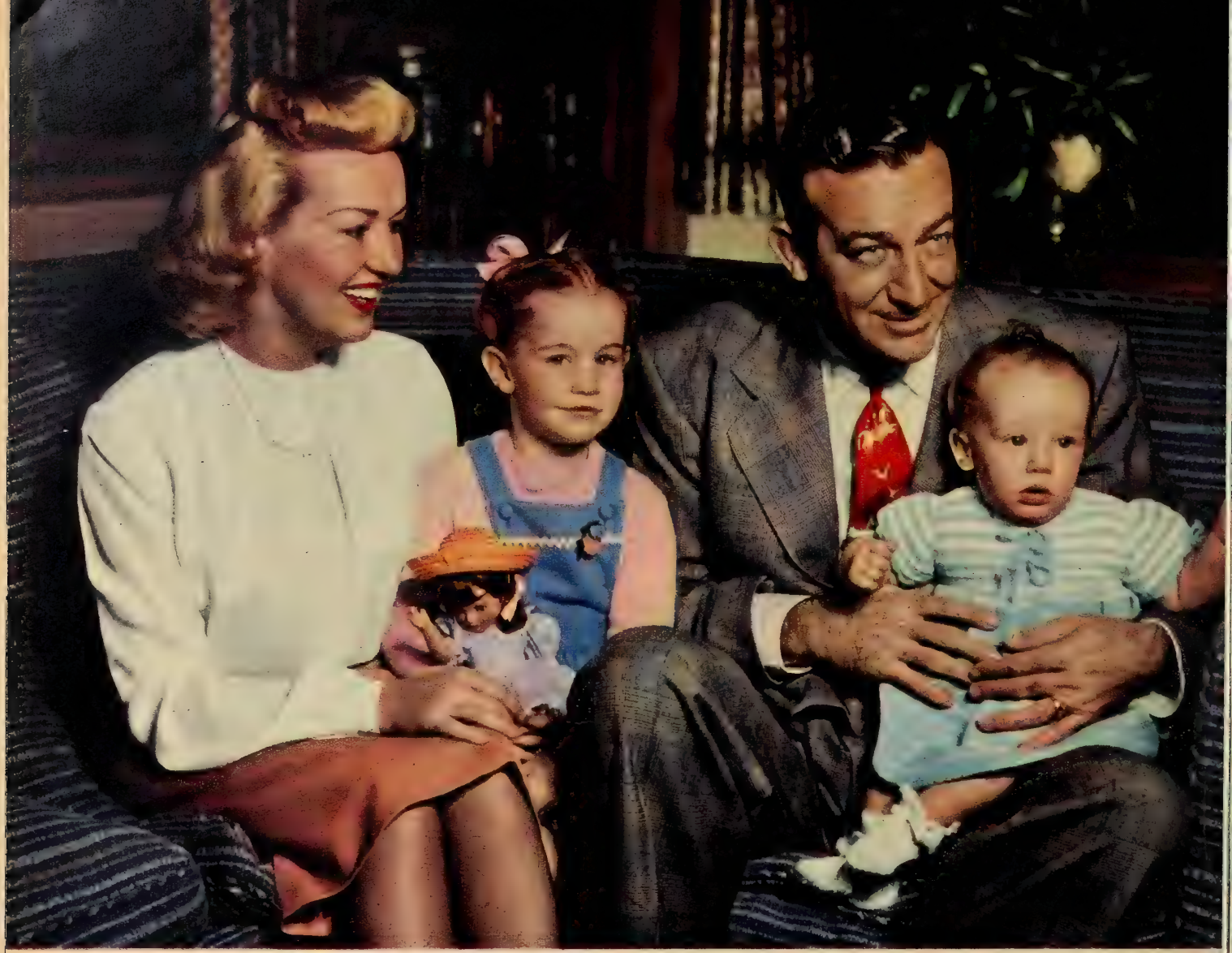
Joe and I, we used to bunk side by side in boot camp and every gray dawn, come 6:30 sharp when Little Boy Blue cut loose with his bugle, we'd groan and gripe somewhat like this:

"Brother, if I'm ever a civilian again, I'll heave every alarm clock I meet straight out the window, roll over on a mattress six feet deep and sleep every day until noon!"

When I saw Joe, the other day, he sounded sort of disillusioned. "Fordie," said Joe. "How're you making with that dream of ours, pal? Me, I'm back at the old desk, punching the clock and putting in my eight hours a day. But you—say, you're the guy who really made it work. What a life! Sleeping late, lying around all day, kissing pretty girls. Nothing but fun, and they pay you for it! Chum, give—how do you do it?"

I didn't have the heart right there to set Joe straight. But later on I got to worrying. Suppose, like a lot of other people, the guy really believed all that. Right he was, of course—I'm the luckiest ex-Marine in the world to be back making pictures in Hollywood. But about that life of ease stuff—

Look, Joe, I figure the only way I can convince a character like you is to set a watch on myself and deliver a blow-by-blow report. Maybe it will make you feel better right away to know that my Hollywood *reveille* is still that same ghastly hour. It's exactly *6:30* and I'm waking up to music. No bugle like the boot barracks, thank the Lord. I've slipped a symphony on my record machine before I blanked out last night, and it's wired to an electric clock to start playing you know when. I've got an (*Continued on page 106*)



The James' recently celebrated Vicki's 4th birthday. Mama Betty's now making *That Lady in Ermine*. Baby Jess, 1, occupies Harry's lap.

■ Sure, people go for glamor. Sure, they get a kick out of Hollywood's dazzling daughters. Look at the Harlows, the Hedy Lamarrs . . . They make the headlines, the columns, they fall in love in public. And when they break their hearts, the public sighs for them.

But it isn't these moon-touched creatures who hit that No. 1 box-office slot, year after year. It's the warmer, more human stars. It's the boosters of family life, the solid citizens. Marie Dressler . . . Shirley Temple . . . and now Betty Grable.

I don't have to tell you much about Betty. The box office figures prove you know. Still, it's possible you've been taking her for granted. She's your girl, she's terrific, she does her own shopping, she loves her own husband—and when you come right down to it, so what? A lot of people love their husbands. Happy homes aren't anything new; they're a nice, solid tradition. That's true, of course. With you. With me. How about with movie stars? How about steering a Grable course in a city known for its poses, its easy divorce—in a city where women deny their own children, and there are too many cooks for every broth?

When I get through telling what I know about Betty Grable, I don't think you'll take that kid for granted any more.

I'll start with a recent afternoon. I was visiting Betty when her daughter Victoria whirled into the room, and Betty's arms.

Betty hugged her, glowing. "This is what I live for. Is there really such a thing as a studio? Do I really make pictures?"

I grinned. "There's a persistent rumor around town that you're Hollywood's biggest female star—you're right below Bing Crosby."

We were sitting in a cozy room, warm with wood beams and panels, a huge fieldstone hearth and fireplace, deep long sofas and chairs, plenty of brass and pewter and chintz all around. "Our living-room," Betty said, "and I mean it. We collect here, we always eat here—all of us. Everybody's welcome—babies, relatives, guests, servants, puppy dogs." ("Punky," the French poodle, bounded in just then to prove it, and sniffed around.) "It's likely to turn into anything at any time," sighed Betty. "Hallowe'en it was all over black paper, pumpkin shells, and witch hats. Christmas—what a wonderful mess! Thanksgiving—cranberry stains, apples, turkey crumbs. And tomorrow's Vicki's birthday. We've got to doll it up again."

I was thinking of the Regency rooms, the Empire rooms, the "Louis Quinze" rooms, decorators' dreams scattered in other star homes all over Beverly Hills and Holly-

virtue pays

For years, exhibitors have been naming Betty Grable their No. 1 money-maker —and we've been wondering: Can a woman with a minimum of husbands and couple of kids have more appeal than a siren? Hedda —and the box-office—say yes!

by hedda hopper

wood. Rich, immaculate, cold, and untouchable.

I looked around. Two baby buggies were parked side by side, smack in the middle of the place. Vicki's doll house perched importantly on the best table. A stack of records—maybe a couple of thousand, cluttered one corner.

Before Vicki'd raced in, I'd been watching the James girls through the big windows. One in pink, one blue, they'd been playing in the sun under the watchful eye of their nurse; Vicki pushing a circus-painted merry-go-round, Jessica goggling, entranced.

"Mommy," Vicki was whispering now, "can I stay here while you talk?"

Betty squeezed her close. "You certainly may, darling. You can always stay wherever Mommy is."

A picture flashed to my mind. A certain star I know. (*Continued on page 97*)

the record at the box-office:

VIRTUE: FIRST **GLAMOR: A POOR SECOND**





Early 1930's: The name of platinum beauty **Jean Harlow** always figured in exciting headlines. Though her fans were legion and fiercely loyal, it was plain old hard-trouping **Marie Dressler** who outshone her as No. 1 female box-office draw of her day.





Late 1930's: America's darling was **Shirley Temple,** all purity and light. She headed money-makers 4 years in a row. **Marlene Dietrich,** who spelled Sex from her gold-dusted curls to her satin mules, was labeled "box-office poison" by movie exhibitors.





1940's: Betty Grable, today's biggest money-coiner among women stars, admits her home and family come first. **Linda Darnell,** who has had to sacrifice some personal happiness for a glamor career, never hit the very top box-office brackets.



loves of rita

by dorothy kilgallen

Technicolored Venus . . . queen of the lot—yet not to be envied! That's how Kilgallen sizes up Hayworth, the lady who's had too much romance . . . the lady who hasn't found love . . .

■ Some weeks ago a Hollywood writer added to the ever-piquant chronicle of Rita Hayworth this salient note:

"Rita is so anxious to get away early this summer that she has booked passage on *five* different boats."

There was no explanation of why the gentle siren of the Technicolor cinema yearned so desperately to fly from her land of milk and honey and mile-high billing and boyfriends at the other end of every phone call. Perhaps the writer felt none was needed.

But a short time after that announcement a reporter visiting the set of a Hayworth drama asked the star to give a capsule description of her own personality.

"Are you gay, vivacious, sultry—how shall I describe you?" he inquired.

Rita smiled wanly.

"Just describe me as tired," she replied.

And there you have the old Hollywood story. (*Continued on next page*)



Genius: glib, colorful "boy wonder" Orson Welles impressed Rita by being intellectual, witty, vivid, opinionated—and more egotistical than any glamor guy she'd ever met. (Above, with the Errol Flynns on their yacht, Zaca. *Lady From Shanghai* scenes were filmed aboard the Zaca.)



Playboy: After her divorce from Welles, Rita played the Hollywood bachelor field. Steve Crane, Lana's ex, entered the picture briefly, never meant more than a casual evening of dancing.



Master-mind: Rita's first husband, Ed Judson, was a slick promoter who picked her like a canny horse-trader picks horseflesh. He changed her hairline, taught her to wear clothes, handle herself like a glamor girl

loves of rita

too many men in her life. Rita, confused and uncertain, has never discovered her "type."



Gorgeous hunk: About her romance with Victor Mature (now married to Dorothy Berry), Rita said, "He's kind and considerate, and he makes me laugh. When I'm with him, I'm in a different world."



Gentleman-in-waiting: Teddy Stauffer, Swiss bandleader who danced attendance on Rita when she was abroad and crossed the ocean to be near her, was deeply smitten. She liked him—but that's all.

(*Continued from preceding page*) Aphrodite, pin-up girl, queen of the lot—yet not altogether to be envied.

It always seems more than faintly silly to commiserate in public print with a girl who has youth, beauty, talent and energy and is worth her weight in cabochon rubies. Obviously it is more than a little difficult to make the average Josephine shed tears of sympathy over a lass like that.

But the truth is that unless you consider the signing of autographs and the wearing of Paris gowns to be permanent and sufficient pleasures, there is a large and glamorous group of female stars in Hollywood who are frustrated and discontented and not to be compared in the happiness league with average women of slight purse, unremarkable face and no fame at all.

Hedy Lamarr is one of them. There are dozens of others. They belong to an unofficial club of girls who don't always get the men they want and don't always want the men they get.

Rita is a charter member of the club. It has been that way since she was in her teens.

She was quite a different kind of siren then—too plump for the cameras, too gauche for speaking roles, too badly dressed and too unsure to make an impression on Hollywood's skin-deep social life. Her name was Margarita Cansino and she was definitely the Spanish-dancer type. Her hairline grew too low for cinema beauty, her makeup was obvious, her diction went with the general ensemble.

But she had magnificent legs. They were what the 20th Century-Fox talent scout saw when he signed her, and those legs were filmed over and over again for pictures in which her face never appeared.

Then Eddie Judson, the first man in her life, appeared on the horizon and changed the dancing-girl Margarita Cansino into Rita Hayworth. Judson was a slick promoter who picked her the way a horse-trader with a gambling instinct picks a piece of horseflesh. He married her and proceeded to bring her along as carefully and as cleverly as any manager training a prospective challenger for a prizefight title. He got her weight down, changed her hairline and her makeup, invested heavily in (*Continued on page 71*)



valli is sublime . . .

by inez robb

double life

■ Since I had seen none of the 34 Italian movies in which Alida Valli had starred before arriving here in January, 1947, I boned up on my subject by going to see *The Paradine Case* before setting out to interview her. I came away from the theater with the impression of a sultry, brooding woman who might easily set fire to the drapes through the process of spontaneous combustion; so I was not prepared for the reality when I went to call on Miss Valli the following morning at the Plaza Hotel. Because Miss Valli, in person, has the fresh, scrubbed, school-girl look of Ingrid Bergman off-stage.

Miss Valli is beautiful, all right. But any resemblance between her off-screen self and the smoldering Mrs. Paradine is purely coincidental and a fine piece of acting. In fact, Mrs. Paradine is still a source of amazement to her creator.

"It is the first time I have ever played a *femme fatale,*" she said. And then Miss Valli lowered her voice, as if hopeful that the confession might not prove too shocking.

"You know, I was the Deanna Durbin of Italy for years."

I studied this Selznick discovery, amazed. Her breakfast coat was not Star stuff; it was a plain bathrobe of fine, aqua blue flannel, cinched around her neat waist. And it did not cover a black *robe de nuit;* it covered a pair of old white silk pajamas that looked as if they might have been pinched from her husband, pianist Oscar de Mejo.

Nor are her manners yet off the Hollywood assembly line. She began drinking her stone cold breakfast coffee without comment. It was I who bellowed for hot, on the theory Old Marse Selznick wouldn't want us to have anything but the best. And (*Continued on page 83*)



valli is simple . . .

the mystery of bob walker



Ava Gardner and Bob get along fine on the *One Touch of Venus* set, but they're "just friends." Bob recently disappeared again; just walked off the set. Studio was frantic until he nonchalantly strolled back.

He's a strange young man, Bob Walker—disappears for weeks; turns down beautiful parts, and people whisper he's still in love with his ex-wife. Like Garbo, Bob's becoming a mysterious recluse . . . another Hollywood legend . . .

By FLORABEL MUIR
Special Modern Screen Reporter

■ Consider the mystery of Robert Walker, one of the strangest men in Hollywood.

He's a guy with a million romances, but they say he's still in love with his ex-wife.

He's a man who wants to act, but he's turned down parts any other actor would have hocked his soul for. (A lead in *State of the Union,* for instance.)

He's disappeared for long stretches at a time, and neither family, friends nor studio could track him down, or lure him back.

He's behaved at all times the way he's felt like behaving; he's never conformed, he's never tried to.

He went straight to the top, stayed there a while, and then very calmly walked out.

Nobody in Hollywood understood Walker but that wasn't strange, because Walker didn't understand himself.

A few months ago, he went to the head men at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. "Take me off the payroll," he said. "I'm through with movies for good."

"Listen, Bob," one of them said, "take some time and think it over. Go to New York, do a play—but quit talking nonsense. Hollywood is where you belong."

Walker shook his head stubbornly. "Take me off the payroll. I'm not working, and I'm not going to work."

"You can't work for any *other* outfit," he was warned. "Your contract belongs to Metro."

"I understand that. I'm not asking you to tear up my contract. I just want it clearly understood that as far as pictures



are concerned I'm all washed up. Through."

It was shortly thereafter that Frank Capra sent for Bob and offered him the part of the young newspaperman in *State of the Union.* He wasn't interested. That was a break for Van Johnson who was tickled to get the role. Then the studio wanted Bob for a top part in its massive Technicolor production of *The Three Musketeers.* He said no again.

Now Bob has one very close pal in Hollywood. He's Jimmy Henaghan, a bright young man with a bubbling sense of humor, who works at Paramount breathing life into dead scripts. I doubt if anyone (outside of Bob's father and mother and aunt) shares Bob's confidence to the extent that Jimmy does. When it looked as though Bob's career was about to crack up, Jimmy felt terrible.

"Listen, fella, what's eating you?" he asked.

"I'm just sick and tired of playing Private Hargrove," Bob said. "I'm sick of playing a callow and eager young man."

"I think you're crazy," Jimmy said. "You're a great actor. Makes no difference what role you play. Look, I've got a suggestion. Try comedy. You can be the new Harold Lloyd!"

Bob listened, but turned away.

"Guess I'll take a trip back home to Utah," he said, and that's what he did. For weeks he just visited around with relatives at Ogden, Utah, seeing boys and girls he'd grown up with, (*Continued on page 105*)





1. Breakfast this morning at the Alan Ladd place was different. Mom and the nurse had the day off, so the star of *Saigon* took over. Feeding one-year-old David was easy; he races through meals.



"Don't need baby-sitters," Alan mumbled, "take care of the kids myself." So Susie reached for her hat. And this is what happened at the Ladd house when Mama wasn't home . . .

susie's day out

■ "Naturally, I can do it," Alan said bravely, watching his wife put on her hat. "Anybody can handle two children. You women are always fussing around about nothing."

Susie said, "Yes, dear," sweetly, and picked up her gloves.

"Why, I can handle William Bendix," Alan went on stubbornly.

Susie said, "Yes, dear," sweetly, and started for the door. At the door, she turned. "But honey, this is no movie."

He reflected upon her parting shot with some bitterness. He guessed he could handle his own children for a day, all right. He just had to keep Lonnie from cold-creaming her hair, and see that David didn't take his bread and jam into the bathtub, and give them both a couple of meals, and dress them, and feed them. He'd glide through the entire schedule with one hand tied behind him.

"Fairy stories," he told himself. "In awkward moments, resort to fairy stories. Kids love 'em. And then they'll nap in the afternoon, and I'll sit back with my paper—"

It sounded good—and it wasn't bad. For proof look at the pictures on these pages.

Photos by Gus Gale and Don Ornitz



2. Jezebel, the boxer, joined family on their farmhouse porch in Hidden Valley. The kids live with their nurse in three rooms of their own built on an incline behind the main house.



3. When David spies a radio he makes a bee-line for it, and breaks all the knobs. After Dad tuned in jazz, Alana stayed close to David who loves dancing but is unsteady on his feet.



6. David squirmed like an eel and Alan's hands trembled—it was his first attempt at baby-bathing. Climax to the bath was a quick shower under the faucet. David squealed in delight.



7. Alan asked permission first, then removed teddy bear and blocks from the crib. With David safely out of the way, Lonnie and Dad (who's finished *Beyond Glory*) headed for the barn.



4. Soup was on again but David complained. Seems he wanted to be taken care of before Alana. Dad was so busy all day picking up toys and answering questions, he forgot to eat!



5. No privacy for David when he got ready for his bath. Alana (called Lonnie) and Dad helped the gentleman disrobe. Later, four-year-old Lonnie massaged her brother's feet with lotion.



8. The lady had a mind of her own and wanted to skip a nap, but finally decided on a small one in the late afternoon. Last trick was to make Alan brush her hair before she'd retire.



9. After both kids were in bed, Sue (visiting Dinah Shore) got a phone call. It was Alan. "Honey," he said, "everything's under control, but please come home." P.S. She did.

Photos by Bob Beerman



"MacRaymond" pool clings to lower terrace (there are 5 levels). Poolhouse (background), once scene of swimming parties for servicemen, is now ideal setting for informal barbecues.

Twin Gables, in exclusive Bel-Air section, is the same house to which Gene brought his bride 11 years ago. He bought and furnished it as a surprise for Jeanette, who loved it on sight.



the House they live in



Inviting their friends to dinner is faster with two phones. Formal dinners are usually topped off with Gene's specialty, *Cafe Diablo* (coffee and brandy, ignited in a large bowl.)



Once they had 7 dogs; now there are two: Trey (above) and Misty. Their horses, Black Knight and White Lady, are farmed out, and the horse stalls converted into Gene's writing room—"Fable Stable."

This is about a house with a heart . . . Gene Raymond built it for his Jeanette. There's no other house—or story—like it in all the world.

BY HELEN FERGUSON

■ See the house on the page at your left? Looks just like a house. Not ordinary, maybe. A little bigger, a little more beautiful than a lot of places. But you couldn't guess its secrets from looking at it. You'd never suspect that every closet had a skeleton, or that we'd stolen material for the very drapes, or that we'd lied and cheated for months to make it all come true . . . It began one night when Gene Raymond (my first male star client when I opened my publicity office in Hollywood, and later my good friend) was talking to my husband Dick and me about his forthcoming marriage to Jeanette MacDonald.

I grinned. "So come next June, Gene, you'll carry your bride across your threshold—"

Raymond looked around the room. "I don't *have* a threshold that I own," he said anxiously. "I ought to have." The next minute he came up with the big idea. He went home spinning a dream, that night, and my husband and I were pledged to help.

Gene Raymond's dream sits today high on a wooded Bel-Air hill above the twinkling lights of Hollywood. We call it the

Gene's bedroom is used as a sort of upstairs study, too. The walls are panelled in a satin-finished, hand-hewn wood, ordered by Jeanette to Gene's taste. Gene caught the marlin (over fireplace) off Florida coast.





Jeanette recently remodeled the guest rooms into a suite for herself. Quilted wall covering is of spun-glass fabric, as is matching coral and silver chair upholstery. On the custom-made desk is a portrait of Jeanette's late mother.

THE HOUSE THEY LIVE IN

"MacRaymonds," though Gene and Jeanette call it "Twin Gables." It's more than just a house and always will be. For eleven years (they'll celebrate that anniversary there this June) to me it has been a symbol of a man's deep desire to please the woman he loves, a symbol inspired by that woman. To me the house *is* Gene and Jeanette Raymond. It's a house with a heart. Pictures can indicate its beauty, but can't tell the story—the wonderfully insane, fabulous story of how Gene personally planned and furnished it for his bride, right down to her favorite perfume on the dressing table, and kept it strictly secret from her until he lifted her across its threshold in the most romantic real life plot of Hollywood's history.

It was late August of 1936 when Jeanette and Gene became engaged, and set their wedding for the following June. During the next ten months, I connived with Gene to deceive my best friend, his best girl. We tricked, tormented, even stole from Jeanette. We broke laws, dodged friends, lured accomplices into lives of crime, worked and worried ourselves down to skin and bones. I wouldn't go through it all again for nine million dollars and the Hope diamond thrown in, not for anybody—except, of course, Gene Raymond.

He called me one day, breathless. "Helen! I've got the house. Come up quick." I dropped everything, raced to the Bel-Air address he'd told me. The house was Tudor English (basically the kind we'd both heard Jeanette say she adored). The gardens were neglected, but lovely. I walked inside, stopped in my tracks.

It was just wrong—everything was wrong; nothing like Jeanette. But it had what decorators call "possibilities," and Gene saw them. He said, "I'll buy it!"

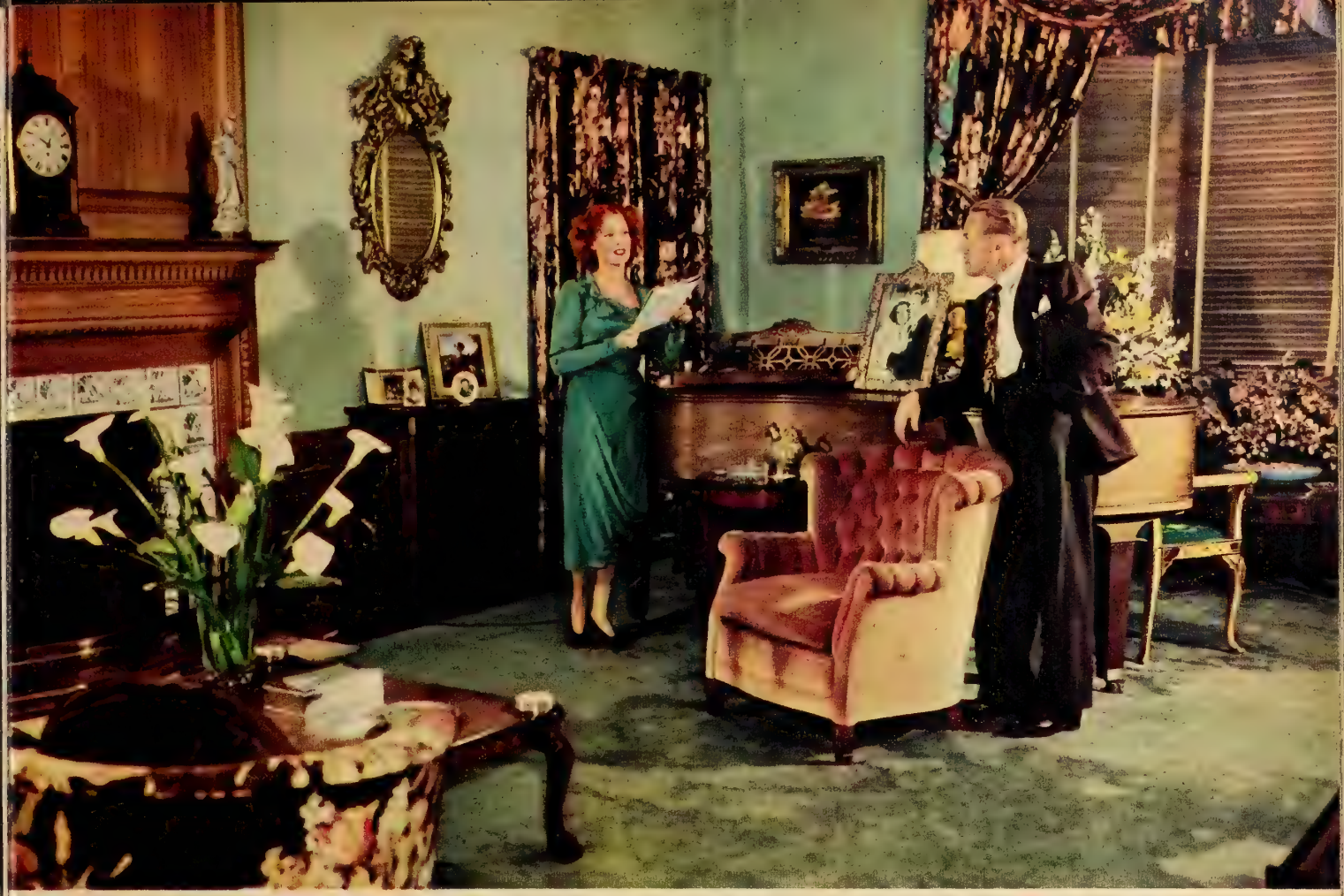
"But Gene," I gasped, "the remodeling, the decorating, the expense!" My knees wobbled.

"Answer me a question: could we fix it so Jeanette would love it?"

"Yes, but—"

"Then we'll buy it. Nuts to expense!"

We bought it. That is, *I* bought it. I had to. Let Gene Raymond's name be mentioned in the real estate news, and our secret would be out right then. Mrs. Richard Hargreaves (that's my married name) was the (*Continued on page 94*)



▲ The classic living-room is a perfect setting for two musically-minded people. Gene (now making *Assignment To Danger*) has written several songs which Jeanette sings on her concert tours.

▼ Bright blue brick fireplace in the charming little poolhouse is in sharp contrast to the warm tones of Jeanette's copper collection. The star of *Three Daring Daughters* also collects antique fans.





by phil harris



On the Fitch Bandwagon, Ann Whitfield and Jeanine Roose sub for the Harris kids who are still too young to radio-act. Walter Scharf (opp. pg.), musical director, rehearses Alice.

■ Alice "Sit-By-The-Fire" Faye we call her. It takes so much urging to get her out of the house to dinner that one night our friends had a pipe and bedroom slippers waiting for her when she walked in their door.

She hasn't made a movie in three years. She still has a contract with Twentieth Century Fox; they send over scripts for approval and she just says: "Get lost, script!" Finally she finds one she likes—likes a lot. But what happens? Maybe you read about it in the papers back there a few weeks before Christmas.

We're over at the home of one of our writers, playin' The Game (that's Park Avenue charades) when it happens. Alice is on her feet actin' out *The Wreck of the Hesperus* for her team. They don't know what her line is, of course, and she's got to do it all in pantomime. They guess the first word fast, get stuck on *wreck*. She twists her face into an awful expression and goes around the room looking all beat up. Tryin' to be a human wreck.

"The witch in *Snow White*," someone yells.

This is so far off Alice changes her tack. Now she's really wreckin' that old barge. With every roll of the ship Alice is tossed from port to starboard and then back. Her team doesn't get it.

"A lousy ballet (*Continued on page 102*)

Phil looks at his wife and sighs. "Oh, you gorgeous hunk of talent, what're you doin' here?" He can't figure her. "Alice," he says, "Hollywood's callin' for you!" And Alice smiles, "But honey, I want to stay home."

oh, that alice!







Jeanne Crain (starred in *Apartment For Peggy*) keeps a sketch-book of Paul, Jr.

by
paul
brinkman

all the things you are

It was two years ago; the band was playing softly; Jeanne drifted into his arms, and their song was telling it all—the way Paul felt then, the way he feels now—*The dearest things I know are what you are . . .*

■ I remember the night we became engaged. What a formal way to say it. I looked at this girl in her soft, pale dress, and my arms felt shaky around her, and none of the phrases Ronald Colman would use came into my mind. So I said, "I love you," which she already knew, and the music was playing "All The Things You Are," and this girl, this girl, she was way ahead of me.

She said, "Nice song," smiling up, and I thought, you'll never guess how nice, and then I thought, but maybe you will. Because she seemed to be able to guess everything else about me. The vocalist with the band was singing softly. A bare circle of floor, a dead-white spot, a thin figure, and the words drifting out . . . *"You are the promised kiss of springtime that makes the lonely Winter seem long. . . ."*

And that was funny. That wispy song. It told Jeanne everything I couldn't say. It said it all.

I'm not sure but what I owe my success to that song. I was pretty tongue-tied myself, but my girl married me.

And it's funny to look back on, two years later. Because she's still the kiss of springtime to me—and much more.

I can be sitting in my office dictating a letter to the president of a chrome plating (*Continued on page 112*)

In the movies you can't even count the odds, they're so high. But every so often a freak thing happens, a kid like Jean Peters comes along . . .

jackpot!



HOW IT ALL BEGAN: Top student at Ohio State U., Jean spent free time at Hennick's, the local college hangout. Here, she sips cokes with Ann Kline; both girls lived at Baker Hall dorm.

■ In Hollywood, there are a million people balancing themselves on drugstore stools waiting to be discovered. When they're not sitting on drugstore stools, they're killing themselves taking lessons—singing, dancing, elocution. They're batting their heads against the wall. It's a fever. They're all gamblers, like a guy who plays a slot machine every day, feeding the thing all his nickels, feeling each time that this one'll do it.

A slot machine'll take all you have to give it, and so will Hollywood, and by the time you hit the jackpot with either one, you're usually too tired to care.

So we've got a funny story to tell you. It's about a girl named Jean Peters, who got hers without even trying.

It started with a contest at Ohio State U. A beauty contest, Jean didn't enter herself, even though her figure deserved an honorary degree. She wasn't a girl who thought much about her looks. She was a girl who liked to study Educational Psych., and she pulled down grade A's like apples off a tree.

She had a pleasant future planned. She'd teach speech, probably right here at Ohio State where the wintry campus unrolled slowly like soft white linen, and the buildings cut sharp edges into the frosty sky. She'd marry someone she could talk to nights before a fireplace . . . he'd understand her . . . she'd be happy . . .

But the other girls in Baker Hall had ideas. They talked about the (*Continued on next page*)



JUDGMENT DAY: Jean wanted to teach dramatics, wasn't interested in beauty contests. But at Columbus' Palace Theater, she became Miss Ohio State with score of 95. Runner-up scored 82.



GOODBYE, OHIO U.: $250, a trip to Hollywood and a screen test at 20th Century-Fox awaited winner! Roommate Arlen Hurwit helped Jean pack for Hollywood; trip was during Xmas vacation.



WHO'D EVER DREAM?: At airport, Jean, her chaperone, her agent Paul Robinson, and his assistant boarded TWA plane. Little did Jean dream that Howard Hughes, head of TWA, would woo her!



LOOK MA, I'M DINING!: Arriving in L.A., Jean was swept off in a limousine to the Town House, a fashionable hotel. Breakfast in bed and a hectic week of posing and meeting stars followed.



GILDING THE LILY: When there were no more people to meet, Fox gave Jean her test. She tried on a blonde wig, got false eyelashes, one of Gene Tierney's glamorous gowns; learned lines for two hours.



CINDERELLA STEPS OUT: After the test, Jean dined with Vic Mature at La Rue's, then he took her to Ciro's where she met Desi Arnaz. Next day, Jean went to the races with Don Ameche.

jackpot

contest all the time. "$250 in cash, a trip to Hollywood, a screen-test at Fox—" the murmurs filled the building from morning till night.

There were 267 girls entered—Jean among them, though she didn't know. Her room-mate, Arlen, had sent off her name and her picture.

Jean found out, one afternoon, when she picked up a paper and stared at her own face.

She went tearing up to the room she shared with Arlen. Arlen was lying across one of the beds, studying the snow outside the window.

"Hey," Jean said. "Hey, dope!"

"Oh," Arlen said. "You saw."

"Yes," Jean said. "I saw. You must be crazy."

Arlen denied this vehemently. "You'll win, easy."

Jean announced that she'd lose, easier, and they pretended to forget the whole matter.

But studying economics was hard that afternoon.

And then the contest night came, and she was standing backstage at the Palace Theater in Columbus and out front, beyond the footlights, (*Continued on page 80*)



SCREEN TEST: Jean's five-minute test was made with Michael Dunne (currently appearing in *Shock*). Fox officials were impressed, signed her to term contract. Next test for *Scudda Hoo! Scudda Hay!* was a flop.



CATANA AND THE CAPTAIN: Failure of *Scudda Hoo!* test left Jean free for coveted Catana role opposite Tyrone Power in *Captain From Castile*.



WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?: Howard Hughes isn't in it! Usually when Jean dolls up, Howard's around.

the good life

■ It started when Charlie Bickford sent Susan the book by Margaret Ferguson.

She'd thought about making a picture, she'd talked about making a picture, but it was one of those faraway things that never seem real. Besides, the doctor hadn't said she could work.

One day Frank Orsatti called. "I've just finished a book called *Sign of the Ram,*" Susan told him. "First story I've read since my injury that I'd really like to do."

Frank was not Susan's agent. She was merely yakking to him as to a friend. But yak to a friend who happens to be an agent, and look what happens. A week later he was back on the phone. "Were you serious about *Sign of the Ram*?"

"Never more so. Why?"

"Irving Cummings is interested. Have you got your doctor's permission?"

"Uh-huh," Susan lied.

So before you could say Harry Cohn, she was signed at Columbia on an independent deal. After which, like a little angel, she asked her doctor. He said okay, but with conditions. A nurse on the set, a weekly checkup, a working day of not over five hours. She stuck to them all but the last. Got up at 6 and got home at 6, just like the good old days. What's more, she thrived on it.

That first morning, however, she wasn't so cocky. "Dick, I must have been crazy, I can't go through with it. Dick, Dick, get me out of it—"

Ever since she was hurt, it's been Dick who's egged her on to do what she thinks she can't, laughed her out of her fears, put the accent on normal living. Cracking the old bull whip, the young Quines call it.

"I *can't* drive, Dick—"

"Oh yes, you can!"

And now she drives herself all over the map.

"But I *can't* work, Dick. It's three years since I've opened my mouth."

"Since you *what?*" yelled her outraged husband.

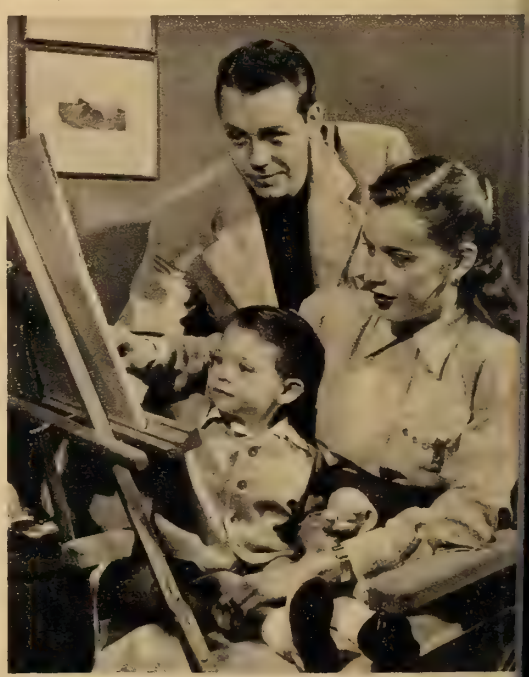
"I mean before the cameras," she amended meekly.

"They're the same cameras you adored three years ago. You've cooked yourself up a deal, honey. Now go and deliver."

Scared to death, she went. Scared of Columbia, where she'd never worked before. Scared of Harry Cohn— (*Continued on page 69*)

You like to visit
the Quines;
you're always sorry to leave.
Because in Susan and Dick's house,
they have a wonderful plan.
And the plan goes—
don't cry for yesterday,
don't fear for tomorrow . .

BY IDA ZEITLIN



Painting's a habit with Susan; Dick and son Timothy like it, too. The Quines may have a breakfast radio program soon; Susie's a hit in *Sign of the Ram.*





Mary Frances, accomplished pianist, loved mama in *I Remember Mama*

These are Mary's prized portraits of Irene.



Softly quiet, listening to your problems . . . gay as a walk in the woods . . . serenely beautiful, like a movie star. These are the ways Mary Frances remembers Mama Irene Dunne—who also chews bubble-gum!

pictures of mother

by mary frances griffin

■ Sometimes people ask me what it's like to be Irene Dunne's daughter. That's an easy one. Being her daughter is wonderful. But now MODERN SCREEN says, "Tell us about her. Is she as heavenly as she looks? As serene? What's she really like, this gentle, beautiful woman?" And that's a hard one, because how can you tell people about her? About that cute tongue-in-cheek look she has when she's about to put one over on Daddy? That quick shout of laughter when the joke's on her? The way her cool hand feels on your forehead when you're sick in bed?

I have three pictures of Mother on my dresser at school, and each of them shows her differently. In one—the one in which she's caring for the flowers in her garden—she looks sort of quiet and soft, the way she looks when we're having a serious talk. She's the best person to talk to, because she's so reasonable and so fair, and she'll always listen to my side of an argument. The second picture shows her in dungarees and plaid shirt That's the way she looks weekends when we go on a long walk. In the third picture, mother's wearing a leopard hat, and she looks awfully beautiful—like a movie star. I can never decide which picture I like the best.

Before I have you thinking that life (*Continued on page 116*)



you don't wear bathing suits. Business clothes are okay, but Kathryn's blue fox stole and the Johnstons' Lincoln Continental dress up the place.

you're welcome at **ciro's** if...

photos by bob beerm

by herman hover

You're welcome at Ciro's
if you bring your Lincoln,
but leave your dog at home;
if you like service
a la King, but don't think
you are one;
if you tip the waiter,
but not on next week's races;
if you're the Johnstons,
Host Hover's favorite guests.

■ First, let me say this much. People are lovely. We want 'em, at Ciro's, and I don't like anybody to think the place is stuffy, snobbish, or hard to break into. But there *are* certain rules of behavior we like to see observed. You'll get the idea right away if you look at these pictures of Johnnie Johnston and his wife, Kathryn Grayson. Here are two kids who always do the right thing at the right time. They can have the run of my joint any day in the week. After you've looked at the pictures, come on back here, and I'll tell you a few of the things you *don't* do if you wanna be loved (by a night club owner, that is). For instance:

You don't wear bathing suits. Okay, that's a little far-fetched, but what I mean is that pretty people dress up a place. I like glamor. I don't like sport clothes, I don't allow slacks. Business suits are all right, I want customers to feel comfortable. A tie is required; we keep a stock on hand for men coming in from the beach in sport shirts. On opening nights black tie is preferred; formal dress is fine any night but Sunday. If you come formal on a Sunday night, we admit you, but suspect you. It just isn't done (though I'm not sure why).

You don't try to bribe the maitre d'. Forget about slipping the maitre d'hotel that five. It isn't necessary, and he won't be impressed anyhow. (Exceptions to this rule are when he's done you a special favor, like coming in in the afternoon to arrange for a special birthday party.) Gus Kornazes, our own maitre d' at Ciro's, is half-Greek, as

you don't try to bribe the *maitre d'*. Headwaiter at Ciro's is Gus Kornazes, and you can't impress him with money. Look as glamorous as Kathryn and Johnnie, or come often, and you'll be seated at a ringside table without question.



you don't act snooty with the help. The people who work in Ciro's are nice people and they're ready to serve you. When Kathryn caught her heel in the hem of her gown, she got the attention of Hazel Therard who's in the ladies' lounge.





you don't wear bathing suits. Business clothes are okay, but Kathryn's blue fox stole and the Johnstons' Lincoln Continental dress up the place.

you're welcome at **ciro's** if...

photos by bob beerm

by herman hover

You're welcome at Ciro's
if you bring your Lincoln,
but leave your dog at home;
if you like service
a la King, but don't think
you are one;
if you tip the waiter,
but not on next week's races;
if you're the Johnstons,
Host Hover's favorite guests.

■ First, let me say this much. People are lovely. We want 'em, at Ciro's, and I don't like anybody to think the place is stuffy, snobbish, or hard to break into. But there *are* certain rules of behavior we like to see observed. You'll get the idea right away if you look at these pictures of Johnnie Johnston and his wife, Kathryn Grayson. Here are two kids who always do the right thing at the right time. They can have the run of my joint any day in the week. After you've looked at the pictures, come on back here, and I'll tell you a few of the things you *don't* do if you wanna be loved (by a night club owner, that is). For instance:

You don't wear bathing suits. Okay, that's a little far-fetched, but what I mean is that pretty people dress up a place. I like glamor. I don't like sport clothes, I don't allow slacks. Business suits are all right, I want customers to feel comfortable. A tie is required; we keep a stock on hand for men coming in from the beach in sport shirts. On opening nights black tie is preferred; formal dress is fine any night but Sunday. If you come formal on a Sunday night, we admit you, but suspect you. It just isn't done (though I'm not sure why).

You don't try to bribe the maitre d'. Forget about slipping the maitre d'hotel that five. It isn't necessary, and he won't be impressed anyhow. (Exceptions to this rule are when he's done you a special favor, like coming in in the afternoon to arrange for a special birthday party.) Gus Kornazes, our own maitre d' at Ciro's, is half-Greek, as

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you're welcome at **ciro's** if.

wise as Socrates, and such a good judge of human nature I think he could look at a man in swimming trunks and tell you how much income tax the guy pays. Gus was once a wrestler, went to a school for hotel training at Monte Carlo. He can taste gravy and tell you all its ingredients!

He's had some weird experiences with Ciro patrons, too. There was the man who used to call up every night. "I don't care where you seat me," he'd say, "but Betty Hutton's going to be in my party tonight." Gus would see that he got a ringside table, of course. Next night he'd be on the phone again. "I don't care where you seat me, but Rita Hayworth will be in my party tonight." This went on for a long time, and none of the famous stars the man mentioned ever showed up.

So one night when he called, Gus told him, "Look, you don't have to be a movie star to get a ringside table. You come here often enough to get a ringside table in your own name."

Gus also has to be aware of those times when a star would rather not be seated conspicuously. For instance, when Van Johnson's wife was pregnant, the Johnsons naturally preferred a table in the corner. Then there are some stars who never care where they're seated. Bob Hutton and his wife aren't fussy, neither are the Zachary Scotts. They can have a good time at any table.

You don't act snooty with the help. The people who work in Ciro's are nice people; I like them treated well. Hazel Therard is in charge of the powder room. She knows first aid, is a dressmaker, keeps needles, scissors and pins handy for girls whose clothes need a quick stitch. Hazel has a case full of makeup and perfumes to which you're welcome, too. Proper tip for Hazel: twenty-five cents. And by my standards, it's okay for a girl who discovers she hasn't a quarter when she's on her way to the powder room to ask her escort for the money. If she makes more than one trip to the powder room, the first quarter's enough to cover her for the whole evening. (*Continued on page 111*)







you don't mind eating like a king. At Ciro's you can walk into the kitchen and prepare your own food! Kathryn tossed a salad as Johnnie and Chef Rene Milesi beamed approval. The food is tops because Rene goes back to France part of every year to find out what's new in the art of cookery.



you don't force liquor on the bandleader. Being friends with the bandleader is fine. You can even ask bandleader-pianist Barclay Allen for a special song, as K. and J. did. But monopolizing his attention doesn't go. Trying to make him stay at your table the whole evening, or tipping him, is bad taste.



you don't table-hop all night long. Greeting friends adds gaiety to the evening, and naturally, you don't want to miss saying hello. Kathryn and Johnnie chatted a while with Esther Williams and Ben Gage, then went back to their own table. Unless you're invited, don't join a pal's party.

you don't slap the waiter on the back. Waiters should be treated cordially, but with reserve. If you have a favorite, you can ask to be put at his station. Nicholas Stames, the Johnstons' favorite waiter, served them torten cake, while Herman Hover, Ciro's owner, smiled on.



you don't park poodles with the hat-check girl. Kathryn left Throckmorton, the St. Bernard, at home, which is what a proper guest should do. There are five hat-check girls at Ciro's, all with movie contracts. Sandy Jo Sanders (helping Kathryn) is a movie extra, attends college during the day.

you don't take your shoes off until you get home. No fooling, Ciro's guests are refined, and sometimes, before they leave, they're given a token gift. Kathryn (of *The Kissing Bandit*) and Johnnie (of *The Man From Texas*) had nightcaps (milk) in their kitchen, discussed who was where at Ciro's.

by ann blyth

"or would you rather be a **fish?**"

They laced Ann Blyth into a tail,
and coated her with cod liver oil,
and told her to be a mermaid.
And now she sits at home wailing,
"River stay 'way from my door!"

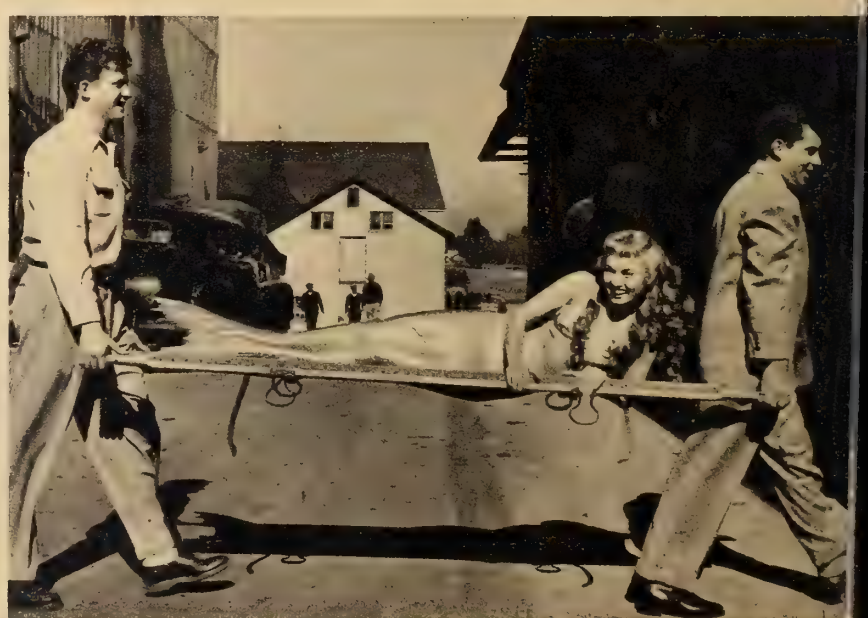
photos by don ornitz



After *Another Part Of The Forest,* Ann became a mermaid for *Mr. Peabody And The Mermaid.* Ben McMahon and Bud Westmore adjust her tail.

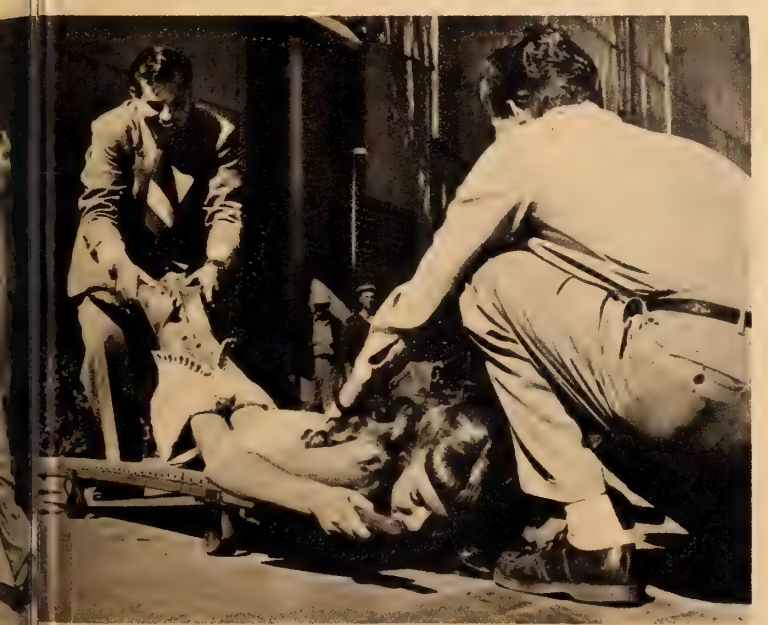


Made of latex, the tail was skin-tight. Once in it, all Ann could do was wiggle her toes! A sponge rubber padding kept her shaky knees from knocking.



Every morning Ann was carried to the set on a stretcher. Bud Westmore (rt.) and his assistant do the honors. Ann wore a blonde wig for the part, learned to comb it underwater. Scenes were shot at Weekiwachee Springs, Fla., in a pool 137 ft. deep.

Champion swimmer Newton Perry taught Ann all the underwater tactics. Here, in a mermaid's frenzy, she bites Andrea King's leg.



Ann got up at 6 a.m. to get laced into the tail, and was unlaced at 5 p.m. With a few days training, she could hold her breath underwater for 1 min. 15 secs., swam by kicking 2 legs at once.

■ During the past three months, I would estimate that I have spent more than 80 hours in the water, a good deal of it submerged. And at this moment, I can safely claim that I am, Esther Williams notwithstanding, the most water-logged actress in Hollywood. I have learned to hold my breath underwater for as long as 1 minute and 15 seconds, which is no world's record but pretty good for a girl who used to do all her swimming topside. I have learned how to do a Bronx cheer underwater, how to laugh underwater without strangling, how to brush my hair underwater. I can even cry underwater. By the way, did you ever try to blow your nose on a saturated lace handkerchief 15 feet down? If not, skip it, and save yourself a lot of trouble.

All this, and more too, resulted from the gay job I've had as the mermaid in Nunnally Johnson's production, *Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid.* It started innocently enough. I was working in a normal two-legged role as the young Regina in *Another Part of the Forest,* when the talk started about the mermaid role. Someone from off the lot was supposed to be testing in the tank to see how she photographed underwater. (*Continued on page 110*)

HER HEART STOOD STILL

(Continued from page 12)

They were all caught with the joy on the face of the girl, joy so deep that her eyes shone as if tears of happiness were not far behind. And thus it was that Loretta Young first met the outside world after just having won the Academy Award for the best performance by an actress in 1947—autographing a program for Mrs. Edith Garland of 430 West 31st Street in Los Angeles; waving to the woman on the balcony at 3247 Royal Street, just across from the Shrine Auditorium entrance; and climbing into Yellow Cab No. 788, driven by Pat Karley. They were all as happy as Loretta, stirred by the magic of human emotion commonly shared.

As the cab bore her away, there were many thoughts running through Loretta's mind about this day of great surprise. And through the mind of her husband, Tom Lewis, who sat with her. They had gone to church together that morning; to the Church of the Good Shepherd, in Beverly Hills. On the way back, Tom had brought up the Academy Awards, and she had told him how she felt. "As far as I'm concerned, I'm not in the running, and I'm glad of it. I don't want to sit there, jittery, for hours. The polls show I haven't got a chance. Thank goodness we can go and relax."

He had laughed, and agreed it was a wise frame of mind, but added that she was certain to win one award anyway—an award for the gown she planned to wear (the emerald green creation that swirled out to make almost a six-foot circle, and which was later to be talked about almost as much as the Award winning itself).

Before lunch, Tom had played golf, and their daughter Judy begged to walk around the course with him. He thought he knew what was on her mind. Along about the third hole, she started quizzing him, "Daddy, is Mom going to win tonight?"

Up to two years before, Judy hadn't even known what the Academy Awards were because she'd never been permitted to see a picture. Now she was getting hep, Tom thought to himself. He shook his head. "No, she's not going to win, Judy."

"Why not?"

He explained very carefully about the unofficial polls that had been taken, and had shown that Loretta was far from being a favorite. In view of that, and in view of the fact that she had only one chance in five anyway, he went on, there wasn't much likelihood.

Judy scuffed at the grass with her foot, and didn't look convinced. Tom took her by the shoulders. "Look, Judy," he began, "no matter how you feel about it, it is very important that you don't let your mother know you think she is going to win. If she gets that idea, it will be a sort of weight on her—she'll feel she has let you down, if she doesn't win. Understand?"

Judy nodded. As Tom turned away, he just about heard her say, under her breath, "Just the same, I hope she does win."

The night didn't start out too well. Dore Schary, who had produced *The Farmer's Daughter,* in which Loretta had played the role for which she was nominated for an award, telephoned the Lewises to say that he couldn't attend, because his mother was ill.

The Lewises were going to the Shrine with friends, though, and by the time they got into their seats at the auditorium, Loretta was prepared to enjoy herself listening to the Awards. But she had reckoned without a man sitting in the seat next to her. It was Nigel Bruce. He looked worried. He took her hand.

"Dear," he said, "I hope you get this. I earnestly do."

She was set back. "Willie," she said (Willie, for some reason, is what Nigel's friends all call him), "you're going to worry me by worrying."

"All right, I'll behave," he replied. But every time she looked at him his eyes flickered nervously.

The Awards went on, and then Fredric March was up there, and announcing her name. For a second, Loretta made no move. She looked back at Tom, and her eyes were blank. She started to rise to her feet—March was beckoning to her to come up to the stage—but the seat slipped down and so did she. From across the aisle, someone was calling to her with congratulations. She looked, and it was Darryl Zanuck. Willie was saying something now. Something about, "Gretchen, get up. You'll have to go up there, you know." (All Loretta's old friends call her Gretchen.)

And then she was in the aisle, and on her way. It was all a whirly haze from there. She remembered making a speech of thanks, but all she could recall of it was the way she gripped the Oscar and said, "And as for you—at long last."

Then she was backstage, and the photographers had her. Once she caught a glimpse of Tom in the background, looking happy, and then there was a free moment and she got to a telephone to call her mother.

"What do you think about it?" she asked. Her mother told her, but she couldn't remember a word. In the meantime, Tom was on another phone, calling Judy. As he waited, he thought to himself that Judy would probably give herself the feminine prerogative of saying, "See? I told you so." Judy came on the wire, and he told her, "Your mother won the Oscar, Judy." Then he waited to let her have her little moment of triumph. But all Judy said was, "What does it look like?"

There was a tenseness among the reporters who surrounded Loretta in the press room as soon as the photographers let her go free. There were so many of them that each felt there was little chance of getting in an interview. Some of the other Awards winners had already disappeared. But Loretta stayed until every reporter was satisfied, and until only she and Tom were alone in the room.

Then she turned to him. "I still don't believe it."

He held up the Oscar. "Tell him."

She went up to the statuette and looked straight at it. "If you are mine, say so," she said. From backstage where the technicians were dis-assembling the special sound equipment came a low, reverberating sound—like a grunt. Loretta and Tom looked at each other, and then fell into each other's arms, laughing.

end of a perfect day . . .

He had her wrap ready, and led her back into the now empty auditorium illuminated only by the harsh worklights set out for the night cleaners. Already, the shining pillars which had formed the background before which she had stood, were lying about in sections, and the whole beautiful setting was a shambles.

"*Sic transit,*" Tom started to say, but Loretta finished it for him—"*gloria mundi.* I know. But I don't care. It's the finest stage I ever saw in my life."

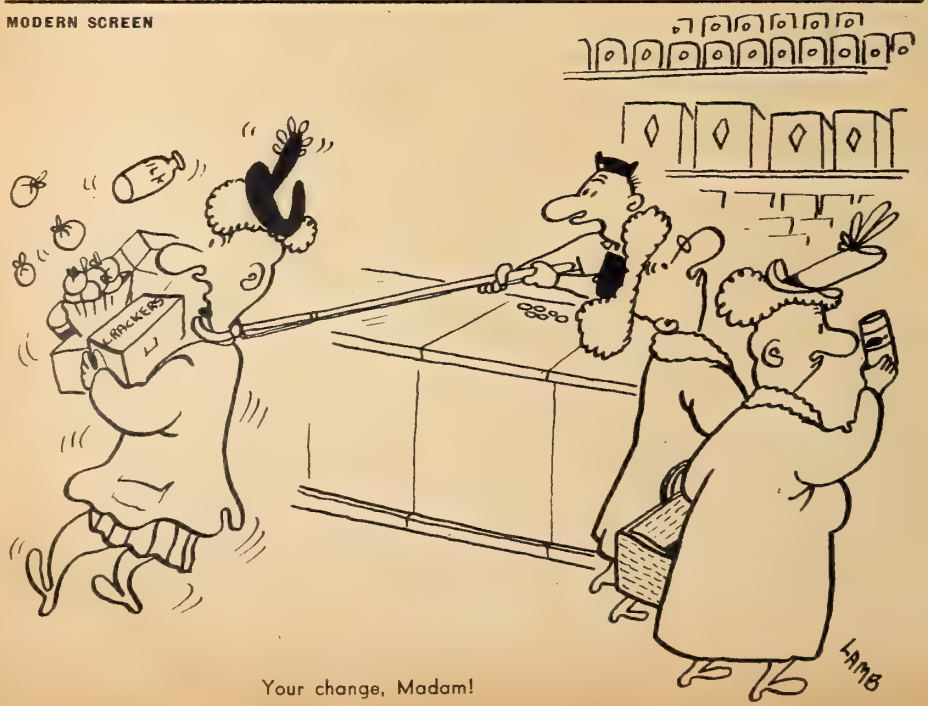
They crossed the lobby where someone was sweeping up big mounds of cigarette stubs. The watchman nodded to them. Loretta said goodnight to him, and Tom pushed open the exit door, and they were out in the street.

But there was still another street scene to take place that night. At Loretta's insistence, they drove many miles to a quiet, residential block in Brentwood, to the home of Dore Schary, who'd made Loretta's winning picture, but hadn't been able to come share in her honor.

They rang the bell, and Dore came to an upper window.

Loretta called up to him. "I couldn't go home until I came to see you and thank you. I wanted you to be as happy as I am."

Dore leaned out the window. "I am," he told her. And he was, even if tears did fill his eyes.



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Young beauty:

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Beauty shade:

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Modess ... *because*

THE GOOD LIFE—BY IDA ZEITLIN

(*Continued from page 56*)

they said he never talked to a soul. Scared of the lights and the million people as she sat in her wheelchair—it was so long since she'd been around so many people.

The spooky feeling lasted till after her first line came out, smooth as a ribbon. Then the ham in Miss Peters took over, and she went to town. As for Columbia, "Love that studio," she chants. As for Harry Cohn, no human could have been kinder.

Her first day on the set, she noticed this attractive-looking man standing around. He finally came over and asked: "Well, how do you like it?"

"I like it fine."

Nobody introduced them. Only reason she asked about him, his face stuck in her mind. "Who's that dark man with the twinkle in his eye?"

"That's the boss."

Thereafter he was on the set every day, to see for himself that Susan was comfortable. He had both her dressing-rooms air-conditioned; he had hot lunches sent down from the executive dining-room, not only for her and her nurse, but for any guest she might wish to entertain. Doctor's orders called for a daily eggnog and a glass of milk every two hours. They appeared like clockwork.

errant star . . .

One day, Susan was through at two, and decided she'd like to see a movie. By the time she got home, Mr. Cohn had called four times.

"I've been worried about you. What happened?"

"I just went to a movie."

He hit the roof. "Of all the silly performances! Next time you want to see a movie, say so, and we'll have it run at the studio."

Frankly, Susan thinks the man's wonderful.

She thinks Ross Ford's wonderful too in another way. Ross Ford plays her stepson in *Sign of the Ram.* She hopes some day they'll say she discovered him, though it's a lie.

Levis Green called one day before the picture went into production. "I'd love to have a cup of coffee with you, Susie."

"Let's face it, Levis, you don't want a cup of coffee. You've got an actor to sell, and it's no use. The picture's cast."

So they had a cup of coffee. "Just for the fun of it, name me the list of characters, Susie, huh?"

"Levis, you haven't got a prayer, but I like to watch you in operation." She named off the characters, and came to the stepson.

Green's hand hit the table. "I've got just the boy for you. Will you see him?"

She sat her cup down. "Look. No. 1, the picture's cast, or so they tell me. No. 2, I have no control over such things. No. 3, I'm going out in exactly an hour."

"Can I use your phone? He'll be here in fifteen minutes."

It was closer to fourteen. The boy had a good face and a good personality, which didn't say he could act. You had to ask him something, so she asked him how old he was, and felt like a trainer meeting a likely horse.

Just then the phone rang. It was John Sturges, the director. "Tell him about Ross," hissed Green. Susan shot a despairing glance at Dick, who hunched a shoulder. Could you say, "No, I won't," with the guy sitting right there, and his heart in his eyes?

So she told Mr. Sturges about him, bade her visitors goodbye, and brushed the whole thing from her mind. Two weeks later Irving Cummings called. I want to thank you for Ross Ford."

"Who the heck is Ross Ford?"

"The boy you sent to see us."

"*No!*" Susan gasped. "You don't mean he's playing the part!"

"And how! He's great, great!"

She hung up, looking awed. "Whatsamatter?" asked Dick.

"The boy Levis brought over. He's got the part. Not only he's got the part, he's great."

So when you discover Ross Ford in *Sign of the Ram,* remember Susan got there first.

Right now, another dream is coming true for the Quines, another of those faraway things that didn't seem real to Susan till November 6th. They're building their house. For years they planned it, and the plans were knocked into so many cocked hats by the war and Susan's accident and skyrocketing costs. But they did buy the land, and a year ago last November they'd saved enough money to start building in January. Then along came Christmas.

"Our dearly beloved family," Susan explains, "is the size of the kingdom of England. We had to begin saving all over again."

For their anniversary they gave each other the plans. It should have been November 7th, but they counted the days up wrong and made a date with the architect for the 6th. Dozens of times Dick had described the house to Susan—New England Colonial, white siding combined with fieldstone and flagstone, a shake roof. But Susan has no imagination. Not till they stuck the blue-and-white paper under her nose, had she any idea what the house would look like. Then she went crazy.

"We *will* start in January, Dick? Even if we have to drive nails ourselves?"

"First you dig a hole, honey—"

"First you dig a hole, honey," she echoed dreamily. "Then you take this angel-of-a-house and dump it in."

Practically speaking, they're counting on a good six months, to avoid disappointments. The angel-of-a-home will rise a story and a half, so the upstairs can be converted into a playroom, where the children will run their parties and dances when they've reached teen-age. Otherwise, it's all on one floor and one level, with special provisions for Susan's independence. She'll be able to drive her car to the very door of her room. The tub in her bathroom is set so she can get into and out of it alone. Drawers and wall space are built in where she can reach them easily, and all the doorways are wider, so she can wheel herself to any part of the house. If she feels lazy, there'll be a speaker system.

"To every room but mine," threatens Dick.

Through the years of apartment living, they've dreamed of a garden for Susan and a workroom for Dick. In Susan's vision, she's surrounded by children. In Dick's, he's surrounded by his desk, his records, his piano and an absence of radios.

"The man's perverse," says his wife. "He forever wants to play the piano when I want to listen to the radio."

In the new house he'll have his room, and she her tree-shaded garden. The sixteen big trees are why they picked this particular lot to build on. Their combined living-room, dining-room and den, opening on the patio, will be 20th Century Informal, inviting you to put your feet on the furniture and play ball if you care to. The furniture you'll put your feet on will be modern and traditional mixed. They'll buy it gradually.

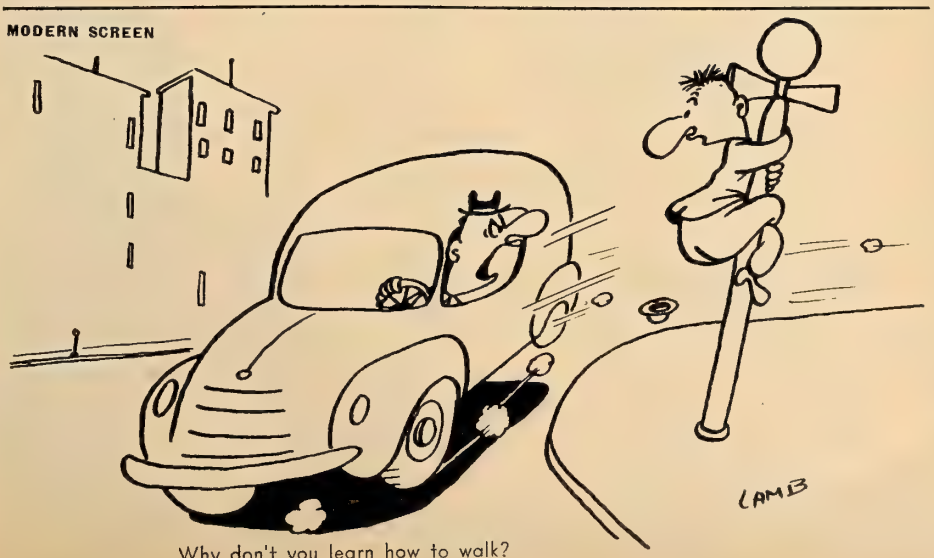
"If you sit in a room long enough," says Dick, "it finally comes to you what belongs in that corner."

"Then you keep on going to auctions," says Susan, "till you find it."

If you've had any experience with the Quines, you know they'll build more than wood and stone into their house. It will be a place you're glad to go to, and sorry to leave. At the Quines', there's always an atmosphere of gaiety and warmth. You've read enough about Susan's accident to know how they licked it by straight and fearless thinking: don't whine over what's lost, don't stick your head in the sand either, and pretend you've lost nothing—take what's left, and make a good life of it.

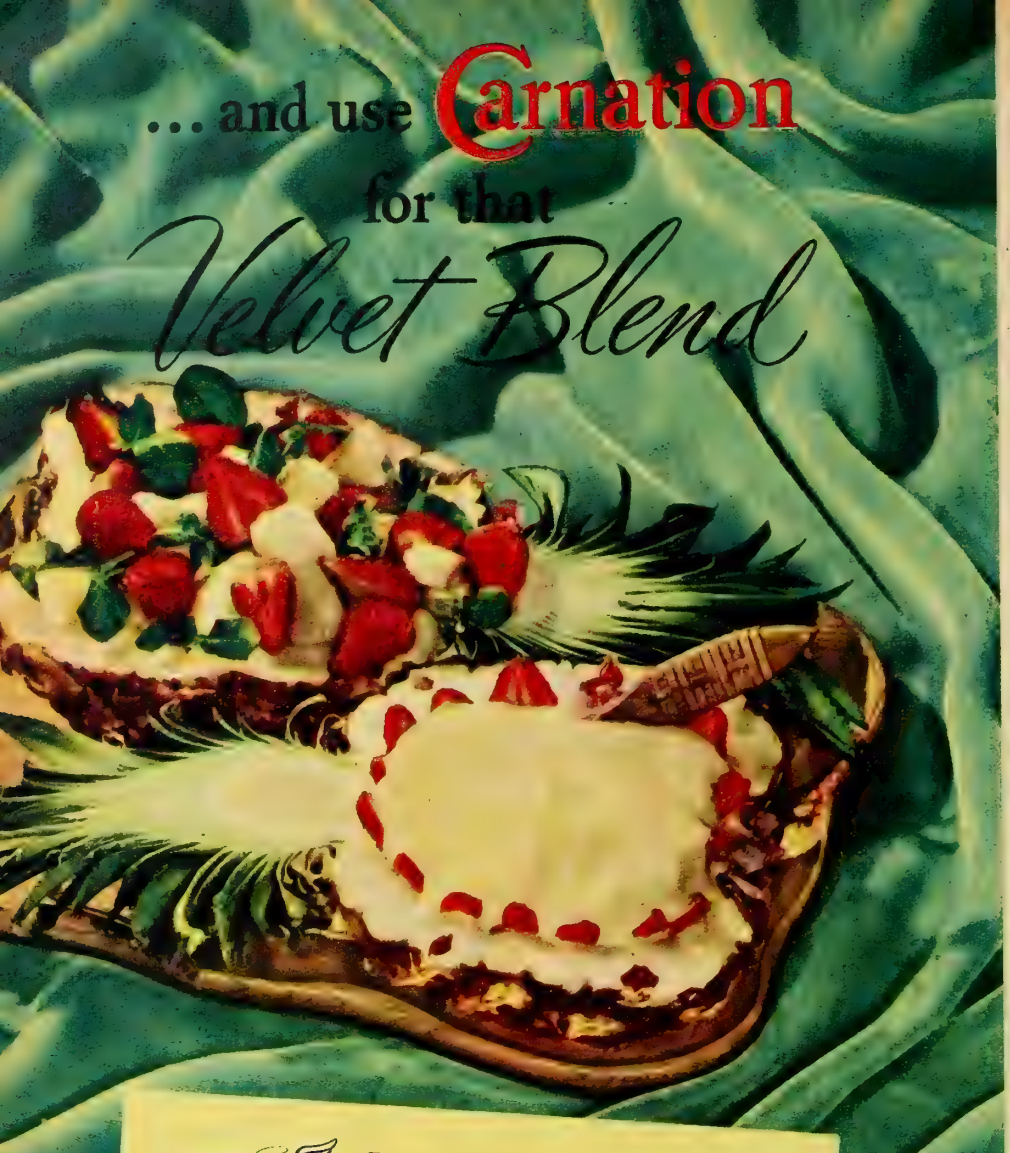
They've made a good life—love and work, friends and fun, a child and plans for more children. In spite of the wheelchair, Susan leads an active existence. They go out to dinner, they go night-clubbing, they have people in—June and Dick Powell, Cesar Romero, the Durochers. They play bridge or records. They talk.

MODERN SCREEN



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ANGEL WHIP DRESSING

So light, so suave, so refreshing!

⅓ cup sugar
1 tablespoon flour
1 egg
¼ cup water
juice and grated rind of ½ lemon
juice and grated rind of ½ orange
2 teaspoons butter
½ cup Carnation Milk, undiluted, chilled ice-crystal cold for whipping

Sift together sugar and flour. Beat egg and add with water, fruit juices, rinds, and butter to the dry ingredients. Cook over low heat until thick, stirring constantly. Cool. Whip Carnation Milk until stiff and frothy. Beat into cooled mixture. Serve heapingly, with any fruit salad or as a dessert. Makes 1½ cups.

WRITE for the "Velvet Blend Book"—a treasury of 75 "new look" recipes for modern menus. Address Carnation Company, Dept. X-6, Oconomowoc, Wis.

COFFEE LOVERS! Try Carnation Milk — undiluted, double-rich — for a velvet blend in the cup. Fine with cereals, too.

"From Contented Cows"



© CARNATION CO.

"How much talking the rest of us do," drawls Dick, "depends on my wife. My wife can't drink. At Dick Powell's birthday party she had half a drink, and nobody else got a word in."

Afternoons, she takes Timothy driving. She takes painting lessons. She's learning to type—partly because her handwriting's so bad, she's embarrassed for people to see it; partly to help Dick, who's busy on a screenplay. Spanish and shorthand are next on her program. And she knits.

Dick got sick of it. All through the picture she'd knit. Evenings, too.

"Honey, for Pete's sake, why don't you put that down? You look like the French Revolution!"

"Apologize."

"Okay, so you don't look like the French Revolution. Now will you put it down?"

"No use, I'll just have to tell you—"

"Tell me what?"

"What a mean husband you are. Remember our deal? No birthday presents on account of the house? Did you stick to it? No, you gave me my watch."

"You're a girl, that's different—"

"You're a boy, and you're getting these socks for your birthday. Argyles, no less."

There are a few situations which they don't reduce to humor. Take their account of their mornings, for instance.

Dick starts it, looking baleful. "My wife is peculiar. She likes to eat in the morning. Food before 12 turns me green. Even the sight of it. But who has to cook her breakfast? Me. Because nobody else can fix the eggs right."

"Did I have eggs today?"

"So you had French toast."

"That was yesterday. What did I have today? Some tired pumpernickel, that's what I had today. Trouble with him is, he loathes rolling out of bed."

"So she sets the alarm clock off."

"What else can I do? When I said, 'Get up,' you accused me of heckling!"

rise and shine . . .

"It's the way you said it. You never call me Dick except first thing in the morning. 'Dick! —The alarm!' I like to be wakened lovingly. '*Dah-ling*, won't you *please* turn off the alarm, dahling—'"

"What you'd really like is to be awakened over a period of four hours. With music yet."

Susan points a finger. "Just put it down that we're not compatible till noon."

"Correction," grins Dick. "We're arranging to sleep till noon, so we can be compatible round the clock."

In the midst of this nonsense, Timothy enters, fresh from his walk, and presents a glowing cheek for his mother's kiss. Pixie-faced Timothy's 18 months old, and you'd say he belonged to the Quines if only by right of the merriment in his eye. Ambling over to Dick, his attention's caught by the bowl of flowers on a low table. A tentative hand goes out. "Don't touch that!" Then: "Father's the heavy in the house," announces Dick smugly.

"Father's a fake," hoots Susan, watching them roughhouse, while Thunder looks on like a large benevolent uncle. "Father's yet to lay hands on him."

There's no room in the apartment, so they're waiting for the house to be finished before adopting the rest of their family. Susan's sure she wants three (and would rather have six—"Only how can we be so lucky again as with Timothy?"). Dick's not sure they can manage more than two. This presents a problem. If it's two, the second will be a girl. Otherwise, Susan wants her daughter to be the youngest, with two big brothers to spoil her and keep her in order.

Whichever way it works out, the Quines'll do all right. It's a habit they've got.

LOVES OF RITA

(*Continued from page 35*)

glamorous clothes, taught her how to "handle" herself and took her to premières and nightclubs where her entrance would make Hollywood heads turn and ask "Who's *that?*"

And before very long, just the way it happens in the fiction stories, she was a star.

She was also unhappy.

Judson was much older than she, a tough task-master, and incessantly mercenary. She made little secret of the fact that he was "mean" to her. Their marriage always had been more of a business partnership than a husband-wife relationship.

They were near the public breaking point when she was cast in a picture with Victor Mature and, as the Victorian novels used to have it, young blood called to young blood. They fell madly and obviously in love (to the distress of Rita's producer, Harry Cohn, who considered the Mature type of publicity appallingly "undignified" at a time when he was trying to build Rita up as a cross between Sarah Bernhardt and Sister Kenny) and they became unofficially betrothed. This was signified not by the exchanging of rings, as in more conventional villages, but by their purchase of "twin" cars—bright yellow, block long, and convertible.

happiness at last . . .

Rita seemed to be having fun for the first time since her name went up in lights.

When she asked Judson for a divorce, she agreed to settle a large sum of money on him, and this was no more than he deserved in the light of what he had done to unveil her box-office potentialities.

As Rita actually moved to apply for the divorce, Judson took advantage of her affection for Mature to demand a far bigger property settlement than had been agreed upon originally, threatening a front page scandal if she did not choose to comply. Details were never given out, but apparently his demands were met, because the matter dropped into oblivion.

The war was on then, and when Vic entered the Coast Guard Rita took a small apartment to be near his California base. She seemed to adore him, and to bask in his attentiveness after Judson's harsh treatment.

She explained the Mature romance to friends by saying: "He's considerate and kind and he makes me laugh. When I'm with him, I'm in a different world."

Eventually Victor was assigned to Atlantic duty, and Rita, in the role of the faithful fiancée, was seen by the Hollywood board of rumor-mongers only at obscure little restaurants where she would dine with women friends.

But Victor might have been better off if she had sallied forth with playboys.

For there was where Orson Welles came in.

Welles observed her dining with another girl at a restaurant, and with his traditional reticence, strolled over and sat down at their table.

Soon after that Rita shed her "hen party" routine. She and Welles began to be seen together in the places where the flash bulbs grow. But when gossip columns hinted that a new love story was brewing, Rita denied it vigorously. She was lonely with Vic away, she explained.

She married Welles while Vic was still away in service. Those who knew her history and her temperament found it easy to understand what she saw in the boy wonder. A, he was different. He was glib, colorful, off-center—a sort of highbrow Milton Berle. He impressed her by being intellectual and witty and vivid and opinionated and more egotistical than any glamor boy she ever had encountered.

Rita's childhood as a member of the Cansino tribe of fine dancers had not included much schooling. With her modest education and uninquiring temperament for a backdrop, Welles at first flush must have seemed to her like the result of a wedding of Aristotle and Madame Recamier. She learned from him that newspapers had front pages, and that you, too, can be an intellectual if you really try.

First thing she knew the girl who was famous for never saying much about anything was speaking right up in company with such mental personalities as Joseph Cotten, Aggie Moorehead, John Steinbeck and Robert Sherwood. She lost much of her shyness, and she enjoyed it. When she was not reading hefty tomes or discussing the state of the union, she was touring with Orson's magic show and he was sawing her in half.

But the fly appeared in the amber of this matrimonial venture at an early date. There were those nights when the boy wonder just forgot to come home. There were others when the connubial routine seemed to bore him to tears. They had been married just a short time when Rita learned he was interested in another girl. No matter how much Shakespeare she read in her spare time, she couldn't hold his interest.

So they separated, announced that the idyll was ended, and took up their lives on opposite coasts. Tony Martin, who had had a crush on Rita from afar for several seasons, became head man in her life.

She had completed her second metamorphosis. In the first she had gone from a man who changed her physically to one who was gentle and devoted, in the second from a man who changed her mentally to one who had no desire to change her at all. She marries dominant men, but she seems to rest up between marriages with admirers who are more tender than aggressive.

the flame still burns . . .

Yet those who are closest to Rita say she still loves Welles and would go back to him if she thought there was any chance of the union lasting. She wasn't happy with him, but he left her smarter than he found her, and gave her maturity.

An intimate friend of Rita's put it this way:

"I have an idea she's still crazy about him. She thinks of him as a great guy and a genius—but a lousy husband."

After her first separation from Welles, Tony Martin enjoyed top position in her date book for several months—or until Orson decided he wanted the glamorous Hayworth back, flew in from New York and did some fast talking.

The second phase of the Rita-Orson marriage was a briefer version of the first. Rita wanted a home life; Orson preferred the open road (or at least the neighborhood bar).

With all the vicissitudes, however, Rita's husband number two was hard for the other boys to follow. Tony Martin went the way of all beaux, Steve Crane entered the picture briefly but never meant anything to her except a casual evening of dancing, and Howard Hughes took her a few places in the course of keeping his

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Which twin has the TONI?

"My Toni-savings paid for a new hat," remarks Eileen Mary Skillings. "No wonder Edith Ann says, after this we'll be Toni Twins." Eileen Mary, the twin at the left, has the Toni.

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record (Never Miss A Movie Star) intact. Peter Lawford was strictly for laughs.

The newspapers made quite a thing of her dates with David Niven, but Rita's epitaph to the "romance" that so titillated the gossips was a rather weary: "I had four dates with him in my life."

Teddy Stauffer, the European bandleader who spent so much time with Rita when she was abroad, crossed the ocean to be at her side. After a little time had gone by, however, it was obvious that she was not deeply smitten with him.

She went places with him, danced with him, dined with him, listened to swing music and watched floor shows with him. When she had a headache, he was the one rubbing her head and the back of her neck in her suite at the Waldorf-Astoria. He was attentive, convenient, amusing. She was fond of him, but that was all.

And Jimmy Stewart, darling of the glamor girls? She went out with him, he sent her a box of lollipops to the train as a going-away present, and when she met him in "21" her first day back from abroad, she flew into his arms.

But that couldn't have been love. Because only a few hours after the kissing episode, Rita was capable of adopting a coldly hard-boiled attitude toward her attractive swain. When she was asked to pose for a photograph with Jimmy she replied frostily:

"Why should I pose with *him*? *My* last picture was a hit."

And no one thinks her intentions toward Youkka Troubetzkoy, Prince Pahlavi or, for that matter Maxie Rosenbloom, were any more serious.

Rita seems to be waiting, like a streamlined version of the fair ladies of old, for the White Knight. He need not shine with armor, or bear a blue banner, or ride a white horse with plumes at his neck.

But she would like him to stay home nights.

Meanwhile, because she loves to dance and because it is part of her business to be seen, glittering with sequins and tawny with stone marten, at the places where the flash bulbs pop—and because even a million dollar baby can get lonely—Rita will have her dates with an assortment of lads who will puzzle, intrigue and fool the gossip writers.

When she appears for the fifth or sixth time with the same man, they'll wonder why she sees so much of the same man if it doesn't mean anything.

The answer—obvious when you analyze it—was given succinctly by a close friend of hers who said:

"She doesn't pick them. They pick her."

Vanessa Brown,

the rising young 20th Century-Fox star you liked so much in *Mother Wore Tights*.

Vanessa poses for Modern Screen in a flirty black ruffled bathing suit. It's rayon jersey, so it has the flattering softness so many of you want. The back is faille, for firmness.

It comes in pink, aqua, lime or yellow with black flounce and edging. Sizes 32 to 38.

Suit by Sea Goddess.

The barrel bag and wedgie shoes are by Simon Brothers.

For where to buy, see page 89.

modern screen fashions





by
connie bartel,
fashion
editor

Wonder what they're whistling at? As if you didn't know! You, in your ticking shorts and halter, of course. Red, navy, powder blue or copper stripes, or solid colors. Sturdy cotton ticking. By White Stag. Shorts, $3.95 . . . halter, $2.95 . . . hat, $1.95. Canvas Nauti-bag, $2.95. Kickerinos sandals, $6.95. Stores on page 89. a modern screen fashion

a

typical

Carole King

girl



Engstead

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Cotton and Cute

Prettified two-piecer with printed palm trees; a provocative scalloped edge, and a tiny ruffle around the bra top. The bra is lightly boned for a lovely bosom line. Blue or green print, on fine white corded cotton. Comes in sizes 32-38. By Winkies of Long Island . . . about $5.98. Stores on page 89. a modern screen fashion



Ruffle and Bustle . . . real Southern belle charm, suh! Black cotton skirt with pink and black striped bustle. Also black with yellow or aqua stripes. Worn with batiste blouse edged with eyelet. Sisal bag by Simon Brothers, $2.95. Blouse and skirt by Boreva. Skirt, $6.00 . . . blouse, $3.00. For where to buy, see page 89. *a modern screen fashion*



Eyelet and Plaid Hold it please! Somebody's bound to take your picture in this one—and there you are, being carried around in a wallet! Broadcloth blouse with eyelet-edged bertha. Red, green or blue plaid gingham skirt, with eyelet band. Blouse by Alice Karen, $3.98. Skirt by Carole Wren, $3.98. Stores on page 89. *a modern screen fashion*

JACKPOT!

(*Continued from page 54*)

the whole school sat waiting, and for the first time she caught the excitement of the theater—the musty smell of the curtains, and the unused props, the girls rustling about nervously in their best formals.

Now she was walking across the stage in front of the judges, smiling frozenly, and from far off, she heard applause.

She stood in the wings with the rest of the contestants while the judges reached their decision. She was quite calm. It was just a contest after all, and contests weren't run for the winner; they were run for someone's publicity. Once they got what they wanted, you were through. The record for contest winners was practically zero. She thought of beauty contest winners she'd read about—going to Hollywood, being lost in the shuffle.

Then they were calling her name, and kids pushed her forward, and somebody handed her a trophy cup.

It was the beginning. The kid who hadn't even tried came through . . .

Well, with Jean, the breaks were added to the breaks. Still vastly cynical, but with every intention of enjoying the ride while it lasted, she allowed herself to be spirited off to Hollywood. She posed for glamor shots, she met movie stars, and one day they gave her The Test.

She was draped in a filmy black gown, and handed a script and a leading man. He was Michael Dunne. They rehearsed for two hours, Jean giggling throughout.

The actual test lasted about five minutes, and all that time Jean spent reclining on a couch trying to lure Michael into her arms.

The last eight seconds of the test showed Michael breathing very heavily as he took Jean into his arms.

And she even had a break there. The sound equipment was defective. When the big shots saw Jean's test, Michael's breathing came over the sound track in positive groans of ecstasy. The big shots were impressed. "That kid's got sex," they said.

Jean didn't know this, of course. All she knew was the test was finished, the whirl was over. It was time to go home.

JEAN PETERS: *Personal History*

BORN: *Canton, Ohio*
DATE: *October 15, 1926*
HEIGHT: *5' 5½"*
WEIGHT: *124 pounds*
COLORING: *Green eyes, dark brown hair*
UNMARRIED
REAL NAME: *Elizabeth Jean Peters*
RECENT PICTURES: *Captain From Castile, Deep Waters*

She got back to school and found a Fox contract had beaten her there.

So she laughed some more. "What do I know about acting?" she said to Arlen.

"What difference does it make?" Arlen replied sensibly. "Where else can you make $150 a week for doing nothing? Besides, they'll teach you."

And they did. She was enrolled at the Actor's Lab, Hollywood's best known dramatic school, and learned fencing and the Stanislavsky method. Then she tested for *Scudda Hoo! Scudda Hay!*

She didn't get the part. So you want to know why we keep talking about breaks. Here's the kid's first big chance, and she muffs it, you say. But wait.

Not only was her luck not gone—failing the test was her biggest break so far. Jean was left free for a role she hadn't even dreamed of.

They were looking for a girl to play opposite Tyrone Power in *Captain From Castile*. They could have had almost anyone. Any glamor queen and her sister for stand-in. But they asked for Jean Peters to test for the role. She knew three other girls had tested before her so she tried to be philosophical. They want to keep the cameras grinding, she told herself, while they go find Cleopatra.

But she was wrong. She got the part.

Jean can remember how good Ty Power was to her, how he helped her forget she was just a beginner, how Director Henry King shot the toughest scenes first so the rest would seem easy, and how much fun the hard work turned out to be.

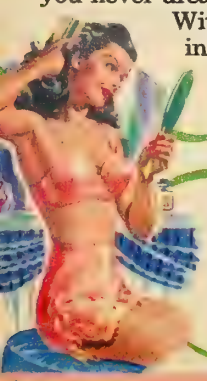
As for romance, there's millionaire sportsman Howard Hughes, handsome, suave—and *news*. Most kids have to go through all kinds of crazy stuff to get publicity; Jean was spared even this because anyone who's dated by Howard Hughes gets her face spread all over the world.

You could say Jean Peters was a star, now. And you could say the whole business was accidental. And you could be right.



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june . . .
moon . . .
at last!

For a long time we girls have been under a romantic handicap.

All our lives we've had to put up with praises of the feminine girl—in song, book and movie—while we ourselves were wearing the straight-from-the-shoulder, or let's-be-pals type of clothes. We were treated to endless raves out the candy box girl from drooling males, but we were unable to wear sentimental fashions ourselves—because there weren't any.

Now, thank goodness, fashion is giving us a break, and we can dress just as June-



Camisole, $1.75—Petticoat, $3.98. Realcraft cotton undies by United Mills.

Moon as we please. Take undies, for example—like the sweet, cool cotton ones sketched here. Try the fluffy-ruffle petticoat under one of your new full skirts—and the beribboned little camisole under a sheer blouse. Arrange yourself prettily on the porch swing, in the moonlight if possible. And see how you feel!

Because, although we can't explain it, what you wear really does affect how you feel—and even what you *are!* You'll find that you've never been sweeter—and you'll find the boys think so, too.

Who knows? Maybe the new trend toward femininity will bring with it a new trend in language. Maybe we'll revive words like "sweet" and "girlish" and "modest" . . . which used to be some of the nicest things a boy could say about a girl. We're not predicting. We're merely saying —could be.

C. B.





All the boys love roses Be a summertime sweetheart in this flower-garden printed percale—flounced, sleeveless, and very gay. Black stripes with red roses; grey stripes with yellow roses; brown stripes with yellow roses. Comes in sizes 10 to 20. By Gingham Girl . . . about $4.98. For where to buy, see page 89. a modern screen fashion

DOUBLE LIFE

(*Continued from page 37*)

when she spilled coffee and a solicitous secretary instantly jumped to repair the damage, Miss Valli looked at her in some distress and said gently:

"Please, I am used to waiting on myself."

With *The Paradine Case* fresh in mind, the qualities about Miss Valli that took me most by surprise were her youth, and her great natural gaiety.

Even at 10 A.M. without benefit of make-up, she was lovely; she has wide, smoky, blue-gray eyes, glowing skin, and bright brown hair.

Her whole face is mobile, a register for any emotion, a canvas to take on the pigmentation of any character. I realized this when she began to talk with great vivacity about the play she had seen the night before: *Annie Get Your Gun.* She had loved it, and suddenly she was doing a perfect imitation of Ethel Merman's side-splitting dead-pan routine. For sixty seconds, she was Merman.

I have a hunch that Miss Valli has been more secretly amused than impressed with the ballyhoo attendant upon her transformation from an Italian movie star with a great European reputation into an American screen phenomenon.

ALIDA VALLI: *Personal History*

BORN: *Pola, Italy (now Jugoslavia)*
DATE: *May 31, 1921*
HEIGHT: *5' 4"*
WEIGHT: *114 pounds*
COLORING: *Green eyes, light brown hair*
MARRIED: *Oscar de Mejo, film composer, in March, 1944*
OFFSPRING: *Carlos, aged 3*
REAL NAME: *Alida Altenburgher*
RECENT PICTURES: *The Paradine Case, Miracle of the Bells*

"How does it feel to be called the most beautiful woman in the world?" I asked.

Miss Valli blushed a beautiful, fiery red to the roots of her hair. (She can still blush. It's a school girl hang-over.) Then she said it seemed "very, very strange" to be called the world's most beautiful woman.

Her transformation into an American film star began the moment she signed the Selznick contract.

"In Europe, actors are just people. We have to do things for ourselves," she explained. "But suddenly, I sign the American contract, and everything is done for me as if by magic. I am no longer a person—I am a Thing."

She was astounded by the smooth, swift transportation by air from Italy to London. There, she and her husband and their small son were met by a horde of Selznick agents who produced ship reservations and orchids by the sheaf. They were wafted on board the Queen Elizabeth with the greatest of ease and no effort on their part.

But it was easy to read between the lines. If the Selznick organization amazed the youthful de Mejo family, it, in turn, obviously astounded the Selznick hired hands. For here was a movie star without a personal maid, a nurse for her two-year-old child or even a mink coat.

Obviously, however, it would not do in Hollywood. For when Miss Valli walked down the gangplank of the Queen Eliza-

(*Continued on page 88*)



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.....
Age .....

the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION

WINNING ESSAY: As we promised you last month, we are printing below Lee Garber's first-prize winning article in the MSFCA Writing Contest. We think it meets all of the requirements set for the contest by our judging staff. What do you think? The article is about Lee's honorary, Mel Tormé:

"Singers had opened at night clubs before, but no opening was ever quite like this one! For months, the publicity campaign had been going great guns . . . and tonight the people were here to see if the kid was worth all the talk. The little blond boy's future depended on this night! And his music hadn't arrived from California!

"So while three musicians crowded around the one copy of the song they had, the boy had to lead them, and sing his tune, 'County Fair,' as though it was every night that singers opened at the Copacabana sans music!

"Which is just one of the many unusual things that has happened in the life of Mel Tormé. Other four-year-olds went to restaurants with their parents . . . but Mel decided to get up and sing a song, with the result that at the age of four he was a featured part of the act in the Blackhawk in Chicago! *Everybody* had their tonsils out, but Mel's grew back, and left him with a voice like a 'Velvet Fog!' In Hyde Park High in Chicago, *all* the kids wrote songs, but *his* tune, 'Lament to Love,' was recorded by Harry James! Just because he loved to drum was no sign that he'd some day be competition for Krupa, but when Mel quit school to drum with Chico Marx, no one was the least bit surprised! So it was only natural that his debut at the New York night club should be something out of the ordinary!

reaching for the oldies . . .

"Out of the ordinary, too, were the reviews Mel got at the Copa. No one could decide just what he was trying to do when he sang tunes that had been written before he was born! People were puzzled when he sang 'around' chords of a song, instead of 'hitting the nail on the head!' But the fact that the Copa's coke sales mounted sky high, was enough to convince people. The kids liked Mel . . . and the Paramount Theater in New York is quick to get what the kids like! M-G-M tries to please the younger set, too, so Mel was given a part in *Good News*. Musicraft records, which had teamed him with Artie Shaw, now gave him a brand new 'solo' contract!

"Yes, it looks as though Mel Tormé, just like the Man Who Came To Dinner, is here to stay! And we can't think of a nicer guy we'd like to have stick around for a long, long time!"

NEWS: Here's a new idea for editors: slant your journals with a different "angle" each time. The Club Crosby is giving their next paper a sports theme, with an article written especially for it by the manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates . . . Anna Mae Roe is offering free memberships in her Bobby Breen Fan Club—but for a limited time only, so act fast. Her address is: 3000 E. 78 Street, Chicago, Ill.

Pre-viewing THE STYLES WITH LINIT



Breath-taking are the stripes, multi-colored on mauve, and the billowy gypsyish skirt. Both color and drape profit when you starch with LINIT*, for it restores the fabric's crisp original finish.

Here's your dress for occasions all summer—as long as you keep it starched with LINIT. Remember too, LINIT makes *all* cottons look and feel like linen—dresses, blouses, men's shirts, bed and table linens, curtains, *everything*. All grocers sell LINIT.



. . . ADDS THE *finishing touch*

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STAR GAZING ...for "Lustre-Creme" Dream Girls Only



BETWEEN DANCES you seek the beauty of the starry night. But the touch of his cheek against your lovely tresses is part of the magic that holds him enchanted.

NO NEED to "wish upon a star" for clean, fragrant, lovely, heart-winning hair. You *have* it, thanks to your Lustre-Creme Shampoo. And that's confirmed when *he* murmurs:—"Dream Girl, can we tell them we're engaged?"

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. . . Margaret Staley, prexy of Perry Como's Cream City Club, has been appointed adviser to new Como clubs by the P.C. Fan Clubs International Headquarters in New York. . . . Gene Autry Club, winding up its twelfth month of donating $15 or more to the War Orphan Plan, is now devoting itself to at least one CARE package a month for the coming year . . . Rex Allen Club has adopted 15 crippled children as club honoraries . . . Joyce Moison won the Kid From Hoboken Club's prize for the best article on Intolerance . . . Lee Llewellyn's club for the "Harmonicats and Kittens" are launching a "canned goods" contest for the needy . . . Membership Drive slogan of the Ken Keese-Art Roberts Club is: "Get a new member a month for a snap a month. ". . . From England comes news that the British branches of the Perry Como, Bobby Breen and Alan Ladd Clubs organized a charity dance which netted five pounds for the Cancer Hospital in Liverpool . . . Three Alan Ladd Fan Clubs (Peggy Pearl's, Gerry Kee's and Bill Vaughn's) are operating under the "point" system, with members earning points for individual participation in club activities. Winners, naturally, not only earn prestige, but prizes as well . . . Members of Connie Anne Grey's Jersey City Frank Sinatra Club are garnering lots of good will by helping out at the Jersey City Medical Center.

* * *

ATTENTION: To obtain your copy of the new MSFCA Fan Club Chart—listing over 350 official fan clubs, send 10c in coin and a stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope (4" x 9") to Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 261 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 16.

* * *

7TH SEMI-ANNUAL TROPHY CUP CONTEST
(4th Lap)

We've passed the halfway mark, so it's touch and go from now on to see which clubs will cop those silver cups! And don't forget those marvelous individual prizes: Pond's wonderful DREAM-FLOWER bath sets, "Look Twice" lipstick and nail-polish sets, by LA CROSSE. For hard-working editors, there are EBERHARD FABER HARMATONE DELUXE pen and pencil sets. For club artists, we have TANGEE TRIP KITS. Also, subscriptions to SCREEN ALBUM, and FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE for Candid Camera Contest winners.

"This Is My Best" Contest Winners: Shirley Hirstius, "Mardi Gras 1947," *Warren Douglas Journal.* Hilda Burke, "Alice in Wonderland," *Jack Berch Journal.* Donna Dawson, "Turning Point," Alan Ladd (Vaughn). Gloria Hagblon, "Stuff Like That There," Teddy Walters (Hoyle). Dolores McMullen, "Speaking for the Defense," Sinatra (McMullen). Jean Sterling, "Discourse on Swooning," *Kurt Kreuger Journal.*

Candid Camera Contest: First Prize: Rita LaRossa, Danny Scholl Club. Others, Laura Lindberg, Glen Vernon (McCarthy). Virginia Pink, Bobby Beers Club. Marty Martin, Nina Foch Club. Joan Fox, Sinatra (McMullen). Martha Kay, Shirley Temple Club.

Best Editors: League 1. None qualified. League 2. Betty Fitzgerald, Gene Kelly Club. League 3. Carol Rittgers, Esther Williams Club.

BEST JOURNALS: League 1. None qualified. League 2. Joan Crawford. League 3. (tied) Perry Como (Staley), Jack Berch, James Melton (Reisser) journals.

Best Covers: League 1. None qualified. League 2. Gene Kelly. League 3. Sinatra (Wolfenstein).

Best Original Art Work: Ed Leo, Sinatra (McMullen).

Most Worthwhile Activities: 1. Gene Autry Club (monthly donation of $15 to war orphan). League 2. Rise Stevens Club (collected $35 for Red Cross). League 3. Arthur Kennedy Club (donated $56 to Cancer Fund).

Greatest Percentage Increase in Membership: League 1. None reported. League 2. Ladd (Kee). League 3. Mel Tormé Club.

Best Correspondents: 1. None qualified. 2. Rita and Jo Mottola, Rise Stevens Club. League 3. Vera Chermansky, Cornel Wilde Club.

Leading Clubs: League 1—Nelson Eddy (Nicholin), 950 points. Dennis Morgan, 950 points. Gene Autry, 900 points. League 2—Joan Crawford, 800 points. Ladd (Kee), 750 points. Jack Carson, Ladd (Bellino), Ladd (Pearl), 700 points. League 3—Como (Staley) 1450 points. Sinatra (Ling), Arthur Kennedy, 950 points.

SHIRLEY FROHLICH
director
GLORIA LAMPERT
associate

LETTER FROM THE FASHION EDITOR

Dear You:

You know how we're always carrying on about fashion prices? Low ones, we mean? Well, listen to this—and figure out why we're so pleased.

The other day we were idling through a magazine (not Modern Screen)—and we came across a cute picture of Veronica Lake. She was with her handsome husband Andre de Toth, and she was wearing a very smart brown and white checked cotton with a button business going on at the neckline. Although we knew we had never seen the photo before—there was something awfully familiar about it. Then we caught on. The dress Veronica Lake was wearing was a Modern Screen fashion she'd modelled for us over a year ago—and that she'd then and there ordered for her personal wardrobe.

That's right—the fabulous Miss Lake actually went for a Modern Screen fashions enough to wear it in her own private life. Wonder that we're proud?

And, although we never ran into a picture proving it before—it happens all the time. Honestly. Almost invariably when a star poses in one of our fashions for us, she (1,) oohs-and-ahs over the dress (2,) orders it for herself (3,) is amazed at its low price.

Now, we wouldn't kid you. We are certainly not trying to tell you that your favorite movie star makes a point of dressing on a budget. Naturally not. But we do tell you that the Hollywood glamour girls, in spite of their minks and custom suits and John Frederics hats—do respond to gay young fashions, no matter what the price. We repeat, nearly all of the stars we've ever photographed in MS fashions, have ordered the clothes they've posed in.

Considering that we've never featured a daytime dress that cost more than $15—doesn't that prove our pet belief: —that you don't have to spend a lot of money to be well dressed?

And incidentally, for our fall issues you can name your own prices! Just fill out the coupon on page 84, and write your own price tags for your fall wardrobe. You might win a darling Coro pin while you're at it, too!

Yours, waiting for your coupon,

Connie Bartel



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(*Continued from page 83*)

beth, she was met at the pier by another covey of Selznick employees bearing a copy of the script of *The Paradine Case,* an English teacher and a nurse for the baby.

Miss Valli had picked up a few English phrases from the G.I.'s in Rome, but not much. Her real lessons began on the train en route to Hollywood.

She had just one week in Hollywood in which to learn still more lines before she began work in the picture. There was no chance to "warm up" or get the feel of the story or the rest of the cast. Miss Valli's big scenes were shot first. She was plummeted into the midst of the film, to sink or swim. She took to the water like a duck.

But the work left her no time for conversational English. She went home every night to learn still more lines by rote, always hoping they would be such that she could weave them into polite conversation at the semi-occasional Hollywood party to which she and de Mejo had time to go. It proved almost fatal in practice.

At one of her first parties, the man on her left made such polite conversation that Miss Valli felt impelled to say a few words. In desperation, she flung at her flabbergasted neighbor one of Mrs. Paradine's most famous lines:

"I am not too well trained yet in the subtle snobberies of your class."

Her horrified husband yelled, *"Stop!"*

"I never again quoted any lines from the picture," Miss Valli told me.

Miss Valli is so obviously well-bred that it was not necessary to send her to any of the "finishing" schools maintained in Hollywood to teach its star stuff which fork comes first, and not to stick bubble gum on the upholstery.

There are great differences between being an American and a European film star, though, and the greatest of these is the process of glamorization.

"Here, the glamorization is never ending," said Miss Valli with a sly twinkle as a hairdresser and a manicurist arrived in the hotel suite. "In Europe, you are allowed to look human part of the time."

While the hairdresser whisked her away for a shampoo, de Mejo came in to entertain me. He is an attractive, good-looking young man who hopes eventually to write the scores for motion pictures in Hollywood as he did in Italy.

I mentioned the current excellence of Italian films now being shown in America. De Mejo had a thoughtful explanation, in which his wife concurred as she came back, hair dripping.

"In Italy, there is a little amateurishness about everything in picture-making," he said. "Even the amateurish quality of the photography gives the pictures the look of a newsreel and the quality of authenticity."

In the belief that all the money in the world is concentrated in Hollywood, I

(*Continued on page 90*)

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Word got around that scenes for The Naked City *were being taken near where I live. Crowds of people gathered to watch the actors work. Barry Fitzgerald wore slippers when he wasn't in front of the camera. Seeing this, a little girl exclaimed, "Gosh, Mommie, does he have feet trouble just like Uncle Joe?"*

Celia Gatto
New York City

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices on merchandise may vary throughout country)

Sea Goddess two-piece rayon jersey and faille bathing suit worn by Vanessa Brown in the full color photograph (page 73)
New York, N. Y.—Macy's, Budget Sportswear, Fourth Floor
Providence, R. I.—The Outlet Co., Sportswear Dept., Second Floor

Simon Brothers spiral mesh barrel bag, $4.95 plus tax and shoes, $4.95 (page 73)
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's, Handbags, Arcade and Slippers, Third Floor

White Stag striped ticking shorts, halter and hat (page 74)
Chicago, Ill.—Von Lengerke & Antoine, Fourth Floor
New York, N. Y.—McCreery's, Sportswear, Fourth Floor
Seattle, Wash.—Frederick & Nelson

Kickerinos playshoes (page 74) in many colors and sizes
Milwaukee, Wis.—Gimbels, First Floor

Nanina two-piece satin lastex Spanish print bathing suit (page 76)
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
New York, N. Y.—Gimbels, Downstairs Store
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr Co., Sports Lane, Downstairs

Winkies of Long Island two-piece corded cotton print bathing suit (page 77)
Bronx, N. Y.—Plymouth Shop
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Loeser's
Harrisburg, Pa.—Worth's, Sports Dept., Main Floor
Miami, Fla.—Hartley's, Sportswear Dept., First Floor
Louisville, Ky.—Zellner's
New Rochelle, N. Y.—Plymouth Shop
New York, N. Y.—Gimbels, Sportswear, Third Floor

Boreva Sportswear ruffle back cotton skirt (page 78)
Los Angeles, Calif. — Broadway Dept. Store, Sportswear, Downstairs
New York, N. Y.—Macy's, Deb Shop, Fourth Floor

Boreva Sportswear cotton batiste blouse (page 78)
Los Angeles, Calif. — Broadway Dept. Store, Sportswear, Downstairs
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Simon Brothers spiral mesh pancake bag (page 78)
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Carole Wren plaid cotton playskirt with flounced hem (page 79)
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Minneapolis, Minn. — Grayson's — and all other Grayson stores throughout country
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Alice Karen broadcloth blouse with eyelet trim (page 79)
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Gingham Girl striped percale, and rose print dress (page 82)
Boston, Mass.—Filene's, Pinafore Bar, Sixth Floor
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If no store in your city is listed write: Connie Bartel, Modern Screen, 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.



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(Continued from page 88)

committed a major gaucherie as de Mejo left us to meet a group of Italian newspaper men in the hotel lobby.

"How does it feel to make all that Hollywood money?" I asked.

Miss Valli looked at me and chuckled. "But I made much more money in Europe than I do here. You see, there I had a name. In Hollywood, I am just beginning. But Oscar and I are both quite young and we can afford to start over again."

So she was willing to wager ten years, 34 pictures, established fame in Europe and her Old World equivalent of Hollywood's Oscars against success in America. Now, with only one American picture so far released, it seems almost obvious that the lady bet on a sure thing.

But it was not too easy to pull up stakes in Italy, where she was born 27 years ago. Her father (a Viennese) had fought on the Italian side, against his own brothers, in World War I. Later he became an Italian citizen and settled down to a distinguished career as a professor of philosophy and history at the University of Milan.

Miss Valli, an only child, grew up in an atmosphere heavy with books, music and professorial beards—all leavened by her father's volatile Viennese spirits. He died in 1936, just before she went off to Rome to enter its Academy of Cinematic Acting.

She appeared in her first picture in May, 1937—a farce comedy called *The Cruel Saladin.* Her first real, substantial success didn't come till she'd made a fifth picture toward the end of 1938—something called *A Thousand Lire a Month.*

In June, 1943, she refused to make pictures for the Germans, and went into hiding with friends. There she met a young man, also in hiding, an Italian pianist and composer. They were married in March, 1944.

Late in 1945, after she had once more begun to make Italian films, she signed a contract with Selznick. Now she and her husband plan to become American citizens at the earliest possible date.

he's charlie now . . .

The young de Mejos arrived in America almost 15 months ago with a son named Carlos who is never referred to any more as anything but Charlie!

"This is the country for children, isn't it?" Miss Valli cried, still competing with the drier. "Charlie grows like a flower in California. He speaks only English now."

She finds it odd that others think it strange that she nursed Charlie until he was almost six months old.

"I am of the old school," she explained a little primly. "We nurse our babies."

As the manicurist put a final coat of red on her nails and the hairdresser at last brushed out her curls, Miss Valli had only good things to say of Hollywood. She has been very happy there and everyone has been kind to her.

Alfred Hitchcock, who directed her in *The Paradine Case,* and Mrs. Hitchcock have become the de Mejos' best friends in Hollywood.

Her second American film, *The Miracle of the Bells,* not yet released, was also very pleasant to make. Things were not so strange by that time, and she liked working with Fred MacMurray.

"I had seen him in *Double Indemnity* and thought him wonderful," she said.

She has no scenes in this picture with Frank Sinatra, who plays the role of a priest and, according to Miss Valli, plays it brilliantly. She had met him briefly in Italy, when he was there with the U.S.O.

"I went to see his show in Rome, because I really wanted to see if the girls screamed," Miss Valli said, with a grin. "The audience was full of American

WACS, Red Cross workers and nurses, and they really did scream. Now I have come to know him quite well in life, and in person. I like his principles.

"But," she added with dignity, "I do not scream!"

Her great ambition still is to meet Greta Garbo.

"But," she added a little sadly, "I hear it is very difficult."

Only one aspect of American life puzzles and disappoints both Miss Valli and her husband. They love to jitterbug (an art they picked up from the G.I.'s in Rome) and they thought there would surely be jitterbugging at every party in America. All Society jitterbugs in Italy. But in America, no.

"Only at the Palladium in Hollywood, no place else," Miss Valli said a little sorrowfully. "And Oscar and I do so love to jitterbug."

The de Mejos are also serious jazz and be-bop *afficionados*. They admire in particular somebody called Dizzy Gillespie. They spent a good part of their New York vacation in the small joints dedicated to the more esoteric phases of jazz. De Mejo is the American correspondent of one or two of Europe's highbrow jazz publications.

The new star whose name is inevitably linked with that of Bergman and Garbo is vague about future plans. She does not know what her next picture will be, but she would love to do a comedy.

And definitely, she does not ever want to be burned at the stake again, as in *Miracle of the Bells*, in which she plays not only a Polish girl but Joan of Arc. When they tied her to the stake and lighted the faggots, poor Miss Valli was frightened half to death.

Sometime during the present year, the de Mejos want to pack up Charlie and go back to Italy to visit Miss Valli's pretty mother, who lives at Como.

But after less than fifteen months here, they both regard America and Hollywood as their home.

They live in what to them seems a very big house in Hollywood. But one without a swimming pool.

As the manicurist and hairdresser gave her a last critical look, as a secretary, a press agent, an assistant press agent and a waiter hovered in the background, Miss Valli spoke the Great Heresy. She said, loud enough for all to hear:

"I still have faith in Hollywood that I can succeed—even without the swimming pool!"



*HOLLYWOOD MERRY-GO-ROUND

• Jane Wyman was sitting next to a pool in a Beverly Hills hotel when a bellboy came to call her. "Your mother says to tell you the car is waiting," he announced.

Puzzled, Jane asked, "Mother didn't happen to say that my coach was waiting?"

"Yes," replied the bellboy, "but that was too high-falutin' for me."

But the coach was waiting—Jane's singing coach.

**from the book by Andrew Hecht*

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 23)



The Mating Of Millie: Bus-driver Glenn Ford (rt.) coaches Evelyn Keyes in how to win a husband. Willard Parker (lf.) is one of several willing prospects, but Evelyn has her mind on teacher.

sunburns.

This is really a man-loves-horse story. Nick Buckley (Robert Young), a kind of wandering cowboy with no visible means of support, meanders into a saloon one stormy night to inquire where he can bed down his mare who is going to foal almost any day. Two grizzly old prospectors who have just made a gold strike and are buying champagne for EV-uh-ry-body, tell him to go on out to their shack, and they give him directions. As Nick's about to set forth, a stranger—one Tex Brandaw (Barton MacLane)—approaches him and tells him not to trudge way on out there, that there's a nice dry stall just down the block, and that's where Nick goes.

Next day, Nick approaches the local veterinarian on the street and asks him for some medicine. He is planning to push on to a warmer section of the country and there are some things he'll need to care for his mare. The vet eyes the broken down mare and sneers, "That's pretty fancy stuff for that there horse."

A pretty girl (Marguerite Chapman), proprietor of a travelling store, is watching them from her big covered wagon across the street, and she calls over to Nick that she has all the things he needs. While she's getting them together, Nick confides in her that the reason he needs so many fancy items is that his mare is going to have a very fancy colt, sired by Thunder, a famous and magnificent race horse.

The colt is born en route to the warm valley, smack in the middle of a snowstorm, and shortly thereafter an outlaw whose horse has been shot from under him appears and demands the mare at gunpoint. Nick follows them on foot, knowing the horse won't be able to travel far, and when he finds her dead in the snow, he shoots the ruthless outlaw who ran her to death, without a qualm.

From there on in, the going is rough and Nick—with a price on his head—is one busy guy. How he keeps his motherless colt alive, saves his own skin and hooks the purty traveling saleswoman makes mighty exciting looking. Better go see.—*Col.*

THE MATING OF MILLIE

The Mating of Millie is a gentle little comedy co-starring Evelyn Keyes as Millie McGonigle, a department store executive, and Glenn Ford as bus-driving Doug Andrews, charming bachelor.

In the beginning of the picture, Millie is a frozen-faced gal in a man-tailored suit, beau-less and fun-less. Two things change her life. (A) Her small friend Tommy Bassett (Jimmy Hunt), who lives in the apartment downstairs, is tragically orphaned and taken to a foundling hospital. And (B) She meets Doug Andrews and befriends him in a highly unorthodox manner. Millie tries desperately to adopt her beloved Tommy, but is told that as a single woman she hasn't a prayer of getting him. She contrives a whopper about a fiance in Alaska, but it's no sale, and Millie goes home heartsick, still yearning after Tommy.

Pal Doug sets about coaching her in the ways of a siren—object matrimony, but not to *him. He's* a confirmed bachelor. She becomes so frilly, feminine and irresistible that Ralph Galloway (Ron Randell), head of the foundling home, is thoroughly enchanted, as is Phil Gowan (Willard Parker), a neighbor who starts dropping in to borrow cups of sugar and leer at Millie's new look.

What of Doug, the advice-giving bus chap? What of Tommy? Not another word from us—you'll have to go see for yourself. And this is a promise we'd like to make: you'll have a wonderful time.—*Col.*

I, JANE DOE

The court room is quiet. On one of the long, dirty windows a fly buzzes distractedly. Sitting quite calmly, hands clasped together, a girl is refusing to fight for her life . . .

This is the trial of Jane Doe (Vera Ralston) who is accused of having shot to death a man named Steven Curtis (John Carroll). Witnesses saw her entering the apartment just



I, Jane Doe: Vera Ralston saves John Carroll's life, then is accused of his murder.

before the shot was fired. Steven's wife, Eve (Ruth Hussey), came into the room and found him lying dead, with the girl standing over him. Jane Doe admitted to the first policeman on the scene that she had killed him.

Still, there might have been a chance for her. Steven Curtis had a reputation as a wolf. This girl was young, obviously well brought-up. If she only talked. But she refused even to give her real name. Refused to tell any extenuating circumstances there may have been. So the jury brings in a verdict of guilty and Jane Doe faints in a tired little heap on the floor. It is not until Eve Curtis, Steven's wife, thinks out the reason for that faint, that she feels anything but hatred for the girl. But Jane Doe is going to have a child and that makes a difference. Because it is Steven's child and somehow that matters terribly to Eve.

Eve is a lawyer herself—a brilliant one, although she retired soon after she married Steven. If she can get this girl to talk perhaps there would be a chance for her in a new trial.

Eve does get her to talk, and the story goes something like this . . . Jane Doe is Annette DuBois, a French girl. During the war an American flier was shot down near her farm. Annette and her brother Robert pulled him from his burning plane. Robert died as a result of his burns. The flier, Steven Curtis, lived. Lived, and one night in a quiet village ceremony, he married Annette DuBois. Married her, obviously without mentioning that he already had a wife.

So now Jane Doe is on trial again, but perhaps this time things will be different.—*Rep.*

I SAW IT HAPPEN



While apartment-hunting in Hollywood a while ago I couldn't find a certain house number. I must have looked very forlorn, for a car pulled up and a very handsome young man offered his help. Telling him my troubles, he got out, searched for the number, ushered me up the steps, helped me with my bag and bade me farewell. Only after I sat down did I remember his face. It was none other than Louis Jourdan, that Hollywood heart-throb.

Joan H. Reijmers
Hollywood, California

Beauty's My Business—





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and I bless the FLOATING LIFT of SWEETHEART SOAP'S Extra Lather!

● "For this amazing action is wonderfully kind to my delicate skin," says Mary. "SweetHeart Care leaves my skin apple-blossom soft and lovely with enchanting fragrance."

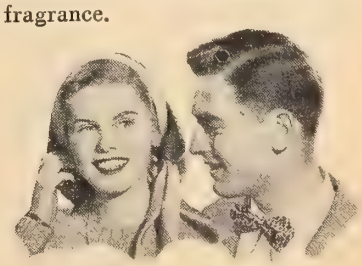
You, too, will adore this divine *Floating Lift* Care! For pure, mild SweetHeart's perfumed, creamy *extra lather* has a gentle *floating lift.* Pictures taken through the microscope *prove* SweetHeart's countless bubbles bathe the outer pore openings . . . *lift* off—*float* away—dirt and dry skin flakes.

Alluring natural smoothness and true radiance are revealed. Your skin looks dreamy fresh and it's glorified with that "come-hither" SweetHeart fragrance.

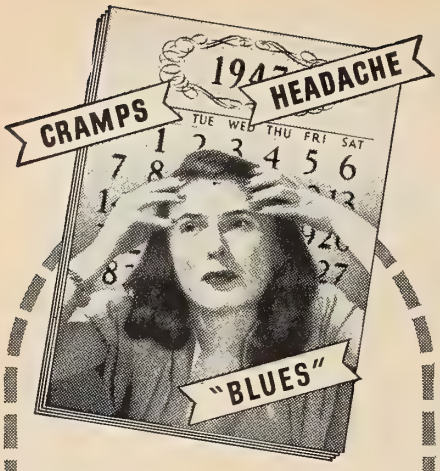
The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin



● For tub and shower, you can now also get the new, large bath size. SweetHeart's *extra lather* with its *floating lift* is marvelous.



● *Try Mary's beauty secret and be lucky in love! Her SweetHeart complexion and that delicate, haunting fragrance make hearts beat faster.*



"BLUE" DAYS
CAN BE
BRIGHT DAYS

MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"



MIDOL
RELIEVES CRAMPS
EASES HEADACHE
CHASES "BLUES"

THE HOUSE THEY LIVE IN

(*Continued from page 46*)

dummy buyer. Came the first headache. My husband's former wife read of the sale, assumed the Hargreaves had struck it rich, took steps to share the wealth. The hours it took to talk her attorneys into dropping the suit!

I got used to mere trifles like that. Dick and Gene and I were in this together and we'd see it through. But the inner sanctum expanded right away, by one. Kenneth Albright, our architect, was sworn to secrecy, and went to work.

Gene sneaked to meet me at dawn on Sundays, in the dusk on weekdays. He wore a black coat with the collar turned up, a black hat, brim down, and held a handkerchief to his nose. Soon the rumor got around that Chicago gangsters had bought the place; some of the neighbors even whispered "Al Capone!"

the wandering rasmussens . . .

I was the front. I was in business and could quite logically be an agent for someone else. So I invented Mr. and Mrs. Rasmussen, let it be known I'd bought the house for them. They were traveling. Where?—oh, er—Bermuda, Switzerland. Dear Rasmussens, how they traveled!

The carpenters, painters or decorators couldn't be allowed to guess. One might spot Gene and tell. So we met before or after the whistle blew.

I'll skip the million details, but consider—a big, ten-room house: structural changes, paper, paint, carpets, draperies, furniture, mirrors, pictures, landscaping—and projects within projects, like "Raymond's Folly."

Gene and Jeanette love horses and dogs. Between them, then, they had seven pups, two horses—his "Black Knight," her "White Lady." Gene found a corner of the grounds he thought perfect for a stable. One with thatched roof, two stalls, and a tiny corral. Beside it, a spot for seven kennels, each with a dog's name over its door. I got estimates. It came to a small fortune, but Gene knew what he wanted. Up went the stable. Dick named it "Raymond's Folly."

Gene and Jeanette like to play piano duets. That is, two pianos in duet. There was a little play house on the old estate. "Perfect for two pianos—that's the music room," Gene decided. "A white music room." We remodeled, redecorated it, bought the twin small grand pianos, had them painted white. A record machine, too, turned white over night (as Gene's and my hair almost did a few times). A downy love seat, brass for the fireplace, intimate and cozy. The walls? An inspiration—Jeanette's treasured composer etchings—Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms and the rest. Then Gene got the idea that almost wrecked everything. The pictures must be matted in Jeanette's MacDonald plaid, the furniture upholstered in it.

On one of her trips to Europe, Jeanette had toured Scotland and brought back a bolt of the MacDonald tartan. At the time, she'd thought of a coat, a suit, or something, but the bolt still languished in a closet. That was our first theft. Gene was the robber. He called on Jeanette one night lugging a suitcase—what excuse he made, I've forgotten. But he came out with the plaid. Next day the upholsterer cut it up for the couch.

Gene and Jeanette planned a Honolulu honeymoon. One night at dinner, Jeanette was talking trousseau. "I've had that bolt of plaid around for ages," she said. "Wouldn't it be nice—suit and coat—for the boat?" Gene choked on his soup and I dropped my fork. Dick asked reproachfully, "Plaid—on a honeymoon?" "Why not?" asked our gal. "Bad luck," said Gene helpfully. "Phooey, I'm not superstitious," said Jeanette. In quite a silence, she chatted on.

Next day I had a call from MacDonald. "We've had robbers!" she gasped. "But—the silliest thing—they took only that bolt of plaid, and some etchings." I said not to call the police—it would look like publicity! Gene thought fast when I told him, and decided we needed another accomplice—Jeanette's secretary, Sylvia Wright. She swore in as our Fifth Column.

Because by then Gene had more ambitious plans than just a house, furnished and decorated to his lady's delight. We already had the living room carpet and drapes in warm rust tones (to match Jeanette's red-gold hair). Fifty paint mixes had brought her favorite, dusty pink, into her boudoir. Twenty, her royal blue in the dining room. Every hint that dropped from her lips lodged in our over-sized ears. (We had a signal language, too. A rubbed elbow, a tugged ear, meant "Get this" or "Cover up" or something.) Sometimes our tips went a little wild, with frantic results. For instance, the cransnutians.

At this time Jeanette was making *The Firefly* with Allan Jones. One weekend, Gene and Jeanette, Allan and his wife Irene, Dick and I went to the Norconian Club. In the garden after dinner, we passed a bed of flowers. The dialogue:

Jeanette: Oh, I'm just crazy about those cransnutians!

Allan: They're the most beautiful, lovely cransnutians I've ever, ever seen!

Jeanette: When Gene and I have our home, we'll certainly have a huge bed of cransnutians.

Raymond was rubbing his elbow like mad. Back in Hollywood, I grabbed the phone and called the landscape man. "Tear out the begonias. Put in a huge bed of cransnutians," I told him. He said, "Okay." Pretty soon he was ringing back. "I can't locate any—er—cransnutians."

cransnutians, indeed! . . .

I'll tuck up the hem of this story: He called all over town. He pored through all the seed catalogues, scanned the horticulture dictionary, no soap, no cransnutians. Exasperated, I called the Norconian Club, described the flower bed. "Oh," said the manager. "Those are double petunias." Then it came to me! Jeanette and Allan Jones were making a picture with director "Pop" (Robert Z.) Leonard. "Pop" uses some trick word on every picture. "Cransnutians," indeed. Most apologetically, I ordered double petunias.

But about Sylvia, our Fifth Column. As I say, Gene's idea had expanded. He wanted Jeanette's dresses in the wardrobe, her pictures on the wall, her toiletries, her books, records, their wedding presents wherever indicated. We had in mind a program of grand larceny from the MacDonald home. We had it more than in mind—we committed it.

Presents arrived at Jeanette's from all over Hollywood—arrived, were opened, then disappeared as Sylvia boxed them and slipped them to Gene or me. "I barely get a chance to see my presents before I write my thank you's," complained MacDonald.

"But I'm sending them over to Mr. Raymond's, as you said," Sylvia'd tell her.

Sylvia really did have an excuse; and Gene and Jeanette had a housing plan (Jeanette thought). They would move for

awhile into Gene's bachelor house. What else could they do? For a reason Jeanette could not quite understand, her fiance had turned persnickety. They'd look at houses; he'd find something wrong.

One day Jeanette confided in me. "Helen, I'm getting worried about Gene. He dawdles everlastingly over important decisions. Our house for instance. Almost as though he's losing interest—and another thing—he's away so much of the time!"

I gulped. "You're both so busy," I rattled. "You're right about just moving into Gene's place. Later on you'll find one you both really like."

"I'm not so sure." And she was very quiet. "I'm *very* sure," I said earnestly, skipping any reply *re* those "jaunts" of Gene's. *I* knew where he was—up working like a dog on that house, but I certainly understood that to her it *was* kind of suspicious that he had to see his cousin or look up his uncle's sister so often.

We enlisted another actor in the Great Deception when, six weeks before that June date, Jeanette's Scotch prudence got her at last, and she started perking up Gene's old house. The new trickster was the interior decorator. The shenanigans it took to get her to hire this particular guy who was in league with us! And the hours she spent giving him her instructions. The man was an Oscar calibre actor. He measured chairs, he brought her samples, he told her everything was going beautifully, and all the time he was really working on the *new* house, incorporating all of Jeanette's suggestions into *it*.

stolen goods . . .

So the wedding day drew near. The suspense was terrific. That's when we started stealing things hard to snitch. Jeanette's dresses, for instance, her shoes, toiletries, keepsakes—one by one. Each with an acceptable excuse or a sly replacement. We had narrow escapes that made our hearts pound. Our only break was that Jeanette herself was busier than a bird dog. Gene hired a butler, sworn to secrecy, to tidy up The Place. Gene made a recording of their courtship song ("You're All I Need").

Then it was the wedding day. I won't forget it. The architect came to the house where we were working like mad. He took a carved wood "R" out of his coat pocket, fastened it in its niche over the library fireplace. It was the final touch. The House was ready.

"I hope you'll be very happy in your home, Mr. Raymond," he said. Gene and I looked at each other and my eyes, at least, were pretty misty.

It was the day we'd worked ten months for, and we'd practically made it without disaster. Outside of our chosen crew not a soul knew. Even Gene's brother, who lived with him, didn't guess the secret. And although her clothes, her collection of miniatures, her music, even her comb and brush were in place, Jeanette suspected nothing. That evening the lights would be on, a fire burning in the fireplace, a snack in the ice box, there'd be champagne on the hearth in a cooler. The dogs (removed from the Sunnyvale Kennels, where they'd been boarded) would be safe in their new houses, all fed. The horses would be bedded in their stables. At a signal, the butler would turn on the victrola so that when Mr. and Mrs. Raymond arrived, their theme song would play softly.

And then, only a few hours from triumph, Sylvia Wright called. "Jeanette's restless and says she's going out to the Sunnyvale Kennels to see the dogs!"

"But," I gasped, "they aren't *there*. They're at—they're—"

"I thought so," wailed Sylvia. "You've got to *do* something—quick! If Jeanette

"I dress for starlight dining ...at 8 o'clock in the morning!"



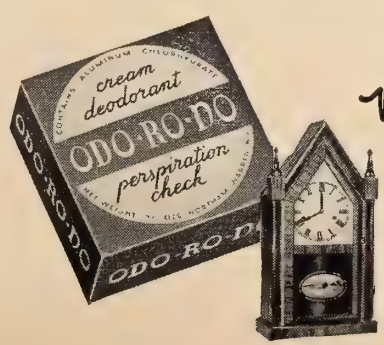


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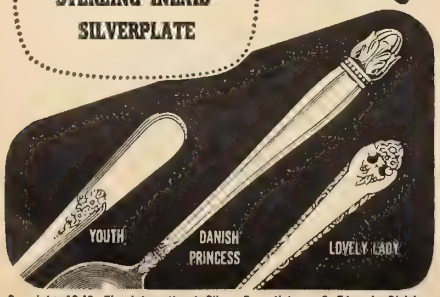
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gets to the kennels and finds no pups, she'll call out the militia!"

"Keep her home for an hour, Sylvia," I croaked, "if you have to rope and tie her!"

I raced to Gene's. He raced to The House, got the five dogs, loaded them in his car, raced to the Sunnyvale Kennels. (After Jeanette's visit, he hustled them back. Try that sometime with five dogs!)

We did other last minute wind-ups—like getting the horses up from Riviera Stables (where they'd been boarded). And while Jeanette went to the hairdressers, we loaded the rest of her clothes (she thought they were safely packed in her trunk) into our cars and rushed them over. We filled the rooms of The House with roses, tried the new gold key for size.

I didn't really enjoy the wedding. It was beautiful, I know, and filled with meaning. But as I started down the aisle in the wedding procession, one thought exploded in my mind.

"Jeanette isn't going to like it!"

I was suddenly, positively certain she wouldn't. I was dog-tired, scared and filled with a horrible shame.

The stark audacity of it! How dared one woman plan another's home? Impertinent, presumptuous, that's what it was. It was a horrible idea, and it was all my fault! I could have stopped it. I could have talked Gene out of it. I heard, "I pronounce you man and wife." The ceremony was over. My misery had only begun.

The minute the bride and groom left, I grabbed Dick and we started home. The tears could no longer be denied. I just bawled. I bawled all the way home.

the road back . . .

I knew they were home by now. I knew Gene's plan—to set out as if for Riverside and the Mission Inn where Jeanette thought they would stay, make wrong turns, say nothing to her protests, wind back to the house and say, "We're home." As soon as he'd shown Jeanette all over the place, he'd call, he'd said.

It was eleven o'clock. I waited.

At 2:12 the telephone rang.

My heart stopped. I reached for it.

Gene's voice said, "Mrs. Raymond would like to speak with you."

"Darling," came Jeanette's voice, and then a pause. I held my breath. She spoke very slowly. "All my life I've dreamed of my house—I've walked into it tonight." My heart was pounding so hard I didn't hear anything else. Dick took the phone and there was laughter and gaiety as Jeanette raved over the house, the garden, the stables—she'd seen everything.

Later, I learned what had happened when Gene pulled up before The House.

It took him twenty minutes to get Jeanette out of the car. She couldn't believe him when he said, "Well, Mrs. Raymond, welcome home." Finally, he pulled her reluctantly up the walk, handed her the gold key, had her open the door herself. Right then Mrs. R. made her classic remark.

"All right," she said, still bewildered, "if it *is* our home—how much did it cost?"

Her husband didn't answer that. He just picked her up and carried her over the threshold . . .

Jeanette kept everything almost unchanged for about five years. But since then, she's improved almost every room. Now every part of the house shows the touch of her talented hand and, of course, it's more beautiful than ever. But this is its story—the story of how a home was born. As far as I know, there's not another story, or another house, exactly like it anywhere in all the world. It's a house built by romance and devotion. And, eleven years later, romance and the Gene Raymonds are still "at home" in that house in Bel-Air.

INFORMATION DESK

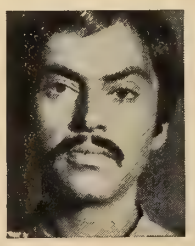
by Beverly Linet



MARK DANIELS, who scored as Alan in Winged Victory, *and who was more recently seen in* Bury Me Dead, *just hit the Broadway headlines in the lead opposite June Lockhart in* For Love or Money. *Mark was born Stanley Honiss in Chicago, Ill., on Aug. 27. He's 6' 2", weighs 180, and has brown eyes and hair. Send lots of mail to him at Eagle-Lion Films, Hollywood.*



Handsome, blonde, 6 foot MICHAEL STEELE debuts in Station West. *Mike was born in Pennsylvania on Oct. 6, 1921. He is unmarried, has blue eyes, and weighs 155 lbs. Write him at RKO, Hollywood, for a photo.*



PEDRO ARMENDARIZ was born in Mexico on May 9, 1912. He is 6' tall, weighs 190, and has black eyes and hair. Is married to Carmen Pedro. Can be reached at RKO, where he will be seen in The Pearl *and* Fort Apache.

G. G., Colo., The Vanessa Brown Club is headed by Bob Lutzow, 4862 N. W. Highway, Chicago 32, Ill. The Mel Torme Club by Lee Garber, 2137 Cropsey Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. The Ron Randall Club by Anna Hreha, 804 E. 102 St., Seattle 55, Wash. Esther Williams Club by Darlene Hammond, 1416 Belfast Dr., Hollywood 46, Calif. Charlotte Ness, Wis.: Hail Alma Mater, Flurette, The Dicky Bird Song, Passepied, Rosen Kavalier, Ritual Fire Dance, You Made Me Love You, Mulatta Likes the Rhumba, Romeo and Juliet Waltz, Roumanian Rhapsody, Hungarian Fantasy, Sweethearts, Allegro Appasssionata, Rt. 66, and Springtide were played in that order in THREE DARING DAUGHTERS. Keep on sending those questions, with a self-addressed, stamped envelope, to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN 261 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C. I have the answers waitin' for you.

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VIRTUE PAYS

(Continued from page 31)

On display and acting, even at home. Her little girl wandering in timidly as I interviewed her. And the star stalking out, hissing angrily to the nurse, but not quite low enough—"Get that child out of here! Go on!" Then, for my benefit—"Goodbye, darling. Mama's busy now. That's a sweet dear."

Vicki James' mother is different.

"When our jobs are over, we drop the curtain," Betty told me. "You have to if you treasure a real home. Harry's one hundred per cent old fashioned that way. So am I. Someone once said that I was the most cooperative star in Hollywood when I was working—the most uncooperative when I wasn't. That's the way I want to be. I give my work everything that's in me when I'm inside a studio. When the whistle blows, I'm through.

"It's the same way with Harry. He's never had a trumpet inside this house. If I'm ever guilty of talking about a scene I made today at the dinner table I hope Harry gags me with the napkin. We have an unwritten law here about those things."

I was thinking of the star I know who turned her home into a sound stage. She replayed her camera script, scene by scene, every evening for her suffering husband. When the poor guy wanted some personal attention, he didn't get it—his wife was too wrapped up in her make-believe life.

Finally, he told her off. "You should marry your producer," he said bluntly. So she divorced him and did just that. Now her home life's strictly show business—but not necessarily the idyll she thought it would be. They fight like cats and dogs!

balance wheel . . .

"You see," Betty elaborated, "when two people spend so much of their time in the tense, unreal business of entertainment, they've got to balance that with a big helping of home life; they've got to go overboard being Mr. and Mrs. Doaks, if they want to be happy. We do."

Betty told me about the time she had to kick her loving husband off her own set. She's used to working with hundreds of eyes watching every move she makes—but impersonal eyes. One day Harry strolled in, kissed her hello and retired to the sidelines to watch the scene. Betty blew her lines, flubbed her actions. Her home life had stepped on the set and it was out of place. After several dismal efforts, she knew what was wrong.

"Honey," she told Harry, "please, will you go sit in my dressing-room until this is over? I just can't do a thing with you around!" Harry understood. He should have known better.

"It's harder for me to keep away from Harry's career than it is for him to skip mine," admitted Betty. "I'm just naturally crazy about music, and I haven't a bit of acting ambition. If it hadn't been for my mother's saying 'Go ahead,' whenever a chance came in Hollywood, I'd still be singing with a band, and perfectly content. That is, if I had the happy home and children I have now. That's the important thing."

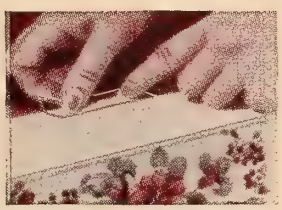
How about that star, I thought, the one who wrecked her marriage and made divorce orphans of her kids—just for the chance to see her name in bigger lights?

Betty Grable has the wholesome domestic habit of putting everything her husband does first. The James house doesn't come with two pairs of pants. Harry handles the house bills, the ranch, the various James family interests. He supports his wife and children and he

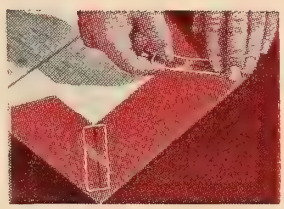


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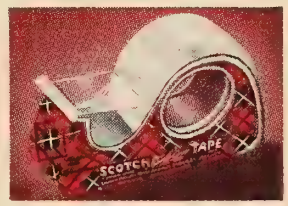
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be at your best



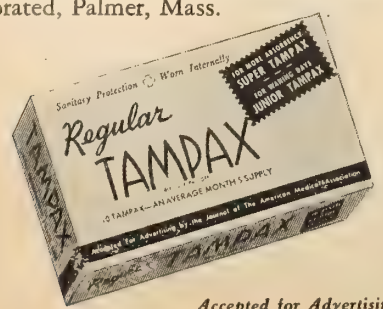
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does it darned well, as I can assure you.

I couldn't help contrast the matrimonial mockery of a certain star who has supported her idle husband for years and years—just for respectability's sake, because he was the father of her child before she found fame. But she acted—without regard for that child, or the husband, like any fancy free single gal: scores of romances, affairs and brazen carryings-on. Why not? She was independent; she paid the bills. And, just to make everything cozy, she even supported her husband's girl friend, too—and still does!

When the Jameses were first married, Betty tried to keep up with Harry on his band tours. It didn't work. Wherever she went she found Betty Grable, movie star, too powerful an attraction and distraction. The crowds yelled for her and unless she sang, took a bow or did something they grumbled. That was bad for Harry, bad for her. Now Betty stays home—"where I belong."

Betty's been accused of being dull, uncooperative (she's always up on that Hollywood Women's Press Club slam-list) and ambitionless. Only the last one's halfway true. Betty's ambition—as she truly stated—is to have a happy home and raise her daughters right.

If Betty Grable's "dull," it's because she fights to shield her home and family from the spotlight of publicity. If she's "uncooperative," it's because an early Hollywood beating fed her up with stunts for sweet publicity's sake.

"When I started back at Paramount," Betty recalled, "I was getting absolutely no parts in pictures, but I worked ten hours a day, posing for every still anybody could dream up. They even pushed me inside a cage with a tiger once—with cameramen hidden behind every bar."

"In a bathing suit?" I asked. "You, not the tiger."

"Of course," grinned Betty. "I always was in a bathing suit. That's when all this 'Legs Grable' stuff started. So now I'm 'uncooperative.' They get me for publicity when they catch me."

who's grable? . . .

"Vicki," she told me, "has no idea who 'Betty Grable' is. I'm Betty James or Mrs. James, or Mommy."

It seemed to me that Vicki shares about everything, already, that Betty and Harry do. I checked on that with Betty. "She certainly does," she said proudly. "Whatever we do that's good for a little girl, Vicki's in on. That's why we have kids—to enjoy them."

I conjured up the contrasting picture of a certain career-crazy big star, I know, who has a son, a swell little guy. But this star hates to admit it, won't even let him be mentioned in print because that's "bad publicity."

Not to mention another glamor star who's always been bored with all her daughters, ungracious to them all the time they grew, interested only in herself. When her eldest got engaged, mama, after several marriages, was starting a new family. She went shopping for her maternity clothes, trotted her engaged daughter along. "By the way," she said, "you might as well pick up your trousseau while I'm shopping." (At a maternity shop!)

"Can I take some friends along?" asked the daughter. It's a pretty exciting occasion, choosing a trousseau.

"Certainly not!" snapped her selfish mother. "I can't be annoyed in the condition I'm *in!" What I've always wanted to know: Why did she have children in the first place? She never enjoyed them.*

Vicki James has her own pony, "Sweetie Pie," at the James ranch. She has her own piano, too. Last Christmas she came right out and demanded the piano, and Betty thought they'd get her a toy one, but Vicki insisted on a "weel one like Daddy's." That did it with Harry. He scoured Los Angeles for a full keyboard, pint-size piano like they use in bars sometimes. Finally, down on Main Street in a second hand shop, he found it. He painted the old scarred finish sky blue, and Miss Victoria can hammer out bits of Chopin and Grieg at the age of four.

"You know," Betty chuckled, "Vicki even takes in the races with us. We love horses, so does she. Last time we went to Santa Anita, Vicki picked four winners."

"Good Lord!" I said. "How?"

"Just pointed her little finger at the entries and where it came down, Mommy made a two-dollar bet. Four paid off. For her size, she's the biggest winner in the James family."

Betty's normally possessive about her kids, but not like a certain big star who adopts children simply to possess them—right down to every tiny heart-beat. I sat in her room once when she brought in the babes, lined them up at attention, practically.

sweet and hot

by leonard feather

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FROM THE MOVIES

APRIL SHOWERS—title song: *Ray Noble (Columbia). Carolina In The Morning: *Tony Martin (Victor).

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ALBUMS

**TONY MARTIN—You And the Night And the Music (Victor).

**CHARLIE PARKER et al.—Bebop Jazz 1948 (Dial).

*CHARLIE BARNET — Barnet Favorites (Apollo).

"Who loves you best in the world?" she shot at them.

"You do, Mother."

"Who do you love best in the world?"

"We love you, Mother."

It was like a catechism. A trained chant. I couldn't believe my eyes and ears.

"See?" she turned to me fiercely. "See *how they love me?"*

Betty doesn't have a relief nurse now. The highspots in her life today are the ranch weekends when she takes over both Vicki and Jessica—and Harry too. She does all the cooking, housework and baby nursing, without a servant in sight. "That would spoil the fun," said Betty. "Maybe all is confusion and a few pots get scorched, and some dirt stays a few minutes on the kids' faces—but that's when we're really a family."

A nurse brought baby Jessica in to Betty about then. Jess is the image of her daddy. Betty took her on her lap, patted her tiny head, made even more baby-bald looking by some goo that plastered her blond wisps flat.

"Vaseline," said Betty. "This afternoon we wash." She pressed Jess to her bosom, and vaseline spots showed on Betty's fresh white blouse. She didn't pay them any attention.

I called on a Hollywood queen one morning to get a story. At that early hour she was groomed, topknot to toenail, fit for the Ritz—and so were her little darlings, who promptly trooped in, starched, combed, manicured and perfumed like French poodles. They paraded in review for me, curtsied, smirked sanctimoniously as they'd been trained to.

When their beglamored mama left the room for the telephone, I whispered, "Say kids, why don't you run outdoors and have a mud fight?"

Eagerness flickered on their faces for a second; then it was gone. "Oh, no!" *gasped the little boy in horror. "We wouldn't look nice then for the pictures."*

There weren't any pictures. No story, either. I got out of there fast.

she's no oscar of the waldorf . . .

Betty Grable doesn't pretend to be Mrs. Domesticity. Before she married Harry James, she'd never tackled anything in a kitchen much more complex than bacon and toast. One day afterward, though, she was seized by an understandable wifely urge to cook a bang-up meal for the man she loved.

"I picked out a roast of beef," Betty said, "brought it home and opened my cook book. First direction was, 'Wash the roast.' I put it in a pan of soap and water and went to work with a scrub brush. It was a little hard to get all the bubbles off but it was clean, all right, when I got through. Then I slipped it in the oven. I knew Harry liked his beef rare. So I was pretty careful about time and temperature. It looked wonderful on the platter, I thought. Then Harry carved it.

"Well," said Betty, "it was rare, but it wasn't roast beef. It turned out to be veal. I didn't know the difference. Rare veal—can you imagine? Funny thing, it didn't taste so bad. At least Harry said so. Now you *know* he loves me."

I've seen Betty James so many times late in the evening picking groceries off the shelves of a Beverly Hills market where I often shop. I asked her if that was a steady habit. "Oh, sure," she said, "I do all the marketing. Sometimes my dad sends out the meat, and there's a vegetable man who comes by the house now. But the rest is my job."

"Even when you're working?"

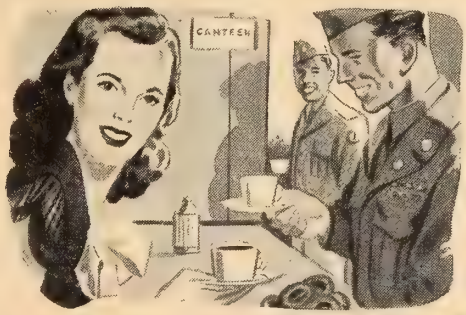
Betty nodded. "The health of the James family is more important than any picture I'll ever make." I wondered why she



The Beauty Story OF A STAR

by Perc Westmore

DIRECTOR OF MAKE-UP AT WARNER BROS. STUDIO



From snack bar to stardom—that's how it happened for Janis Paige. While serving in a servicemen's canteen, she pinch-hit for an absent singer. The little girl from Tacoma made a big hit—and a talent scout signed her up! By coincidence, she made her screen debut in Warner Bros. "Hollywood Canteen."



At the studio Janis met Perc Westmore, beauty advisor to Hollywood stars. To emphasize her natural beauty, he helped her select the Westmore beauty colors to flatter her complexion. He told her, "To be a star you must look lovely off the screen as well as on." Now Janis says it's easy to look her beautiful best with this marvelous Westmore make-up.



Janis considers herself an "outdoor" girl, but she loves to be glamorous too as in her present picture. Exciting as a star's life is, Janis is still the same girl who likes gumdrops, surprises and rainy afternoons. "And Westmore Cosmetics too," she adds. "I count on Westmore Make-Up for all day beauty, every day."

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couldn't order for delivery. "They sting you that way," observed Betty thriftily.

When Harry's home, playing an engagement in Hollywood, his day starts about when Betty's ends. She's up at six when she works, and that's about when Harry's getting caught up on his sleep. When Betty races home there's just time for dinner with Harry and the babies in this room—around the low table by the fireplace. Then Harry James has a date with his trumpet—at the Palladium or wherever he's making melody.

I've seen so many Hollywood couples driven apart by two careers far better synchronized for home life than that. But there's Dutch blood in Betty's veins; she's stubborn about what she wants—especially if it's precious time with her husband. When Harry came home after his last band-tour, Betty was making her toughest scene for *Lady in Ermine*. His train arrived at one of those gosh-awful hours. Betty had a six o'clock date on the set. She could have sent a driver. But she wasn't going to miss that homecoming. So she set an alarm clock for 3:30, drove in the dark to Pasadena to be there for Harry to hug when he stepped off in the dawn. Then she worked all day.

"When Harry's playing in Hollywood, I make him promise to call me after the band breaks up," she said. "Sometimes he does, sometimes he doesn't—especially if I'm working, because he thinks he'll wake me up. I fix that. I lock my bedroom door so he has to wake me up to get in. Then we go downstairs, raid the ice box and catch up on each other over sandwiches and milk in the kitchen. Luckily, I'm the type who can get back to sleep in a half a second, and I wouldn't miss those midnight visits for anything. Especially since that's often the only time we have to talk."

I thought of the temperamental, neurotic all-out star I know whose husband almost has to have an appointment to get in her boudoir after she retires—creamed, curlered and done up in a beauty mask.

And another top actress who keeps her husband hidden safely away on the third floor of her elegant home. He's too nice a guy to protest the exile—even ducks in and out the back door if she has guests. She sends for him by royal command when she wants him, once or twice a week. I was there once when he happened in, paused timidly at the living room door. "Excuse me—" he said.

"Come on in, dear," invited the star. "It's all right." He glowed pathetically at the unaccustomed honor. Yet they're man and wife—it says on the marriage certificate!

"orchestra wife" . . .

Harry's tours all over the land make her a "band widow" which Betty dreads most. ("Thank goodness he's not going on one this year," she breathed.) It's a lonely house even with her mother dropping by all the time. Harry and Mrs. Grable get along like peaches and cream, incidentally. He was mighty thankful she was around when Jessica was born last year.

Harry had his play dates arranged to be home for the big event, but Betty had her baby five weeks ahead of schedule. When Harry got the news he wanted to fly right out. "You will not," Betty told him. "Then I'll have to worry about you, too."

Both Harry and Betty are one hundred per cent old fashioned about flying. Betty was convinced on a flight from Salt Lake City to Seattle. She ran into one of the worst sleet and snow storms on one of the worst runs in the country, forcing her plane down in Portland. She switched to a train and hasn't been up since. Harry had a similar scare.

"You know," mused Betty, "we're so very lucky, Harry and I. We're almost psychic about how we feel and what we like. And luckily we both measure up to about the same place in our different fields. That's wonderful, because he's so sensitive that way. I can be Mrs. James, all right, but he could never be Mister Grable."

Once, the King and Queen of Hollywood were married. The king predicted, "For the first year, I'll be known as Mister Her. After that, she'll be known as Mrs. Me." That's exactly what happened, and it was supposed to be a marriage made in Heaven. But underneath their marriage vows they were still two very top stars and hence two hot Hollywood rivals. Both prized their stardom above all. And the perfect marriage broke up.

"What's really important in a marriage is the way you feel about each other," Betty went on. "And how you get along. We're deeply in love—Harry and I—more than we were when we married. It's a thing with us that grows and grows. They say you get to looking alike after you're married awhile. I know you start thinking alike, because we do all the time. This house, for instance—"

meeting of minds . . .

Betty and Harry lived in her home briefly when they married, but they wanted one of their own. They went looking, found the cozy English one they now have. Bert Lahr had built and furnished it before he left Hollywood. They walked in the front door, made a tour of fifteen minutes. "Then," recalled Betty, "we both said, 'Let's buy it'."

(It's too small by now for the growing James family. They thought they'd add on a wing recently, but the estimates came to "about a million dollars or something.")

"The nicest thing of all," Betty believes, "is the absolutely amazing way our hobbies and interests line up. For instance, baseball—and horses."

"I married as horse-happy a character as you can imagine. Harry already had race horses before we were married. He started with half a horse. A friend of his told him, 'I'm sick of hearing you rave about racehorses, here—I'll sell you half of mine.' Now we have twelve grazing on our Calabasas ranch. That's where we spend all holidays, week-ends, vacations. We're going to live there someday."

Right now there's only a small cottage and the horses. They're earning their feed, though. Harry and Betty had seven winners this past season at Santa Anita.

Betty carefully arranges her shooting schedule each year to make her two pictures (that's her limit now) so she can share her free time with Harry. They went to Del Mar for the race season last year, stayed at a hotel. "Vicki loved it on the beach," said Betty, "so this year, with Jess too, we've got a house. You have to spend long, uninterrupted times together every year if you value your marriage."

What about the domestic tragedy that right this moment stalks one of Hollywood's favorite families? He's a star, so is she, both big, both swell people. But his burning interest is organization, politics, speeches and civic affairs. Hers—parties, fun, Hollywood society. But her escort's out crusading, and she sits and frets and finally—it's all over—and too bad. If they only shared as well as cared.

When you get Betty Grable on the subject of horses it's practically impossible to get her off. "The very nicest present Harry ever gave me was on my birthday a year ago," Betty said. "I call it my three-in-one present. He gave me a brood mare in foal with a yearling colt beside her. Now the baby's a year old, the colt's two. The mare, Lady Florise, was a stakes winner!"

The Jameses stepped out to nightclubs just twice this season. Once, when a new band opened at Ciro's and it was professional courtesy for Harry James to show up and wish good luck. The other time Dan Dailey told them he'd bind, gag, and kidnap them if they didn't come with him to see Kay Thompson.

It's hard to spot the Jameses even if they're at a nightclub. They slip in, enjoy themselves quietly and slip out. No grand entrances, no personality smiles for the photographers. When I think of the swishy sensations Marlene Dietrich, Joan Crawford or Norma Shearer and Dolores Del Rio, in their day, could make of that simple event, I know Betty Grable's not even in the running as a Hollywood showhorse. It's just not her style, thank goodness! Betty James prefers family style.

She took Vicki to the Palladium one Sunday afternoon to hear her Daddy's band. Grandma Grable went along and Grandpa Grable, too. Vicki watched Harry play, but what really wowed her were the dancers. "Mommy," she said soon, "dance with me." Betty explained: two girls can't dance with each other. She tried Mrs. Grable and got the same excuse. Then she tackled Betty's dad, Conn Grable. "Can't keep up with these young jitterbugs," he dodged.

When Harry dropped over during intermission, Vicki pounced. "Daddy, *you* dance with me." "I can't," explained Harry with mock timidity, "I work here. I'll get fired."

Vicki's face clouded with disgust. "Grown-ups," she observed, "have too many rules!"

Well, maybe Vicki's right. Maybe they have. But the sensible, wholesome, love-inspired rules that Betty Grable and Harry James have worked out for themselves are the kind I'll buy. They've created that Hollywood rarity, a healthy, happy, sane American home, in a place where that's very hard to do. I'll always have a portrait in my memory from that morning's visit to the James house—a portrait of a happy woman—and I don't know of a pleasanter picture to contemplate in this angry, restless world.

CROWNING MOMENT

(*Continued from page 14*)

20th Century-Fox. That was back in 1934. Since then, Ronnie has starred, at an average of $150,000 a picture, in some twenty different vehicles. The most successful of these, according to Romanoff standards, have been *A Tale of Two Cities,* written by my second cousin twice removed; *Lost Horizon,* written by a former cash customer, James Hilton; and *A Double Life,* written by my good friends, the Michael Kanins.

Ronnie, of course, in his stoically appealing manner, is saying very little about this year's Academy Awards. When I mention to him the possibility that he might be chosen for an Oscar, he cocks his grey-maned head to one side, he smiles diffidently and says liltingly, "Ah, that would be so nice."

And it would be, too—for Ronnie, like all of us, is getting older. Time flows on, and it would be pleasurable for him in the years to come to remember that one night in 1948 when he was called to the dais to receive his Oscar. Each night has its own immutability, each moment its own private eternity—but this is one night, I assure you, Ronnie would remember forever.

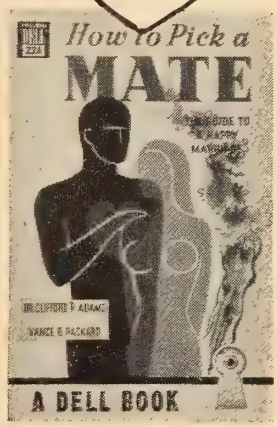
After twenty-five years of film making, and *A Double Life,* I submit that he is worthy of a memorable moment.

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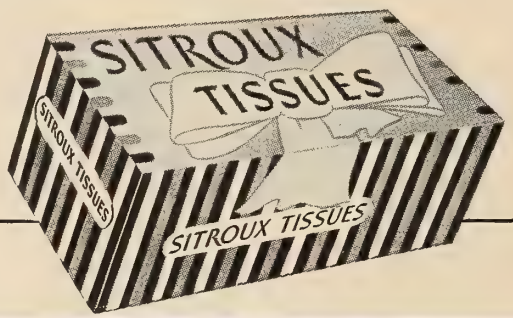


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OH, THAT ALICE!

(*Continued from page 48*)

dancer," says some bright young lad.

"A drunk," somebody else says.

Alice is desperate, her three minutes are almost up. She overdoes it, trips over the stairs leading to the hall (it's a sunken living room) and she's down on the floor with a broken arm. "A fine way to get out of doin' a picture," I tell her on the way to the hospital.

Sometimes I wonder. Maybe I never should have taken Alice Faye as my bride on that day in May seven years ago. Until then, all this beautiful, big hunk of talent talks about is show business. Then she marries me, gets a house, has babies, and all she wants is to push one of those wire carts around the grocery store.

First thing you know I'm not allowed to make tours with my band anymore, either. "We're through living by an upside down clock," Alice says. I've got my band on the Benny show so I feel all right about it—the biscuits are rollin' in regularly. But I'm thinkin' all the time: how can I get Alice back in front of the public again? She's too beautiful, too talented to retire.

Answer's obvious—radio. Doesn't take up so much time as picture making. I can shoulder all the organization, share the performing job, and she'll have time to herself. So now we got our own half-hour air show—The Fitch Bandwagon—right after Benny on Sundays.

Today I still run the orchestra for the Benny show and get off a few lines every week. Just before the curtain falls I scoot across the hall and start the Bandwagon going. To me Jack is the real father of radio, master of them all. I've been with him 12 years and I've soaked up everything I've seen the man do. Benny helped me launch the Faye-Harris Bandwagon. Alice and I play ourselves, you know. Not wantin' to copy anyone else, we figured like this—let's get a nice story with a believable background and real breathin' people.

Our permanent characters are ourselves, our two children (Alice, junior and Phyllis); our business manager who is Alice's brother, Bill Faye (on the air we call him William); my old pal Frank Remley; Julius the grocery boy (he's the only one who

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Fun to listen to . . . more fun to participate! Here's how: Movie Matinee is broadcast direct from the stage of the Palace Theater every afternoon, Monday through Friday, 3:00 to 3:30 P.M., *EST, and direct from the Longacre Theater on Saturday, 11:00 to 11:30* A.M., *EST. If you live in New York, or plan to visit New York, come down and see the show . . prove how well you know your Hollywood . . . take a crack at those wonderful prizes!*

For listeners: tune in Mutual Broadcasting System station Saturday, 11 A.M., *EST, or WOR in New York, Monday through Friday, 3* P.M., *EST.*

doesn't actually exist in real life) and Mr. Fitch, head of the company that sponsors the program.

We were launched in the fall of 1946. We had the advantage that both of us were known; I had my fans from the Benny program and Alice had her big movie following. But ahead was a lot of unbroken ground, we hadn't proved anything on the air yet, as a team. A radio program has to have some age on it, the characters have to become established before the public really latches onto it.

We think we're in the groove now. One mistake we made the first year was picturing the family life too sweet. The public likes it more normal, with struggles and troubles. Now the children say things that embarrass the devil out of us—very realistic—and I get into ruinous trouble. Alice is the understanding wife on whose shoulders everything falls.

Our children are too young (five and three) to play themselves. Two young actresses do their parts. Jeanine Roose, aged 9, who got her start doing child parts on the Benny program, plays Alice, and Anne Whitfied, aged 8, who is Penny on *One Man's Family*, plays Phyllis.

Mr. Fitch is played by a famous old-time movie star, Francis X. Bushman, who was the Clark Gable of his day (around 1912). Frankie, Julius and William are played by other, younger, radio actors. We had an awful time casting Frankie. Frank Remley is my oldest friend. We began in this business together, me a drummer and Frankie playin' guitar. When I got my own band, he came with me. We've played in every big and little place on the globe, lived together until we got married. I'm always kiddin' him about his age and all that.

type casting . . .

Well now we were castin' for this part. Actors were readin' for us and we were turnin' 'em down right and left. Suddenly I say how wonderful if this guy were able to do it himself, after all he's a pretty amusing guy. So I call him up—he's got his own little combination by now and is playing around town. I don't tell what I want him for, just say, "Come over."

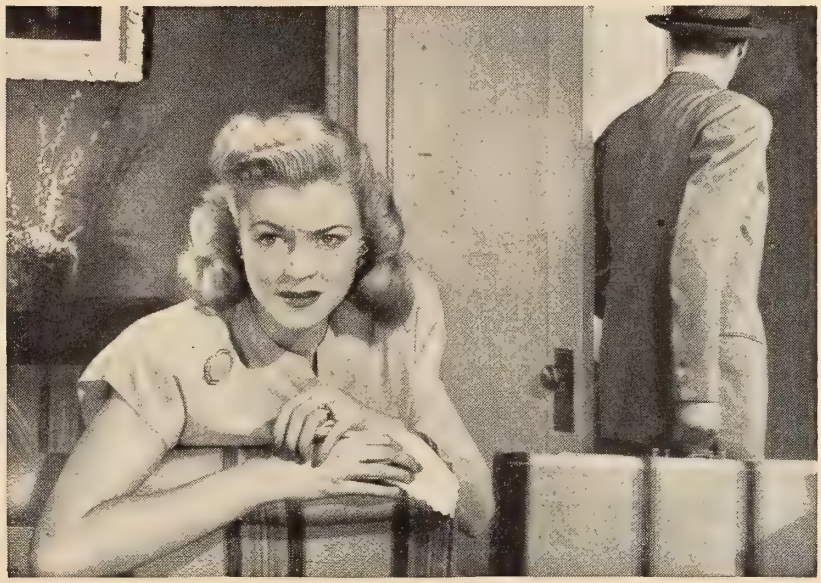
He brings his guitar of course. I hand him a script and tell him to read with me so the director and the rest can hear that he's an actor too. "Now Curly," he says, (he's the only one who calls me Curly) "I'm no professor." I tell him to shut up and start readin'. He keeps tryin' to tell me something but of course I won't let him. I got one thing on my mind. So we start and he goes like a wagon with a broken wheel. He's slow, his timing is impossible. I say, "Are you afraid, Frankie?"

"Look Curly, I've been trying to tell you something," he says, "it's something I've been meaning to tell you for several months. I got myself a pair of reading glasses, can't read without 'em now. I left 'em home today. I can't hardly see this paper I'm holding let alone the printing on it."

He'd been hiding this about the glasses because he knew I'd rib the brains out of him for growing old and all that. Well, before we got around to giving him another chance to read, a very good professional actor blew in, just out of the army and we gave him the job. And Remley works in the band, playin' the old guitar. He practically falls off his chair every week when he hears himself being impersonated.

People always want to know if any of the situations that we play on the air ever happened in real life. Well, not exactly. I work with our two writers (Ray Singer and Dick Chevillat) and they go about writing the show pretty much like all comedy writers. They do get ideas from what we all do in real life and sometimes

Love-quiz... For Married Folks Only



COULD THIS MARRIAGE HAVE BEEN SAVED?

A. Yes . . . had the wife taken heed of her husband's increasing coolness, known the secret of thorough feminine hygiene, kept herself lovely to love.

Q. What does feminine hygiene have to do with married happiness?

A. Far more than some women realize . . . but the wise wife has the assurance of complete daintiness when she uses "Lysol" brand disinfectant regularly in the douche.

Q. But many women use a douche only now and then . . . is regularity important?

A. Yes, indeed . . . it should be a routine procedure with every married woman, and always with "Lysol." Because it has marvelous deodorant properties due to its proven ability to kill germs instantly on contact.

Q. How about homemade solutions, such as salt and soda?

A. They are old-fashioned and ineffectual, not to be compared with "Lysol's" scientific formula. "Lysol" has tested efficiency in contact with organic matter. It is both effective and safe for delicate tissues when used as directed.

ALWAYS USE "LYSOL" in the douche for its efficiency in combating both germs and odors. It will help you feel you have perfect grooming, "romance appeal."



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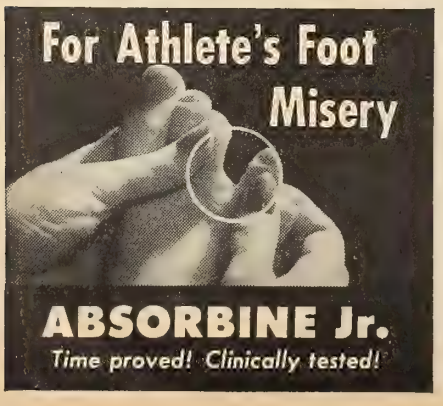


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lines are taken directly from something Frankie or I have said. As far as the kids go, we steal a line from them now and again but we steal from any child we know. We don't think our kids are funnier or cuter than others. They're just average and we're entertained at home by things they say just like every family is entertained by the humorous things that only kids come up with. When we hired the writers, we made sure they had children.

Most of the situations, and the characters are exaggerated for comedy purposes. Bill Faye has been made the heavy and I guess he's takin' a lot of ribbin' from his friends. In real life he's a fine businessman and a regular guy.

In real life I was the one that was always getting Frankie into trouble. The writers have switched that around too.

People ask us how our kids like the program and if we plan for them to come on it when they're bigger. The kids listen every week but not very hard I imagine. They're a little young. I don't know whether they'll ever act, we aren't pushing 'em. They don't have any special lessons of any kind. Alice gets a little dancing at her regular school. She's the kind that's always got something to say. Alice (senior) says she's like me.

I can see why Alice hates to be away from those little kids. As she says, the time when they're little and cute passes all too fast; before you know it they'll be 17 and having ideas about going off and marrying. But I don't know why they'll ever want to leave home—it's a nice place. We got seven acres of land around our house, an orchard, a swimming pool, a barn and a horse or two. A little while ago we bought a television set. Why go out, ever?

For an old dyed-in-the-wool show business vagabond I do some of the strangest things. Like tryin' to grow seven different kinds of flowers, from seed, in flats under a piece of glass. Then transplanting 'em out into the open, worrying every time we have a change of weather. Just a great big sap about flowers, I've become. Then there's cookin'.

Can you believe it, a cook yet? Italian is the specialty—veal scallopini and spaghetti with a violent sauce you'll never forget. Alice makes the meatballs. We've got a cook but a lot of the time we send her out to enjoy the moon while we frenzy things up in the kitchen. Singer and Chevillat and their wives generally come over for dinner about once a week and afterward we run the records of the last week's show and start criticizin' each other. I'm always full of talk and I do it walkin' around the room makin' gestures. This gives Alice her chance to get a few laughs mimickin' me.

I pretend I don't know she's followin' me around and goin' through all the gestures I make just behind my back. This gets a big yak out of the rest of the group. Oh, that Alice—quite some pixie.

For a long time the Faye-Harris Enterprises offices on Hollywood Boulevard, where the writers work and our business is done, was supposed to get some furniture but we were all so busy that we never got to it. It looked awful empty and silly but we got along. Alice is always ribbin' us about it and one day she's out shoppin', and she gets an idea.

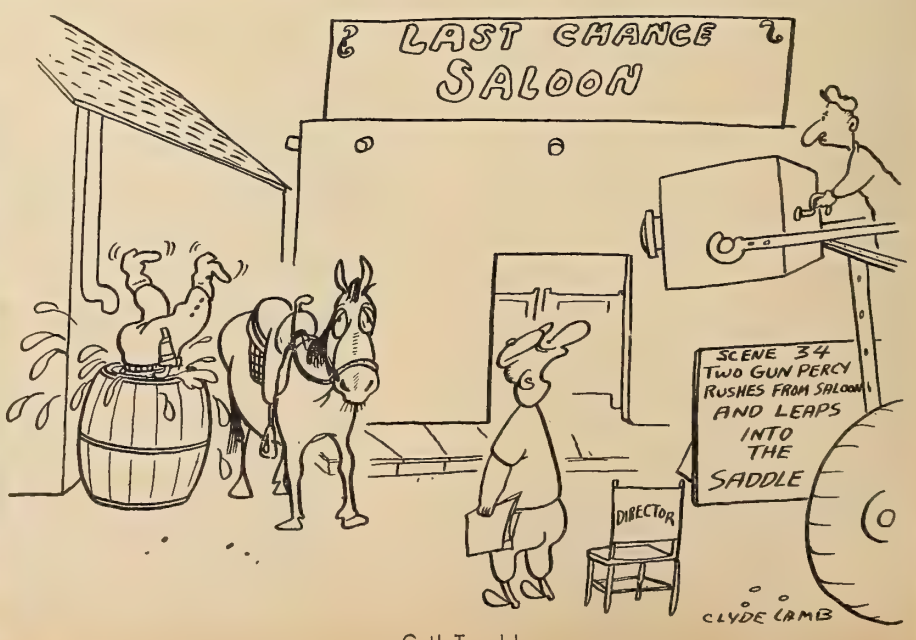
Next day a child's table with four small chairs—that we can just get into—are delivered to the offices. Each of our names is painted on the back of a chair. Now the offices look sillier than ever. And once in a while, to surprise a visitor, we'll squeeze into our chairs and pretend to discuss a problem. Oh, that Alice!

At Christmas I foxed her. She's gone wild about clothes made of suede lately and she made it pretty clear that sort of thing was what she was expectin' Santa to bring down the chimney. A few days before Christmas she took her cast off her broken arm and tossed it out with the trash. I picked it out of the basket and had it covered with suede. Gave it back to her for Christmas. When the laughs were over I led her to my closet where she found all the suede things she'd been hoping for.

I've had people ask why I don't learn to talk better English and I guess I gotta say that I just feel uncomfortable pronouncin' my i-n-g's. I know better, but I like it this way.

Alice and I agree that we want our kids to have a normal, simple kind of growing up and we don't want them to get any fancy stuffed-shirt notions just because their parents are successful and in the limelight. No kid of ours is going to turn into some tinsled tot who thinks she's too good for the neighbor's children. Aw, I tell you, this bringin' up a family's a cinch so long as you have a sense of humor. Do you wanna hear some more?

Well just tune in on the Fitch Bandwagon next Sunday.



Cut! Towels!

THE MYSTERY OF BOB WALKER

(*Continued from page 39*)

renewing the scenes of his youth. Bob is very sensitive; he began to realize that he was one of the most fortunate of mortals. He saw struggle, and made up his mind to ease it. He saw talent that was destined to lie fallow, and determined to do something constructive about it. There is no balm so gracious to the groping, discontented soul as the sudden knowledge that there is blessedness in helping others. Bob began edging away from the egocentric orbit that was threatening him.

"Here I am making more money than I know how to use," he said to himself, "and here is a chance to bring happiness and opportunity to kids who are just like I was a few years ago."

He came back to Hollywood with a completely new philosophy of living. Whatever it was that had almost got him down, he was determined to lick it!

He went to live in his beach house at Malibu, he spent hours chinning with the deputies at the sheriff's Malibu office. Any weekday night a dancehall patron might have seen a slender young man with thick horn-rimmed glasses playing the drums up in the orchestra stand. That was Bob, anonymous, getting to meet the people.

About that time Hollywood, which always has an ear to the ground for romance, began to bandy the rumor that Walker and Lee Marshall, Herbert Marshall's ex, were a serious item. It was not the case, and I suspect that Bob resented being made the subject of gossip. It's a long time now since he's been seen with Lee.

Jennifer Jones had to obtain Bob's permission before she could take their two sons on a vacation to Switzerland, and Bob gave permission readily enough but their departure left another yawning emptiness in his life.

When the boys went away, and a black moroseness was threatening again to overtake Bob, his father and mother came from Ogden to make their home in Hollywood. Walker père has been an active newspaperman and editor all his career, but recently his heart began to show indications of weakness and the physician prescribed retirement and rest. Their coming was a lifesaver for Bob.

Professionally, Walker was still at loose ends. Then he was handed the script of *One Touch of Venus* and that may prove eventually to have been the turning point.

Lester Cowan took the property to the head men of Universal-International and said, "There's only one actor who really should play the male lead, and that's Robert Walker. There's no hope of getting him from M-G-M, but we can dream."

sold on venus . . .

Bob read the script and he was immediately sold. The role of the bewildered young window-dresser appealed to him immensely. The deal was made.

As this story is written, Bob is well along in his new role and there isn't a more contented young star in Hollywood. A great friendship has sprung up between him and the director, veteran William Seiter. He's on terms of easy camaraderie with Ava Gardner, who is enjoying the finest opportunity of her career as Venus.

Ava Gardner's relationship with Bob as of today is just about the pleasantest of her career. They're pals. They love working together and each is constantly trying to inspire the other. I don't believe there's been a night since they started working together that they haven't gone somewhere to dine—often to Ava's house. Both deny there's a romance, but I wouldn't sell 'em too short.

But turning away from romance to some more facts about Bob—did you know he had an amazing wardrobe, more extensive, his friends say, than any other star's, including Adolphe Menjou? At least fifty suits, and everything made to his specific order. No price is too high for him to pay for anything he particularly wants, but he's no spendthrift. Bob is mighty careful with a buck, haggles like a horse trader with people trying to sell him things, especially automobiles. He doesn't gamble much but hates to lose and is a reluctant payer.

sight unseeing . . .

Bob will confess to you naïvely that he once had exceedingly slender hopes of accomplishing anything in the theater or the movies. His eyes are very weak, and he can scarcely see without the aid of powerful lenses, certainly a handicap before the camera. In an outdoor sequence of *Bataan*, I once watched him running pellmell down the side of a hill with a lot of other players and extras and I give you my word he crashed into every tree on the way down.

Nobody works harder on a script than Bob. When he goes in front of the camera, he's always letter perfect. I've found out while observing the Hollywood scene that set workers are among our smartest critics of acting. That's because they work in pictures all the time and have seen the best. Praise from juicers, gaffers and grips is praise indeed, and these hardboiled observers agree that Bob is tops.

Hollywood had the axes and hammers out for Bob Walker, and not so long ago. Hollywood doesn't understand and often doesn't try to understand. Hollywood is a worshipper of success and a despiser of failure, and takes no account of a sensitive individual's fight to do the things he knows he must do. Let's face it—Bob was hard hit when he lost Jennifer. I really believe that until not long ago he cherished the hope that one day he and Jennifer might get back together again.

The other night I saw Bob at a party and talked with him. The subject that had him brooding at the moment was Hollywood party girls. He has a vast pity for them—pretty moths of the night mostly without too much character or backbone, they come to Hollywood to make their careers and soon succumb to the lure of the flame.

"Girls arrive here," Bob said, "fresh and unspoiled and soon they become hard and disillusioned. The town really gives them a bad time and they think they're getting a great break. It's pathetic, and I've seen so many of them fall by the wayside."

Injustice stirs the Walker temper to heights. A newspaperman came to Hollywood not long ago, and Bob and I were talking together about him. "There's a guy I don't like," he said. "When I was eleven years old I made a deal to mow his lawn one summer. I worked like the dickens and he never paid me. That guy still owes me two dollars and a half."

And a word to the wise: don't make the mistake of opposing Bob Walker in a fistic or rough and tumble encounter. He carries a righthand punch like the kick of an army mule and his left is chain lightning. Also because he's so terribly nearsighted, he gets in close to get a bead on his target. Jimmy Henaghan assures me that as an infighter he is deadly.

He has put on the gloves for a finish bout with Life now, and maybe Bob will solve his own mystery.

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T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF



Famous Star Knows Secrets of Captivation

Beautiful Kyle MacDonnell is captivating New York audiences, in the musical hit "Make Mine Manhattan".

Her golden hair always looks lovely—and that's a matter of "captivation", too! Says Kyle: "I've discovered a wonderful trick for keeping my hair in place. After it's combed, I pat a few drops of Nestle HAIRLAC wherever ends might fly loose. The HAIRLAC 'fixes' my hair-do; it stays in place beautifully all day long."

Keep *your own* hair looking glamorous throughout the day. Get Nestle HAIRLAC *today* at your favorite drug or dept. store. 50¢ for the beautiful boudoir bottle.

LIFE BEGINS AT 6:30

(*Continued from page 29*)

8 o'clock call at the studio. I'm shooting *The Man From Colorado*. Ellie's gone East on a dancing tour and I'm on my own. That lets me lie and sigh and listen to sweet music thinking of her until

6:34 when I rustle enough courage to toss off the sheets. I hit the carpet and patter over to see if my favorite gadget's working. By

6:35 I know it's not. I'm a gadget guy you see, and I've rigged up a hot plate and grill on my tiny bar all wired to the clock. A coffee pot is primed to start perc-ing. Idea: While I'm getting pulled together, a cup of coffee is getting ready to be gulped. But, well, it doesn't ever seem to work. Have to fix that. Off to the bath and by

6:37 I'm shaving. Remember how they gigged you if you didn't have the whiskers mowed in the Corps, Joe? I've got a different reason now—strictly professional. I have to be clean-shaven for the scene I'll do today. I check up on that with a quick look out the bathroom window. Yep. It's drizzling all right. That means we'll be working inside, doing the courtroom scene where I'm dressed up and respectable. Ouch! The phone! It's always bad news that early in the morning, and it's only

6:45 "Yep, yep, this is Glenn. What's up? What! You're crazy. It's raining cats and dogs." But I've learned not to talk back to studio production managers, Joe. Just like top kicks, those guys know everything. Says he, it's not raining out in the San Fernando Valley, and there's a chance to shoot that outdoor battle scene. The sun's just right. That's swell—except that now instead of the scene I memorized last night (300 words of it) comes up another.

pardon my shave . . .

6:47 Now I'm on the spot. I'm half-shaved, and I realize too late I need whiskers for this scene. Well, the makeup guy will have to grow some where I've shaved. Hey, I've got a long drive. I'll be late. I dive for my clothes. Swings open the door. "Hey, Daddy!" It's Pete—my son, Peter. I snap to attention. He's my C. O.

6:50 "Daddy," lisps Peter Newton, "where's my electric train?" "Daddy's in a hurry, Pete. He has to go to work." "My electric train—make it run. My train, my electric train." So I'm on the floor and

7:10 Whew! I've finally got the system set up. Ever rassle with a Lionel toy train when you're in a sweat? Say, I can put one up in the dark. Sometimes I do. "There y'are, Pete. There she goes. Choo-Choo. All aboard!" I'm snatching my hat and raincoat when—"Wah-wah-wah!" Pete's crying. I know why. "Daddy, off the track." I put it on. "Goodbye Pete, kiss Daddy good-bye." Ah, that's what I live for, Joe.

7:12 I'm flying down the stairs. Halfway I stop. What did Ellie say before she went East? I know darned well. But I forgot. "Don't let Pete in my dressing-room. The quilted walls, the glass bottles. Keep the door closed." It's open, and Pete's loose. I run back, breathing double time, lock the door. "Pete, where are your socks? Don't you know you'll catch cold?" I never can find Pete's socks. But I finally do. That makes it

7:21 And I'm actually sitting down in the den gulping a cup of coffee that's been slipped under my nose, next to the morning paper. That paper, that Bill. I'd have been doing this at 7:18 but for that crazy collie pup of mine, William the Third. He got the news at 4 A.M. when the paper boy whizzed it in. He got it and he hid it. We get two papers; they used to come separately. I had them wrapped together. That makes only *one* bundle Bill can hide. This morning I'm lucky. Right under the camellia bush. Very uninspired, Bill. I could do better than that.

7:23 I just looked at my watch and got heart failure. How can I make it to the Valley in 37 minutes when I'm not even started? How can I? I can't.

7:26 I pat my coat, my pants pockets. Dough, yep, keys, wallet with driver's license. Okay. Migosh, my pipe! Upstairs—so's the script, so are my shoes. I forgot them. I'm up in a flash, down with shoes.

7:29 It's raining all right in Beverly Hills, and my car top's down. It's the damndest top to put up. I strain a tendon and groan. I'm all wet. Well, that's normal. A joke, son. Wow, am I late! It's

7:45 I have visions of a boiling director, a company waiting to shoot. I gun out of the garage—screeech! Why can't Pete learn to keep his toys out of the driveway? Pete's leaning out the window, laughing. He blows me a kiss. I melt, stack the toys and proceed. "Mister Ford!" It's Gussie. "The studio's on the phone." "Tell 'em I left fifteen minutes ago!"

8:00 And I'm just out of Beverly Hills heading for Cahuenga pass, but on my way at last. I'll make up some time.

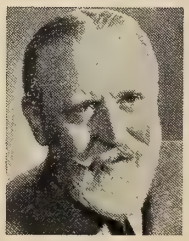
8:15 In the Valley, still making time. Still trying to remember those new lines and action. I'm on the spot, as usual. Come on fog, come on smog, wish I knew a handy rain dance, I'd do it. I figured on working inside and I'm late besides.

8:20 Take it easy, Ford. That car up ahead has radio antenna, red spotlight, black-and-white trim—state patrol. One ticket this year, the next one'll really be tough.

8:30 Only five miles to go. Bet I know what we're shooting, that ride into camp after Appomatox. Well, there won't be much dialogue there, mostly action. Maybe it's okay I don't know my lines.

8:34 Where is that turn-off for Iverson's Ranch? Passed the gas station, now the big oak tree. Here it is. Off the highway in a cloud of dust, I look for the trucks, the big green ones with "Columbia Pictures" on the side.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I have a salesman friend who bears a striking resemblance to Monty Woolley, white beard and all. Since he travels a lot, I was not surprised to see him having breakfast with two other men in a Kingman restaurant that I had entered for the same purpose. I immediately walked to his table, shook his hand warmly, and said, "Hello! How have you been?" He returned the greeting quite cordially, but with a puzzled expression. I noticed this and asked him if he had forgotten me. He replied, "The sun is shining in my eyes and I can't see you." At this, I grew suspicious. "Aren't you Mr. Stace?" I asked. "No. My name is Monty Woolley," laughed the star

Phillip Copeland
Phoenix, Arizona

8:40 There's the assistant director. He's walked a mile down the road looking for somebody. G. Ford, ten to one. I pick him up. He's very nice but nervous. I say I'm sorry I'm late. He says it's okay and squints at the sun. It's gone. We don't say much more. Now that I'm out here, I want to work. Nuts.

8:50 Hi, Bill, Hi Jerry. It's Bill Holden and Jerome Courtland, and a couple hundred other guys. They're squatting around a big open outdoor stove drinking coffee and looking gloomily at the grey sky. I feel like a guy who's raced for a train and just discovered it's two hours late. I have a cup of coffee myself. It's cold. I forgot my sweater, of course.

9:00 I'm still shivering, but with conversation. Every conceivable topic, but mostly football.

9:45 Somebody yells, and a whistle blows. Yep, there she is—the sun! Minutes are thousand dollar bills now. We'll get ready quick, and shoot while the light's right. Horses are rustled around. Wagons wheel here and there, extras mill around.

10:00 I'm still hunting for that trailer key. I've got to dress and make up for those whiskers I shaved off this morning. I've got to get my horse ready, cinch up the saddle. I made Westerns long enough to know you never leave that to anybody—not the best groom in the world—if you value your health, that is.

10:04 Got the key at last, had to chase down a guy to find a spare. I'm in luck. Wardrobe's got all my clothes, hanging neat and tidy right in the closet. I'm a Civil War colonel in *The Man From Colorado*—long coat, high boots, and a fancy sash.

the last roundup . . .

10:14 And I'm still rigging up while the makeup man pats on face fuzz I could grow lots easier at home.

10:18 I'm set and ready, and I check my horse and mount up. Bill Holden has beaten me to the saddle, so we sit on our nags and talk over the scene. It's some clambake and we have to do it on the first take. Here's why: The scene's where we ride into camp after the last battle of the Civil War. We're celebrating (the whole army) and we wreck the joint, knocking over tents, galloping horses around, shooting guns. Well you can wreck a place only once—then you've got to build it up to wreck it again. That's why all of us, down to the last extra, are on the spot.

10:30 Last minute directions by loudspeaker. "Okay, this is it. Ready, action!" Here we go! Bill and I spur our steeds into the melee, I feel my ticker pound. It isn't real war, of course, but I've got a swell imagination.

10:33 There go the tents, horses knocking 'em down. A rider tumbles, horse screams. Oh-oh—that artillery team was supposed to bolt to the right, and it's going left—right into the cook wagon! Wow! There goes the scene, all balled up now. The whistle—that means "Cut." I feel empty, like a punctured tire.

10:40 They're collecting the pieces; the take's muffed, and we have to set up again.

11:15 I'm still waiting, back in the trailer, and the sun's gone down. That Beverly rain is creeping over the pass at last. An assistant director roars off in a car for a telephone down the road. The scuttlebutt travels. We're breaking up. Going inside. He's calling the production office for a studio okay. Well, that's nice, now maybe I can use that dialogue I learned last night.

11:40 The assistant's back. We're going in, all right. But lunch first. Bill and I groan. That means box lunches. Ever eat a box-lunch, Joe? Combat rations are Heaven alongside.

11:59 I'm chomping rubber eggs, card-

Are you letting your daughter enter Marriage Blindly?



Every Bride Should Know These *Intimate Physical Facts* . . .

Before a girl marries she should be fully aware how necessary douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, marriage happiness, to combat odor and after menstrual periods. In fact, the question today is NOT whether to douche, but rather WHAT to put in the douche.

Here's Scientific Truth You Can Trust: Scientists tested every generally known antiseptic-germicide they could find on sale for the douche. And NO OTHER type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested proved SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to tissues. This ZONITE principle was developed by a world-famous Surgeon and an eminent Chemist. What better recommendation could you desire?

Cautions Against Weak or Dangerous Products

Pity the old-fashioned woman who, from ignorant advice of friends, still uses salt, soda or vinegar for the douche. Foolish woman! Doesn't she realize these 'kitchen makeshifts' are NOT germicides in the douche? They never in this world can give the great germicidal action of ZONITE with its marvelous *deodorizing* properties.

Yet ZONITE is so inexpensive, any woman should be able to afford its wonderful benefits.

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ZONITE positively contains no phenol, no mercury—no harsh acids—over-strong solutions of which may damage tissues and in time even impair functional activity of mucous glands.

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ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor-causing, clinging waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It *immediately* kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can BE SURE ZONITE DOES kill every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Scientific douching directions with every bottle.

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board rolls, and a mushy apple. I'm really kidding—it's all right, and anyway the coffee's hot.

12:10 Off comes my uniform with all the hardware. I'm back in slacks and my raincoat, and I'm back in my car.

12:18 I'm heading for Hollywood; I just got an idea. It'll take those guys some time to get back to the studio and line up. Now's my chance to squeeze in an Armed Forces Radio transcription. I swing into a gas station and phone. "I can handle a 'Remember' show record—right now." "Come on over," they say. There's an outfit that can work fast. Boy.

12:50 I'm reading seven pages of script stone cold into the recording mike. It isn't tough—not if you can read. The show's canned in forty-five minutes. I like to do those GI shows regularly; now I feel a lot better. The Columbia gate cop waves me into the studio at

1:45 They're not ready on the new set. Neither am I. I've got to shave, change costumes, get slicked up and dressed in my post-bellum civvies, 1865 style. I'm a federal judge now; the courtroom scene's coming up.

2:00 Telephone's ringing like a five-alarm fire. It's my agent. He's got papers stacked up to sign. Next call. My real estate man. I've got a piece of Hollywood property for sale; he's got an offer. "Okay, take it." Again, the ring. A wire from Ellie, relayed from home, "Send those sweaters and shoes, pronto, I need 'em." She's dancing back East, and I forgot. It's a wonder I ever get made up and dressed, but I do.

2:25 I step on the set. A publicity department guy grabs me. He's got a visiting dramatic editor in tow. The still man comes up, and I'm in a picture before I know it. I look at a list the publicity man hands me. Interviews, picture sittings. "How about Tuesday? Thursday? Friday? Saturday?" I wobble my head around and make promises. Hope I can keep 'em.

2:40 Okay, Glenn, we're ready. "Silence in the courtroom." I climb up on the bench trying to feel very dignified and judicial.

poll call . . .

2:50 There's a break, and a prop says I'm wanted on the phone. The Screen Actor's Guild. "Can you get over for an emergency vote at three? We need a quorum. It's important." I'm on the board. I check with the assistant. "You've got thirty minutes until the next set-up's ready." I chase out of there like Jackie Robinson. The meeting's just up the Boulevard.

3:04 I'm there—late as usual. I cast my vote, and I'm glad I could make it.

3:14 Back on the lot. Even early. I hide in my dressing corner and scribble a few lines to Ellie. What was that cute crack Pete made this morning? "Ellie, Darling—" That's as far as I get. "Ford! Glenn Ford! Ready!"

3:24 Back on the set. A wardrobe tailor grabs me. I've got a stitched-up coat on before I know it, and he's pinning and poking. How I hate wardrobe fittings! That publicity guy again, grinning. "How'd you like to crown the queen of the Peach Festival?" "I'd like to crown *you*," I say, but I don't mean it. I love to crown queens.

3:25 Okay, light em! Quiet, rolling, speed, action! I'm that dignified judge again.

3:40 Making pictures. Once you're into it, you lose yourself.

4:40 I wake up. Come back to reality. It's a break. The stage doors swing open. I light a pipe and stroll outside for some air, and exercise. Right away I get more than I'd figured on. "Hey, Glenn—that bus is out on the back lot. Want to try it?"

I remember suddenly. My next picture is *The Mating of Millie*. I play a bus-driver there. I've got to learn how to herd one of those rapid transit jobs—with six speeds forward and two in reverse.

4:50 It's bucking and heaving with Ford at the wheel, but I'm catching on. Glad I don't do this for a living, and what a break for the bus-riding public, too.

5:10 Back on the set. There's a gallery set-up in one corner of the stage for poster art, so I pose until the new scene's ready.

5:30 We're shooting again. If we can get this scene in the can it won't be such a bad day's work after all. We make it.

6:00 That winds up our shooting day. But do I go home? Not yet. I change clothes, and head for the projection room to see the "dailies." They're prints of the action you did the day before. That's when I sweat it out, Joe. I fidget, I nibble my nails, I tug my long, brown locks. I come out of there thinking fifty ways I could have done those scenes better. Too late now.

6:30 I'm on my way to the parking lot when a producer hails me. "How'd you like to see the tests for *Return of October* (that comes after *The Mating of Millie*—I'm always plenty ahead of myself) and pick your leading lady?" That's a privilege I can't resist. Like being Paris and handing out golden apples. So—

6:40 I call Angie, Mrs. Clark, our cook. I'll be late for dinner. Okay. It's always okay. She's been with us seven years.

6:45 I'm seeing tests. I like so-and-so, She's in the picture. I'm out the door.

7:10 It's dark and still raining. I take it slow. Damn, now I'll miss supper with Pete. And Ellie's letter. Haven't done a thing about that. My home life is catching back up with me. About time. And holy smoke! Tonight's poker. The gang's coming over. I step on it, rain or no rain.

7:30 Home at last, and Pete's up in my arms, in pajamas, on his way to bed. He doesn't like it, that early sack time. Neither do I. I'm too late to run the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe on the floor. "What's that on your face, Pete?" It looks like—it can't be—it is—a mouse, a shiner! My kid's got a black eye. He's five. Hey, what goes on? "Mike punch me." Well, you punch him right back, you hear? I take time to give a lesson in the manly art. No Mike can mess up my kid. Stick out your left, like that. Cover your jaw. Let him have it.

7:45 Lesson's over. Dad's exhausted. Pete wants more. But he's off to bed, and I'm sitting down alone in the den for supper at last. That's the worst time when Ellie's away. Dinner's our refuge of the day, Mrs. Clark sees to that. No phone calls, no doorbells, no nothing. Harry Truman couldn't get through to me then. But Peter can. He breaks out of bed and busts in for dessert. I give him a spoonful, strictly against Ellie's orders. Heck, the kid's lonesome; so'm I. I get out the installment letter and dash off a summary of important events to

I SAW IT HAPPEN



The first day I worked in a small candy and nut store in Hollywood, I was very rushed and as the store filled with impatient customers I became extremely nervous. Suddenly, an elderly lady hit the counter with a coin and called loudly, "Who waits on the nuts around here?" "I believe you will have to wait your turn, madam," said a very familiar voice. I looked up to see Eddie Cantor smiling at me. Everyone laughed, including the old lady, and that quip helped me all the rest of the day.

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Ellie, some crosses for kisses from Pete—and from me. Mrs. Clark says she'll mail it, after Pete's sent back to bed.

8:15 Good gosh, the gang! Any minute. I charge into the playroom and set up the table. Let's see, chairs for Bill Holden, Ed Buchanan, Charlie Ruggles. Alan Curtis said he'd make it. Willard Parker. Me.

8:19 There goes that phone. "For you, Mister Ford." Gussie has that studio tone in her voice. "Glenn—we're previewing at Inglewood 8:45." The boys are already parking their cars outside. I want to relax. "Nice if you showed up." I can't hurt anybody's feelings. "Okay," I say.

8:21 The boys are huddled around. Me, the host, I'm ducking. "Deal me out, fellows. I'll be right back." Ed Buchanan drives over with me and we cook up an idea. We make the preview all right, by the skin of our teeth. We walk in the front door and sit with the producers. Then we say "Excuse, my eyes, I see better in back." In a second we've slipped out. So everybody's happy, and I can see it later.

9:20 I'm trying to fill an inside straight and the table's loaded with blue chips. I don't fill the inside straight.

9:40 The tables stacked again. I'm trying to make a bob-tailed flush. I don't.

10:55 We break it up, cash in and settle. Good thing it's penny-ante. So long, guys. Excuse me—there goes that phone again.

10:56 It's the studio. "Hello, Glenn. Want to give you the call for tomorrow. It's clearing up. Out at the ranch again. Yep, the same scene."

11:15 I'm in pajamas and a robe. I'm lonesome. "Hello, long-distance? Get me Miss Eleanor Powell, please. Statler Hotel, Washington, D. C." "I will call you," the operator says.

11:18 I'm in bed, with a book. My favorite symphony's on my machine. I'm gonna talk to Ellie. I'm happy.

1:31 B-r-r-r-i-i-i-ng. "Hello hello! Ellie? Darling how are you. I miss you. When you coming home? I love you!"

1:32 Ellie says, "What have you been doing all day?" And guess what I tell her. "Why nothing, nothing at all!"

Well, that's the way it goes, Joe. In a few ticks it will be 6:30 again—and that's where I came in. Hope I haven't bored you with My Day, but you asked for it. Maybe it's not that dream of ease we used to sigh for back in those boot barracks days. But I'll tell you a secret. It's a lot better. I'm busy and I love my work. I hope you are the same. Your pal, Glenn.



*HOLLYWOOD MERRY-GO-ROUND

• Bing Crosby's son, Gary, was guest on the "Hour of Charm" program. Emcee Ron Rawson recognized him and said, "I'll give you a dollar if you'll tell me the name of the man acclaimed to be the best crooner in the country today."

"Frank Sinatra," chirped Gary. Then, as the startled Rawson handed the boy his prize, Gary added, "Of course, in my heart I know that Pop's the best—but business is business."

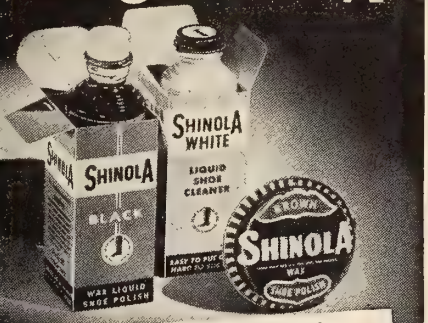
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"OR WOULD YOU RATHER BE A FISH?"

(Continued from page 65)

It made quite a joke that went around the sets at Universal, and I laughed like everyone else about it. Then, a couple of days later, the talk started again . . . only the news this time was that *I* was being considered to play it. I was too busy being one of the little Foxes to pay much attention until the afternoon Nunnally Johnson came up and asked me to make a test.

"Underwater?" I asked him, cautiously.

"No, that's a gag. I'd just like to see how you look as a blonde."

So I made a quick test in a wig, and a few days later, in the studio commissary, Nunnally greeted me with the happy news that I had the role and would start as soon as I had completed *Another Part of the Forest.*

That was before I got acquainted with my tail. Now, since you have never worn a tail, you will have to take my word for the helpless feeling that owning one gives you. The only apt comparison I can think of is the way I felt when I broke my back three years ago in a tobogganing accident and had to spend three months in a plaster cast and seven months in a steel brace. A skin-tight latex tail is more confining than either.

While I was getting my fittings, for instance, they had to mould a sponge rubber padding for my legs so my knees wouldn't knock together. Bud Westmore and the boys in the makeup department gave me the history of their experiments with the Tail. They started about 10 months ago after deciding they could take sufficient liberties with this particular tail to make it easy for an actress brought up on the Australian crawl to operate it. They built one tail with a propellor and motor in it, and it sank. Then they tried one made of plastic, and it wouldn't sink. By the time I got around to my fittings, everyone had decided to use a latex rubber model with just enough lead shot to make it submerge at the bidding of the owner.

A few fittings were about all I got to see of my tail in Hollywood. In fact, because I was still in *Another Part of the Forest,* I had to make one of the quickest mutations in biological history. In less than a week, I was transformed from a Little Fox into a Little Fish, for as soon as I finished *APOTF,* I left for Florida with the crew to begin the locations for *Peabody.* After a long search, Universal had finally decided to film the big underwater scenes at Weekiwachee Hot Springs, which has the clearest water in the world. The main pool is 137 feet deep. There, the crew, all of whom were amphibiously trained, had constructed three underwater sets.

There also I met Newton Perry, a champion underwater swimmer you've probably seen in movie short subjects, who taught me all I know about underwater swimming. At this point he can have it back. But I really appreciated the man when I first was getting used to my tail, 15 feet under water. He worked with me only three days before we actually began shooting, but by spending four or five hours in the water every day, I learned to sink as well as swim on cue.

The crew and I lived in Tampa, which was 52 miles from Weekiwachee, which in turn necessitated my getting up at 6 A.M. to be laced into my tail by shooting time. I usually got unlaced at 5 P.M. On the first day, I began to get a sample of the ribbing that I took all during the picture when Director Irving Pichel walked up to me, lying helpless on a couch beside the pool, and said, "Now, don't leave the set, Ann. We may need you in this next scene."

Mr. Pichel, who directed a big portion of this picture with his tongue poking against his cheek, was very anxious that I understand right away that the water was my native habitat, and that my actions should be governed accordingly. And by the end of the Florida location, I was able to swim into my underwater castle, lie down quietly on my couch, close my eyes, and pretend to sleep.

I seemed so much like a fish after two weeks that even the fish which the crew dumped into the springs to be my chums accepted me as one of them.

As the crew warmed up to it, the fish jokes got better. "Whitey" (Ben McMahon), who was assigned by the studio to help carry me around, was promptly named "The Game Warden." (Incidentally, since I weighed 145 lbs. dripping wet, "Whitey" developed muscles like a wrestler.) My stand-in shortly came to be known as "my swim-in." And at lunchtime, they would walk by me and ask politely, "What would you like for lunch, Ann, a sardine sandwich?"

Although the water at Weekiwachee was 74 degrees, I had a bad cold when I got back to Hollywood for scenes on the sound stage. By staying out of the water, I got rid of most of it. But I still had a number of water scenes to do in the tank which was built on the lot, including some of the funniest scenes with William Powell, who plays Mr. Peabody.

mermaids will be women . . .

But the swimming, though troublesome, was not entirely the hardest part of my role as a mermaid. In case you don't know, mermaids don't talk. They have emotions, they like to be kissed, and they even sing a bit. But they don't talk. So after a series of pictures like *Mildred Pierce, Swell Guy, Killer McCoy,* and *A Woman's Vengeance,* in which I not only talked but had lines which meant a lot, I had a terrible time keeping my mouth shut.

I think the funniest scene in the picture is the one in which the modest Mr. Peabody, in desperation at finding himself alone with a mermaid, dashes out to buy her a half-dozen bra tops, and she selects the prettiest one and puts it on her head.

When we finished shooting the picture a few weeks ago, the crew presented me with swim-fins and an immense bottle of bath salts. I doubt if I will use the latter for some time, because I am sticking to a shower until the novelty of standing up on my feet under water wears off.

ANN BLYTH: *Personal History*

BORN: *Mt. Kisco, New York*
DATE: *August 16, 1928*
HEIGHT: *5' 2"*
WEIGHT: *101 pounds*
COLORING: *Blue eyes, brown hair*
UNMARRIED
REAL NAME: *Ann Marie Blyth*
RECENT PICTURES: *Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid, A Woman's Vengeance, Another Part of the Forest*

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(*Continued from page 63*)

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A lot of our customers have violent food preferences. Errol Flynn orders octopus, Diana Lynn fried chicken, Rory Calhoun rare prime ribs, Lana Turner seafood, Lizabeth Scott pheasant, Peter Lawford calf's liver and bacon.

And then we have the stars who ask permission to prepare some special dishes of their own. Sonja Henie's been known to go into the kitchen and make coffee with her personal formula—she uses salt and eggshells. Jimmy Durante often fixes veal scallopini, and Keenan Wynn sometimes prepares a whole meal.

Stars can take their nourishment either in the main dining room, or in the more intimate Ciro-ette. Ciro-ette was started as a clubroom for the stars, after a suggestion from Peter Lawford and Jackie Cooper. On nights when stars don't want to dance, or see the floorshow, they relax in Ciro-ette. It's intimate, private—there are magazines, a television set, a small violin orchestra playing romantic music.

You don't force liquor on the bandleader. If the orchestra leader's a friend of yours, there's nothing wrong with asking him over to your table for the evening, but don't insist on his sitting with you all night. There are lots of demands on his time. Don't keep plying him with drinks.

It's okay to ask him to play a special number. Just mention your preference as you dance by, or send a note through your waiter. (When celebrities are present, an orchestra leader will automatically play their favorite tunes. For Van Johnson, it's "Near You," for Lana Turner, "I Get A Kick Out of You," for Dan Dailey, "You Were Meant For Me," for Jeanne Crain, "All The Things You Are").

You don't table-hop all night long. Don't misunderstand me. I think it's okay to

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table-hop in moderation and I think it's silly to talk about table-hopping as though it were a deadly social sin like B.O., or drinking the water out of your fingerbowl. I like to see people in Ciro's greeting other friends there; it contributes to everybody's good time. On the other hand, I don't think you ought to sit down and spend the night just because somebody's greeted you (unless you're specifically invited).

You don't slap the waiter on the back. I believe waiters should be treated cordially, but with reserve. Don't shake hands with the waiter. Call him "Waiter," unless you know his name.

If you have a favorite waiter, you may ask the *Maitre* to place you at one of his tables, and if you have two waiters, tip just one of them—ten or twelve percent of your entire check is fine. Don't tip the busboy. (Many stars—notably Jack Benny and Peter Lawford—are liberal tippers, but a straight ten percent will get you no dirty looks in Ciro's, I guarantee.)

Eighty percent of our waiters are members of the Screen Actors' Guild—you're apt to see them being waiters in the movies if you look closely! They're pleasant, unobtrusive and tactful. They can cope with any situation. Patrons are often forgetful, and a quick-tempered waiter could create a lot of bad-will. We had a customer a while back who complained that his check had been padded. He was angry. The waiter quietly reminded this man that during the evening he'd had a round of drinks sent to another table. He paid gladly, then, but if the waiter'd been nasty, we'd have lost a customer. That's why I like people to examine their checks, speak up if they think there's a discrepancy. Errors are rare at Ciro's since a checker checks all figures, but no place is infallible.

You don't park your poodle with the hat-check girl. Matter of fact, very few Ciro's patrons try to take advantage of the check-room facilities. Mostly, they leave babies, dogs, steamer trunks and dirty laundry at home. We have five hat-check girls—Bettye, Sandy, Evelyn, Jane and Nancy. They're all pretty. Usually, one or two of our girls will be working in pictures during any particular week.

You don't take your shoes off until you get home. Yeah, I'm just kidding again. Ciro's visitors keep their shoes on, their suspenders covered up, and their bubble gum off the tables. Ciro's visitors are the world's most beautiful people. Come up and see 'em any time.

ALL THE THINGS YOU ARE

(*Continued from page 51*)

company, because I'm a pretty prosaic business man, and suddenly my mind goes drifting off, and that song winds itself around my brain . . . *"You are the breathless hush of evening, that trembles on the brink of a lovely song . . ."*

Shall I tell you some of the things my wife Jeanne is to me?

She's my business companion. My frail beautiful wife has a mind both clear and of fearsome proportions. I took home a brochure for her approval the other night. She read it and sniffed. "What's all this about 18 gauge wall tubing, and 8-way ties? Who's going to read it? What you should say about this chair is if it's soft to sit on, and will it fall apart when a fat man plops down."

She was right.

Not that she carries her practicality too far. She won't budget. Thinks it's beneath her dignity. I got her a business manager, and does he earn his money! He makes her pay by check so he can keep track of the way she throws gold around; she claims she's embarrassed by the whole business. "They act like I'm trying to steal stuff when I give them checks."

I remember one time when Jeanne had a drawer out of which she conducted her business affairs. She filled it with mail, clippings, clothes, and underneath everything, bills.

I remember one time when she'd only market at a little place on Highland and Franklin because she claimed the prices were lower, and I knew all the time it was because she was so goofy about the manager's cat . . .

"You are the angel glow that lights a star—" our song goes. *"The dearest things I know are what you are . . ."*

The dearest things I know are many, and varied, and Jeanne. Jeanne's face, Jeanne's gentleness, her beautiful hands in any position—lying in her lap, or holding a paintbrush. She paints well. A lot of people are painting nowadays but not like my wife. And she plays the piano so delicately she could have made Debussy cry. But I didn't even learn that until after we were married. Then one night she sat down and played for a couple of hours, and I looked at her wonderingly, and it was like that very old joke—I said, "You never told me," she said, "You never asked me."

She's too shy to perform for company, so she doesn't play very often. The painting's different. I'm going to build her a studio; I think she's that good. There are a few things she's drawn—of children and animals, mostly—that are fine.

Animals and children—they take up so much room in her affections. Once she had a monkey, once we owned a lion cub—now we have Paul, Junior, who was a year old last April, and all the things *he* is to us it would take another story to tell.

But he's brought us even closer together, though once I wouldn't have thought we could be any closer, and we talk baby-talk to him though we swore we never would, and I'm ashamed to confess we even talk it to each other.

We'll probably grow up around the same time Paul, Junior does. But we're not in any rush. Let him take a long time to be a child. We want him to enjoy this big sunny place of ours, and the woods, and playing in the mud.

Jeanne wants a lot more children. There's another picture I have of her that I'll never forget till I die. She was sitting on the floor with magazine cut-outs, and clippings from newspapers all around, and when I looked over her shoulder, all the pictures were of young, glamorous-looking mothers with sixteen children each. Jeanne must have done two weeks' research to track them down.

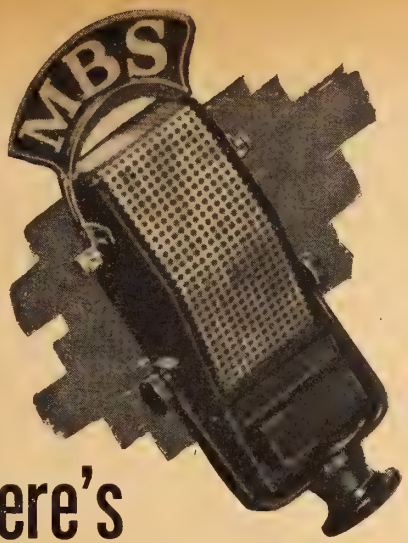
And all she said to me was, "See?"

"Three's enough," I said sternly. But it's hard to tell who'll win, when you're married to a girl like Jeanne. And it doesn't matter anyway, when you're married to a girl like Jeanne.

All the things she is . . . when I'm tired, and knotted with nerves, and depression, she'll call up and cancel a party we should go to for the good of her own career, and she'll give me a pillow and a book, and we'll spend the evening that way.

When I make jokes that aren't very funny, she'll laugh.

I only have to look at her, and my ego soars, because all the things she is are mine.



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IS THE LADY A HAS-BEEN?

(*Continued from page 27*)

Hollywood says that Greer Garson is a has-been.

The grosses on her last three pictures are a fraction of the figures chalked up by her earlier successes.

She has had almost no offers from radio.

The fan magazines do not carry her picture.

The popularity polls drop her way down on their lists.

These are the things by which Hollywood judges its successes and failures.

And on the face of it, these things say Garson's finished.

Her rise was a fast one. She made one picture and was hailed as a new queen. That picture was *Goodbye, Mr. Chips.*

Look at Garson's career then. She had one hit after another. She was nominated for an Academy Award for *Goodbye, Mr. Chips.* The next year she received another nomination for her role in *Pride and Prejudice* and, in 1941, still another nomination for her characterization of Mrs. Edna Gladney in *Blossoms In The Dust.*

Then in 1942 she hit the jackpot. She won the Academy Award for *Mrs. Miniver.*

And with it, she made a mistake.

To you it may seem a little thing, but Hollywood figures differently.

When she received the gold Oscar at the Academy Award dinner, she responded by saying that she "didn't expect it at all," then promptly delivered a ten-minute, elaborately prepared speech.

Generally, the star receiving the Award clutches the little gold figure to her bosom, mutters a few confused "thank you's" and sits down. Hollywood didn't take well to the oration on Greer's part.

But still the Garson fable continued. She hit the Herald fame poll for four years running from 1942 through 1945. She played top roles in *When Ladies Meet* and *Mme. Curie.*

You may remember when the slogan "Gable's back and Garson's got him" started sweeping the country. She had him in a fiasco called *Adventure.* Of all the mistakes M-G-M has made during years in the picture industry, this was one of the worst.

Clark Gable had always been cast opposite sex-charged dames like Lana Turner, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow and Vivien Leigh. Green Garson had been kept the "grand lady" by M-G-M from the day of her debut on the American screen. The audience couldn't get excited about the

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When they were shooting That Brennan Girl *in San Francisco I had the opportunity of meeting Mona Freeman. While I was talking to Miss Freeman, a small, freckle-faced boy with a cute black puppy held tightly in his arms came over to her. He held his puppy out to Miss Freeman who obligingly patted its sleek head. Then the boy clasped the dog to his chest and I heard him whisper to it, "Golly, I'll never wash your head now."*

Patty Innes
San Francisco, Calif.



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Gable-Garson clinches.

Topping one mistake with another, the studio cast Greer in a thing called *Mrs. Parkington* and another called *Desire Me*, and tongues started clicking and clucking on the subject of the rise and fall of Greer Garson.

One bad picture can ruin a motion picture star's career. Greer has had three bad pictures in a row.

And when this begins to happen, here is the sort of gossip that runs through the telephone wires, the night-clubs and gutters of Hollywood:

"Poor girl, I'm afraid she's slipping. She might have done better if she didn't dress so atrociously."

"Well, what can you expect when you get the big-head? She tries to tell the director how to direct her, she demands that the script be re-written just to give her all the scenes, she gives the cameraman a bad time, telling him how to light her profile, and even the messengers hate to take her telegrams to her dressing-room."

"I never thought she was so great. She was a one-picture hit, that's all. One picture doesn't make a career."

"After that Academy Award thing, the studio doesn't know what to do with her."

Yes, the tongues of the gossips can wag when a star loses some of her twinkle. They said these things about Greer Garson. These and more.

They really went to work on her marriage with Richard Ney, who was much younger than Garson. When a woman marries a younger man, it's mighty easy for her rivals to say, "Oh, well, it's obvious that she just didn't have what it takes to get somebody worthwhile."

Then came another thought around Hollywood. Was Greer Garson jinxed? She had been at the top, she'd been dynamite and now suddenly the whole thing was falling apart. Three bad pictures in a row, cast opposite the wrong people, bad stories, personal troubles. It went even further—the pictures had wrong titles and the wrong directors were set to guide her through them. It was easy enough to suspect a hoodoo.

date with
junie haver
on the
july cover of
modern screen
on sale
june 8

After *Adventure*, Greer Garson suspected that the studio was giving her bad stories. She went to her home in Carmel, California, and said she was going to write her own story. Nothing came of that. She contacted some high-powered press agents, thinking that they might help her, but nothing came of that either.

When *Desire Me* hit New York, one of Manhattan's reviewers said that he couldn't figure out "whether Garson's interest in her co-star was romantic or maternal." It didn't help the picture in New York.

The capper came when M-G-M imported Deborah Kerr from England. Then the tongues wagged in double time. They said that was "the end of Garson." There was a reported feud between Garson and Kerr. Some even said that her studio was sabotaging Greer.

Now that we've looked at gossip, let's get sensible and look at plain facts, and the Garson career as it actually exists.

Before I build a true case for Greer Garson, let me get one thing on record. I don't think that she will marry her boss, L. B. Mayer.

Now! I think that there are four things responsible for the situation, in which Greer finds herself today.

1. Eyebrows went up in Hollywood and all over the country when she married the man who had played her son in *Mrs. Miniver*. The picture had too much publicity. It was an Academy Award performance for her, and the picture of mother and son in the film was in the minds of all her fans.

2. She had three bad pictures in a row. *Adventure*, *Mrs. Parkington* and *Desire Me*. One bad picture can kill a star, she suffered through three. You can put the blame for that on the back of the studio. Somebody used rotten judgment.

3. If Greer made a mistake in her speech at the Academy Dinner in 1942 when she received the *Miniver* Oscar, she made a worse mistake by getting up in court, twisting her handkerchief, shedding a tear or two and announcing to the world that her husband had called her a has-been.

4. Greer has become an immobile actress. All her expressions are the same, and you could make them with a stone face. Once again, I lay this at the door of her studio, her directors, and advisers. She wasn't a stone face in her first hit *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*.

Greer Garson wants to do comedy. M-G-M thought they were giving in to her once on that comedy score. They let her do

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a picture titled *Remember*. If you saw it, you'd rather forget.

The studio's idea of comedy was to co-star her with Robert Taylor. He was about as funny as a bust of Caesar, and the box-office fizzled.

Garson has all it takes to play almost anything you'd want her to play. She is vivacious and charming.

She wants comedy and she wants it in Technicolor.

She has the most luscious mop of flaming red hair in our town.

She's very charmingly feminine. She says, "I use so much perfume, I should be arrested for fragrancy." Is that the humor of a stone-face?

At the time when the Garson fable began to be an old wives' tale told over the back fences in Hollywood, her studio was searching around for stories for her.

They came out with one announcement after another. They said they were going to make a sequel of *Goodbye, Mr. Chips,* and that she was going to play the lead. How they expected to get around a few technicalities of reviving the "Chips" story, I'll never know, but nothing came of that.

They announced they were going to do *The Forsythe Saga* for Garson, but nothing came of that either.

Think back to the Greer Garson of *Mrs. Miniver*. In the opening of the picture she was a gay, light-hearted gal. She was believable. She needs another picture in which she can be believable.

Finally, they have decided to turn her into a comedienne. It is what she has wanted for a long time. The picture is *Julia Misbehaves*. Her co-star is Walter Pidgeon. The story is about an ex-trapeze artist in a circus who marries a staid Englishman, then invites all of her ex-circus pals to spend the weekend with her. It's the same sort of a thing that brought Irene Dunne into a new and successful cycle of comedies.

It took three pictures to knock the props out from under Garson—it will take only one good one to put her back on top at the box-office.

As for her situation in Hollywood, join me in looking at a few notes.

When all the furor broke about the importation of Deborah Kerr and the possibility that it meant the end of Garson, a little meeting was held in one of the offices at M-G-M. Present were a couple of executives, a legal mind, an agent and Miss Garson. One of the executives handed her a legal document, another handed her a pen.

Very casually, she signed her name. A couple more signatures made it legal and binding. And Greer Garson walked out of that office, just a few short months ago, the highest paid actress in Hollywood!

That contract is the most attractive thing written in Hollywood for some time. It guarantees that Greer will receive a nice fat salary on a sort of insurance plan of payment for the rest of her life.

And take a look at Greer's calendar for the last six months—it doesn't read like the diary of a falling star. She went to New York and was Walter Winchell's guest.

She signed that contract and pension deal and received a but-gorgeous convertible from L. B. Mayer in person.

In November talk began about the picture, *Julia Misbehaves*, and the talk has boiled up a lot as the picture's progressed.

Greer's been night-clubbing with such escorts as Otto Preminger, one of our town's top directors—and Orson Welles.

She appeared at an Irene Selznick dinner party sporting an emerald pendant which would have choked a small ox. To this day Hollywood hasn't found out who gave it to her—me included.

Christmas saw her giving parties of her own, and attending all the others.

January saw her stepping out in a brand new platinum blue mink coat and brought rumors of new romances with Bob Taplinger and L. B. Mayer.

In February, nobody less than the great Moss Hart himself got in touch with Greer for the purpose of discussing a Broadway play with her.

I don't know how you can add these notes and the other facts I've presented as being pessimistic for the Garson career.

willing to gamble on Garson . . .

Personally, I'm willing to gamble on this next comedy to put Greer Garson back in the top bracket again. It may take two good pictures to do the whole job, but it can be done if M-G-M doesn't drop the ball in story and direction.

A little sidelight I've been saving (for the icing to this little journalistic cake) is a picture of Greer Garson's delightful sense of humor.

For some unknown reason, a New York tradesman who makes silk stockings to order gave out an interview in which he said that he had to put pads in Greer's stockings so that she would not look knock-kneed.

When the interview, in print, finally fell into Greer's hands, she sat down and composed a little poem to send the stocking-maker—the last two lines, I remember, said, "I know my acting's bad, but please don't knock my knees."

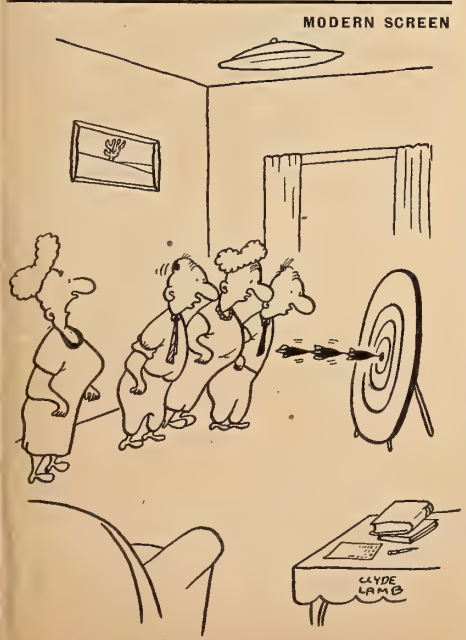
Immediately thereafter, I got hold of the story, called Greer for a statement and she said, "Come on out and investigate my knees and let's get this straight once and for all." I went out, met Greer at the swimming pool where she was entertaining a number of guests. Her bathing suit didn't hide her knees, and I had no complaints.

I wrote an item singing the praises of the Garson knees in my column, which appeared in the New York World-Telegram, among the six hundred odd papers printing it throughout the country.

The Amusements Editor of the New York World-Telegram, Paul Martin, saw the item in my column, and promptly wrote to Greer for a picture of her knees.

She sent it with a notation, saying, "All right, here's the picture. By now, I guess my knees do come under the heading of amusements!"

Take it from me, Greer Garson's no has-been. She's hit a slump that's not her fault, and she'll come back bigger and better than ever!



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is always sweetness and light at our house, let me assure you that Mother and I don't always see eye to eye. She's strict; she has rules, and I frequently rebel. For instance, 9:30 is my bedtime on weekends and holidays, and you *know* that's early. I am not allowed to live at the movies the way some of the kids are. What's more, I can only see the movies that Mother okays, and what a one-woman Johnston office she is! She's strict about some other things, too. When we have to sell tickets to benefits for school, Mother doesn't like me to heckle friends, relatives or neighbors. Once I sold dozens of tickets to some play to Claudette Colbert and to Buddy De Sylva, and I got a prize for selling the most tickets, but Mother was wild.

I guess the thing that Mother is strictest about is being on time. The night of the première of *Anna and the King of Siam,* Mother and Daddy were all dressed and sitting downstairs, and I was still splashing around in the tub. Mother called up, "We can't wait for you very much longer, Missey," and Daddy said, "Hurry up now, Murph!" ("Murph" is a contraction of my real name, Mary Frances, which Daddy and I adore, but which Mother doesn't like at all.) I hurried then (in a leisurely sort of way, Mother claims), but before I could get my dress on, they had to leave. That's really learning the hard way!

hillbilly at heart . . .

Mother has that heavenly sense of humor, and in spite of a kind of dignity and reserve that's just part of her, she's not a bit of a stuffed shirt. (This is slightly off the record, but she actually chews bubble gum on occasion, and incidentally, she's not very good at it.) I remember the first day I brought home that Jo Stafford record of "Temptation." You know, the crazy hill-billy-ish thing? Mother absolutely hooted over it. I'd catch her singing it under her breath. In time, she got to hate it, but she *did* like it, and to me that's wonderful.

Even when Mother gets mad at me, her sense of humor generally takes over before very long. Last fall, I started school at Marymount in Santa Barbara, and the day before I was to go, Mother and I decided what I'd wear, so that there'd be no confusion on the big day. We'd chosen a lovely white dress, and when I got up in the morning, it occurred to me that the white dress would be lovelier if I had a better tan. It wasn't easy, but I managed to cover my arms, legs and face with that tan leg makeup, and when I was finished I thought I was an absolute dream. Mother took one look at me, and did one of those "ee-e-k" faces like in the funny books. "You look as if you were trying out for the *chorus,*" she kept sputtering all the time we were scrubbing my makeup off, "instead of going to a *convent—*" And then she began to giggle.

Mother is hep. Really she is. I'm rather given to slang, and a lot of grown-ups wouldn't grasp what I was saying most of the time. Mother grasps every word. She says that living with a child who has slang-itis is like living with someone who has the measles. You don't want any part of the darn stuff, but somehow you catch it. Mother makes up wonderful nonsense words of her own, like flumola, yicado and slacky-lacky. They don't mean anything definite, and can be nouns, verbs or adjectives.

Those two! They've been married for twenty years, and wouldn't you think they'd be beginning to take each other a little for granted? Not at all. Mother gets all glamored up for dinner with Daddy, as if he were—oh, Dana Andrews or someone. And on anniversaries or special days like Valentine's Day, she *always* wears Daddy's currently favorite dress. Daddy always sends her flowers on special occasions, and Mother gets all pink and smiley over them.

Mother makes up little verses to go with her presents, but I can't seem to do that. Somehow I can say it with music better, and so I've written two pieces of music, one for Mother (sort of Debussy-ish light melody) and one for Daddy—with crashing chords that sound sort of like laughter—in which I've tried to tell them both that I love them very much. (Editor's note: Mary Frances is too modest to tell you this, but Columbia Records like these pieces of music and wanted her to work out a couple more so that they could do an album of them. Her mother reports that M. F.'s application and concentration haven't been too wonderful, and she hasn't started on them yet.)

In addition to all her other wonderful qualities, Mother is understanding. She knows what I want almost before I know myself. For instance, last Christmas Eve I told her that I wished to heavens I'd thought to hint for a manicure kit for Christmas. Mother said, "Oh, tsk-tsk, too bad you didn't, darling—" And then on Christmas morning, there was the most yicado manicure kit you've ever seen. Maybe the most understanding thing Mother has ever done was this . . .

Last year, when I was still at day school, we had a play called *The Symphony of Blue.* I had a dance to do in it, and a lot of what happened in the play depended on my dance. The day of the play I woke up with a raging, blazing fever. I heard Mother call the school and tell them I wouldn't be able to appear and then everything went black. I moaned and pawed the air and behaved like an infant (and after all I'm twelve!). But if you *knew* how I wanted to be in that play. Mother kept taking my temperature and looking more miserable every time she took it, and then about four o'clock she said to me, "I'm going to do an awful thing, Missey. An awful thing. After a while I'm going to let you get up and put on that ridiculous costume and go and dance."

mother knows best . . .

"It can't kill her," I heard her telling Daddy. "The doctor says she isn't coming down with anything contagious. And this is important. This is *big—*"

I went and did my dance, and the next day the fever was gone. The doctor couldn't explain it, but I think I can. I just know Mother prayed it out of me all the way to school in the car.

People are always asking me which of Mother's movies is my favorite. That's hard to say, but I always think her last one is best. Right now, naturally, my favorite is *Life With Father,* and *I Remember Mama* will be as soon as I see it. I can hardly wait. I used to mind terribly that Mother was at the studio so much, and I'd long for her to retire and stay home with me all the time. I've got more sense now, and I'm so proud of her I never want her to retire. She's my favorite mother, but she's my favorite actress, too.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 10)

doubt if he will take a step as rash as this—but I don't doubt that he is in love with Linda.

Certainly Miss Christian's romance with him has brought her not only happiness—but she's free to admit that it has upped her movie salary about four times. Before all the publicity, Linda received $250 per week on an M-G-M stock contract.

When she was loaned out to Sol Lesser for *Tarzan and the Mermaid*, she received $500. Then came the beeg romance and her new deal with Lesser calls for $1,000 weekly.

Linda is a Mexican beauty with red hair whose name has been romantically linked with someone of importance ever since I have been hearing about her. Her private life reads much more like a novel than a biography. This time last year there were whispers all over Hollywood that Turhan Bey's life was in danger because he was courting the fair Linda practically in the teeth of one of Mexico's important diplomats, supposedly madly in love with her.

When she came up to Hollywood on one of her frequent jaunts, her magnificent jewels were the talk of the town. Beaux flocked from all directions to take her night clubbing. Although she did little on the screen, her name was as well known in the gossip columns as Lana Turner's.

But, ever since she met Ty in Rome last year, a marked change has come over the former-girl-about-town. There isn't a quieter couple in Hollywood. Almost every night, she and Ty dine quietly at his home with dinner sent in from some nearby café—and then they look at a movie.

* * *

I do NOT think Iris Bynum will be the next Mrs. Clark Gable, 'though heaven knows, no one ever knows what will happen in this town.

Iris, like Linda Christian, is a flaming redhead. Several years ago, she was a great beauty knocking them for a loop when she showed up at night clubs on the arm of Tony Martin or Turhan Bey (that boy must have every telephone number in town). Iris is still attractive, but more subdued in her clothes and coiffures.

She has played supporting roles in M-G-M, Paramount and Warner Brothers movies but her career was never one-two-three with her dates. She is far more night club society than career girl.

Blunt and outspoken, Iris amuses Clark with her salt and pepper manner of talking. She goes hunting with him now and then and they frequently go to the races.

Clark once said, "Iris is a wonderful scout, and I'm lonesome." That was enough to start a rumor like a prairie fire that they were getting married. The story that had me up half the night checking it was—Clark and Iris were going to the races, then they were going on to Las Vegas to be married.

Well, it wasn't true and Clark is, at this writing, still a bachelor. And I bet I'll be saying that same thing about him this time next year.

* * *

Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger gave a charming cocktail party to welcome to Hollywood Jean Simmons, the little English girl you will soon see in *Hamlet* with Laurence Olivier, and whom you've already seen as Estrella in *Great Expectations*.

When she walked in, I thought, "That's Vivien Leigh's younger sister." You've never seen two girls look so much alike. They walk alike, talk alike and have the same color eyes and hair—only Jean is more vivacious.

The British contingent was out full force, the Ronald Colmans, Herbert Marshalls, Edna Best et al. I was surprised to see Ingrid Bergman, who so seldom attends anything but industry (remember the word, Ingrid?) affairs, and even more surprised to spot Jean Arthur, a lady recluse if I ever knew one.

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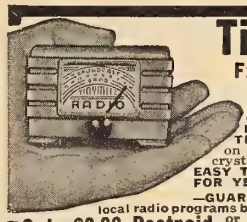


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Jane Powell rewards J. Durante, given a testimonial dinner by Mt. Sinai Men's Club of L. A., for "never refusing benefit show."

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 117*)



Kay Kyser, who's just completed 10 years on NBC, was another star honored by a testimonial dinner. This one was held at Beverly Hills Hotel Crystal Room, attended by imposing list of celebrities, including Alice Faye and Phil Harris.



England's Jean Simmons was honored at Crystal Room cocktail party given by Walter Wanger and J. A. Rank. Jean carried her autograph book. (Here Ingrid Bergman signs it.)

Jean was with her husband, Frank Ross, who is once again taking up preparations for getting *The Robe* on the screen.

Constance Bennett and Maria Montez, both looking like fashion plates, were particular favorites of the cameramen present.

Had a quiet little chat with Myrna Loy who told me she was still very depressed over the death of her close friend, Jan Masaryk, the Czech patriot.

If you don't think movie actors can be wide-eyed fans themselves you should have seen the way Peter Lawford, Elizabeth Taylor, Ann Blyth, Lon McCallister and the other kids surrounded Ronald Colman, hanging on his every word as though it were gospel. And Ronnie loved it!

I must say the guest of honor has courage. She told me she was crazy about Americans because they're not stiff and reserved like the British!

What a cute trick she is. When she came over to my house, she kicked her shoes off and walked around the garden in her stocking feet because her shoe hurt her foot. She had cut it badly on some coral in the Fiji Islands where she made a movie.

* * *

Close-Up of Wanda Hendrix: She has the smallest waist in town—seventeen inches . . . Although she and war hero Audie Murphy date steady, she gets her first screen kiss in *Abigail* —from Macdonald Carey who was more nervous than she . . . She and Audie go fishing together and she is a good shot . . . Amusing, the way he met her. He was in the editorial room of a magazine and picked up a copy. On the cover was Wanda's picture. Audie said he would sure like to meet that girl. So they put in a phone call—and that was that . . . She has just started wearing bangs because she thinks they make her look older than her eighteen years. That's what she thinks! Sometimes she doesn't look over fifteen, even with the bangs . . . She can be stubborn and back up like a mule, but only about important things. For the most part, she's amiable and easy to get along with . . . Some very important men in Hollywood consider her the best ingenue actress since Janet Gaynor. She has never seen a Gaynor movie, but she would like to . . . She would work every day and never take a vacation if they would let her. Right now she's in two movies at the same time, *Abigail, Dear Heart* and *Tatlock Millions* . . . She tries to keep it a secret that her weight goes down from a normal 98 pounds to 90 pounds when she works . . . She doesn't fool anyone. It's doctor's orders that she eat five meals a day and drink two quarts of milk . . . Her two favorite movie heroes are Robert Montgomery and Alan Ladd. She would be the happiest girl in the world if she could play Juliet on the screen.

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An overnight hit—but to their creator they were the "happy result of years of experience." Miss Cartwright feels the same way about her choice of a cigarette.

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Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

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JULY, 1948

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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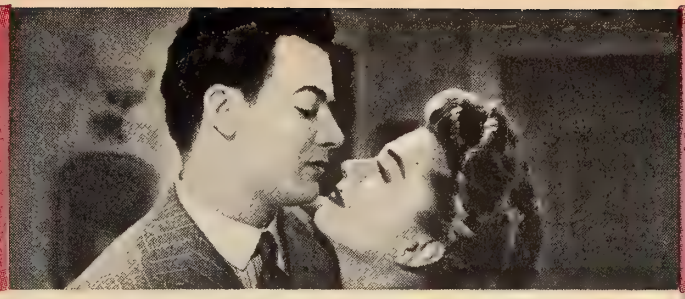
HAVE YOU NOTICED a man named Romanoff has been working for us lately? We're pretty awed by him. He's pretty awed by himself. Always refers to himself as "Romanoff," in the third person. "Romanoff was astonished," he says. Like that. He first started writing for publication in December of 1947, when he was printed by four papers. Right now, he's in 84 papers, which doesn't surprise him in the least because of his certainty that he's a bright and amusing fellow. He claims he had several reasons for turning literary. One was Billy Rose. "If a commoner can do it," Romanoff said airily, "it should be a breeze for royalty. Am I not a famous restaurateur, and confidante of the Hollywood great?" Nobody gave him any argument (he was talking to himself) and he promptly got launched in the St. Louis Post Dispatch with a column about Rouben Mamoulian, the director. The column began, "Rouben Mamoulian was eating chopped liver in my restaurant the other day." It was an auspicious beginning . . . In this issue, Prince Mike tells all about Diana Lynn's apartment. Says the first time he ever saw Diana, he asked himself, "Romanoff, what kind of a house does that woman live in?"

IN THIS ISSUE of MODERN SCREEN, on page 28, there is a June Haver story called "He Never Loved Her." It does not apply to Henry or me, both of whom love her passionately; we cared for her not wisely, but too well. Last April, we did her a grievous injustice. We printed an article written from her ex-husband, Jimmy Zito's, point of view. This naturally presented only his side of the story. We've finally got June's reply, and we present it with a vast apology for our past misdeed. Maybe Jimmy Zito never loved her, but he's the only man alive who can make that statement. . . .

AND WE HAVE one more prize to crow over. We're enlarging MODERN SCREEN's fashion scope; every month from here on, in addition to our regular fashion section, you'll be reading style news by Cobina Wright, Hollywood hostess, socialite and general authority on what's chic. Her first M. S. feature—about bathing suits—is on page 46.

Albert P. Delacorte

ALBERT P. DELACORTE



CORNEL WILDE

as

DAVE



"What makes this sinful—our love or their malicious tongues?"



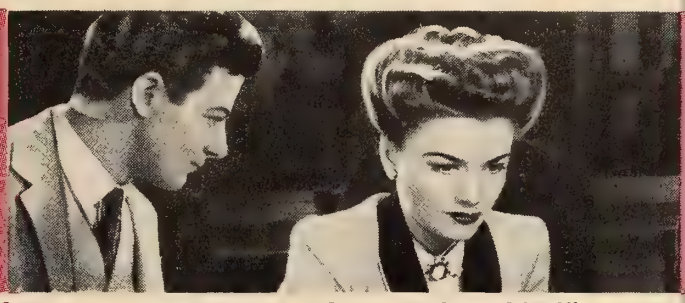
LINDA DARNELL

as

ALGERIA



"A town can be too small for my kind of love!"



ANNE BAXTER

as

JULIA



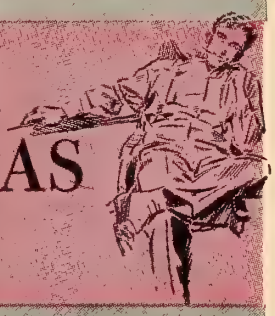
"No law... no covenant... can keep me from him!"



KIRK DOUGLAS

as

TUCKER



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good news

WEDDING OF THE YEAR

by louella parsons



The Turner-Topping wedding took place in W. R. Wilkerson's Bel Air home. (He's publisher who discovered Lana.) Bride came down this flower-decked stairway.

■ Lana Turner's marriage to Henry J. (Bob) Topping might have been a scene from one of her most lavish movies. The honey-colored glamor girl was married among such a profusion of gardenias, delphinium, roses, white larkspur, smilax and white daisies as has never been seen outside of a hot house.

Lana told me that the thing that gave her the jitters the most was the fear that Bob's wedding ring would be lost. Her matron of honor had to hold the groom's ring and her bouquet, and Lana was afraid in the confusion it would be dropped and she saw herself scrambling in her champagne-colored chantilly wedding gown to find the groom's wedding ring.

"I knew *my* ring would be all right because Billy Wilkerson, the best man, had it safe, but he didn't have a big bouquet to carry. You see, Bob and I decided on a double-ring ceremony because we want this for keeps."

The very serious wedding service was performed by Reverend Stewart P. MacClennan, retired pastor of the Hollywood Presbyterian Church, before a candle-lighted altar in the living-room. "This time it's for keeps," Lana said. Violins sweetly played the Lohengrin Wedding March, "O Promise Me," "I Love You Truly," "Because" and "Who But You," which was requested by the bride.

After the service was over, taking her little daughter by the hand, Lana went upstairs to rest and get herself in readiness for the reception that was to follow soon.

Lana said, "Cheryl stole the show." She looked so darling in her little turquoise blue dress covered with white lace, and she walked so straight.

"She was so tired after it was all over," said Lana, "she had to go home and go to bed and not wait up for the reception. She worked harder than she's ever worked in her life to do it just right."

At the reception, receiving with Lana, was her mother, Mrs. Mildred Turner, who looked beautiful, and so young I wouldn't be surprised if some day she'll marry again.

My eyes were taken with the bank of solid gardenias on the trellis back of the banquet set out for the reception guests. 64 in all. They looked as if they were actually growing on the trellis, they were so beautiful. Lana and Bob came out and joined the wedding guests. Joan Crawford and Greg Bautzer, in the spirit of the occasion, made up. Probably by the time this is in the magazine they won't be speaking again—or they may be married. Greg was Lana's first boy friend, and is now her lawyer.

Errol Flynn and his pretty Nora were at the reception, and I told Errol how pretty I think his wife has grown.

He said, "That's unimportant—she's pretty inside."

I went with Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, who looked like a little doll. I couldn't help but think when Lana threw her arms around Virginia's neck and held her close that it must have brought back memories to see Virginia, for Lana used to tell Mrs. Zanuck all her troubles when she was in love with Tyrone Power.

Lana wasn't going to run the risk of offending any of the newspaper people, and they outnumbered the guests about three to one at the reception. Everyone was there—trade papers, wire services, magazine writers. The guests had a good time at the reception and lingered on until Lana and Bob drove away, Lana wearing a blue silk shantung suit. The car had the typical "Just Married" sign, and they drove a few blocks away to the Beverly Hills Hotel where they spent their wedding night.

She showed me her wedding ring, platinum, a simple one, at her request, but her wedding gift was a gorgeous diamond bracelet. Lana's wedding dress was pretty well known before she wore it, but at the last minute, she changed her wedding hat. It was a lace affair —a halo—and very becoming. She carried four white orchids.

The terrace of publisher Billy Wilkerson's home was still ablaze with lights, the violins were still playing sentimental tunes, the wedding cake had been cut, the minister was saying a dignified goodbye . . . the bride and groom turned to wave through the back of the car.

And Lana, queen of the glamor girls, was



Cheryl Christine Crane, Lana's five-year-old daughter by her marriage to Stephen Crane, was flower girl at April 26th affair. She wore turquoise satin under lace.



Rev. S. P. MacClennan performed the six-minute ceremony. Lana wore champagne-colored gown of satin and lace. Sara Hamilton was matron of honor, Billy Wilkerson was best man.



Mr. and Mrs. Henry (Bob) J. Topping Jr. A few hours before the ceremony, the couple drove to Santa Monica where their marriage license was issued. Lana gave her name as Julia Jean Turner Crane, her age as 27. Topping said he was 34.



Wearing blue silk shantung suit and carrying bridal orchids, Lana started off with Bob in black limousine. Honeymoon took them to New York and Europe.



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married and ready for her London trip as Mrs. Bob Topping.

* * *

The long delayed honeymoon of Van Johnson and Evie, his bride of a year, lasted just ten days—more than half the time being spent on the boat to Honolulu.

Actually Van and Evie were in the romantic tropical isle of Oahu only four days. "Hardly long enough to go native," grinned Van swinging a long leg over a chair in my playroom. "But, baby—it was wonderful, wonderful—every four days of it."

I had heard the Johnsons didn't like Honolulu and hurried home.

My redheaded friend wiggled the freckles across his sunburned nose in his own brand of denial. "Phooey—we loved it. You know, this was the first time in my life I had ever been on a luxury liner like that—and I know now Evie and I are going to Europe just as soon as we can arrange it.

"From the moment we walked up the gangplank, we were just a couple of typical tourists. We could hardly wait to get in on everything—the deck games, the promenades, our first meals in the dining salon."

Van reached over, took the top off a glass dish, and popped a chocolate into his mouth. Well, my sunburned friend can afford to. He's pounds thinner and looks wonderful.

"The wonderful part was that everyone was apparently on a vacation just as we were, and didn't want to be bothered. We didn't run into a single autograph hound on the boat.

"Of course, when the boat pulled in, it was different. I guess my nose would have been out of joint if there hadn't been any fans around to greet us. They strung leis of tiny gardenias and baby orchids around our necks until we could hardly see over them. Isn't that a beautiful custom, Louella?"

I know what he meant. I have been to Honolulu several times myself and those smiling native faces, the over-powering sweet smell of the flowers and the happy, strumming music are charming things the visitor never forgets.

"I hadn't been in the hotel five minutes before I was in a bathing suit and out on a surf board," Van went on. "I wanted to do what everyone else did. I had such a good time in the outrigger canoes and riding the

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QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our July issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

We Adopted A Baby by Linda Darnell ☐
He Never Loved Her (June Haver) by Hedda Hopper ☐
That's Peck on the Right (Gregory Peck) ☐
"They Call Me Mother" by Dale Evans ☐
Congratulations, Darling—(Betty Hutton) ☐
Banned In Hollywood! by Cobina Wright ☐
Apartment For Diana (Diana Lynn) by Prince Michael Romanoff ☐
Personal Appearance (Marshall Thompson) ☐
How Glamorous Can You Get? (Ava Gardner) ☐
Sea Fever (Madison-Russell-Calhoun-Vera-Ellen) ☐
The Ten Greatest Gable Stories ☐
"Happy Annie" by Ann Sheridan ☐
Happy Ending! (Ron Reagan-Jane Wyman) ☐
"I Cornered Van" (Van Johnson) ☐
What Every Wife Should Know (Gene Tierney) ☐
New Look (Margaret O'Brien) ☐
Don't Marry A Handsome Man (Louis Jourdan) ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues: List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone..... State..... I am..... years old

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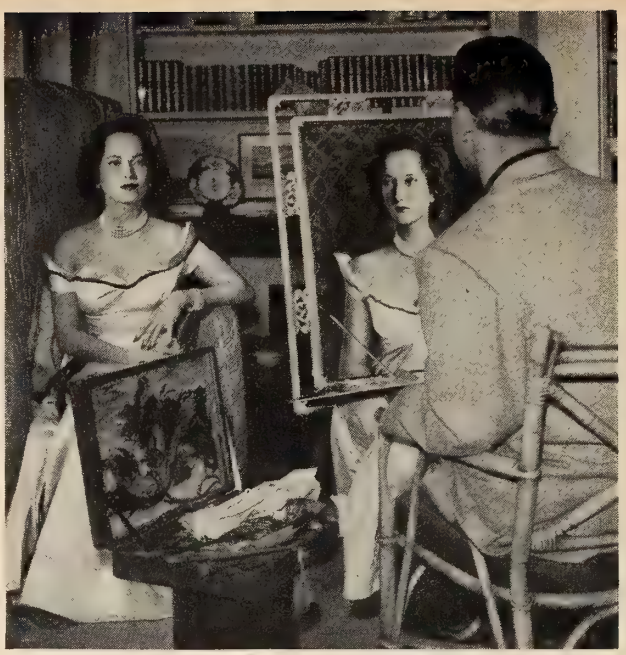


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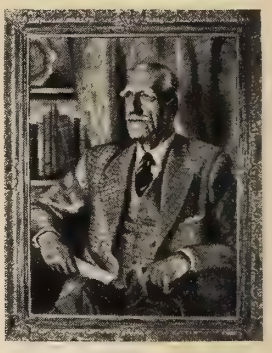
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Popular hobby among the stars is painting and being painted. Artist John Vogel's first Hollywood subject was Sir Aubrey Smith. Portrait was a great hit. Vogel painted Betty Grable (above) in the studio, and Merle Oberon has recently commissioned him. Vogel charges $1800 up for work.

GOOD NEWS

surf. In four days I mastered the surf board!

"The high spot was the native dinner prepared in our honor. Evie and I really went native, put bright red hibiscus behind our ears, took off our shoes and sat on the floor. Yep," he nodded, "I even liked the food—but don't ask me to pronounce it.

"The one thing I was disappointed in," he said, "was Waikiki Beach. I had always pictured it as a wide, beautiful stretch of white sand. When I saw the little bit of beach, I was very disappointed, particularly after our California beaches.

"But before we had a chance to get used to anything, I got the call to fly back to Hollywood to start *Command Decision.*"

I said that was too bad.

Van winked. "Evie was so lonesome for the baby she was glad to leave and I was mighty glad, too, to see my daughter. You know, she laughs at me now," he said, proud as punch.

I asked, "Does she look like you?"

"'Fraid so," he laughed "red hair, turned up nose and everything—poor kid."

But, if you ask me—that ain't bad.

(And for a cute sidelight on the Johnsons' arrival in Hawaii, look at page 56, in this issue.)

* * *

I am very sorry to write that Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan have parted again—and this time there will be a divorce. Jane and Ronnie, two of my closest friends, tried hard for the sake of their two children to adjust their matrimonial differences, but apparently they'd been separated too long.

There are many who think they should have given their reconciliation more than a week, but Jane is a girl who knows her mind and when she saw that she and Ronnie could no longer be happy together, she went into court and got her divorce on the grounds of extreme cruelty. And so the "reconciliation honeymoon" they'd been planning never did come off.

Both seemed so happy when Ronnie went back home after five months of separation. All the time they'd been apart, he'd been very depressed. For her part, Jane would burst into tears whenever she met any of their old friends.

In the beginning, Ronnie told me, "Fifty years from now we'll still be together," but it's evident that it's all over now. Ronnie has moved into an apartment and will adjust his life the best way he knows how. Jane, who has taken up painting, will live in a family hotel. She'll have custody of Michael and Maureen, but Ronnie will have visiting privileges. I don't think there is any other man in Jane's life right now.

* * *

If you're a bobby-soxer, I've got bad news for you. Peter Lawford, your dream boy, says you are just about as extinct as the Dodo Bird!

Says the good-looking Pete: "The bobby-soxers have fallen off 90%. From here on in, I think the guys like me, Van Johnson and Guy Madison, who rode in on the Frank Sinatra fan bandwagon, will have to look to our laurels.

"Of course, I mean by 'bobby-soxers' that breed of hysterical 'teen-agers who went in for squealing, yelling, trying to hide under stars' beds and wild-eyed autograph hounds. The real fans are something else again, thank the gods."

"What do you think brought on the passing of the late soxers?" I asked.

"They were a development of the war years," he answered. "During the war, the boys the bobby-soxers would have dated in

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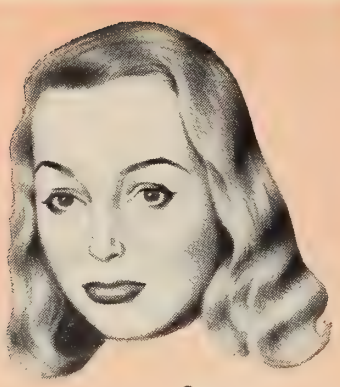
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Bill Holden and the Van Johnsons were among celebs present at dedication of Motion Picture Country Hospital in Calabasas.



Jean Hersholt, Mary Pickford and Ron Reagan took part in ceremony. Hospital was built from funds earned by stars on Screen Guild program.

GOOD NEWS

the ordinary course of events, were away serving their country.

"Now those boys are back and the girls no longer need vicarious heroes. That means *us*."

* * *

Now that several months have elapsed since it happened and the strain is over, I can tell this story of the awful experience the Ray Millands went through.

I had given my promise to Ray and Mal that I wouldn't breathe a word about it until they were free of the torment they suffered.

Now that the police have taken the woman into custody, I can tell you about it:

Soon after the first of the year, the Millands began to be dogged by telephone calls and letters from a woman who said she was the mother of their son and that she knew he had been brought into their home through adoption.

Since the Millands are the parents of their little boy and his birth is a matter of record in the Hall of Records, they didn't pay too much attention, at first.

But, as the mysterious woman became more and more insistent, they realized they were dealing with a dangerous crank. Obviously, she believed her absurd claims. Hardly a day passed that they did not receive a message from her, either a plea or a threat about getting "her" boy back. She said if they did not return the child to her, she would kidnap him.

Even though Ray and Mal had now called in the police, they realized it was vitally necessary for them to keep the boy from knowing about this danger. They didn't want guards around the house because he is big enough to ask questions. For weeks, one or the other of his parents was constantly with the youngster, never letting him out of sight.

Meanwhile, the police were constantly checking the telephone calls and, at last—they got the break they were waiting for. The woman became bolder and started hanging around the Milland home in Beverly Hills. On her second "visit," she was picked up.

Realizing she is a psychopathic, the Millands will not press charges. But never again do they want to live through such harrowing weeks of strain.

* * *

Blonde Lana Turner almost turned redheaded, she was so mad over those stories that her trousseau cost $25,000 and that she had ordered 40 complete outfits.

"It didn't cost anywhere near that sum," snapped Lana, "and I wouldn't be fool enough to order forty outfits at one time. They would

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Van finally made it! Got his footprints and handprints recorded in cement outside of Grauman's Chinese Theater. Doctors are deciding whether Van needs kidney operation—he's recently been in a hospital.



Esther Williams, knockout in a black evening gown, with husband Ben Gage at opening of Ciro-ette, upstairs room in Ciro's. Esther's adopting a war orphan in Italy, paying $300 a year for the child's care.



When Clyde Beatty's Circus came to Los Angeles, Red Skelton was there to greet it! Here, he gets quick makeup from two of the Beatty clowns. Skelton'll do a circus movie; it's to be written by ex-wife Edna.

go out of style before I had a chance to wear them."

Equally annoying to the bride was the story that all her lingerie had daring little phrases and quotations embroidered on the un-mentionables. That really did it to her!

"It makes me sound so *Parisienne!*" she yipped.

* * *

Merry-Romancing-Around: The Tony Martin-Cyd Charisse *affaire de coeur* (steady dating, to you) is so torrid, I'm betting they get married. Tony has beaued a lot of beauties but none has inspired him to sing "But Beautiful" the way he whispers it into Cyd's ear when they dance. Their next favorite tune will probably be The Wedding March . . . The Texas oil millionaire, Buddy Fogelson, is trying hard to make Greer Garson believe he was meant for her. He is said to have an income of one million dollars monthly. Yes, I said *monthly*. Saw Greer with Fogelson at the opera—she, ablaze with diamonds, and looking very happy . . . Brian Donlevy, who swore off women for life after the bitter break-up with his wife, is but everywhere with a gorgeous blonde whom he refuses to introduce. They aren't fooling anyone by arriving singly at parties and nightclubs and then pretending they "just happened" to bump into each other. Such acting talent should be saved for the cameras . . . The Young Thing who married a man many years her senior is already wishing she had thought it over before saying "I do." She was weeping she would like to "get out of it" seven days after the marriage.

* * *

Every gadget known to the entertainment field was rigged up in Perry Como's Beverly Hills Hotel bungalow—gifts from M-G-M where he will make *Words and Music.*

S'help me—the living room, not too large to begin with, boasted a large Television set, an enormous radio, a separate record changer and a recording machine.

A beaming press agent led Perry in and stood waiting for him to make some comment.

"What? No Juke Box ???" cracked the King of the Juke Boxes.

By way of introducing him to the cast of *Words and Music,* producer Arthur Freed tossed a cocktail party in his honor at the Champagne Room that brought out half the town as well as his co-workers.

I didn't get there until late because it was my radio day, but I did get there in time to see Keenan Wynn paying marked attention to cute little Vera-Ellen and also casting an admiring eye on Diana Lynn.

Another girl who always staggers the stag line is Arlene Dahl, a dream-puss if I ever saw one. Not since the days of Billie Dove and Corinne Griffith has Hollywood had such a natural history beauty on tap as this lovely red-head.

* * *

Never knew so many accidents in my years of covering Hollywood. They didn't come in *threes* as advertised—but in *thirties:*

Gregory Peck broke his leg in three places when his horse threw him and then rolled over on him. But Greg retained his sense of

humor even in a cast. When he called me to tell me what happened he wise-cracked, "At least I nearly killed myself on Sunday—and made a story for your radio show, Louella." Love that man!

Betty Grable was another casualty when Harry James backed their car into a post in the driveway and Betty fell against the windshield, bruising and cutting her lovely face.

Patti Andrews of the Andrews Sisters had the freakiest accident of all. She was standing beside her car when the door sprung open hitting her in the mouth. It was necessary to take seven stitches in her lip.

Dan Dailey tripped over a box of flowers he had sent his wife and got water on the knee, knocking him out of *Burlesque* for two days!

But, oh well, why go on? Hollywood was just under an "accident" sign this month.

* * *

The foot-tickling orchestra at the Robert Montgomerys' 20th anniversary party kept playing "Thou Swell" over and over again until I was finally driven to ask George Murphy, "How come that same tune all the time?"

"That's the tune Bob and Betty fell in love to," answered George. "It's their theme song."

Let me say right here that their whole, wonderful party was filled with this sentimental feeling from beginning to the end. Even though it was held in the enormous Crystal Ballroom of the Beverly Hills Hotel, the Montgomerys attended to every detail.

At each lady's place was a miniature corsage made of white flowers—a replica of the first flowers Bob had sent Betty. And the placecards for the men were adorned with a white carnation—the flower Bob wore in his lapel when they were married.

Another thing about this party that touched me was seeing all the old stars and early directors who had been associated with Bob from the days when he was a brash young actor playing charming, sophisticated roles with Norma Shearer and before that, with Eleanor Boardman.

If you ask me, the mature Bob is much nicer. A dignified member of society who is on the right side of all public as well as professional questions and who is intelligent enough to produce pictures as well as star in them.

As for Betty—the years haven't touched her at all. She looked like a doll in an original *Adrian* of black lace over white taffeta—and certainly not as if she had been Mrs. Montgomery for twenty years.

I had dinner with another Bette—Bette Davis and her husband. Bette is really perking up socially. Not only was she a belle having a fine time for herself this evening but just a week previous she had hosted a huge cocktail party, herself. Her invitations read: "Sherry and I have wanted to give a party for sometime but the best reason we have had is that I'm making a picture with Bob Montgomery."

With all this gossip of divorce and broken homes in Hollywood it's pleasant to report that the Montgomerys were one of three couples celebrating long years of happy wedded life within a few days of each other. The Jean Hersholts gave a small dinner in honor of their 34th anniversary and the Louis Lightons made known publicly that they had been married 29 years!



I'm a safety-first girl with Mum

Smart work, sugar! Staggering the stagline is easy when Mum protects your charm the whole thrilling evening. You'll never let a dream man down with a fault like underarm odor.

A bath washes away *past* perspiration—brings you up-to-date in sweetness... but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come.*



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum safer for charm

Mum safer for skin

Mum safer for clothes

Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness all day or evening.

Because Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Snow-white Mum is gentle—harmless to skin.

No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.

Movie reviews

By Jean Kinkead



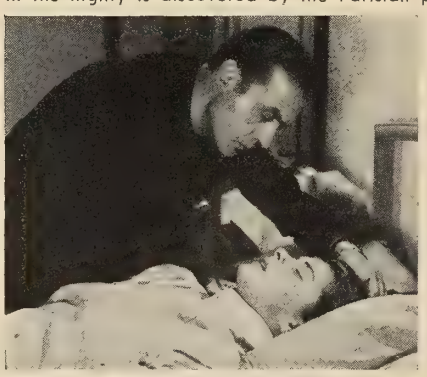
Ravic takes Joan to a cafe; she tells him she can't go back to her hotel room, but she refuses to give him any valid reason.



Tragedy comes to light when the body of Joan's lover (who died in the night) is discovered by the Parisian police in her bedroom.



Ravic (Charles Boyer) a refugee doctor, meets Joan (Ingrid Bergman) on a Paris bridge, foils her suicide.



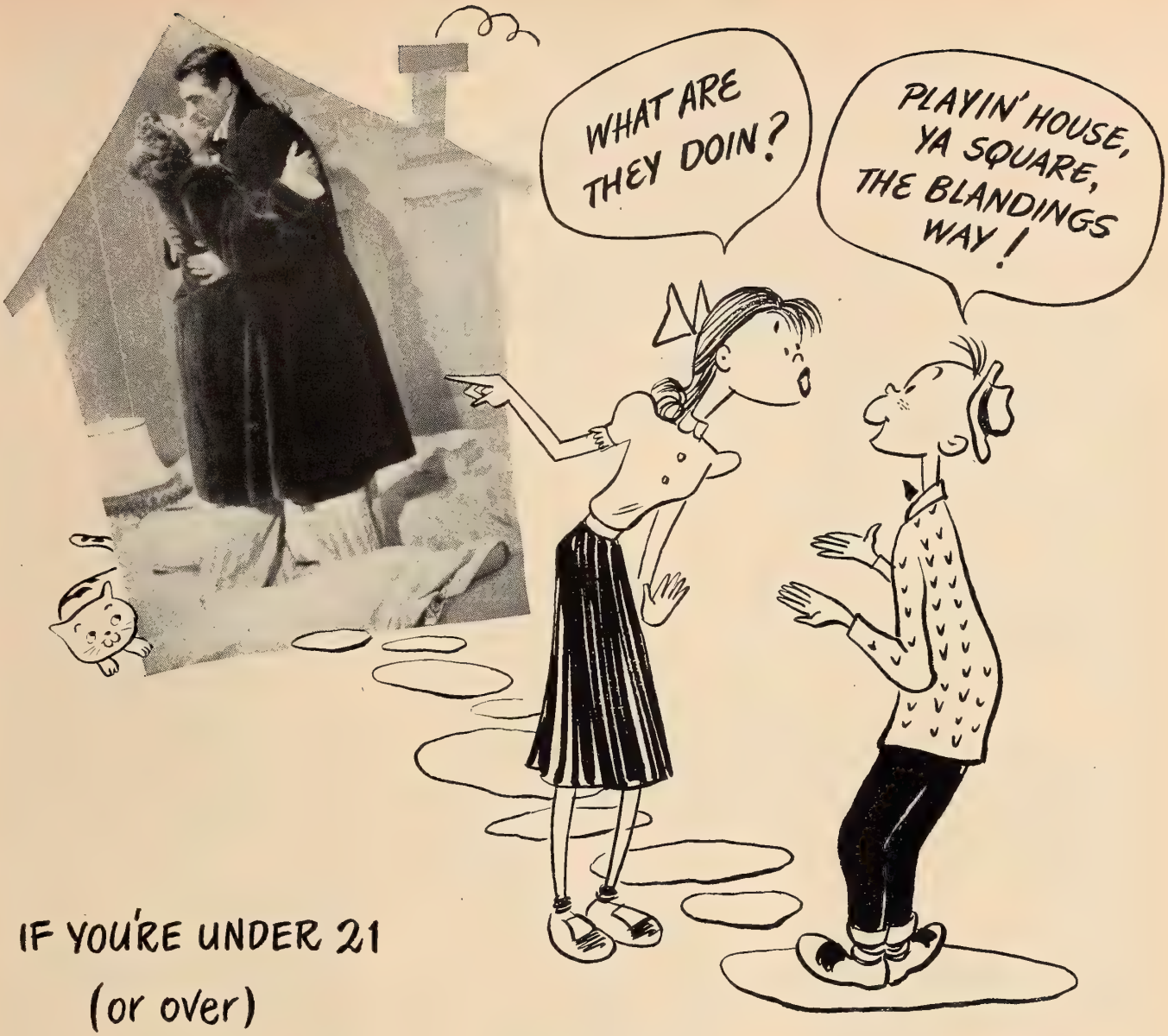
Shot by still another lover, Joan dies, despite Ravic's professional efforts to save her.

THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH

Bergman and Boyer make expensive love in the film adaptation of Remarque's best-selling novel (the film production cost over four million dollars), but that is about all that happens here. In the beginning of the picture, you wonder if they'll ever get around to bussing each other but toward the end you think they'll never stop. This vague annoyance is the strongest emotion the picture evokes, in spite of the lugubrious story it tells. Boyer, as Ravic the refugee Austrian doctor, and Ingrid as Joan Madou, courtesan and part-time actress, meet and fall in love in a Paris that is one step from war. The tragedy of their love is that there can be no happy ending. Ravic, a man without a passport, a man who—legally speaking—doesn't exist, leads a shadow life in constant fear of deportation. He needs the complications of a love-life like the proverbial hole in the head, but when Joan throws her pretty self at him, he's sunk.

It's a heart-wringing set-up all right, but it would be a lot more tear-jerking were Joan to remain faithful to her doctor throughout. Pity for these poor unfortunate lovers runs low as the neurotic Joan turns out to be an inconstant gal with as dwarfed a moral sense as you'll ever encounter either on the screen or off.

There are few light moments in the *Arch of Triumph*, but those few are skillfully provided by Louis Calhern as Ravic's Russian friend who is a night club doorman. Charles Laughton who, for our dough, can do no wrong, is cast as the Nazi villain upon whom Ravic has vowed undying vengeance. The two stars are excellent, but neither of their roles is worthy of them. In spite of the film's weaknesses, you won't want to miss it, for—though it's over-done—all that high-voltage smooching is really something to see.—*U.A.*



IF YOU'RE UNDER 21
(or over)

and like to play house, see MR. BLANDINGS & HIS DREAM HOUSE (some people call it his love nest . . . others, "the funniest picture of the year")

DORE SCHARY presents

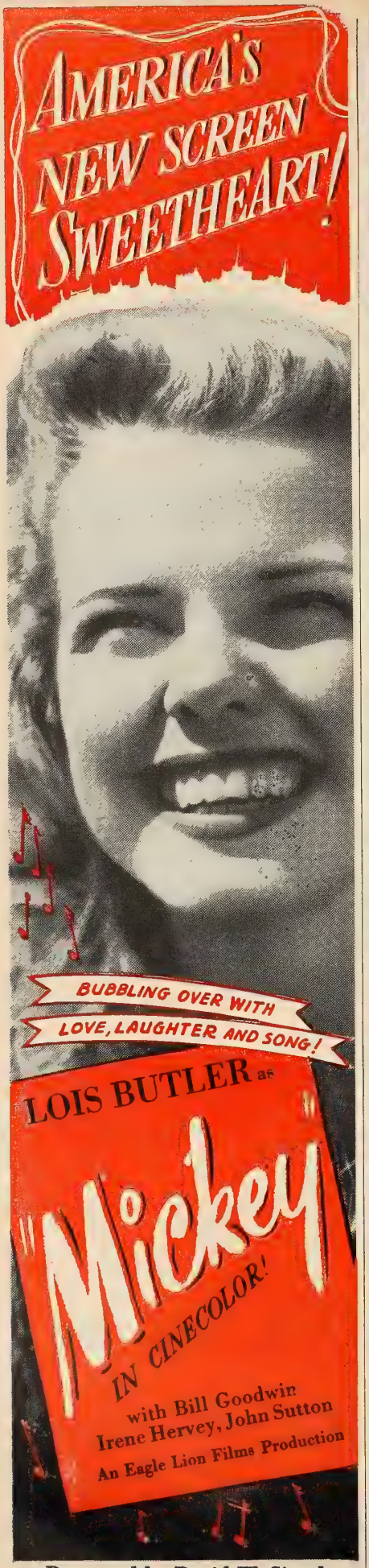
CARY GRANT · MYRNA LOY · MELVYN DOUGLAS

IN

"MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE"

Produced and Written for the Screen by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank • Directed by H. C. Potter • An RKO Radio Production • A Selznick Release

FANS: Send 25 cents to Selznick Studios, Culver City, California, for a 64-page copy of Close-up Magazine devoted to "Mr. Blandings and his Dream House."



Presented by David W. Siegel



Romance On The High Seas: Doris Day, Jack Carson and Oscar Levant in a romantic musical.

ROMANCE ON THE HIGH SEAS

This is a light-hearted, colorful, better than average musical with a fine fiesta spirit sustained throughout. Mrs. Elvirah Kent (Janis Paige) is about to set off on a South American cruise, when she discovers that her husband has just acquired a glamorous blond secretary. Elvirah misinterprets her poor innocent guy's anxiety to dispatch her on the cruise, thinks he can't wait to get rid of her in order to launch his romance with blondie. Elvirah makes up her mind that she won't go, but will let him *think* that she's gone—then when he begins stepping out, she'll be right on hand to nab him red-handed.

She persuades night club singer Georgia Garrett (Doris Day), a bundle of dynamite of the Betty Hutton school, to go on the cruise, masquerading as Mrs. Kent, and that accomplished, Elvirah settles down to the serious business of spying on hubby through a telescope. Hubby meanwhile has hired a private detective (Jack Carson) to trail Elvirah, fearing she may be unfaithful to him on shipboard, and the detective falls hard for the phony Mrs. K. She falls too, but her style is somewhat cramped by her wedding ring.

How the mix-up is finally untangled makes a well-paced, amusing story. There are heavenly holiday-ish sets, some good songs put over with zing by Doris Day, and a fine Calypso number by Sir Lancelot. Oscar Levant, a better pianist than actor, is on deck in a minor role, and S. K. Zakall is there too, good—as always—for a few laughs. This one's refreshing as a julep. Don't miss it.—*War.*

BIG CITY

It wouldn't be a Margaret O'Brien movie if it didn't tug at your heart, and *Big City* runs true to form. Wee Maggie plays the part of Mary Helen Rachel O'Connell Andrews Feldman who was left as a baby on the doorstep of Cantor David Irwin Feldman (Danny Thomas). She has now achieved the great age of ten with the help of three adopted daddies; a policeman, Patrick O'Donnell (George Murphy); a minister, Phillip Andrews (Robert Preston); and of course, Cantor Feldman, assisted by the Cantor's mother (Lotte Lehman).

Midge, as she is nicknamed, is wonderfully happy until the kids at school begin to tease



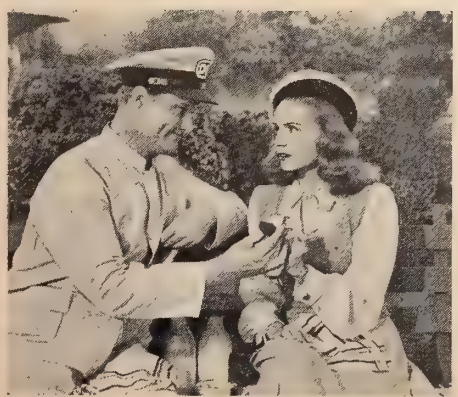
her about her unorthodox family. Then Midge's cute teacher, Florence Bartlett (Karin Booth) decides that the only way to eliminate the heckling is for Midge to be given to a pair of ordinary parents. However, one visit to the Feldmans, where she sees Midge with all her daddies and feels the wonderful spirit of mutual affection and tolerance, convinces her that the child is in good hands. Phillip and David both fall in love with Teacher, but Pat, luckily, is out of the competition for he is smitten with night club singer Shoo-Shoo Grady (Betty Garrett).

When Pat and Shoo-Shoo get married, they are entitled to full custody of Midge, for the agreement has always been that the first of the three men to marry gets the youngster. David and Phillip heartily disapprove of Shoo-Shoo as a wife for Pat much less as a mother for their Midge, and they take the case to court. This is the sobby part, with Midge's little heart torn three ways and everyone getting unbelievably noble. Go see for yourself how it all turns out—and take a king-size hankie.—*M-G-M.*

THE FULLER BRUSH MAN

Red Skelton is at his best in this hilarious whodunit, and if you'll forgive a couple of stock situations and some twice-told jokes, you'll have a wonderful time. Red is made to order for the part of the not-very-bright lovelorn chap who can't hold a job more than about twenty minutes. When he's fired from his street-cleaning stint for crashing into the boss's limousine with all his cleaning equipment, he goes to his girl's office—she works for the Fuller Brush Company—to tell her he's a failure and to say goodbye. She (Ann Elliot, played by Janet Blair) persuades Keenan Wallick (Don McGuire), the company's star salesman who is mad for her, to give Red a chance selling brushes.

Poor Red goes unsuccessfully from house to house in a series of really side-splitting scenes. He falls on his face, trips over roller skates, says all the wrong things—and it could be stale and tedious, but in Red's hands it's uproarious. He is even funnier when he finds himself suspected of the murder of his erstwhile boss. He can't quite get it—all the detectives after him, his telephone wires being tapped, his picture in the paper. "Gee," he murmurs with that wonderful hit-on-the-head expression of his, "all I wanted to do was sell brushes—"



The Fuller Brush Man: Street-cleaner Skelton tells his girl, Janet Blair, he's been fired.

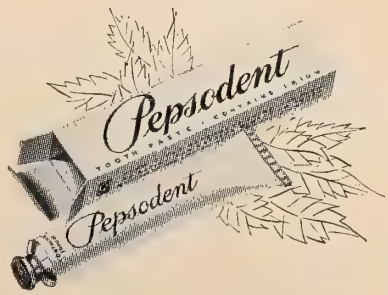
Mary Louise Shine's smile wins recruits for a proud profession!





Mary Louise Shine, R. N., didn't know she was qualifying as a photographer's model when she graduated from the Georgetown University School of Nursing. But remembering her cheering smile, former patients won't be surprised at her selection as a Model Nurse. Her picture is appearing everywhere . . . in advertisements and on billboards . . . inspiring young Americans to join the proud nursing profession. Now a Chicago doctor's bride, Mary Louise says the tooth paste she buys for her honeymoon apartment is the same brand she used at home—Pepsodent. Yes, her winning smile is a Pepsodent Smile!

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!



ANOTHER FINE LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCT

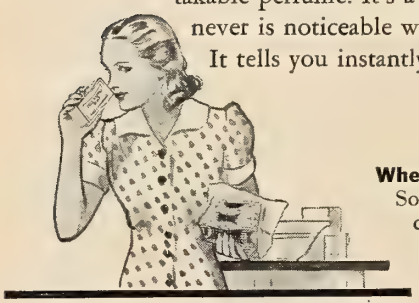
Mary Louise Shine knows it, people all over America agree—the smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile! Pepsodent with Irium is their 3-to-1 favorite for brighter smiles.

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste —families from coast to coast recently compared delicious New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said New Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried. *For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day — see your dentist twice a year!*



Clean smells *Sweet*

Things that are completely clean have an unmistakable perfume. It's a delicate, fresh, sweet smell that never is noticeable where there is dirt in any form. It tells you instantly—this is clean!



When you unwrap a big bar of Fels-Naptha Soap, you get the immediate impression of cleanliness. This mild *golden* soap breathes the clean odor of naptha—the gentle, thorough cleaner that dirt and grime cannot escape.

When you wash with Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, your sense of smell registers "CLEAN" with every swish of suds. Here's where you discover the joy of sneezeless washdays. These husky golden chips shed no powdery dust to irritate your nose. They're the original no-sneeze chips!





Clothes washed the Fels-Naptha way have a fresh, clean smell which *proves* that golden soap and gentle naptha, *combined*, have done a dirt removing job no tricky soap substitutes can equal . . . Next time you wash *your* baby's things make sure they're completely clean . . . Use Fels-Naptha Soap.

Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha
banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



As the film goes on it gets louder and funnier, and the sequences showing Red and Ann trapped in the warehouse with all the crooks are both spine-tingling and hysterically funny. Thrills and laughter are a neat combination.

Some of this is too long and drawn out, much of it is the rankest slapstick, all of it is insignificant foolishness. But Red will warm your heart, Janet Blair will rest your eyes, and we promise you you won't go away mad.—*Col.*

GREEN GRASS OF WYOMING

Thunderhead, the magnificent white stallion of Mary O'Hara's books, is back again in as engaging an outdoor picture as you'll see this summer. Perfectly cast, beautifully photographed in Technicolor, *Green Grass of Wyoming* is a family picture in the best sense of the term, and it's an enormous relief to see a pair of screen adolescents (played by Robert Arthur and Peggy Cummins) who are quite nice people instead of the jive-talking rug-cutters we are accustomed to seeing.

There's a gentle romance between Carey Greenway (Peggy Cummins) and Ken McLaughlin (Robert Arthur), but the big love story here is Thunderhead's. At one time, this great white horse belonged to Ken, but Thunderhead was never much of a family man, always had a roving eye, and Ken had finally set him free. Whereupon Thunderhead took to the hills, returning periodically to steal a mare from one of the valley ranches. When Carey's grandpa, Beaver Greenway (Charles Coburn), loses his mare, Lady Hanover, he threatens to go out after Thunderhead and kill him on sight. And when, shortly thereafter, Ken's prized mare, Crown Jewel, disappears, the McLaughlins and other ranchers join the irate Beaver in the hunt for Thunderhead's hideout. Ken goes along torn between his love for the old scoundrel and love for his fleet and beautiful Crown Jewel whom he has been grooming for the trotting races at the State Fair.

The wonderful scene in which Thunderhead decides to go along home with Ken and Crown Jewel and settle for the pipe and slippers deal is perhaps the best in the film. The trotting races are fine, too, and the square dances with Burl Ives' good mellow singing are lots of fun. All told, it's a crack ing good film. Don't miss it.—*20th-Fox.*



Green Grass of Wyoming: Peggy Cummins Charles Coburn and Bob Arthur, in Technicolor



Anna Karenina: Ralph Richardson and Vivien Leigh in a new version of the Tolstoy classic.

ANNA KARENINA

If it's light summer fare you're after, this isn't it, for Tolstoy's great novel brought faithfully to the screen is the starkest kind of tragedy. We all know the story of the hopeless love affair between Anna and Count Vronsky, but Vivien Leigh and Keiron Moore give it such validity, such sweet sadness, that it is as if we were learning the story for the first time. Vivien, in a series of décolleté gowns has never been more beautiful, and her beauty is even more subtle, more compelling than it was in *Gone With The Wind.* Keiron Moore is excellent as the young lover torn between his allegiance to the army and to his beloved. Ralph Richardson is superb as the preoccupied, dogmatic husband who refuses to give Anna her freedom so that she and Vronsky may be married.

The black despair of the main theme is relieved by frequent detours into comedy via Anna's brother, Stepan Oblonsky (Hugh Dempster), his harassed wife Dolly (Mary Kerridge) and their five children. Just when one can't bear Anna's heartbreak another minute, the scene shifts and there are the Oblonskys, and one gathers strength for the next bout with melancholia.

The plot here is so familiar to all of us that there is never an instant's suspense, and yet really fine acting lifts the film out of the ordinary class into the special. The ending is, of course, highly unsatisfactory, but that's how Tolstoy wrote it, so that is that. Just grit your teeth and know it's art.—*20th-Fox.*

FIGHTING FATHER DUNNE

This is the true story of one man's fight to keep underprivileged newsboys on the straight and narrow, and it is an inspiring tale. Pat O'Brien is Father Dunne, a Father Flanagan-ish character with a big heart, a small purse and a way with boys. He is horrified at the way the poor youngsters in his native St. Louis live, eating out of garbage cans, sleeping in alleys; and he gets permission from the Archbishop to start a home for them. Permission—but no funds.

He gives his own small salary to the cause, has to beg storekeepers for credit to buy necessities like food and beds. People are kind to him and his little band of boys thrives and expands. The going is pretty rough most of the time, and while the results Father gets with most of the kids are vastly rewarding, there are disappointments, too. And once,

Are you in the know?



When it's a foursome, what's your policy?

- ☐ *Fair play*
- ☐ *All's fair in love*
- ☐ *Leave the field to Sue*

Even if he's snareable, don't be a male robber. Play fair. Avoid hurting others.

Besides, a halo can be mighty becoming. And when trying days needle you, seek the comforting angel-softness of *new* Kotex. The kind of softness that *holds its shape*—because Kotex is made to *stay* soft while you wear it. Strictly genius! So is the snug, comfortable fit of your new Kotex Sanitary Belt that's all-elastic—non-binding!



What's your winning weapon?

- ☐ *Sharp chatter*
- ☐ *Samba know-how*
- ☐ *That starry-eyed look*

Chin music and fancy footwork may be fine. But try that starry-eyed look. It's accomplished with a colorless brow-and-lash cream that helps condition 'em. Makes lashes seem longer. (Glamour for your lids, too, if Mom vetoes eye shadow). To win self-confidence on "those" days, turn to Kotex — for the *flat pressed ends* that prevent revealing outlines. Likewise, for the *extra* protection of an exclusive *safety center.* Your secret weapon against secret woes!



Would a smart "red head" wear—

- ☐ *Pink*
- ☐ *Orange*
- ☐ *Cerise*

So you're tired of "traditional" colors. You crave a change to—(s-sh!) *pink*—but you've heard it's taboo for red heads. Well, wear that dreamy pink confection. With beauty experts' blessing! Any *pale* pink with a subtle gold tone; like a very delicate flesh or coral. It's smart to be sure your choice is right. And for problem days, you're smart to choose exactly the right napkin. Try all *3 sizes* of Kotex! Find the one that suits *your* needs.



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

when one of his boys goes on trial for murder, there is real heartbreak.

Pat O'Brien, handsome with his silvering hair, gives an adequate, if somewhat humorless, characterization of the fighting priest, and Una O'Connor as Miss O'Rourke, the housekeeper, does her best with some pretty mediocre lines. It is unmistakably Darryl Hickman's picture. Hickman, cast as Matt Davis, the young murderer, is excellent—by turn cocky and craven, at all times at home in his role.

This is not a great picture by any standards, but at a time when the nation is blaming Hollywood for every case of juvenile delinquency on the books, it is an important one, for it is certainly a step in the right direction.—*RKO.*

UP IN CENTRAL PARK

Here's a lilting little comedy with Deanna Durbin in fine face and voice. Picture's adapted from the late Broadway hit.

It's all about the Central Park scandal during the reign of Tammany Hall's notorious Boss Tweed (Vincent Price). Deanna as Rosie Moore and her father Timothy Moore (Albert Sharpe) are Irish immigrants who are rushed directly from the boat to the polls where—at two dollars the vote—they vote for Boss Tweed's candidate, ineffectual Mayor Oakley (Hobart Cavanaugh). Deanna's dad, who thinks Boss Tweed is the grandest man who ever lived, votes 23 times, and later—at a big beer party celebrating Oakley's victory, Tweed appoints him superintendent of Central Park at $3,000 a year.



Fighting Father Dunne: Pat O'Brien plays a priest battling delinquency among slum boys.

Shortly thereafter, newspaper reporter John Matthews (Dick Haymes), on the trail of evidence that will knock the bottom out of Tweed's rotten, grafting régime, gets talking to Mr. Moore about his duties as park superintendent, extracts enough information from the guileless old fellow for a red hot newspaper exposé. Tweed is furious and fires Moore for his disloyalty.

Now there are complications, for both Tweed and Matthews are enamoured of golden-voiced Rosie and neither of them wants to make her angry. There is a happy ending, of course, in due time. The unspectacular songs by Dorothy Fields and Sigmund Romberg are well sung by Durbin and Haymes, and the whole business adds up to an hour and a half of relaxation and good fun.—*Univ.-Int.*

YOUR RED WAGON

This is a tense, fast, poignant film that tells the ill-starred love-story of two kids who never meant to be bad, and who wind up in the worst kind of trouble there is. It introduces a new movie team, Farley Granger as Bowie, and Cathy O'Donnell as Keechie, and they are made for each other cinematically the way Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell were. They're magnificent!

Bowie is a young killer who has escaped from jail with two older criminals, T-Dub (Jay C. Flippen) and Chicamaw (Howard Da Silva). These two are past hoping for redemption, almost past dreaming of living once more on the right side of the law. But Bowie is young and full of hope. He's certain that if he can just get the funds to pay for a lawyer he can get himself squared around. And so, to get some money, he helps Chicamaw and T-Dub rob a bank. They make their getaway safely, buy a new car and destroy the old one that the police are looking for. They're free, they think—and then there's an automobile accident and a cold-blooded murder. And Bowie is in so deep he knows no lawyer will ever be able to help him out of his trouble.

Keechie, a niece of Chicamaw's, knows what she's in for, but she's in love with Bowie, and she begs him to take her with him when he begins his hideous hunted existence. They are married, and for a pitifully short time they live "like other people" in a

"wonderful . . . a deodorant in pads . . . as individual as facial tissues!"



"just a dab of a pad"

greaseless – not a cream . . . not messy to use . . . nothing to cake . . . no sticky fingers . . . no chance of soiling clothes or delicate underthings.

quick drying – just a dab of a 5 Day Pad – that's all . . . no waiting . . . no liquid to drip or spill . . . drying is practically instant!

safe – 5 Day Deodorant Pads are harmless to skin and clothes . . . require no after-bathing . . . will not discolor fabrics.

Stop perspiration and odor in 2 seconds

a fingertip pad saturated with a marvelously effective deodorant . . . often lasts for days. Dab it on for a second . . . then throw it away. Each cooling 5 Day Pad is individual . . . completely sanitary. Discover this daintier, more effective way to lasting freshness today.

5day DEODORANT PADS . . . *more effective · more convenient · safer*



Your Red Wagon: Young Farley Granger and Cathy O'Donnell in a story of ill-starred love.

little cottage in a tourist camp. They buy dishes and curtains and pretend that it's for always, but there's an end to it, of course.

This is a sad movie, a sordid movie, but it is beautifully done. The acting is flawless, the direction deft, and there's a terrifying message here for youngsters who think that crime is a glamorous or lucrative way of life. Here's one of those rare films good enough to see twice.—*RKO.*

ON AN ISLAND WITH YOU

This is lavish, expensive, bright with color and music—and it should add up to a lot more than it does. Unfortunately, the script is dull, and the acting with one notable exception—Jimmy Durante—is uninspired.

It's a movie about making a movie, and it is hard to say which movie is more meaningless. The movie *within* the movie (let's call that one movie A) seems to concern two girls' ardor for one guy, and the main movie involves approximately the same situation, and—oddly enough—the same three characters: Esther Williams, who plays the part of screen star Roz Reynolds; Cyd Charisse who plays Yvonne, and Ricardo Montalban as Ricard Montes. Lt. Larry Kingslea (Peter Lawford), young Navy flyer, is brought in as technical advisor on Movie A, and he falls madly in love with Roz Reynolds whom he first met when she entertained the boys on his Pacific isle during the war.

Kingslea is to double for Ricardo in one scene and fly a plane in which Roz has stowed away. In a sequence which heavily taxes one's credulity, he flies her to the very island where they first met. He gets in Dutch with the Navy for his shenanigans, but—in another unlikely scene—is let off by a benign, head-patting commander with a Dan Cupid approach to the whole affair. We never do know how things turn out in movie A, but they turn out just dandy in the main event, with a double wedding in the offing at the fadeout.

Xavier Cugat's music is fine, and Durante—singing his "Strutaway" song, breathing life into some extremely poor lines—is a bright spot. As is Cyd Charisse, a really spectacular dancer. Esther's figure is wonderful, and she swims—well, like Esther Williams. The ingredients are all there. This one should be a knockout, but it simply doesn't come off.—*M-G-M.*



new Toni creme shampoo

gives you

SOFT-WATER SHAMPOOING

even in hardest water

Your hair will shimmer with fetching highlights—sparkle with all, yes *all* its glorious natural sheen. For new Toni Creme Shampoo gives you "soft-water shampooing." The new miracle shampooing that gets hair cleaner, smoother, shinier than any soap or soap shampoo you've ever used—and rinses away unsightly dandruff instantly.

With new "soft-water shampooing" no after-rinse is needed. There's no soap-film dullness, no fly-away dryness. Today enjoy the benefits of "soft-water shampooing." Get new Toni Creme Shampoo in the handy tube or jar.



ASK FOR TONI CREME SHAMPOO—IT'S NEW!

dorothy kilgallen selects "the emperor waltz"





Bing Crosby, an American traveling salesman, is in Austria to sell Emperor Franz Joseph (Richard Haydn) a phonograph. Trouble starts when Bing's mongrel gets involved with Countess Joan Fontaine's Scheherazade, who's already betrothed to the Emperor's dog.

■ Film fans who remember with happy nostalgia the gay Maurice Chevalier-Jeanette MacDonald musicals of a couple of decades ago will find a multi-colored rebirth of those celluloid charmers in *The Emperor Waltz*. The generation that has become cinema-conscious since then will get a sample of what it missed when it watches Bing Crosby and Joan Fontaine sparkle and cavort in this tale of the princess and the pauper.

And wait till you see the new Bing —slim, wavy-haired and as romantic as Boyer!

The story is not set in a mythical kingdom (the scene is Austria during the reign of Emperor Franz Joseph) but it is a mythical kingdom formula and might just as well have been laid in Graustark for all anyone connected with it cares about the realities.

You really can sit back in your plush loge seat and enjoy this one; its worst problems are about on a par with putting too much sugar in the batch of fudge, and its big message is that music and love are fine.

The lush Technicolor picks up Bing (impersonating Virgil Smith, an American phonograph salesman at the turn of the century) as he becomes involved with an imperious young Austrian countess at the court of Franz Joseph. They migrate from the extravagant splendors of the palace to the verdant beauties of the Tyrol (sure, Bing yodels—whaddya think!) and there, in an enchanting village where every member of the population plays the violin at twilight, countess falls in love with brash young salesman, and brash young salesman's spotted dog falls in love with countess' elegant poodle.

What results in both instances should, I suppose, be kept secret from moviegoers until they have paid their tariff at the box office.

Anyhow, the proceedings are delightfully tuneful and escapist. Crosby fans, Fontaine fans and dog lovers will be equally gratified by *The Emperor Waltz*—and, goodness, that must include EVERYBODY!



Bev and Dick Webb on *Isn't It Romantic* set.

INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

HOLLYWOOD again . . . for three weeks. The moment I arrived I met GREGORY PECK at the MODERN SCREEN office. Then DICK CLAYTON took DANNY SCHOLL and myself to a musical at Fox which starred BILL CALLAHAN and COLLEEN TOWNSEND. COLLEEN invited me to lunch at the studio, and at adjoining tables were BETTY GRABLE, DICK CONTE, BOB ARTHUR and TYRONE POWER. My favorite publicity man, one of the nicest guys in the business, FRANK MACFADDEN, invited me to lunch with ANN BLYTH and DON TAYLOR at Universal. At the commissary were JEFFRY LYNN, BURT LANCASTER, VINCENT PRICE, SHELLY WINTERS, and MARTA TOREN. MICHAEL STEELE took me to CIRO'S, twice, to see Mitzi Green, and we rubbed elbows on the dance floor with SUSAN HAYWARD, JUDY GARLAND, BARBARA BEL GEDDES, SYLVIA SIDNEY, and SONJA HENIE, and had chats with DAVE ROSE, DIANA LYNN, and the JIMMY LYDONS. MIKE is set for the juvenile lead in *Command Decision*, so write him now for a pic at MGM. Had a memorable evening seeing BILL EYTHE and JOAN LORRING in Bill's production of *Glass Menagerie*, and Bill told me at cocktails about his sensational plans for a permanent theater in Hollywood. Had fun at tea with JANE WITHERS, reminiscing about the wedding; and a grand time at the Sam Spade Show. I gabbed with HOWARD DUFF afterward. Hmmmm! DON DEFORE invited me to Warners to see Dennis Morgan and him working in *One Sunday Afternoon*, and I met HARRY LEWIS on the lot. HARRY drove me to his darling ceramic shop, and we talked for hours. Went to a party with DANNY SCHOLL and BARRY NELSON, and had a reunion with the CHARLES KORVINS. BILLY DANIEL took me to Paramount for a long delayed meeting with DICK WEBB, and DICK and I got together again at Lucey's before I left. Then Billy took me to Universal to meet AVA GARDNER and OLGA SAN JUAN. There was much more . . . lunch with BILL MAUCH, cocktails with MICHAEL HARVEY (Curley of *Tycoon*), and visits with ROSS HUNTER. Whatcha want to know? Send your letters to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 261 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y., with a self-addressed stamped envelope.



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RITA DAIGLE—Walter Thornton Model



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Soft as a caress . . . exciting . . . new—Veto is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy, always smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly . . . checks perspiration effectively. You feel *sure* of your own daintiness.

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"You can't
have a child of your
own," the doctors said.
And then Linda Darnell
found Lola, and
someday she'll tell her,
"We wanted you
more than anything
in the world."

"we adopted a baby"



Linda happily displays baby bonnet—gift of co-workers in *Unfaithfully Yours*. They gave her shower.

by linda darnell

■ For years I had wanted a baby desperately. I was shaken when the first doctor told me, "I'm sorry, Linda, but you can't have a baby of your own." There were all sorts of reasons. Good reasons. But I wouldn't take the word of just one doctor.

Pev (my husband, Peverell) and I had then been married a year. Both of us wanted children of our own. And here was this doctor uttering his verdict which I didn't want to believe.

So I went to more doctors. I went to specialists. And they all said the same thing. "Linda," I said to myself, "you're not a girl to kid yourself with a lot of illusions. One of those doctors might be wrong, but they can't all be wrong."

Pev went on hoping that we might have children of our own. So did I, but it was a kind of quiet, forlorn, suffocating hope.

The years went by, and we didn't have children. And after a while it didn't seem as if we were having much of a married life either. We weren't making each other happy. We never had much time together. Both of us were busy working.

We'd come home, tired, tense and excited. We had been fighting traffic all the way home. Pev would take off his hat and coat and throw them away some place. Then I'd ask Pev, "What happened today?" not really caring about the answer because I was too concerned with my own problems.

Well, we separated. The story of our separation and reconciliation is a thrice-told tale. Away from Pev, I found out that I cared for him deeply, more than I did for anyone else. Our differences could be ironed out. We could be sensible, level-headed people. When we got home dead tired, (*Continued on page 70*)



June (hanging her painting at star exhibit) is making *Silver Lining,* biography of Marilyn Miller. She receives dozen roses daily from Duzik.

■ A slight fairhaired girl sat in the Santa Monica courtroom and started telling her story. Her voice shook a little. It was frightening, up there in front of all those people, talking about something so personal. "A little louder, please, Miss Haver," said Jerry Giesler, her attorney. "We can't hear you."

June steadied herself. Her thoughts flew back to the operation, less than a month ago. Here was another of those things you had to do for yourself, nobody could help you. All right, she'd pretend she was alone. Or playing a part, pitching her voice to the gallery. This time the words came clearer, and at last she was finished. Ruth Woodward, her secretary, followed her to the stand.

A few minutes later the judge handed down the decree that divorced June Haver from Jimmy Zito.

I'm frank to admit that June is a pet of mine. What struck me first when I met her four years ago was the kindness in her eyes—an expression you don't find too often in an 18-year-old. After that I came to know her well as a gay, honest, eager-hearted kid with an odd turn of phrase that kept you laughing, and enough good will to embrace the world.

I've seen her in many moods and under many conditions—at home and at work, alone and with a crowd. I saw her two days after her marriage in a soft glow of happiness. I saw her white and drawn and controlled after the breakup. I've never seen her treat others except with consideration, nor handle herself except with dignity and taste. I'm proud to have her consider me a friend.

As her friend, there's a thing or two I'd

by
hedda
hopper

he never loved her

You've read about
June Haver's divorce
before—a few lies,
a few half-truths.
Now Modern Screen
tells you what
really happened!



It's all over now. June divorced Jimmy Zito on March 25, charging he was "moody and silent," made embarrassing remarks about her fans. Gossips say she'll now seek church annulment so she can marry Dr. John Duzik next.

like to clear up. Scarcely was the ink dry on her interim decree when one columnist leaped into print with the gleeful announcement that June would marry John Duzik. Where she got her so-called information I wouldn't know. From a ouija board, maybe.

The facts are these. Since last October June's been working like crazy. What with keeping her toes to the grindstone, plus an operation, there's been little time for social life. Less than ever, now that *Silver Lining* is rolling. It's true that when she has gone out, Duzik's been her companion. But let's not try (*Continued on page 84*)

Leslie Charteris (author of The Saint books), his wife Betty, Greta and Greg have fun at a beach picnic in Nassau.

the one on the right is Peck



Somewhere in the Carribean there's a man-eating shark still whining about the Peck who got away!

by Betty Charteris

■ Picture it. We'd planned a vacation, my husband Leslie (he writes The Saint books) and I, with our great good friends the Gregory Pecks. They were going to fly to Nassau and meet us there. And they did. They, and eleven pieces of luggage, and enough camera equipment so you could photograph every fish in the South Seas simultaneously, and themselves looking neat and wholesome.

My husband, who was wearing a sad looking seersucker suit, acted hurt. "Do you know how to use this artillery," he said cuttingly, "or are you just showing off?"

Greg ignored that. "You're such a great manager, where's the boat?" (Leslie and I were to have arranged for the boat on which we four were to cruise cheerily through the Caribbean. We'd chartered a 60-foot auxiliary ketch from Bob Trout, the CBS newscaster.)

"Boat's coming," Leslie said.

"Supposed to have got here yesterday," Greg said. "We missed two planes to give you a chance to get ready, and you're still nowhere."

"We didn't miss the planes on purpose—" Greta said.

"Hush," said her husband. "Let's go look at Nassau."

Because Mr. Peck was so anxious to look at Nassau, we now have a million pictures of him taking pictures of natives who are taking pictures of him! Very confusing day.

That night, our boat, the Tonga, arrived. We watched it move into the pier, and it was something beautiful: the bright moonlight, the white ship, two tall masts. We met the Captain, Raymond Johnson, a big, red-headed man, and we met Mrs. Johnson, and we met the crew. The crew's name was Joe. Then we went to the hotel to dream of pirate ships cleaving the wild green sea.

Next morning we were off.

It's something I can't describe—that first shock when the wind fills the sails, and the boat moves off into the sea. The sky was all yellow and red with dawn, and the little white Nassau houses were fading behind us.

We were headed for (*Continued on page 81*)



Although he rarely poses in bathing trunks, Greg okayed this pic—on top of Fort Montague cannon. Below, the Pecks aboard fishing ketch, Tonga. Greg caught a 12-lb. barracuda, threw it back. "Too pungent!"



Greg (who'll follow up *Gentleman's Agreement* with *Yellow Sky*) smiles approval as Greta chooses a sisal hat and purse to match. Native woman charged double ($1.50) because she was asked to pose for pic.



"they call me Mother"

by
dale evans
rogers

All of a sudden,
Dale looked different to the
Rogers kids, be-
cause now she was their step-
mother, not their friend.
Until they began to learn she
could be both at once . . .



On Saturdays, the Rogers kids love to visit *Collin's Kiddieland*. Dusty, not quite two, takes it easy, but sisters Cheryl and Linda ride the airplanes, beg Dale for pickles, popcorn and chocolate sundaes.

■ It was a day last December, a few weeks before I was married to Roy Rogers, a man with three small children. I was being interviewed by his eldest child, Cheryl, aged seven, who likes to play spokesman for the family.

"When you marry our daddy," said Cheryl, "you'll be our stepmother, won't you?"

"Well, yes," I said. I glanced at her, feeling this was a crucial moment. "I'm not particularly fond of the word stepmother," I said. There was a silence you could drop a stone into. I went on, "You don't have to call me mummy. We can just be friends, good friends. I suggest you call me Dale, the way you know me best. Later, if you ever want to call me



by another name, I'll be very, very happy."

Cheryl flung me a smile. We were over the first hurdle.

The children's mother had died at the time Dusty, the boy, was born, in the summer of 1946. It was a wrenching loss to the two little girls—Cheryl, and Linda. Mrs. Rogers had been a devoted homemaker with no career interests, and consequently closer to the children than Roy who had to be away a lot, traveling on rodeos and personal appearance tours. So when his wife died, Roy fell into a state of deep concern about what to do with his little girls and his infant son.

Finally, it was decided that they would be best off living on his beautiful ranch on Lake Hughes, 60 miles from Hollywood. It was arranged that Mrs. Christensen, a lovely lady, mother of one of Roy's close friends, would stay with them. It was a good life, but the little girls missed their mother. Roy tried to be with them more, but when he was making movies he couldn't travel 60 miles to the ranch every night—and back again in the morning.

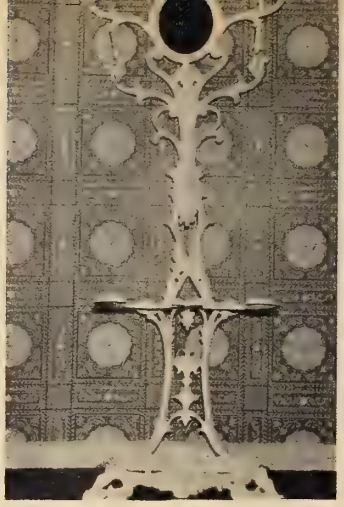
After the wedding, it took a little while to get all of us plus five dogs, a nurse and a housekeeper moved under one roof and settled down as a family for the first time.

Children adapt quickly (in a month you have the feeling you've all lived together forever) but I don't want to make it sound as though everything about my new role as mother to Roy's children was automatically solved. We wouldn't be normal people if things had worked out that simply. This is quite a responsibility I've taken on.

All three children have tried a little grandstanding with me. That's natural. I was the new one in the family, and if they could take a little advantage, why not?

On the whole, Dusty isn't much of a problem, and Linda, having been only three when her mother died, seems to have adjusted well. But Cheryl is a different sort of child. More introspective, with a flair for the dramatic. She was older (five) when her mother was taken away, and she felt it more.

I think I'm realistic. I know that all children are quick to uncover sensitive spots in adults (*Continued on page* 99)



Victorian coat-rack greets guests.

What are little girls' castles made of? Chintz and brass and antique glass . . . Victorian poses and cabbage roses—or at least that's the story Prince Mike tells here, after a visit to Diana Lynn . . .

apartment for diana

by prince michael romanoff

Diana's 5-room apartment is in an upper middle class district of Beverly Hills. It's perfect for quiet "at home" entertaining, which she loves.



photos by bob beerman

▼Mike Romanoff, an authority on decorating, was impressed by both the beauty and practicality of Diana's home. These chairs are covered in glazed chintz "because it's dirt-resistant."



➤The dinette is really a corner of the living room, separated by a waist-high partition. Two Early American tables (only one is shown) are placed together for dinners, parted for bridge.





Afternoons (when she's not working on *Ruthless*) Diana serves tea before fireplace. Coffee table is sawed-off old dining table.

■ A man who spends most of his life in a restaurant the way I do must think up ways of amusing himself. If he doesn't, he faces a very great danger of becoming a paranoiac with delusions of grandeur.

Romanoff, therefore, has originated a unique little guessing game. Whenever an actress of note enters my establishment, I study her from a secret vantage point, and I say to myself, "Romanoff, what kind of a house does that woman live in?"

On a little pad, I then jot down my guess. Sooner or later, that actress invites me to her home, where I find, for the most part, that my original guess was incredibly correct.

In the case of Diana Lynn, however, I am sad to say I was wrong, wrong for the first time since 1911.

My guessing pad carries this notation. "Diana Lynn—in all probability very modernistic, gadgety house, television, hidden radios, etc."

The circumstances of my error, however, are extenuating. Diana has been coming to my restaurant for years. She's been ordering scrambled eggs and chicken livers ever since she was fourteen. She was born in Los Angeles twenty-one years ago and she's been around worldly show-people all her youth. She's smart and sophisticated, and I naturally supposed that like most young actresses on the upgrade, she had built herself a modernistic house with at least one swimming pool and had had the abode furnished by Billy Haines, who will decorate

apartment for diana



Diana's bedroom is gay and pert as she is. Twin beds (she often asks a girl friend to stay overnight) are pushed together and backed by a single headboard. Padded wall behind beds is "so I can beat my head against it."

any star's house for a bagatelle of a hundred thousand.

Nothing could be further from the truth.

To begin with, Diana Lynn doesn't live in a house. She has a five-room apartment in an upper middle class district in Beverly Hills. It's the kind of apartment any career girl with taste and money might furnish.

The furniture in the living room and dinette is Early American. The furniture in Diana's bedroom and the hideaway she pithily refers to as a "mood room," are Victorian, and the kitchen has no furniture at all.

Mix Early American and Victorian, and what do you get? An old-fashioned girl. And that's exactly what Diana is. Superficially, she appears flip and sophisticated, but delve beneath the surface and you will find her gracious, conservative, more New (*Continued on page* 104)

Pine-paneled living room reflects good taste, is furnished with American antiques. Upholstery and carpeting, however, are modern.



The dining-living room partition also serves as a bar. Bar-stools are covered with same hand-blocked linen used in draperies. Both require infrequent cleaning.



Diana calls this her "mood room," and retires to it when she wants to be alone. The ample shelf space has started her collecting antique glass and odd china.



Satin-covered Victorian couch (in another corner of the "mood room") is ideal spot to study scripts. Reason: the seat is so uncomfortable, there's little danger Diana will drop off to sleep.

Unhappy ending!

by
albert p. delacorte

It could have been
a fairytale,
the way their marriage went.
It was almost too good
to last—and it didn't. This
is about the Reagans,
and the end of a dream . . .



HAPPY BEGINNING: Jane met Ronnie when they worked together at Warners'. They were married in 1940.



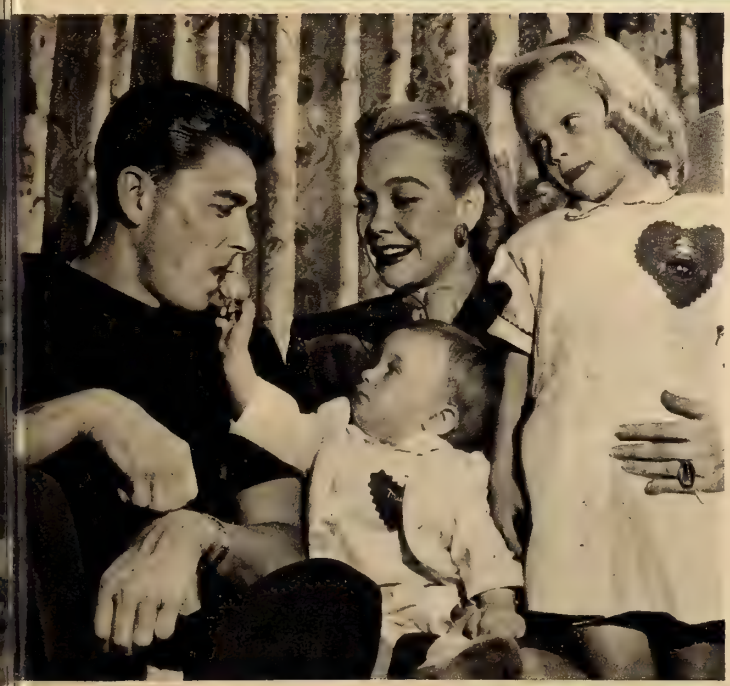
THE REAGAN GIRLS: Maureen Elizabeth was born in 1941. Recently, she was asked what she wanted to be when she grew up; she replied, "Whistled at!" Reagans' Michael is 3.



SO LONG, BUTTON NOSE: Jane and one-year-old Maureen saw Ronnie off from their Beverly Hills home. He was Army Captain.



UNHAPPY ENDING: After a week's reconciliation, the Reagans decided on divorce. Jane (star of *Johnny Belinda*) charged "extreme cruelty." First separation lasted five months, during which Jane "cleared her mind."



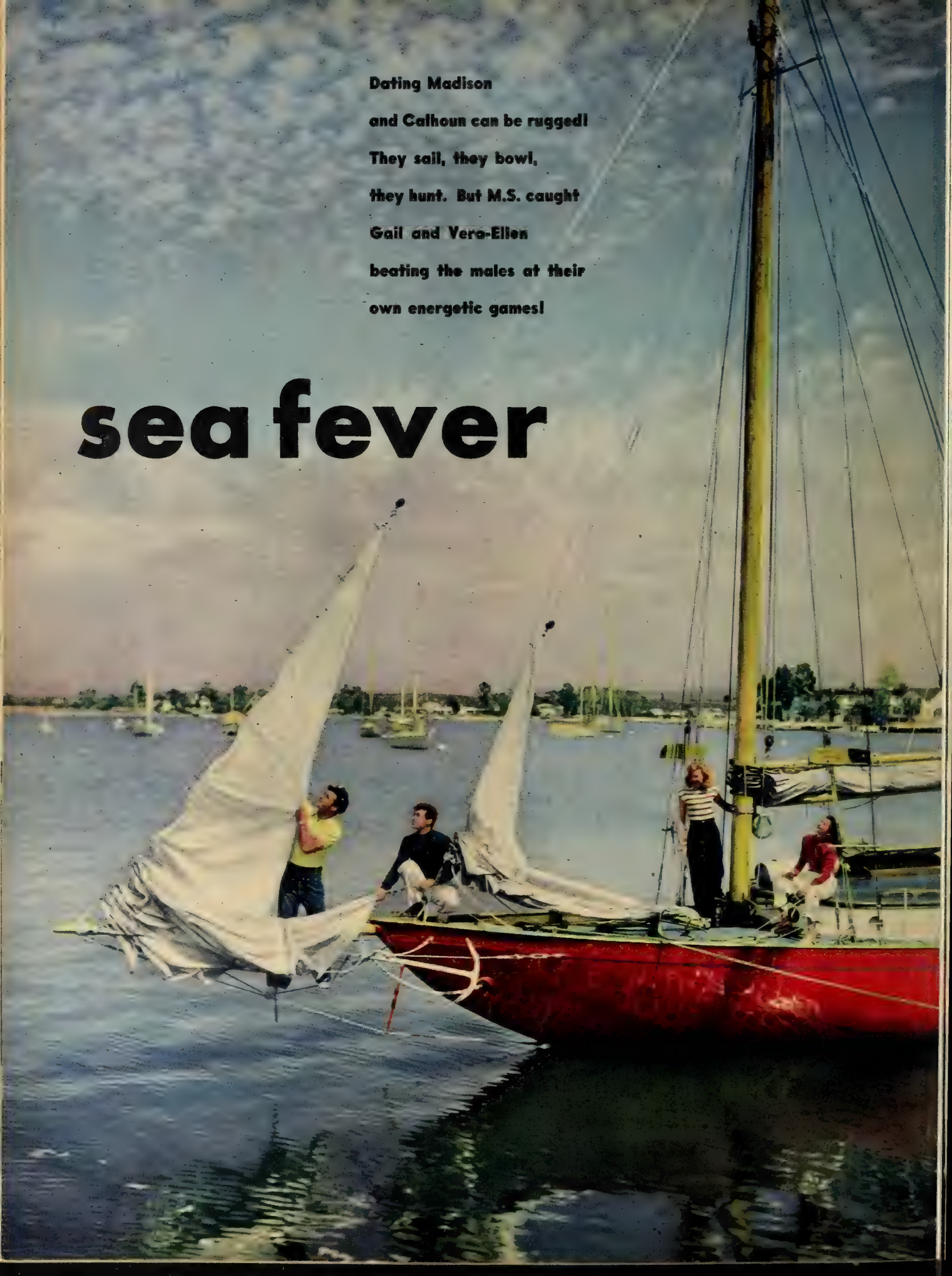
ONLY A FEW MONTHS TO GO: The Reagan quartet was Hollywood's model for happiness when this photo was taken. Little did they suspect that seven years of marriage would very soon be threatened.

■ I'm not the most convivial guy in the world. I can take movie stars or leave them alone, and movie stars have always reciprocated in kind. But the Reagans—they were different; they were my friends. We used to swap pictures of our kids, we used to stay at each other's houses—to me, the Reagans symbolized all that was pleasant and honest in Hollywood. Now that they've split up, I feel I've lost something which was important. We've all lost something. Because the Reagans were pets of MODERN SCREEN readers. You loved them; you adopted them; you're going to miss them. I know.

Jane and Ronnie were already separated when I made my last trip to Hollywood, and maybe that had something to do with the fact that I wasn't in any rush to get there. Anyhow, I stopped off for a few days at the Flamingo Hotel, in Las Vegas, Nevada, on my way out. The Flamingo's one of those fabulous playgrounds—it cost six million dollars, (*Continued on page 70*)

Dating Madison and Calhoun can be rugged! They sail, they bowl, they hunt. But M.S. caught Gail and Vera-Ellen beating the males at their own energetic games!

sea fever



photos by don ornitz

■ There are boys in this world who will bring you a gardenia. They will buy you a Martini. They will take you to a night club where the band plays tender music.

There are other boys who will do nothing of the kind. These other boys—and into this second class fall Rory Calhoun and Guy Madison—these other boys will make you sail a boat (the way they did the day we caught them). That day, they'd commandeered a fifty-four foot gaff rigged yawl, and two beautiful women (Vera-Ellen and Gail Russell) and they'd set off on a jib-fixing, sail-hoisting cruise.

They used auxiliary motors, they pulled halyards on the mainmast, they referred knowingly to the bowsprit, the mizzen and the helm, they ate chicken sandwiches, and they had a happy time.

If those four aren't sailing, they're climbing mountains, or fishing, or swimming, or ice-skating, or shooting guns, or doing some other equally active and exhausting thing.

On one of Vera-Ellen's very first dates with Rory, he made her a speech. "I'd like you to walk to a very special spot with me," he said. "It's in the mountains above Ojai—I loved it there when I was a kid."

They started off at a pleasant pace, and he proceeded to walk her five miles up a mountain-side to a little waterfall, where the water dripped like tears. "Isn't it wonderful?" he said.

"I want to cry," said Vera.

"The waterfall?"

"My feet."

She got used to those hikes soon enough. He and she have walked over every mountain plot in Southern California looking at building sites, though they both claim they're not building anything.

He thinks nothing of getting her up at 5:30 in the morning to take her speedboating, and one night when they came home to her house and decided to entertain her family with a small athletic exhibition, he lifted her right into the light fixtures in his exuberance.

They both rhumba, they both swim, they never go to each other's movies (by agreement) and Rory always brings her game he shoots. A while ago, he dumped ten ducks in her kitchen, and she thanked him, and he went away.

After he'd gone, she turned to her mother. "How many ways can you cook a duck?" she said. "I ask you."

Vera and Rory do have their sedentary moments, but they're rare. Eating, of course, is done sitting down, and at such times, they



Vera-Ellen gets a hand from Rory Calhoun as she boards 54-foot yawl.



Madison-Russell serve coffee. Rory and Guy'll star in When A Man's A Man.

With the others safely at the helm, Guy and Gail (she's in Night Has A Thousand Eyes*) relax. The yawl (rented) was on active war duty.*



Returning to port, the "hands" make a pretty pic.



After the sail, boys still want more salt water. Too cold for the gals!

sea fever

favor butterscotch pie. They also like to watch wrestling matches at night on Rory's television set because there's a wrestler named Gorgeous George who has a beautiful wardrobe. Rory's taught Vera how to play the harmonica ("Turkey in the Straw," at least) and she's taught him how to play one finger piano (Baptist hymns, at least).

When Vera was at the Laguna summer theater, Rory'd come down every night, and they'd go for moonlight swims. The moonlight was romantic, the swimming was athletic—and it was all quite perfect.

As for Gail and Guy, there's already been a lot written, but things continue to happen. Like last month, he took her out in the mountains and handed her a twelve gauge shot-gun. When she shot it, it kicked her down the hill. She got up bruised and scratched, and complaining. "If I'm not your type," she said, "there must be an easier way to tell me. Since I've known you, the elbows are all out of my clothes."

Guy started Gail with a 25 pound bow, she now (*Continued on page 91*)



Vera-Ellen is impressed with Rory's foot-navigation.

Beach-wise, boys prove they're stronger sex. Gail and Vera-Ellen concede.





Her skin is cream,

her perfume's French, but

that's only half the

story. Ava's so glamorous

that when she

wears glasses, men

make passes!

how GLAMOROUS can you get?

■ Some people, you have to tone down. Some people have so much natural glamor you can't put them in gold lamé because the two brilliances fight. That's the way it is with Ava Gardner. First and foremost, she's a gorgeous woman, and what she's got, she's still got in a tailored suit, or a peasant skirt, or while eating a chicken sandwich. Caviar? Pink satin? It's beyond their feeble power to enhance the allure of the little lady.

Ava's a perfect size twelve, she's beautifully built, she tends to look best in low-cut bathing suits and evening gowns. She wears thick-rimmed glasses (men always make passes), the only kind of makeup she uses is lipstick, and she's a big perfume addict. Perfume goes behind her ears, on her hair, at the nape of her neck, and in the crook of her elbows. Some days, she changes her perfume two or three times, to fit her moods. She likes "Joy," "Blue Hour," and "Mitsouko." Before a big date, she takes a bubble bath—Elizabeth Arden, usually—but her housecoat is tailored, coolie-style, and she owns only two strapless formals. They're both black, and she wears them when she has to appear at publicity functions, premières and so forth.

Ava owns two fur coats—a mink and a beaver—and twelve pairs of shoes. The fanciest pair is black, with straps and open toes, and it cost $18.50. Most of her things come from the fashionable local shops like Saks', or Magnin's; she likes black lingerie, and kelly green dresses. She can't stand blue or brown, because she thinks they clash with her green eyes. One-piece bathing suits please her, so do sweaters, and simple costume jewelry. She buys the jewelry herself, though there are plenty of gentlemen who'd be glad to do it for her.

Currently, the man in her life is Howard Duff; they listen to jazz together, go dancing together, and according to Ciro's Herman Hover, never make showy entrances. Howard has a cute way of working Ava's name into some spot in his Sam Spade broadcasts, and his general opinion of her seems to be excellent. He says, "She was standing right in line when attributes were passed out. She has skin like cream, wonderful hair, a soft voice—why, they had to add some more curves to that statue they used in *One Touch of Venus,* after they compared it with her! Glamor? Ava? Well heck, you've got eyes!"



banned in hollywood!

"Très chic," they say on the Riviera. "Plain vulgar," they cry in Hollywood where the only diapers you ever see are in the family wash, and bathing suits still cling to glamor girls —without a prayer.

by cobina wright



Atwater Kent's splash party at his Bel Air estate brought out the latest in Hollywood pool fashions. Hazel Brooks (in *Arch of Triumph*) wore a flesh-colored suit covered with black lace.



Terry Moore, petite starlet (in *Return of October*), could find only children's suits to fit her! Mom rushed out, bought some pink, blue and yellow plaid taffeta, and stitched up a knockout! Good for swimming, too. It's waterproof!



Cyd Charisse, dancing star of *Words And Music,* wore two-piece suit of textron. Art Little, Jr., Barb Lawrence, Terry Moore, Mike Carr watch her.

■ Along the French Riviera, the ladies are wearing what they call "diaper suits" for swimming. The suits consist of a trifle of material on the top, a trifle of material on the bottom, and an almost unbelievable amount of girl in between.

I remember reading about them, and wondering. I'm interested in fashion; I go to parties; I give parties; other women come to parties—and when women get together, the talk naturally turns to clothes. MODERN SCREEN had heard about my gadding habits, and that's how this series of articles was born.

Anyway, I stared at those diaper suits, and tried to decide whether Hollywood would go for them. I got my answer in very short order. My answer was no.

The funny truth is that we're not much of a town for extreme styles. We catch on a little bit late, we don't let down our hems as fast as they do in Paris, we don't cut off our hair as short as they do in New York. You may be seeing diaper suits in Palm Beach next season; you won't be seeing 'em in Hollywood.

I went to a pool party (swimming, not shooting) at Atwater Kent's estate the other afternoon, and that's where the pictures on these pages were taken. Kent, a retired radio magnate, has a beautiful place called Capo di Monte, with a view ranging from the city to the sea, against a backdrop of great purple mountains.

The party guests were cute; so were their bathing suits. (*Continued on page 89*)



They were all sizes, all
shapes, all ages, the girls who
chased her handsome
husband. And Mrs. Jourdan would
feel sympathetic, until
they'd turn to Louis and say,
"What do you see in *her?*"

don't marry a handsome man!



Louis Jourdan with his wife, Quique. Louis is in *Letter From an Unknown Woman* and also in *No Minor Vices.*

by **quique jourdan**

■ "Please marry me," said Louis.

"No!" said my father.

But, of course, Louis was talking to me, not my father. And when my father said "No," it was as advice to me later on when he heard about the proposal.

"No," he said, "Louis is a nice, young man but, uh—too attractive to women in general, shall we say? And an actor, too! You will not have to look far for trouble when you are wed to such a one, Quique."

He was, as you say here, so right, my father. We neither of us, Louis or I, had far to look for trouble—if we wanted trouble. If it was not this woman who made the eyes, it was that one. We had no sooner moved into our apartment in Paris when the doorbell rang and a sixteen-year-old girl stood in the doorway. She wanted Louis. When I asked her what it was about she gave me a very cold look. "I want to talk to him, not you!" she said.

I was so surprised that I invited her in. But she was not a bit grateful. No sooner did Louis appear than, in one breath, she told him how she liked his pictures, how many of his photographs she had, and how she could not understand what he saw in me!

We learned to call (*Continued on page 105*)



He's many things to many men: friend, neighbor, idol, legend. Here are ten sharply-etched impressions of him —all different . . . all matchlessly Gable.

by mervyn leroy

the 10 greatest gable stories

■ I'm a Gable expert. I tried to sell the young hunk of raw dynamite to my boss, Jack Warner, straight off the Los Angeles stage where he, Gable, was playing in *The Last Mile*. My boss shook his head. "Ears too big." Now I'll bet he'd like to have just the ears under contract!

I've got a picture of Clark over my desk. It says on that picture, "Thanks for believing I had it in me." But it really isn't any thanks to me. You couldn't help sensing the force in Gable. He always was—he still is—what any director in his right mind prays to have for his picture.

That's Gable, the actor. Gable the man's another story. A lot of other stories. He's something different to everyone who knows him. He's a friend, a neighbor, a presence, a state of mind. A million people have had a million contacts with him, and after you've listened to the first few hundred reports, you realize an odd fact. Gable emerges from every report a greater, and more amazing guy. I've thought over my collection of Gable anecdotes—culled through the years from people who know Clark best—and I'm ready to present testimony from ten of them (me included) to prove my point. I think you'll find that each person quoted brings out a different facet of the man. But all the facets are exciting, fine—Gable.

And not knowing the proper etiquette or protocol in a matter of this kind, I might as well start with my



"MR. GABLE" TERRIFIED HER Judy Garland's crush on Gable was talk of M-G-M. When they finally met, she could hardly speak!

own Gable data, and get it off my chest . . .

I remember the day we were driving down a busy boulevard in Los Angeles, Clark and I, in his car. Two girls spotted Gable and chased him. They caught up, crowded his car over toward the curb. All of a sudden, I almost went through the seat. Clark gunned his car forward like a jackrabbit, twisted it straight for two tall buildings. Luckily an alley was in between. I didn't know that. Clark did. We screeched around the corner on two wheels at 70 miles an hour.

"What are you trying to do?" I gasped when I got back my breath. "Kill me?"

"Sorry," Clark said when it was safe to slow down. "What if those kids had bumped me, or I'd bumped them? An accident—maybe somebody hurt or killed. Whose fault? Clark Gable's. When you're in pictures, you're on the spot. That was trouble," said Clark, "so me—I just got out of the way!"

That's one Clark Gable—canny, direct, practical, hard-boiled. Here's another: Some visitors came on our set. One had just been through Clark's old hometown, Hopedale, Ohio. I heard him ask Clark if he remembered his old grammar school teacher, Miss Frances Thompson.

"Of course," said Clark.

"I just saw her and she's got a big picture of you on the table by her bed. Calls you 'her boy!' "

"No kidding!" Gable couldn't have looked more pleased. Then his face clouded. "Her bed?"

"Well," said the fellow. "She's pretty old now, and pretty sick."

"Got her address?" asked Clark.

I don't know how many years it had been since Clark Gable had seen his old school teacher. But we couldn't make another take until he'd gone to his dressing-room, written her a long letter and sent it with a box of roses. That's Gable, too.

"MR. GABLE" TERRIFIED HER

LeRoy rests his case. And goes on to some others.

Judy Garland's maybe Clark's staunchest fan. When she was a pudgy kid of fifteen, she carried a torch for Gable, and Roger Eden wrote her the song called "Please, Mr. Gable." She sang that as she'd never sung any song before, and once, Clark heard her do it.

She didn't know he was listening, or she'd have sunk right through the M-G-M sound-stage floor. But three years later, Clark showed up at a birthday party for Judy. How he knew she was having a party, or even that it was her birthday, she's never figured. (*Continued on page 101*)



HE'D GIVE YOU THE OSCAR OFF HIS MANTEL—and, in fact, he did! The Oscar Clark earned for his acting in *Gone With The Wind* is now the cherished property of Richard Lang, son of "Fieldsie" and Walter Lang, Clark's good friends.



GABLE HAD HER WRONG Of Lana Turner, whom he met when she was 15, Gable once said: "She'll never be an actress." So Lana was scared when she was cast opposite him in *Honky Tonk* (above). But she needn't have worried! (Now they're in *Homecoming*.)



TRACY RIBBED THE KING In 1938, Clark and Myrna Loy were crowned "King and Queen of Hollywood" by Ed Sullivan, representing a large newspaper syndicate. Pal Spencer Tracy staged a royal reception for Gable that rocked the set for days.



THE WOMAN HE LOVED Even in the midst of personal tragedy, Clark was sensitive to another's problem. Though worn from days of searching for body of Carole Lombard, he performed a rare act of kindness for one of the rescue party.



"MAJOR GABLE" MEANT NOTHING The men in his outfit looked to Gable to wangle small miracle for them—like reserving a table for 12 in one of London's packed hotels. Clark tried: "This is Major Gable." No dice—until he added "Clark."



HE THOUGHT GABLE WAS A CREAM-PUFF Director Vic Fleming underestimated Clark's strength for a scene in *Test Pilot*. He ordered 100-lb. prop sandbags filled with sawdust. He-man Gable tossed them around like balloons!



Betty's sister has a special reason for being happy about her niece Candy's birth. It may shock you, but you'll wind up loving those Huttons!

Congratulations, darling—

by
MARION HUTTON

■ I've a very special reason for being happy about the birth of my sister Betty's second daughter, Candice. Maybe it's an odd reason, maybe you'll think it's pretty odd the way I'm going to tell this story, but it's the only way I know how. I'm going to begin by writing all about how Betty and I used almost to hate each other. Scrapped like cats and dogs. That's a pretty blunt admission to have to make about your own sister, but when I finish, I think you'll understand why I have to tell all.

I guess the friction started when I used to spend the summers with an aunt and uncle in Battle Creek whose children were grown. They always asked for me, never Betty. For one thing, my aunt had looked after me as a baby and had come to love me. For another, I was quieter, easier to handle than Betty. They'd send me home in the fall, nicely outfitted for school. Betty wore my castoffs. This hurt her terribly. Mother would have seen that I shared my things, except they didn't fit Betty. So of course she grew up with this bitter sense of injustice.

Another thing that may have had to do with it was that we were just too different in temperament. I called Betty a roughneck, and she called me a prude, and Mother wasn't around to referee. She'd leave for the factory before we were up in the morning. After school, we'd go home to make beds, wash dishes and get dinner started. Mom was a bug on cleanliness, so (*Continued on page 95*)



Mom Hutton and Marion. (Betty's in *Dream Girl.*)



Evie and Van took delayed honeymoon trip to Honolulu aboard Matsonia. Reporters greeted them as ship docked, fans decked them with leis.

i cornered van

by art carter

■ Even on an island paradise (that's the way they always sum up Hawaii) a guy has to make a living. I'm a photographer. Special assignments, my meat. And Van Johnson's a special assignment in anybody's language. Only thing is, a lot of other photographers had the same idea, and the same assignment. I must say, in all modesty, I scooped 'em. I got the only pictures of Van and Evie coming into Hawaii. It just happened that I knew the owner of the tug which was to take the photographers out to meet the Matsonia, and it just happened that the Johnsons were on the Matsonia, and it just happened that I argued this tug-owner into leaving the dock about half an hour before any of the other fellows got down there. It was simple as that, and you behold on this page the charming results.

But after all, I'm just a guy who takes pictures, and the dame who gets the real scoops is Louella. They tell me she's got the Johnson story (in words) in her Modern Screen Good News this month. They tell me it's on page 8 You'd better read it; that lady doesn't miss much.

Ten-day vacation was cut down to four when Van (in *State Of The Union*) flew home to studio. He was able to get in some surfboarding and swimming, but prefers Calif. coast to Waikiki Beach which was narrow strip of sand.





Van was glad to see fans lining ramp as he left the Matsonia. There wasn't one autograph hunter aboard ship! Trip was first of its kind for him; he claims he'd never before been on a boat larger than the Staten Island Ferry.



Vacationing in New York, Ann Sheridan likes to sleep all morning, stay up at night. Here, with Zachary Scott and Morton Downey at the Stork Club.

"HAPPY ANNIE"

by ann sheridan

Because she likes

to take it easy—and does.

Because she likes

emeralds—and has them.

Because she likes life—

and lives . . . that's why

Hannagan calls her

Happy Annie.



For her last birthday, Annie (in *Good Sam*) got gold cigarette case and lighter clustered with diamonds and emeralds from Steve Hannagan. They met in 1943. He's been friend, manager and admirer ever since.

■ Sometime last October I finished a picture called *Good Sam* for a man named Leo McCarey. Nice fellow. He and I had some dealings at a Kentucky Derby—and more about that later.

After *Good Sam,* my friend Hannagan said, "Red, you need a vacation. Maybe you even need a sabbatical—one of those long leaves they give teachers."

The only thing I ever taught was my dogs not to chew the seat out of Hannagan's pants, but I told him what a bright man he was, and I've been in a suite of rooms in New York City practically ever since—doing nothing in a great big way.

There's no point in my saying I get up at six to milk the cows; there's no room for a cow in my suite, I wouldn't get up and milk it if there was a cow in my suite, and I can't lie worth a nickel.

You know the way I spend my time? I rise around two or three (I'm awake earlier, but I like to think the thing over before I make any rash leaps from the bed) and I have two glasses of iced coffee. Then I read the papers. Then I have a sandwich or oatmeal or milk-toast. By that time, it's five, and I start thinking about going out. The hairdresser comes in to do my hair. I go out. And I stay up as late as anybody'll stay up with me.

I have a friend—she's also my secretary—named Rene Cummings. She has this funny idea about sleeping at night. We'll be talking along at four A.M., and she'll start muttering "bed" over and over again in a low, moaning way. I think she's trying to hypnotize me. She and Hannagan—can't trust either of them.

Couple of months ago, Hannagan said he was going on a business trip. Toledo, Detroit, Indianapolis.

"Maybe I'll come," I said cheerfully. "It ought to be fun. You can work all day, I can sleep all day, and you can take me out every night."

"Sure," said Hannagan in an agreeable way, but I thought at the time he looked pretty amused.

I found out why on the business trip. Sleep all day! I'd just get unpacked in one town when he'd come marching in and say, "Gotta make the three o'clock. Gives you four hours to get ready." It reminded me of my army camp days.

That's about the only time I've stirred out of New York this vacation, except for a couple of week-ends at my place in Connecticut, and the trip to Hollywood for Christmas. Hannagan and I decided we (*Continued on page 91*)

what every wife should know

There are certain things that every young wife should know. But whatever they are, Gene Tierney didn't know them! Now, for Modern Screen, she frankly confesses her own mistakes . . .

by florabel muir

■ Gene Tierney married Oleg Cassini in June, 1941. On March 10, 1947, she told the judge the seas of wedded life had become too rough for her to take. They were apart one year, before she realized why her marriage had gone on the rocks.

"When you fall in love with a fellow hard enough to marry him, don't start right away to try to make him over," she told me. "That was the mistake I made. The Oleg I took for a husband was a gay Bohemian who laughed at life. That's what attracted me to him in the first place. Then I started right out to change him.

"Of course, he resisted. He just wouldn't be bothered with what he thought were the non-essential things. I am a fussy sort who likes to have everything in place and every move planned ahead. Oleg likes to be surprised. He loves to get up in the morning facing a day when he doesn't have any idea what's going to happen to him. It's this enthusiasm for the unexpected that makes living with him so gay and amusing.

"I'm sure if I should marry a person like myself we'd lead a very dull life. I realized that after I went to court and got my interlocutory decree of divorce. I remember I kept telling myself that everything was going to be fine and that I had just what I wanted. A little house where I could live as a bachelor girl with no man to consider.

"But it began to get pretty boring. I must admit I grew rather selfish when Oleg was in the Army. I think lots of wives did. We had husbands and the fun of dates with them but they weren't around under foot so to speak. In those years I grew accustomed to thinking I'll do this and I'll do that. Never *we'll* do it. When he came home, I couldn't adjust my thoughts along the 'we' lines. I'm sure Oleg must have been hurt many times when I overdid that perpendicular pronoun. It is so easy for a woman with a career of her own to devote a lot of time to thinking about her own affairs. *(Continued on page 104)*





Dazzling as a crown—democratic as a kiss, it's the funniest frolic in many a movie year when American Traveling Salesman Bing sells blue-blooded Countess Joan a scandalous bill of goods, as they whirl headlong through riotous escapades and gay indiscretions!

Paramount presents

BING CROSBY ★ JOAN FONTAINE

in

"The Emperor Waltz"

Color by
TECHNICOLOR

with Roland Culver · Lucile Watson · Richard Haydn · Harold Vermilyea
Produced by Charles Brackett · Directed by BILLY WILDER
Written by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder



Even their dogs are in love... and in the royal doghouse!

* * *

When Bing sings those lilting love melodies, "The Kiss In Your Eyes," "Friendly Mountains," "I Kiss Your Hand, Madame" and "Emperor Waltz"... your heart will beat in three-quarter time!



Mary MacDonald, principal of M-G-M school, quizzes O'Brien. (Above) Mag gets prettied up before facing screen.

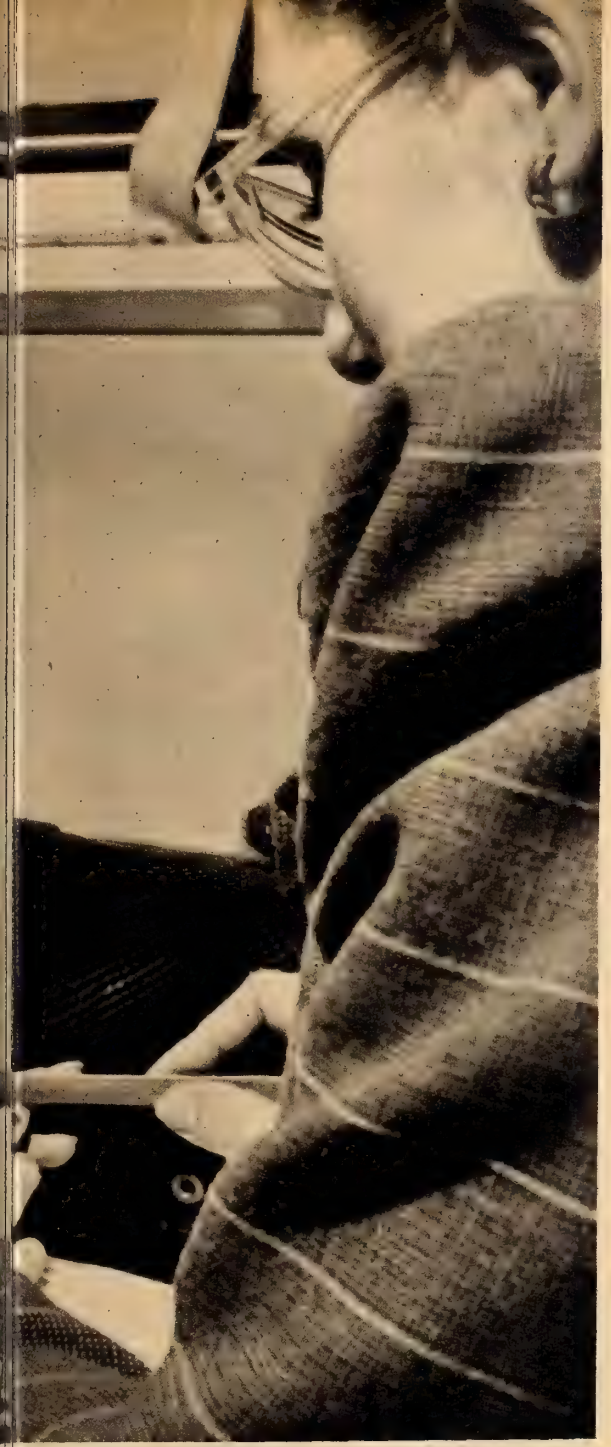
Little Margaret has promised to supply European children with six million pounds of candy by September. It's her Friendship Train For Children plan.

Star of *Big City* prepares herself a spot of tea in the kitchen. Versatile Maggie likes water coloring, is learning to draw cartoons.









Too young for jewelry she loves, Margaret admires Vera-Ellen's, as they lunch in studio commissary. Miss O'Brien is carrying the torch for Claude Jarman, Jr.



new look



Your baby's gone and done it! She's cut off her pigtails and fallen for Claude Jarman, Jr. But you can still call her Maggie, because, inside, O'Brien hasn't changed a bit.

BY HOWARD SHARPE

■ This is the story of Margaret O'Brien, the small tycoon, the pint-sized holding company, the actress-writer-magnate, and how she lost her braids.

She was talking about them—the braids—one day, and there was a rather un-childlike tone in her voice.

"They're part of my trade-mark, aren't they?" she said casually.

Her mother winced. "Is that the way you feel? Do you think of yourself as a—a sort of tycoon in pigtails? Is that it?" And even though Margaret giggled, and denied the idea, Mrs. O'Brien turned thoughtful. Here was this child—she modeled clothes, she acted in movies, she wrote a newspaper column, she made record albums, and how did you keep such a child from getting bored, and cynical? In short, how did you keep such a child from becoming a pure, insufferable brat?

There'd never been any trouble with Margaret on this score, but now was she growing aware that she was a big business, a very important property? Gladys O'Brien was scared.

The braids, she thought. *They're the symbol of the sickness. Do away with the braids, and maybe you've effected a charm.*

To Margaret, she said, "Darling, wouldn't you like to wear your hair another way for a few months?"

Margaret's face lit up. "Oh, yes," she said, and somehow the crisis was over, and Mrs. O'Brien was standing there feeling idiotic, because obviously Margaret was the same as she'd ever been, and there probably wasn't a thing in the world that could change her or spoil her or make you ashamed of her.

Still, they cut off the hair. Margaret thought she'd enjoy the new look; and it still seemed a healthy move to her mother, a bit of normalcy, a step toward growing up.

Every bit of normalcy helped in this business, where nothing happened the way it would have happened anywhere else, and a little girl lived at a pace that would have taxed a veteran performer.

Take a recent typical day in Margaret's life. Typical to Margaret, but far from ordinary. (*Continued on next page*)

It's Maggie's birthday party! She's eleven now. Celebration was at the Valley Tail O' The Cock. M-G-M sent the lamb. Suzanne Danker and Patricia Kogley were two of the many guests. Plenty of cake, ice-cream and favors!





Geography isn't hard when you have the know-how. O'Brien's on her toes in a gay quilted skirt with petticoat showing. Claude Jarman, Jr., Margaret's classmate, sits behind her. He's carrying torch for Mrs. Gregory Peck.

There was a mist that morning, and Margaret was pleased because she was going to model on a golf course, and a fog would spare her a few freckles.

As she and her mother drove toward Beverly Hills, Margaret spoke wistfully. "It's going to be sunny this afternoon at the beach. You don't suppose—"

"The afternoon off?" Mrs. O'Brien supplied. "Well, maybe. Let's work on it. We *did* have quite a day yesterday. You're feeling all right, honey?"

"I feel marvelous. Like swimming."

"We'll see," her mother said. "Have you thought what your column will be for today? We could talk it over now, and you might dictate it to one of the stenographers at the studio."

"Are we going to the studio? I thought I was to do pictures on a golf course for that dress manufacturer."

"We have to pick up the dress at the studio first," Mrs. O'Brien explained. "And you have an interview with a lady from a magazine."

"We'll *never* get done by noon."

"There's just the interview after lunch."

"We could have the lady to lunch."

"No, we can't. There's a state law that says you can't be interrupted while you're at your meals. How can you digest if you're trying to work at the same time?"

"For heaven's sake, Mother," Margaret said, "I can digest anything any time. What do they think I am, a sissy?"

"They're trying to look out for your welfare."

"Hmmm," said Margaret. "I'd rather have the afternoon off."

"Believe me, you'll have the afternoon off."

They rode for a while in silence.

"Well," Margaret said, "I thought I might write about the Freedom Train for the column today. I mean, after all, it's a very big thing, and I was right there. D'you know," she added, "I've done the Gettysburg Address so many times I didn't bother to practice, and almost *forgot* it?"

"Towards the end?"

"After the first *line*. But then I looked up and, my goodness, there was Gene Autry looking at me and I thought, golly, I can't make a mess of it in front of him. So I remembered."

"I hadn't any idea so many people would turn out. Had you?"

"I read Los Angeles is the fourth largest city in America now."

"That explains it, then."

Margaret made one of her occasional sage remarks. "If Los Angeles is that big, I'd have thought more people would have (*Continued on page 68*)

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Walt Disney's

GREAT NEW MUSICAL COMEDY

"MELODY TIME"

ROY ROGERS
STARRING IN "PECOS BILL"

7-Wonderful Songs
FOR THE MELODY TIME OF YOUR LIFE!
"MELODY TIME" • "PECOS BILL"
"BLUE SHADOWS"
"ONCE UPON A WINTERTIME"
"LITTLE TOOT"
"THE LORD IS GOOD TO ME"
"APPLE SONG"

SONS OF THE PIONEERS
IN "PECOS BILL"

THE ANDREWS SISTERS
IN "LITTLE TOOT"

FRANCES LANGFORD
IN "ONCE UPON A WINTERTIME"

DENNIS DAY
AS "JOHNNY APPLESEED"

BUDDY CLARK
AS SINGING MASTER OF CEREMONIES

ETHEL SMITH
IN "BLAME IT ON THE SAMBA"

FREDDY MARTIN
IN "BUMBLE BOOGIE"

FRED WARING
AND HIS PENNSYLVANIANS
THE DINNING SISTERS
JACK FINA AT THE PIANO
LUANA PATTEN AND BOBBY DRISCOLL

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR!

RELEASED THROUGH RKO RADIO PICTURES

WORLD PREMIERE AT THE FAMOUS ASTOR THEATER, BROADWAY, NEW YORK











Marsh (of *Homecoming*) shows how different actors behave on stage: shy-guy, cowboy hero, Bogart-type.

by bill lyon

Everybody wanted to see him; he wanted to see Bunker Hill. Everybody wanted to buy him scotch; he wanted milk. Everybody said, "What can *he* do on the stage?" Marsh Thompson showed 'em!

personal appearance

■ My name is Lyon. I work for M-G-M, in what might be called a public relations capacity, and I've worked with, and toured with, such M-G-M notables as Margaret O'Brien, Marilyn Maxwell, and Wallace Beery. But until I toured the country with Marshall Thompson, I hadn't lived. I remember the day I said to him, "Now look, kid, when we arrive in Boston there will be banners across the station, brass bands playing, beautiful babes squealing, and the Mayor and the Governor to make speeches at you. Are you all set?"

"I shall speak for two and a half hours—in Greek, out of deference to Boston's culture," Thompson said.

Just before that he had pushed a strawberry tart in my face, so with that I knew my boy was all right, and probably not as scared as he made out to be.

He kept saying, though, that this was his first personal (*Continued on page 93*)



What can an actor do in person? Thompson surprised audiences by playing the guitar, singing "Who Put the Glue in the Saddle?"



NEW LOOK

(*Continued from page 64*)

come. *Every*body, that is. After all, the *Freedom Train!*"

Once arrived at the studio, Margaret had a fitting for a dress, coat and hat, and was whisked in a studio limousine to a nearby golf course, and photographed three dozen flash bulbs' worth. Then back to the studio for school—she's in 6A, has a special teacher for herself and her stand-in. The teacher was chosen by the Board of Education, and is paid for by the studio.

She learned a number of facts about geography, that morning. She also learned that she wasn't good at something called square root.

And she learned she was about to be exposed to the works of someone called Charles Dickens.

"You mean the 'David Copperfield,' 'Great Expectations' Dickens?" Margaret said. "I liked David very much, and of course Lionel Barrymore is such a marvelous 'Scrooge'."

Margaret then had lunch in the commissary with her mother, undisturbed by any matters of work that might impair her digestion. Of course, Lana Turner dropped by for a moment to say hello, and Clark Gable stopped long enough to chuck her under the chin, and Ricardo Montalban, who had so thrilled her by fighting bulls in a recent picture, actually sat down for five minutes and told her all about bull-fighting.

press conference . . .

Then the interview lady, in someone's private office.

What did she like most to eat? Oh, a chicken dinner, maybe, or one of those beautiful pastries in Rumplemeyers in New York. Least? Well, she didn't like milk.

What were the naughtiest things she had ever done? Margaret grinned at her mother, remembering. "That's easy," she said. "I'd been to a Western movie with lots of Indians in it—I go every Saturday to the matinée with the other kids—so afterwards I came home and played Indian and scalped all my dolls. I got a spanking, and mother had the dolls fixed and gave them to girls who would know how to treat them properly."

Did she resent the punishment?

Margaret looked puzzled. "It was only fair, wasn't it?" she asked.

What had her latest records been about? "Flying Down To Mexico," with Margaret and a little Mexican girl participating. Yes, Lippincott was publishing her diary—25,000 words of it. Yes, she did write for Family Circle. Yes, she did all the illustrations herself.

"You *really* did the illustrations," the interviewer said with an arch smile, "your*self*?"

Margaret, who during the interview had apparently been doodling on a pad with a big soft pencil, held up the pad for the lady to see. On it was a hasty but sharply accurate line-portrait of the interviewer.

"Sort of like this," Margaret explained.

"And how many," asked the interviewer naïvely, "products do you sponsor with your name?"

Margaret's mother fished in her purse. She produced a printed sheet labelled, at the top, "Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Commercial Royalty Department," which carried six pictures of Margaret in various poses, wearing everything from a bathrobe to ear-muffs.

"Alphabetically," said Mrs. O'Brien, "we start with blouses, books, candy, coats, dolls, dresses, dress hangers, footwear,

gloves, hairbows, handbags, handkerchiefs, hand warmers—"

"Just a minute," said the interviewer, scribbling furiously.

"—headwear, jewelry, playwear, painting sets, pajamas, rainwear, robes, sewing sets, scarves, slips, song books—collections of songs Margaret has selected as her favorites—sport togs."

"Yes."

"Enough?"

"Yes."

As they were walking out of the door (the lady interviewer had already left, looking dazed) the phone rang. Mrs. O'Brien answered. She listened attentively for a moment.

"I'm afraid not,'" she said then. "Margaret's tired, and I've promised her . . ."

"What is it?" Margaret asked.

"Just some pictures they want. Some more stills. And some one would like you to drop by at an art school and judge some of the exhibits of the younger students. And there's a home for the aged who thought the old people who live there would like to have you come over and cheer them up. But tonight there's that thing at the Biltmore, when you're to give Jimmy Durante his award—"

"All right," Margaret said.

"But your afternoon. I promised."

"It's all right," Margaret said again. "It'll prob'ly be too cold at the beach anyway."

"But I promised you—" Mrs. O'Brien began. Then she shrugged. "You really love it all, don't you, darling? All right. But I have a surprise for you. Tell you tonight."

"After the Durante show?"

"After the Durante show."

That night, as Mrs. O'Brien tucked Margaret into bed, she sprang her surprise. "Darling," she said, "you're going to have the vacation of your life in about three weeks. We're going to Europe. Ireland, London, Paris—and you'll meet the Royal Family, Princess Elizabeth, everyone. Will you like that?"

"Oh, *yes*," Margaret said. "It'll be *wonderful*."

Half an hour later—much too long for her to have been awake after being tucked in—she was still working it over in her mind, the trip to New York, the time in New York (endless stills being taken in endless rows of dresses and scarves and hats and gloves and slips. And that big dinner they always gave for the manufacturers, at one of the big hotels. Another speech). And then the ship: the other little girls, and I must be just like any other little girl, and not be Margaret O'Brien at them, not ever.

And then London, and the hotel there, and the Royal Family, and remembering what I'm supposed to say, and remembering how to curtsey.

And Mr. Durante has the very *biggest* nose I ever got kissed alongside of. . .

She slept. And the typical day was over.

SUMMERTIME—MAKE YOUR LIVING EASY!

Got summer in your eyes? Dreaming of a new straw hat or a polka dot tie? Here's how to earn some extra change the painless way—write an "I Saw It Happen" anecdote. We'll pay $5 for every one we use. Just think about something exciting that happened to you—we bet it involved a movie star, too! A true, amusing and short incident will suit us fine. Send your contribution to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, *261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.*



One Permanent Cost $15...the TONI only $2

Your hair will look naturally curly the very first time you try Toni. For Toni Home Permanent gives the hair body as well as curl . . . makes it easy to style . . . easy to manage. But before you try Toni, you'll want to know:

Will TONI work on my hair?
Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

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Sure. Every day thousands of women give themselves Toni Home Permanents. It's easy as rolling your hair up on curlers.

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Your Toni will be frizz-free right from the start. For Toni Creme Waving Lotion gently coaxes your hair into luxurious curls . . . leaves it soft as silk, with no kinkiness, no dried out brittleness, even on the first day.

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With Toni you can have just the amount of curl that suits you best . . . from a loose, natural-looking wave to a halo of tight ringlets. Just follow the simple directions for timing.

Will TONI save me time?
Definitely. The actual waving time is only 2 to 3 hours. And during that time you are free to do whatever you want.

Which twin has the TONI?
Pictured above are the Dublin twins of New York City. Frances, the twin at the right has the Toni. She says, "My Toni-savings paid for a darling new hat. Now Lucille calls me the smarter half."

TESTED AND COMMENDED BY PARENTS MAGAZINE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU



UNHAPPY ENDING

(*Continued from page 39*)

and after you've lain in the sun for a while, you're almost convinced it's worth it.

I said as much to the press agent for the place. He laughed. "Did you know Jane Wyman checked in here this morning?" he said casually. "Rumor says she's establishing residence for a divorce." I stopped listening then, and I went back in my mind to the beginning. I reviewed all I'd ever known about the Reagans. Little things, big things, the beginning, the end. . .

Jane was born Sarah Jane Fulks, in St. Joseph, Missouri. She was a pretty kid, high-strung, with a certain quality I call perkiness. Twice, Hollywood had turned its back on her; the third time, it did a double-take.

Ronnie and Jane were both under contract to Warners when they met. They worked together in *Brother Rat;* they fell in love; they were two of the happiest of kids in the world as bride and groom.

You remember when Maureen Elizabeth was born in January, 1941, and later, when Michael was adopted. For six years, MODERN SCREEN pointed to the Reagans proudly. "See?" we'd say. "Who claims a Hollywood marriage can't be successful?" We ran story after story on the Reagans, and the more we featured them, the more you asked for. You remember Ronnie going off to war, saying goodbye to Button-Nose (that was Jane) and little Button-Nose (that was Maureen) . . . You remember Jane's adjustments—learning to run a house by herself, to bring up the baby, to get so she'd stop looking for Ronnie to pop out of the corners of the house. . . . You remember the bond-selling job she did; you remember how she taught 16-month-old Maureen to say "Da-da" so Lieutenant Reagan would get a proper welcome when he came in on leave. . .

There was the time Maureen was twenty-one months old, and broke her leg; you sweated that one out right along with Jane. . . There was the way Jane refused to be seen in public even with old friends, while Ronnie was away because—"You know this town, and Ronnie's got enough to face without worrying over gossip!". . .

You laughed at the two-year-old Maureen making out her grocery list: "We need five eggs. We need archicokes." Or singing her favorite song: "Mamazelle from Armateere, won't you wash my underwear? Hicky, dicky, pol-ly voooo." . . . And you cried at the two-year-old Maureen getting her first spanking, even though she deserved it, because she wouldn't eat her soup, she wouldn't even begin to eat her soup, and she said, "I won't!". . .

Birthdays, Christmases—you shared them all with the Reagans. Christmas of '43, when it was hard to get ornaments, and the tree looked skimpy, partly because the star for the top had been used to trim a tiny tree in Maureen's room, and Maureen coming into the living-room Christmas morning, and walking quietly over to the big tree, and saying sadly, "Poor tree. Yere's no star on top."

Yes, we shared the good times and the bad times with Ronnie and Jane, and finally the war was over, and Ronnie was home, and it should have been all clear from there. But who's got a crystal ball? If you'd asked me, for instance, a little while back, I'd have said this was one of the best years in Jane's life. She got some real career breaks. The role in *Lost Weekend.* Ma Baxter in *The Yearling.* But Ma Baxter got her the Academy Award nomination, and people who like to talk about trouble say that's when the trouble started.

At the completion of *Johnny Belinda,* Jane came to New York "for a rest" and left the family at home. I saw her, but I didn't ask any questions then. You don't pry into your friends' private lives. You just sit tight and hope.

I kept reading reports of quotes from Ronnie, and they were encouraging. "We'll be married fifty years," he told reporters. Still the talk went on. "Jane lost her baby girl last June—that's what made her neurotic." And: "Jane should see a psychiatrist." Everybody getting into the act.

The fact is that Jane *did* start *Johnny Belinda* too soon after losing her baby. The role of a deaf-mute was a tough one. It's hard to show your emotions with your eyes and your face, never having the use of tongue and ears to aid the impression. Jane lived that part day and night all the time that picture was shooting. After the picture came the New York trip, and when she came home from New York, Ronnie went to an apartment, while Jane stayed on in their house with the children.

I have a feeling that Ronnie had a great faith in time, and love, to make things right again. To all the questions asked, he said, "Why doesn't everybody leave us alone?" But it's one of the prices of fame that nobody ever wants to.

I was thinking all this, broodingly, when the Flamingo loudspeaker brought me down to the Nevada earth again. The voice on the loudspeaker was paging Jane Wyman. I got up and walked toward the lounge, and I bumped right into Jane.

"Hello, Jane," I said.

"Hello, Al," she said. "Here for a little sun?"

I said, "Yeah." I was embarrassed; my next words came out in a rush. "You, Jane—are you here for a divorce?"

She forgave my crudeness. "I don't know, Al," she said. "Yet."

I left her alone. I told myself they'd probably have reconciled if the world had left them alone.

And it began to look as if I'd been right. Jane checked out of the Flamingo and went home, which meant no divorce for the moment. (Residence for divorce in Nevada means an uninterrupted stretch served within the state limits.) When I read that Jane had asked Ronnie to come home, I called my wife long-distance. "I just got left a million dollars," I said. She knew what I meant before I'd explained. She'd seen the same news items.

Well, the reconciliation lasted one week. Somebody took my million dollars away. At the moment, there isn't too much information available. Ronnie's in an apartment; Jane's going to move to a family hotel; there's no other man in her life. She's filed for divorce on the grounds of extreme cruelty.

Jane'll have custody of the children. "I believe children are better off with their mother," Ronnie said, "and Jane's a wonderful mother. I'll have the privilege of seeing them."

The statement gives me a lump in my throat. I guess there's nothing more to say. When a beautiful dream is over, you wake up reluctantly; you face the real, harsh world. If the Reagans are through, I'm sorry. They meant a lot to me.

WE ADOPTED A BABY

(*Continued from page 27*)

instead of jabbering away immediately, we could each take a deep breath and get a few moments of quiet and peace by ourselves.

We wanted children as much as ever. There was one tiny ray of hope. Maybe if I went to Europe—they had some of the finest specialists in the world there. And if it turned out that they all said "no," perhaps I could find a war orphan who would want the kind of home Pev and I could give him.

So I flew to Europe. Pev couldn't fly with me, and the columnists made their usual sarcastic comments about our taking our second honeymoons separately. But we knew we'd be together again when I came back.

The specialists in Europe said the same thing the specialists in America had. There was no hope of my having a child.

I went to Switzerland and visited the international settlement there. I wanted an infant, and these children were at least two years old. But after all, they were the forgotten children of the world. They had gone through hell. Each of them needed a home.

There was a five-year-old Italian boy—with dark hair and dark eyes, so handsome that I wondered, "How is it possible that someone hasn't taken him away already?" I fell in love with him, and he seemed fond of me.

I wanted to take him home. I talked to the Swiss Red Cross. I talked to several people in Switzerland.

And I found myself wound up in yards of red tape. I tried to adopt him. I tried every way I knew how. But the red tape defeated me. I had to answer questions to which I didn't know the answers, like how long his nurse would remain in the United States. I had to take her all the way with me to the United States, and then send her back all the way to Switzerland. So okay. Believe me, it wasn't the expense. But in the United States this boy I loved would still be a citizen of Italy—and that meant more scads of red tape. I wanted him to be my son and to be an American.

I had to leave without him. I cried when the plane left.

They talk about what a woman goes through to become a mother. Believe me, to become a mother by adoption, you go through more, and I am not belittling the pains of those who bear their own children.

Why adopting a baby is so difficult, I don't know. There are so many unwanted babies in the world, yet people wait seven—or ten—or fourteen years—as the case may be—and sometimes aren't able to get a baby.

Pev and I had applications at several agencies. But the waiting lists at every

adoption agency are seemingly miles long.

Pev and I wanted a boy, but we would take whatever we could get.

Our nursery was ready for a child of either sex. And it stayed empty. But I knew that some day Pev and I would get a baby to adopt. When you want something so desperately, you get what you want. If I hadn't believed that, I don't think I could have stood the sight of that empty nursery.

I would have liked to go to an adoption agency right after I came back from Europe, but 20th Century-Fox wanted me to make *Walls of Jericho*. And since the studio had given me a generous vacation, I couldn't object. They said that after I finished the picture, I'd probably be able to get a three months' layoff.

During this layoff, Pev and I planned to go to the Cradle in Evanston, Illinois. It is the top adoption agency in the country.

Pev and I were all set to go to the Cradle, when I was told that instead of the three months' layoff I had hoped for, I was to go directly into another picture, *Unfaithfully Yours*. I said, "I won't do it. What about the house I was going to buy in New Mexico, where I want to live between pictures? What about the trip I wanted to make to Evanston?" But after I'd finished blowing off steam, I knew I couldn't turn the picture down. I would just have to wait.

When the picture had been shooting about five or six weeks, like a bolt from the blue, I heard about a child. It was a girl, and we had originally wanted a boy. But the mother and father were healthy, and so we took her sight unseen. Her background was very similar to Pev's and mine.

The baby arrived before she was expected. She arrived on a plane with a nurse. I had planned to dress up for the event—to wear an especially beautiful dress and to have my hair done in the most becoming manner possible. When the baby was brought into our house, my hair was rolled up and in a net. I was wearing the jacket of my coral satin hostess pajamas and the dark blue trousers of another hostess pajama set. Pev was dressed. I'm the lazy one in the family. Anyway, Lola was carried through the doorway of the study and put into my arms.

thrill of a lifetime . . .

This was the thrill I had been waiting for all my life. I started to cry, and I couldn't stop crying.

I have been around babies all my life. I am one of six children. I have a brother and sister younger than I, and I helped with their care. But when a baby is your own—well, that's different. From the moment Lola (we've named her after Pev's mother, who was christened Charlotte Mildred, but always called Lola) was placed in my arms, I knew that this was my baby—my very first baby.

I carried her up the stairs and put her in the basinette, and then I began to get worried. You know, a basinette looks as if it were held up by nothing.

We had employed a nurse recommended by our pediatrician. I said to her, "Don't you think it would be safer to put her in a crib instead?"

The nurse laughed and said, "Will you please relax? You're acting like all new parents. The baby is perfectly safe."

But I worried and fretted so much that I had to ask my doctor about it. He said that it would be all right to move the baby to a crib, and within three or four days, we did.

Lola was very tired when I got her. All of the precious five weeks of her life before I got her, things had been unsettled around her. Certain kinds of milk had disagreed with her. She had had colic and she was exhausted.

The best thing to do, I felt, was to let her have all the sleep she needed. But the nurse had been taught that a baby should be awakened every three hours to be fed, so every three hours she would wake her. I thought sleep for Lola was even more important than food.

Since the nurse and I didn't agree about this, we called up the doctor. Fortunately, he sided with me. "Let the baby sleep, sleep, sleep," he said. "Feed her when she demands it."

The nurse shook her head dolefully but finally agreed to do it.

The baby has prospered under our care. She weighed 7 lbs. and 13 ounces when we got her. Now she is eight weeks old, and weighs nearly 11 lbs. She is already beginning to outgrow her first little shirts.

She has light brown hair and eyes that are a very, very dark blue—so dark in fact that I am sure they will turn brown or hazel. Ann Miller, who visited us recently, remarked that Lola's eyes are long-shaped like mine, and I'm pleased.

I cannot answer questions about where I got my baby. This is the one question in the world I will not answer.

To take care of my baby, I did not bone up on baby books. I think every woman is born with a maternal instinct, and that her instincts are a truer guide than any book. Look at the difference between the way women hold a baby and the way a man holds a baby.

Even little girls have a maternal instinct. You can see it in the way they hold and rock their dolls.

The best thing to do about a baby is to watch it. She will tell you what she needs.

When a baby cries, she is hungry or wet or her food does not agree with her, or she needs love and affection, and it is up to her mother to find out which of these things is true.

My doctor decided on the baby's formula. But I don't feed the baby according to what the books say, or what advice others give. Most people lay their babies back to feed them. For heaven's sake why? Could you eat comfortably lying on your back? I cross my right leg over the left one, brace Lola's back against my right leg, and the force of gravity lets the food run down her throat.

I have pretty firm ideas about raising Lola. All my life, advice has been forced and thrust on me. I shall never submerge Lola with my own domination. She will have all the knowledge and training I can give her. Whatever she wants to be, she can be. I mean that literally.

I won't send her to a private school, for it might turn her into a snob. I would naturally prefer her to go to a co-ed school rather than a girls' school, since she will have to live in the world, and the world is co-ed.

I shall never expect her to worship me, simply because I adopted her, any more than I would expect her to do so if I had borne her. I think any mother is foolish to expect that kind of thing.

I shall be very happy if my little girl has a fair amount of sense and no false illusions about anything. That doesn't mean I shall keep fairy tales away from her. Fairy tales are wonderful. Take them away, and you stifle a child's imagination.

I don't want her to grow up in a glass house, either. She'll have pets. I think children and pets just naturally belong together. A few months ago someone gave me Schnupsli, an adorable small dachshund. Right now, when Lola is so little, Schnupsli is not allowed in the nursery. Sometimes he will stand just outside the door, and the nurse will look at him sternly. Then he will turn tail, and run away. But when he gets out of puppyhood, he and Lola will grow up together.

I also want to have other adopted children, to grow up with Lola. Within the next year or two, I'd like to get a little boy. Finally, I'd like a third child. For the third child, I'd take whatever came along—boy or girl.

Meanwhile, Lola has transformed our life. Remember how Pev and I used to need a few moments of peace by ourselves after getting home from the studio? That's all different now. Lola takes us completely away from ourselves—a million miles away from the studio.

I drive up the same old driveway, come in the back door, through the kitchen, the way I always like to—but everything is different. All of a sudden I've acquired acute hearing. I, who hardly ever used to pay attention to ordinary sounds in the house, can now hear the slightest sound far away. As I walk into the house, I'm thinking, "Is the nurse there? Is she doing all right? Is Lola asleep? Is she wet? Are the covers up over her face?" (They won't be, for our nurse always pins everything down, but I worry anyway.)



In a silly quarrel about twenty years ago I told Herbert I never wanted to see his face again.

NEW!
Shasta beauty cream shampoo
leaves your hair more beautiful
all 3 ways!



STARLET
Myra Matthews
currently seen in Robert S. Golden's production, "Texas, Brooklyn and Heaven," doubled her appeal after a Shasta Beauty Cream Shampoo.
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Pev gets home a little after I do. He flies up the stairs, with his hat, coat and scarf still on, crying, "How's Lola?"

Lola has cemented the love and marriage between Pev and myself. Always till Lola came along, there was something lacking. Two people without a baby in the house exhaust each other.

Last Sunday I started sculpturing Lola's face in clay. I have worked on many pieces of sculpture, under the direction of my teacher, Peter Ganine, but none has brought me so much happiness as looking at Lola and trying to express her features.

When I come home from work, I never wait to take off my grease-paint before I bound up to the nursery. Lola has certainly learned to know the smell of grease-paint. I think she is learning to know the sight and the scent and the sound of me. I know she recognizes Pev's voice. She gives us her big baby grin, and sometimes she laughs right in our faces.

My friends and the crew on my set know how obsessed I am with Lola. One of the most touching things that has happened to me recently occurred on a day when everything was going wrong. I had to rehearse a scene in which I played the piano for *Unfaithfully Yours*. It had been a horrible morning, and if it hadn't been for the thought of Lola, I might have been pretty upset. But thinking of Lola can carry me through any kind of a day. Well, this was that kind of day, and then I walked into my dressing room. There, to my surprise, were my hairdresser, the wardrobe girl, the costume designer, and my former teacher at 20th Century-Fox, Miss Frances Klamt. The hairdresser had crocheted a warm, light baby carriage blanket, and the others brought booties, sweaters, playsuits and bonnets for Lola.

This baby shower was the last thing in the world that I expected.

Ann Miller visited me a little while ago, and after cooing over the baby, she said, "She's going to grow up to be a real glamor girl."

I pushed my face next to Lola's soft cheek. "You may grow up to be anything," I said, as I snuggled against her. "Why, you may even grow up to be a saint."

Honestly, did you ever hear of anything so silly? Here I am, the girl without illusions. But when I hold Lola in my arms, anything seems possible.

Jean Simmons—

J. Arthur Rank's beautiful young star whose current role as Ophelia in *Hamlet* adds up to just about the biggest acting plum so young an actress (or any actress) could capture. You'll be seeing *Hamlet* just about the time you read this—shortly after it's previewed for the King of England.

We photographed Jean just after she arrived from the Fiji Islands, where she has been making the tropical *Blue Lagoon*—which is scheduled for release in early fall.

Jean poses in a patio dress you'll want for your vacation. It's a two-piece cotton with a gathered bodice which can be worn on or off your shoulder. Wear it with the flaming Coro beads which exactly match the bowknot in the print—and be the most provocative-looking girl in sight!

Comes with printed bowknots in tangerine, yellow, or green. Sizes 10-18. By McArthur . . . about $10.95.

At Gimbels, N. Y., in the Sportswear Department, 3rd Floor. Other stores on page 82.

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modern screen
fashions



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SUNBACK . . . and price includes matching jacket! Juniorite's new-looking sundress with the new shoulder-covering collar that's a sailor collar in back. It's Sanforized denim, in faded blue, dark blue, or red. 9-15. $8.95 . . . at Gimbel's, N. Y. . . . other stores on page 82.

By Connie Bartel,
Fashion Editor



Sandals by Cobblers
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Patio Play

SMARTY PANTS . . . and price includes gold belt! Very smart shorts in handblocked printed butcher rayon. Green, navy or brown. By Loomtogs. $5.95. T-shirt in fine Egyptian lisle, by Shepherd. Lots of colors. $1.95. Both at Gimbel's, N. Y. . . . other stores on page 82.



Sophisticated Stripes for you who like the poured-in look of one-piece streamlining. Satin lastex for the body-beautiful—blazed in singing stripes of red, royal or navy on white. (P.S. It's wonderful if you really swim, too!) Sizes 32-40. By Catalina . . . $8. Gimbels, N. Y. 3rd Fl.—other stores, page 82. *a modern screen fashion*



Pretty Print for you who like the impertinent air of a short ruffled skirt and a ruffled bra. Skirt buttons down back to give you a cute look from the rear; has jersey underpants. Gay printed cotton, in turquoise and pink; lime and pink. Sizes 32-36. By Brilliant . . . $5.98. At Gimbels, N. Y. 3rd Fl.—other stores, page 82. *a modern screen fashion*

Miss Miami Beach 1948



That's the title model Rosemary Carpenter captured soon after she posed in this cute triangle-midriff teen suit. Satin lastex. Red and white; royal and white; red and black; royal and black. Teen sizes 9-17. By Lee Knitwear . . . $5.98 Gimbels, N.Y. . . . other stores page 82.



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(b) Powder Blue Dress with Navy Polka Dot Bolero (Reversible side matches dress)
(c) Aqua Dress with Black Polka Dot Bolero (Reversible side matches dress)
(d) Gray Dress with Red Polka Dot Bolero (Reversible side matches dress)
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Sizes: 9-11-13-15-17 and 10-12-14-16-18

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THAT'S PECK ON THE RIGHT

(Continued from page 31)

a fishing-ground about 25 miles away, and we were loaded with harpoons, spears, underwater goggles, fins, and paddle-boards with glass on the bottom so you could glare a fish right in the eye.

Did I say the fishing-grounds were 25 miles from Nassau? Well, twenty miles from Nassau, we were becalmed. No wind.

"Get out and blow," Greg said to Leslie. "*You* hired this boat."

"Dear friend," Leslie said kindly, "you're a movie star, so you don't know very much. We will simply use the Diesel engine. That is what the Diesel engine is for."

Captain Thompson's head propelled itself around a corner. "The Diesel engine doesn't work," he said.

Twenty-four hours later, we gave in and humbled ourselves. We used the ship-to-shore phone, contacted some friends in Nassau, and they said they'd send a boat out to tow us.

"Pirate ship cleaving the green sea," I muttered. "It's humiliating."

The next fishing trip we made was to Bimini. Greg caught a 50-pound amberjack, smiled smugly, and announced he would loaf all the way to Miami, our next stop. (He loafed so much that vacation we called him The Horizontal Man.)

He was stretched out on his back talking when he spotted the little cay, just off our course.

"Frazer's Hog Cay," Captain Johnson said.

Greg couldn't bear it. "Such an unromantic name for a tropical paradise. Let's stop awhile, and re-christen it."

It seemed like a great idea at the time. We dropped anchor, got into the dinghy, went toward the beach. Greta and I swam for half an hour in the warm water, then stretched out and stared at nothing. Leslie stood us for a few minutes, then he strapped fins on his feet, and went paddle-boarding off to explore the shoals.

Greg and Joe weren't going to be outdone; they found themselves a cave full of tropical fish, and started to harpoon. Greta and I noticed that they'd disappear through a passage (*Continued on page 83*)



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(Prices may vary throughout country)

TANGERINE AND BLACK PATIO DRESS worn by Jean Simmons (page 73)
New York City—*Gimbels,* 33rd Street, Sportswear, 3rd Floor
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Gimbels,* Market & 9th

TANGERINE BEADS (page 73)
New York City—*Saks-34th St.*

BAREBACK DRESS (page 74)
Los Angeles, Calif.—*The May Company,* B'way & 8th St., High Shop, 3rd Floor
New York City—*Gimbels,* 33rd St., Teen World, 5th Floor
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Lit Brothers,* Market & 8th Sts., Teen-Age Shop, 3rd Floor
Pittsburgh, Pa.—*Boggs & Buhl,* Jr. Dept., 2nd Fl. (same dress in junior sizes)

SUNBACK DRESS (page 74)
Boston, Mass.—*Filene's,* Washington St., Jr. Sports Shop, 4th Floor
New York City—*Gimbels,* 33rd Street, Sportswear, 3rd Floor
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Strawbridge & Clothier,* Jr. Miss Sportswear, 3rd Floor

GOLD SANDALS BY COBBLERS, $7.95 (pages 74 and 75)
New York City—*Plymouth Shops*

SHORTS WITH GOLD BELT (page 75)
Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Abraham & Straus,* 420 Fulton Street, Sportswear, 3rd Fl.
New York City—*Gimbels,* 33rd Street, Sportswear, 3rd Floor
Rocky Mount, N. C.—*Rosenbloom-Levy*

LISLE T-SHIRT (page 75)
Birmingham, Ala.—*Pizitz,* 19th St. & 2nd Ave., Sportswear, 3rd Floor
Los Angeles, Calif.—*The May Company,* Sportswear, Downstairs
New York City—*Gimbels,* 33rd Street, Sportswear, 3rd Floor
Pittsburgh, Pa.—*Gimbels,* 339 Sixth Avenue, Sportswear, 3rd Floor

PRINTED BATHING SUIT (page 76)
Atlanta, Ga.—*Rich's,* Broad & Alabama Sts., Sportswear, Downstairs
New York City—*Gimbels,* 33rd Street, Sportswear, 3rd Floor
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Lit Brothers,* Market & 8th Streets, Bathing Suits, 2nd Floor
Providence, R. I.—*Gladding's,* 291 Westminster Street, Sportswear, 3rd Floor
Washington, D. C.—*The Hecht Company,* 7th & F Streets, Sportswear, 3rd Floor

STRIPED BATHING SUIT (page 77)
Fort Worth, Texas—*Stripling's,* 209 Houston St., Sportswear, 2nd Floor
New York City—*Gimbels,* 33rd Street, Sportswear, 3rd Floor
Sacramento, Calif.—*Weinstock, Lubin & Co.,* K & 12th Sts., Sportswear & Campus Shop, 3rd Floor
Saint Paul, Minn.—*The Emporium,* 7th & Robert Sts., Swim Shop, 2nd Floor

MIDRIFF BATHING SUIT (page 78)
New York City—*Gimbels,* 33rd Street, Sportswear, 3rd Floor
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Lit Brothers,* Market & 8th Sts., Teen-Age Shop, 3rd Floor

SHEER HEAVEN PRINT DRESS (page 80)
Boston, Mass.—*Filene's,* Washington St., Day Dress Shop, 6th Floor
Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Loeser's,* 484 Fulton St., Thrift Dresses, 1st Floor
Milwaukee, Wis.—*Gimbel Brothers,* 101 West Wisconsin Avenue, Daytime Dress Department
New York City—*Gimbels,* 33rd Street, Cotton Dress Dept., 2nd Floor
Rochester, N. Y.—*McCurdy's,* 285 East Main Street, 3rd Floor

If no store in your city is listed, write Connie Bartel, Modern Screen, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

(*Continued from page 81*) in some coral from time to time, and we wouldn't know whether they were above or below the water.

We were discussing this interesting fact when some native women appeared, and pointed to the cave. "You go *in* there?"

"No," we said airily. "Not us. Just a couple of men we know."

The native women started jumping up and down and making alarmed noises, at the very moment when Greg and Joe reappeared on the horizon, shooting gracefully out of the sea.

They were followed very closely by a large, vicious-looking shark.

I thought Greta was going to faint.

Greg and Joe got out of the water fast, and then they stood there in the sand, carefully not looking at each other.

About ten minutes later, one of the native women came dashing up to us. "That man out there," she cried—"he say come fast."

That man was Leslie, who was being trailed by an enormous barracuda. We rescued him in the dinghy, and we rechristened "Frazer's Hog Cay" all right. To us, it's "Disaster Island."

Nothing much more happened until Miami, except that Leslie caught a dolphin which he fixed with a fancy white wine and mushroom sauce, and Greg ate it politely and got sick.

asleep in the deep? . . .

From Miami, we started down the inland route to Key West, got into a storm, anchored in a calm inlet, and played pinochle. When we turned on the radio some hours later, we heard that Gregory Peck was lost in a sailboat in a storm!

"Too bad," Greg said. "He was a lovely fellow."

By now, we were all mixed up in our schedule anyway, so we decided to leave the "Tonga" and fly to Havana and Haiti.

We left the Tonga. Aside from that, I can't say that the plan was too successful. I remember driving to the Key West airport, and hearing dull thuds from the back of the car as three suitcases fell one by one from the luggage rack on the roof. We never did find the one that belonged to Leslie. It was too bad because all his clothes were in it. Except for the tired seersucker suit, and *he* was in *that*.

We flew from Key West back to Miami and cheerfully announced to the officials that we were going to fly to Havana.

The officials said we were going to do nothing of the kind. "Mrs. Peck is Finnish and she has no visa."

So we gave up the idea of Havana, and the next day we flew direct to Haiti, instead, and we stayed at a wonderful place fifteen miles up in the mountains. Haiti is the most beautiful spot you've ever seen.

We went shopping a couple of times, because Greg insisted on taking home life-size carved mahogany figures, and once when we parked in front of a store, a native leaned in the window of our car.

"How do you do Mr. Gregory Peck?" he said.

Greg said, "How do you do?"

His new friend scowled. "You tell Miss Greer Garson she no be in any more pictures with that Mr. Clark Gable. He like too much to hit women!" As he turned away, he was murmuring, "No good hit women!"

Well, that was the way it went. A vacation we called it. We ended up with Greg all black and bearded, Leslie in a filthy seersucker suit, Greta and I scratching sand-fly bites.

"Nice peaceful cruise," Leslie said, at the last. "Just like we'd planned it."

And we all laughed and laughed. Because we'd do it over again tomorrow.





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HE NEVER LOVED HER

(*Continued from page 29*)

making a romance yet out of that. For one thing, she won't be legally free till March '49. And which of us, being hurt, doesn't naturally turn to old friendship for comfort? Marriage is another story. Let's leave it to a more auspicious day.

What I really want to talk about is the old marriage. Because the how's and the why's continue to pop. Why did she plunge into it? *How* can you fall out of love at the end of three months? *Why* did she go back to Zito after the first split? In fairness to June, I propose to answer these questions. Once and for all and for the last time, and then we'll forget it.

June married for the reason most girls marry—she thought Jimmy was the answer to love's young dream. To her it didn't seem hasty. They'd known each other six years. To be sure, their paths had crossed only now and then after that first summer with Fio Rito's band. But when he came to Hollywood and started courting her in earnest, he seemed the same Jimmy—fun-loving, home-loving, easy to be with. Mature beyond her years in many ways—and especially in compassion—June was a child for trustfulness. An old-fashioned child who believed in happy endings. More than once I've heard her say: "No brass rings for me. When I marry, it'll be for keeps." In that spirit, she gave her heart to Jimmy Zito.

mother-in-law blues . . .

Well, Jimmy's spoken his piece, and now I'm going to speak mine. "Mother-in-law trouble," said Jimmy, in last April's MODERN SCREEN. "June turned to her mother instead of me for advice . . ." ". . . June's mother thought the motel where we were living wasn't swanky enough for June . . ." ". . . June's mother said she'd leave us alone, go East—but she didn't leave town . . ."

"Bosh!" say I, to all of that. If there's one mother who bends over backward to keep her hands off, it's Maria Haver. She's got three independent daughters—brought them up to make their own decisions, and stand by or rectify their own mistakes. When they need her, she's there. For the rest, she stays in the background. We should all have her sense.

With that off my chest, let's proceed. Marriage to a movie star is beset by pitfalls, especially when you're not yet established in your profession. Jimmy, only 23, turned jealous. Maybe it was the Latin in him. Maybe a feeling of insecurity. Most likely a combination of the two. He resented everything that took June's attention from him. Even her fans. "Hello, June," they'd call, and June, friendly as they come, would hello back. "You don't know her, why do you speak to her?" Jimmy would scowl. Hide his resentment? Not he. "Old crow!" he muttered at a woman in a restaurant who dared to smile at his bride.

On Easter Sunday they went to church with sister Evvie and her husband, Jim McNamara—then to the Beverly-Wilshire for breakfast. There was a fashion show on. This annoyed Jimmy. June was picked as one of the four best-dressed girls. This annoyed him more. The photogs wanted pictures. She couldn't have been gone for more than ten minutes, but he refused to speak to her all the way home.

June wasn't used to this kind of possessiveness, her family'd never clutched. She tried laughing him out of it, she tried reasoning with him. "It's part of my job, Jimmy. You knew my career was important to me, you knew I had no intention of giving it up." For a day or two things would improve. He'd be as he'd been before their marriage—only to flare up again on any or no provocation.

"*Why* can't you go out with me?"

"You *know* why, Jimmy. Because I've got a 5 o'clock call."

"What's more important, your call or your husband?"

So she'd go out, and report wearily to the studio after four hours' sleep. All of which only seemed to make Jimmy more bitter. To ease his bitterness he took to belittling her work. She had a way of reading her script aloud. One night she looked up to find him standing in the doorway. "Go ahead, Bernhardt," he mocked. "Don't mind me." That was bad enough, but when he'd come on the set and make cracks of a like nature, it was more than she could bear.

There's no point in multiplying incidents. Suffice it to say that both grew more wretched and tense. Scene followed scene, and crisis followed crisis, till Jimmy left to go on tour with his band, and June had a breathing spell in which to think. For the first time in weeks, her battered nerves relaxed. But what kind of marriage was this when your husband's absence gave you a sense of peace?

I'm not going through the agony of June's disenchantment. Here was a girl who'd married one man and found herself, to all intents and purposes, the wife of another. She reached her decision alone, and she alone knows what it cost her, though we who saw her grow paler and thinner can guess. In the end she phoned Jimmy. "I think we've made a mistake." He agreed. And the news of the separation broke.

For weeks June crept round the house like a wan little ghost, sleeping little, eating less, shutting herself into her room to paint, playing symphony records till her mother thought she'd go mad. Or she'd come out and say: "Guess I'll go for a drive."

"Like me to go along?"

"No, you don't mind, do you? I just want to think."

pent-up troubles . . .

It helps if you can unload your troubles to a friend. June's the kind who can't—not even to her mother or sisters. Evvie'd come round with a hat she'd made for June. She'd remove the symphony records and put on some swing. But the only time June really brightened was when Dot brought Cathy over. Playing on the floor with the baby, she'd lose herself for a while—

This went on till the night in July when, out of a clear sky, she said to her mother: "Going to miss me?"

"Why, where are you going?"

"To Jimmy in Seattle. I feel I have to. For one last try."

That's all there was. No questions, no explanations. But understanding her daughter as she did, Maria Haver could follow the workings of her mind. June's deep hurt came not only from disillusion, but a sense of failure. Marriage, the most important thing in life, was the one thing she'd failed at. Maybe she was to blame. Three months, after all, was a pretty short time for adjustment. Maybe, if she put all her heart into it, she could find the old Jimmy again. Anyway, she owed it to both to try.

She left next morning. Ten days later they returned together, apparently recon-

ciled, ready to hunt their own apartment.

"That's silly," Mrs. Haver said. "I hate rattling around in this big house all by myself. *I'll* find a place."

She found a charming little apartment, and moved out. The reconciliation lasted a month. Jimmy hadn't changed. Guess he couldn't. Up one day—moody, broody and unreasonable the next. But June was determined to make it work if she could, and it might have lasted longer. Jimmy himself rang the final curtain down.

They threw a party one night in honor of a new television set. Jimmy was at his Jimmyest. "You're paying too much attention to other people. I haven't seen you all evening."

"But, Jimmy, they're your friends too. And I'm the hostess—"

This cut no ice with the host. He grew glum and glummer. June was glad when the party broke up. Everyone had left but Jimmy's business manager, his wife, Ruth Woodward and a friend of June's who had to be up at 6:30 next morning for a golf match. The links were close by, so June suggested that she stay overnight.

"We'll give you an alarm clock and make up a bed in the living room—"

She and Ruth went upstairs for the bedding. As they came down, Jimmy's voice reached their ears, sharp and clear, through the open door of the den. He was talking to his manager, and the words were unbelievable. "I tell you I don't love her."

"But that can't be true. You married her. You must have loved her then!"

"I never loved her. The whole thing was a mistake—"

A moment later they came out to find June on the staircase, stony-faced above an armful of blankets. "I heard what you said. I'd like to have you leave right now."

Next day she went to see Jerry Geisler.

June has grit, and to spare. Nobody ever saw her cry. But there was a lost look in her eyes that was sadder than tears.

As much as anyone, it was Marilyn Miller, dead these twelve long years, who helped her over the hump. Her dream of playing Marilyn started way back when Jerry Wald held production reins on the property, and appeared at TC-Fox one day to watch June in action. Before leaving, he said: "I like your work. Of course your name's not big enough yet. But maybe by the time we're ready, it will be."

Around these words she spun her castle in the air, which all but crashed when Wald dropped the story. Still she hoped against hope that maybe TC-Fox would buy it from Warners. Because now of course she'd never get it on a loanout. Warners, after all, had their own dancing stars to build up.

So fancy June when her agents sent for

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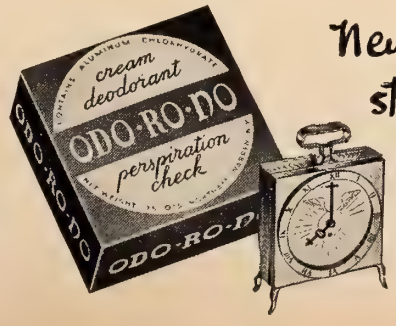


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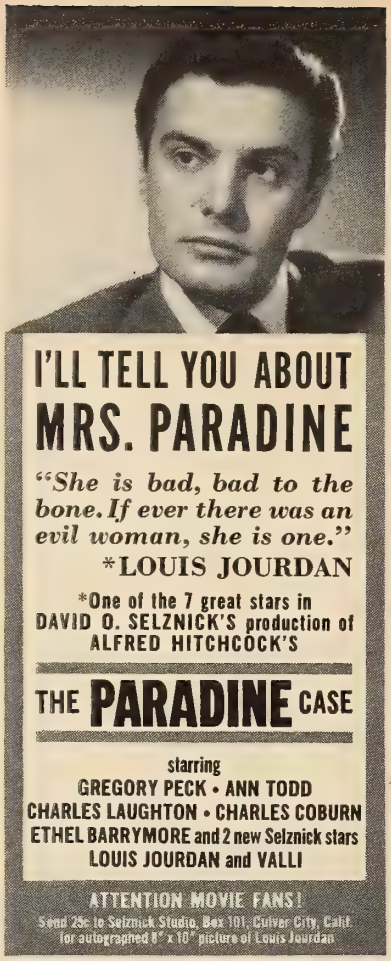
2. "When date time comes, I change the scarf for a dashing striped silk stole, fasten with a glittering pin and belt. I'm confident of my charm all evening too—thanks to new Odorono Cream. *Because the Halgene in Odorono gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.*"

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her and tossed the jewel in her lap. Just like that. Without even a test. Darryl Zanuck and Jack Warner had set the deal between them.

Home she dashed and upstairs to Mother, who wondered at first if she were seeing straight. For the first time in months the girl was all light and sparkle, the way she used to be.

"Mother, what's the best thing in the world that could happen to me?"

Being no clairvoyant, Mother came out with something inconsequential.

"No, no, guess again, think hard."

"Honey, you've got me too excited to think. Tell me."

"I'm going to play Marilyn Miller! Oh Mother, when they told me, I nearly did a cabriole in the air—"

Once they'd calmed down a little, Mrs. Haver harked back to that cabriole. "What *about* the dancing? Will you do it all yourself?"

"Every step. No doubles for me. Not even in the longest longshot."

"But *can* you, June? It's so long since you've done ballet."

"You bet I can. Oh Mother, I want to work. I want to get up at 5, and not quit till 7. That's a switch, isn't it, but that's exactly what I need."

In October she started rehearsing ballet with Buddy Ebson, who used to dance with the Fokines and is now an instructer at Warners. Breaking only for a box lunch (courtesy of Mother) they kept at it from 9 to 5:30 for four solid months, and as if that weren't enough, June would more often than not come home with a record. "Mother, you *have* to see this number." Then, dead on her feet, she'd flop into bed and sleep like a babe.

My own belief is that June was cast in the top role of *Silver Lining* for more than her dancing feet. The memory of Marilyn Miller lives on in Hollywood. She was a person of rare warmth, with a great heart for others. Talk to those who knew her, and their eyes soften. Talk to people about June, and you get the same reaction.

a lesson in courage . . .

She and Buddy Ebson, working constantly together, grew to be close friends. Last winter his mother died. During her illness June would drop in to see her. She measured Buddy's trouble against her own. She learned a lesson in the courage of living and dying. "They smile at each other. They never let on to each other how they feel. When Buddy's heart is breaking, he comes in just the same and teaches me how to dance. It makes me ashamed that I ever felt sorry for myself."

She's humble too about playing Marilyn, who was so well loved. Having steeped herself in the Miller legend, she's developed a kind of reverence for the other girl. Once I heard her say wistfully: "I wonder if I'm good enough to be Marilyn Miller."

Well, Mecca Graham seems to think she's good enough. Mecca was Marilyn's bodyguard, worked in some of her shows, and worshipped the ground she walked on. He's acting as consultant on the picture. One day he walked in and handed her a package. Inside were a pair of toe slippers, and a handkerchief.

"They were Marilyn's," said Mecca. "I hope they'll bring you luck."

This was above and beyond his duty as consultant, this was a tribute to June herself, and June was having trouble with a lump in her throat. She lifted her eyes to his. "I don't know what to say. It's the loveliest thing you could have done for me."

"Marilyn would have done as much," said Mecca.

She's not going to use the slippers to dance in. They're a little worn. But there's one number where she plays Little Eva, and goes to heaven on a wire with these big angel wings. In that number she'll wear Marilyn's slippers. They're just her size.

While preparing for the picture, June found she had one more river to cross. Toward the end of February, rehearsing as usual with Buddy, she was caught with a sudden pain in her side.

"Appendix," said the doctor, "but it's not acute. We'll have to watch it, though. If you have another attack, it ought to come out."

June thought that one over. If she had another attack in the middle of production, she'd be responsible for holding the picture up, costing the studio more money, keeping the cast and crew hanging around.

"Suppose I have it done now? Would it interfere with any of the dancing muscles?"

"Not a bit. What's more," smiled the doctor, "we've got a new kind of glamor suturing—cobweb suturing we call it—you can hardly see the scar—"

"That's for me—" She picked up the phone, called Steve Trilling at Warners, and gave him the story.

"How do *you* feel about it, June?"

"I'd like to have it out now."

"Then by all means have it out."

Well, what's an appendix? Nothing. Some people have 'em out just to be stylish. This was June's line and she stuck to it. Till her mother had kissed her goodnight in the hospital room, and the nurse was gone, and she couldn't fall asleep. Then she faced the facts and dealt with them in her own way. Of course you're nervous. No operation's a joke. But this is how it has to be. In all the really important things, you've got to stand on your own feet, no one can help you, nobody can be with you. If it's strength you want, it'll have to come from inside.

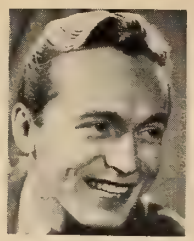
Had anyone been around, they wouldn't have known what to make of the little chuckle that escaped her. Because in the midst of this sound advice to herself, our June was struck by a truly thrilling idea. Just think, some day you may have to play the part of a girl being operated on. Well, here's your big chance. Keep your eyes and ears open.

That's why she begged them not to put her out next morning. They did give her a shot, but only enough to make her slightly groggy. She was perfectly conscious as they moved her to the stretcher, rode her up on the elevator, wheeled her into the operating room. She remembers how sweet the nurses were. She remembers seeing the doctor—soap to his elbows—and beckoning to him.

"Don't forget I want to be dancing in two weeks."

"That's an order."

I SAW IT HAPPEN



My family and I visited a night club in New York. After an enjoyable evening we got ready to leave. I was putting on my hat and coat and my mother started to insist I wear my scarf. I said no. Seemingly out of nowhere a voice piped up, "Aw, go ahead, put it on. Momma knows best." Was I surprised to find Johnnie Johnston standing, hands on hips, right in back of me.

Mrs. M. Blavis
Lawrence, L. I.

Next thing, she saw a big needle coming toward her. "What's that for?"

"Your spine."

"Okay, but I want to stay awake as long as I can."

Soon she felt her toes falling asleep, then her knees.

Then she heard someone say: "Beautifully done, Dr. Hyde, beautifully done."

"Glamor suturing," murmured June with a big smile, and went out again. When she really woke up, there was Mother and a roomful of flowers.

"Am I all right, Mother? How long before I can dance again? Tell me exactly what the doctor said."

One by one the family came in—Grandmother, Dot and Evvie, Bill and Jim. Kissed her and made little jokes and left. They'd been waiting since 7.

"Love that clan," sighed June. "Mother, do you realize what a lucky character I am?"

She was more than ever convinced of it next day when the doctor allowed her out of bed. The day after, he said: "Let me see you get up on your toes." Though she'd heard all about these modern miracle methods, Mrs. Haver flinched, visioning her child being rolled back to surgery.

But June couldn't have been more enchanted. Using the bar of the bed as a ballet bar, she did two pliés and crowed: "Look, Ma, I'm dancing."

It's a whole new deal for the little Haver. On March 25th, she got her decree. On April 5th, David Butler started shooting *Silver Lining* with a stellar cast who also happen to be a bunch of swell people. Charlie Ruggles plays Marilyn's father, Rosemary De Camp her mother, the Wilde twins her sisters. Ray Bolger is Jack Donohue, her dancing co-star, and Gordon MacRae plays Frank Carter, her husband. In the story Carter sends Marilyn a toy elephant every opening night. So the morning they started, June had a baby elephant brought in, with a message round his neck. "Happy Opening Day, Mr. Butler, from Marilyn."

Her eyes are no longer haunted. Certainly she's not the June of a year ago. No sensitive girl goes through a broken marriage and comes out untouched. But she's taken the experience and built it into character. If there's a new gravity about her, there's also a new understanding, and the old kindliness has deeper roots.

I have no elephant, June. But the past is past and all the future's ahead. I know I speak for your many friends when I say: "Happy days and years to you."



*HOLLYWOOD MERRY-GO-ROUND

• June Allyson was walking along Sunset Boulevard with her husband, Dick Powell, when he spotted a "For Sale" sign on a shiny motorcycle. "I'll find out what they want for it," he said eagerly.

"No, you won't," she declared emphatically. "I'm putting my foot down right now—before the ground under it starts going at 70 miles an hour."

**from the book by Andrew Hecht*

this bobby pin is different



holds your hair in place

144% BETTER

Here's the first real improvement in bobby pins! A radically new patented shape, scientifically designed to *hold better.* Stronger, yet flexible, easy to open.
Yes, certified, unbiased tests prove that Supergrip holds 144% better!



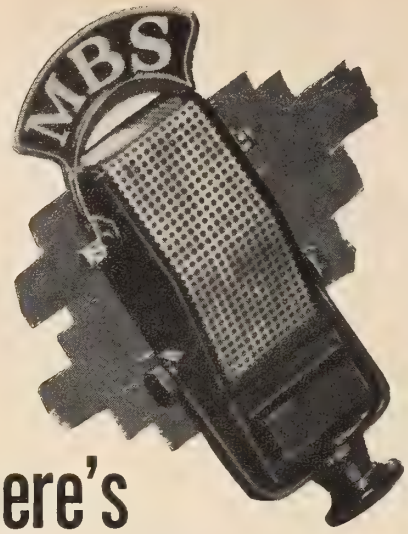


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Listen to this gay quiz show based on the pages of Modern Screen, your movie magazine. Hear members of the audience hilariously enact scenes from famous movies, and join them in exciting and novel movie-guessing games.

And when you are in New York, see Movie Matinee as it is broadcast from the stage of the Palace Theater every weekday and from the Longacre Theater on Saturday. Get in on the fun and the big prizes.

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sunlight on your hair

Sunlight is flattering to lovely hair like Evelyn Keyes'. Now is the time to "do something" to bring out the beauty of your own tresses!

BY CAROL CARTER



Evelyn Keyes, Columbia star, reciting her Spanish lesson to adopted son, Pablo.

■ One of the most charming things a gal can wear is an aureole of freshly-shampooed, silky hair. Especially outdoors when the sun is shining through it. Poets have knocked themselves out trying to describe it!

If you think your hair won't make a 4-star rating in the sunlight, don't be depressed. Hair responds very quickly to a little loving care such as frequent and careful shampooing and determined brushing. Give yourself a scalp treatment tonight.

Don't let anyone tell you that you're shampooing your hair too often. Hair gets as dirty, if not dirtier than your face and should be washed at least once a week, if not oftener. But wash it well.

Movie stars, who just have to have lovely hair, sometimes have daily shampoos. After you've applied shampoo at least twice, rinse it in several waters, or run a spray over it for two minutes. Getting any left-over soap out is very important. If the water in your community is "hard," do use a soapless shampoo for it can't form a "curd" in hard water. In a soft water region, you have your choice of soapless or any other kind of shampoo.

If your hair looks a little mousey, give it high-lights with one of the many fine rinses which are easy to use and inexpensive. You'll find a variety of shades from which to choose. Then take a walk in the sun. You'll shine!

BANNED IN HOLLYWOOD

(*Continued from page 47*)

You'd have liked the picture M-G-M's dancing Cyd Charisse made, poised on the diving-board, in a classic two-piece raspberry-colored number. She's a bare-midriff booster, says it gives her more freedom in the water.

(Later on, Cyd changed into a strapless white suit with gold thread shirring, and put gold sandals on her feet. Appropriate, considering what the feet are insured for. The gold sandal fad in Hollywood is by now an epidemic.)

Other Kent guests were Barbara Lawrence (who's just finished a lead in Fox's *Street With No Name*) and little Terry Moore. Barbara's blonde, and burns easily, so she draped herself in rather long black linen shorts, and a rose-colored linen jacket over a black bra. The effect was very striking.

Terry was wearing plaid taffeta—pink, blue, yellow—with a three-band strap on the left shoulder, and no strap at all on the right. A taffeta bathing suit's unusual, so's a plaid bathing suit, and I asked her where she'd got it. She grinned. "I came home wailing one day because the only suits that would fit me were made for ten-year-olds, and my mother marched out and bought water-proof taffeta and ran up this creation herself." It looked as though it had come from one of our smartest shops.

Incidentally, just because I've said Hollywood's pretty conservative, and we don't go for the diaper suit, doesn't mean we don't have our own exotic fringe. Take Hazel Brooks (the *Body and Soul* menace). I saw her lounging near Mr. Kent's pool, all covered by a flesh-colored clinging leotard covered with skin-tight black lace. As for Doris Day, I glimpsed *her* wearing a strapless gold sheath. Both these ladies appeared to be in evening dress from the waist up.

But you don't have to go to parties to stumble over handsome beach-wear in Southern California. At Palm Springs last week I met Gene Tierney in a one-piece tangerine-colored job; Dottie Lamour in cotton piqué—green, with a small white print figure, and Esther Williams in a yellow and red print with broad black stripes. It may sound horrible; it's really wonderfully gay. And Esther, of course, looked like a dream in it.

hard on her work-clothes . . .

Esther has two dozen suits around her house; six she wears herself, the others she lends to guests who use her pool. She wears out 50 suits a year (she's in the water about 440 hours a year) and her suits cost anywhere from five to 25 dollars. She only buys half of them; manufacturers give her the others. Esther likes bright colors, practically never wears black or white; she thinks one-piece suits are more becoming, but two-piece suits are better for swimming.

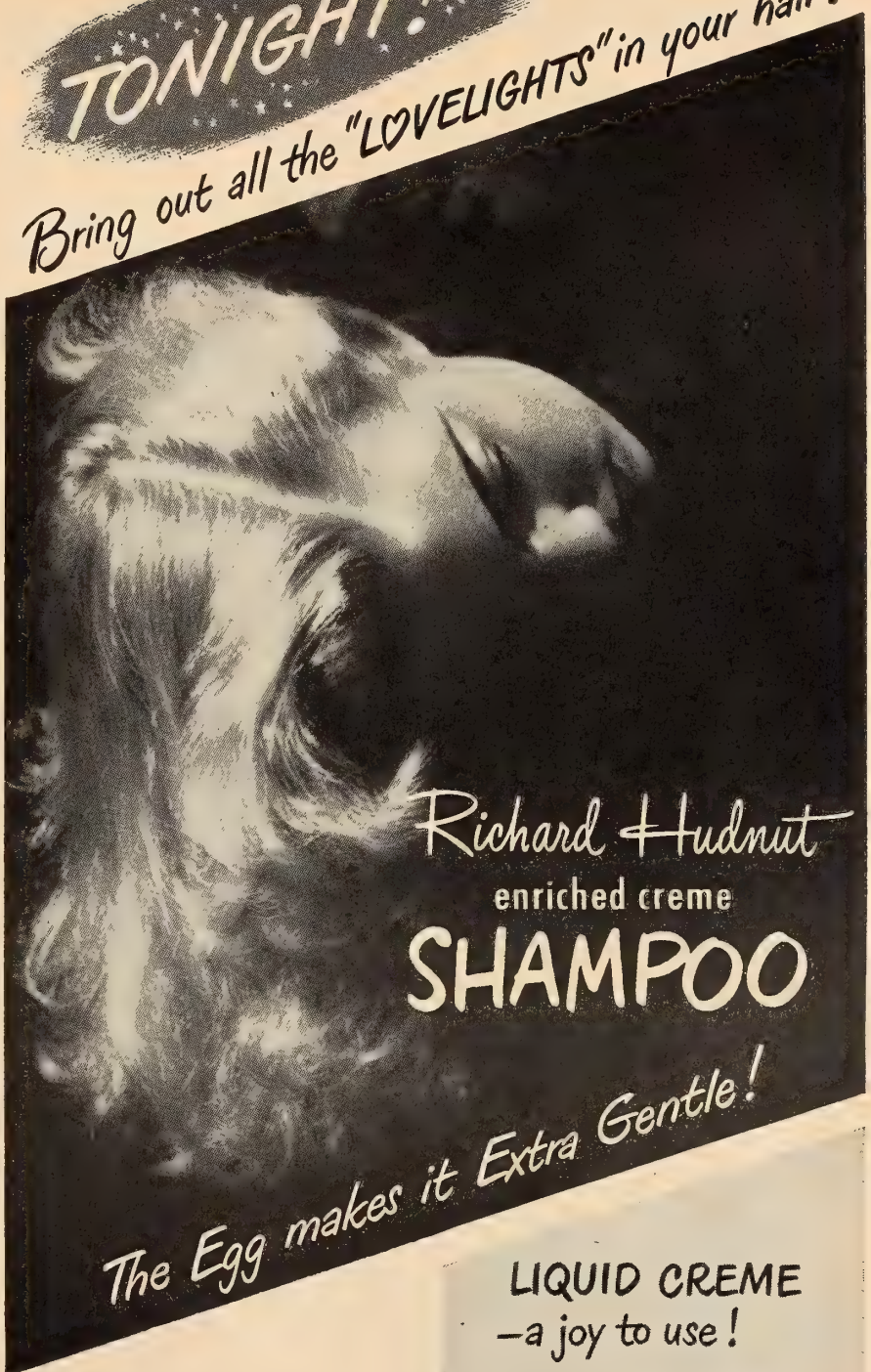
(In *Neptune's Daughter*, Esther will play a bathing suit manufacturer, which is funny, because so many manufacturers have tried unsuccessfully to make tie-ups with her.)

And finally, at the Beverly Hills Hotel pool the other morning, I was almost blinded by young Barbara Bates whose one-piece black suit had a luminous yellow panel up the front! It also had a flaring bow-bra patented to keep a girl's head above water. Like the much-advertised Ivory Soap, she floats.

Which just about ties bathing suits—and me—up for this month. Next month, new topic, same Cobina. I'll be looking forward to meeting you all again.

TONIGHT!

Bring out all the "LOVELIGHTS" in your hair!



YOU'LL love the soothing, caressing, kind-to-your-hair effect of the *egg* in Richard Hudnut Shampoo. Modern science has found that just the right amount of plain, old-fashioned egg in powder form makes this grand shampoo extra mild, extra gentle. It's a new *kind* of shampoo, created especially for the beauty-wise patrons of Hudnut's exclusive Fifth Avenue Salon.

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the fans



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Calling all ideas! Calling all ideas! We're looking for a new fan club "gimmick"—that practical, workable, million-dollar idea that will inject new life into your club! (Not that we don't think you're a pretty lively bunch! It's just that fan clubs thrive on fresh stimuli.) A question we hear most often from new prexies is: What sort of activities should our club have?

Now, we know there are dozens of swell, untried ideas floating around in your brain that only need a little encouragement to come out in the open. We want to hear about them so we can pass them along to MSFCA clubs. Remember, they must be original, practical, costless (or nearly so) and beneficial to clubs as a whole and members in particular. You may have an idea for a new social or charitable activity, a plan for club or star publicity—or even a money-making scheme to help the club treasury. Send as many ideas as you wish. Send them to: MSFCA "Idea," MODERN SCREEN, 261 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 16. We'll give free subscriptions to MODERN SCREEN (or any Dell Publication of your choice) for all ideas we can recommend!

club banter . . .

Nelda Clough's The Prexy's Guide, a 32-page mimeo'd text-book on how to run a fan club is the last word on the subject, contains *everything* we could possibly tell you about journals, finances, getting started, organization, etc., culled from years of experience of best-known prexies in clubdom. Nelda herself is prexy of the MSFCA Trophy-winning Charles Korvin Club.

Copies are 50c each, plus 3c stamp. It's really worthwhile! Her address: 234 Pleasant Avenue, Michigan City, Indiana. . . Lois Carnahan, of 306 Walnut-Versailles, McKeesport, Pa., is director of the Fan Club Mimeograph Service. Write her for prices, other info. . . Robert Breslin's Ella Raines Club now has a Canadian chapter—in the capable hands of Yvonne Hanley, 51 Rushbrooke Ave., Toronto. . .

Prexy Lorraine Young talked the whole thing over with her honorary, Kirk Douglas, at luncheon. Read about it in the latest Douglas Journal. . . Seems we're guilty of grievous wrong! It was not Hermina Levitts' Stuart Foster Club that adopted the French orphan, but Bobby Meltzer's Faithful Fans of Foster. Both prexies are anxious that we clear up the error, and we're very happy to oblige. . . Frank Sinatra Club of Staten Island (Dot McMullen, prexy) is selling greeting cards to raise money for the Lou Costello Jr. Youth Foundation. Half the profits go into the club treasury, and the other half to the foundation.

Ann Bellino, 1267 Addison St., Berkeley 2, Calif., invites all shut-ins to join the International Alan Ladd Club dues-free. . . Prexy Doris de Vasier interviews Vaughn Monroe in the next edition of *Basil's* (Rathbone) *Blue Book*. . . Phyllis Holland is Miss Ladd Legionnaire of 1948. Phyllis holds the title for being the most active all-around member of Gerry Kee's Ladd Club. . . Six officers of the Donrees Club were luncheon guests at Donna Reed's home. . . Phyllis Pritchard's Official Joan Caulfield Club is concentrating hard on an all-out publicity campaign for Joan. . . Red Jones is now piloting three clubs: for Virginia Mayo, Peter Lawford and Jimmy Lloyd.

Warren Douglas Clubbers point with pride at Academy Award-winning short, *Climbing the Matterhorn!* Warren was narrator, of course! . . . Gloria Shaffer's Dinah-Miters (Shore) are exploding into their second year of club activity—and growing fast. . . Shirley McBroom's Arthur Neal Club has a new membership contest under way. Sounds interesting, so write us for details.

Don Rodney Club is getting a boost from Don's guest appearances on various disc jockey shows.

Ron De Armond's Ron Randall Club is now called Ron Randall Rooters. Ron himself suggested the journal name: *The Randall Roundtable*. . . Katherine Galloway, 3658 McGill Rd., Jackson, Miss., is new prexy of Barbara Lawrence Club. . . Club Friendship has its big New York convention this June. . . Bob Lutzow is giving away 50 free memberships in the Vanessa Brown Club, if you mention MODERN SCREEN. His address: 4862 Northwest Highway, Chicago 20, Ill. . . . Millie Wayne Clubbers will convene in Wheeling, W. Va., to meet Millie—and each other. . . Lilyan Miller's Virginia Field Club held a dinner and theater party (together with other clubbers) in Detroit. . . David Gilbey's Joan Fulton-ites are preparing a marionette production for presentation at children's hospitals.

7TH SEMI-ANNUAL TROPHY CUP CONTEST

5th Lap: Going, going, gone!! That's what's happening to our nice new prizes. Just a short time left for you poets and short-story writers to win a Pond's DREAM FLOWER bath set or La Crosse's LOOK TWICE lipstick and nail polish set. Those EBERHARD FABER Pen and Pencil sets are getting raves from winning editors. TANGEE TRIP KITS are just the things you artists will want to take with you on your summer vacations. Also: loads and loads of magazine subscriptions! And don't forget the three shiny silver cups for the three high-point clubs.

"This Is My Best" Contest Winners: (100 points) Barrie Tait, "Interviewing John Garfield," *Charles Korvin journal.* Roy Haller, "Crowning of Carole," *Carole Landis journal.* Marjorie Honey, "Brahms, but briefly," *Whittemore and Lowe journal.* Dorothy McCaw, "Met Matters," *Musical Notes journal.* Jean Rosen, "Disc Jockey Show," *Bob Crosby journal.* Pat Mitchell, "Dan on my Street," *Sinatra (Ling) journal.* **Candid Camera Winners:** (First Prize Winner: 100 points) Patricia Danks, Patrice Munsel C. (Others: 50 points) Nelda Clough, Korvin C. Marjorie Roster and Eleanor Hein, Rise Stevens C. Ann Garcia, Allan Jones C. Rita La Rossa, Danny Scholl C. **Best Journals:** (500 points) League 1, *Jane Wyman journal.* League 2, *Bob Crosby, Ginger Rogers and Landis journals.* League 3, *Charles Korvin journal.* **Best Editors:** (250 points) League 1, Rita and Jo Mottola, *Nelson Eddy journal.* League 2, Mary Bond, *Musical Notes journal.* League 3, Margaret Johansen, *Whittemore and Lowe journal.* **Best Covers:** (250 points) League 1, Bill Boyd C. League 2, Alan Ladd (Pearl) C. League 3, Frances Langford C. **Best Artist:** (150 points) Betty Watson, *Jane Powell journal.* **Best Correspondents:** (50 points) League 1, Mary Pritchett, Dennis Morgan C. League 2, Marion Hesse, Ginger Rogers C. League 3, Katherine Pringle, Barbara Lawrence C. **Greatest Membership Increases:** (100 points) League 1, Reno Browne C. League 2, Alan Ladd (Bellino). League 3, Bobby Breen C. **Most Worthwhile Activities** (250 points) League 1, none qualified. League 2, (tied) Ginger Rogers C. (sent food packages to England). Ronald Reagan C. (sent 3 CARE packages to Europe). Alan Ladd C. (Kee) (gave radio to St. Albans Hospital). League 3, Mel Torme C. (donated $25 to Cancer Fund). **Leading Clubs in Lap 5:** League 1, Dennis Morgan, 1100 points; Nelson Eddy (Nicholin) 950, Jane Wyman, 950. League 2, Alan Ladd (Pearl) 1050 points; Alan Ladd (Kee), 1000; Ronald Reagan, 950. League 3, Perry Como (Staley), 1450 points; Sinatra (Ling) 1150; Torme, 1050.

SEA FEVER

(*Continued from page 43*)

has a forty-pound one, and he's trying to talk her into coming deer hunting, but she doesn't favor the idea. The last hunting trip they went on, they were both too stubborn to admit they were worn out, and they walked the five miles back to town speechless and pale. They were carrying their shoes and dragging their bows.

"I've liked the out-doors for years," Gail tells people. "But until him, I didn't realize there was another maniac like me."

If the truth be known, it's possible Guy's even a little *more* maniacal. Because at this writing, he's just bought himself a jeep, and he rides it wildly down Sunset Boulevard, happy as a king. "I can turn on a dime," he says.

"You can turn without me," she says.

Right now, she's sure that jeep's not the right kind of conveyance for her, but she may change her mind. With those kids, anything is possible.

"HAPPY ANNIE"

(*Continued from page 59*)

wanted to be in California at Christmas time. It's a tradition with us.

Goes back to when I first met him. October it was, 1943, and we were talking about a lot of unimportant things, and he said suddenly that he'd never had a Christmas tree in his life.

"You're kidding," I said.

He shook his head. "When I was a kid, the family thought candles were dangerous, and a tree without lights was no good. Since I grew up, I've been all over the place at Christmas—Miami Beach, Sun Valley—"

"Look," I said, "you come to my place Christmas; I'll give you two trees—one inside, one outside."

At the time, it was sort of a gag; I didn't think he'd really come.

He came all right. I remember the whole thing. The outside tree was huge, and I'd had it hung with dozens of painted lights, all lovely bright colors, and I even had Steve arrive at a side door Christmas Eve so he wouldn't catch a glimpse of it. Then, at what I considered to be the proper moment, I led him toward the window. It had been raining, but there was a fire inside, and it was like a movie setting. "Wait till you see the colors," I cried, sweeping the curtains aside.

If he'd waited, he'd still be standing there. The rain had washed the paint off the bulbs; the tree was completely white. We started to laugh, but there was something unearthly beautiful about the pale white light shining through the heavy fog. We stood there for ten or fifteen minutes, holding hands like kids, and then we turned away, and Hannagan said, "Real nice colors, Red," and we had a drink.

We've had two trees at Christmas ever since, including this last year. This last year, too, I presented Mr. Hannagan with a 16mm projector which he has not yet learned how to run. He presented me with various articles of emerald, gold and diamond. You never saw such emeralds. Huge, cloudy ones—on a cigarette case, a lighter, a compact, earrings, a necklace, pins—really spectacular.

He's a big one for presents. On his birthday, *I* get something. On *my* birthday, I get something. And almost any day in between, he's likely to run across a little pigeon's blood ruby that looks as if it

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Lady Esther

FACE POWDER

© 1948, Lady Esther

needed a home with me.

Myself, I'm not much of a shopper. For one thing, there's the autograph business. Sure, I'm glad I've got fans, but sometimes I'd like to be able to pick myself up a blouse without getting writer's cramp en route. I remember one of the last times I ventured out, I was fleeing from a bunch of people, I had about ten minutes till the store closed, and I came panting up to a salesgirl. Did she say, "May I help you?" No, she said, "Can I have your autograph?"

Occasionally, Hannagan takes it into his head that I don't get around enough. The other night, he dragged out the theater section of the paper. "How many of these have we seen?" he demanded, reeling off name after name of top hits which were struggling along without our patronage.

"I blush with shame," I said.

"Gotta set up so many nights a week," he said. "Have to go see 'em."

"It's for pleasure," I said. "You act like you're being sentenced."

So far, we've seen *Mr. Roberts, Annie Get Your Gun, The Hallams,* the Marsha Hunt play, and a few others.

on stage . . .

Marsha's wonderful in her show, and I wish I had nerve enough to do a play, but going out there every single night and giving what a stage performer has to give would terrify me.

Take Ethel Merman in *Annie.* I sat there asking myself, "How does she manage to lift the audience time after time?"

Later that night, I went to a party at Ethel's house. She's an outspoken girl. "I don't know what was the matter with that bunch of white collar jerks tonight," she said. "Sitting on their hands!"

"But they shrieked!" I said.

She snorted. "I didn't hear 'em."

Mostly, my New York evenings aren't full of parties at Ethel Merman's. I live at a slower pace.

Give you an idea of my speed—two of my best friends are Sonny and Leah Werblin (he's head of the New York office of MCA) and I've been known to baby-sit with their small adopted son.

They just had a brand-new baby of their own the other day, but that's not the point of my story. The point of my story goes back to when a magazine heard of my baby-sitting activities, and asked if it could get some pictures.

Sonny and Leah said sure; they'd clear out and leave me with the house, the child, and the photographers.

All went well, until one of the photographers had a bright idea. "Get the kid to yawn," he said.

I pointed out that the kid didn't speak English. The kid didn't even speak. He was only about a year old.

"You yawn," the photographer said. "He'll follow."

I yawned. The baby stared. I yawned again. "See, baby?"

The baby looked at me like I had eight heads.

This went on for quite some time, and the fellows ended up with several snapshots of Sheridan, mouth wide open, and the baby grinning slyly.

As one of the guys walked out of the apartment, equipment in hand, he said rather thoughtfully, "You know, that kid's smarter than we are."

Babies and animals, I'm crazy about.

Home, (in California), I've got a Dresden China sort of cat named Charlie—very long legs, very long tail, black as night. Charlie sleeps out on top of the grain house.

I've also got a would-be cocker spaniel (he leaps like a fiend, and darts like a doe); his name is Storky, because he was a present from Sherman Billingsley one night when the Stork Club was giving away dogs. Sherman and I discuss Storky now and again. "How's that lovely little spaniel?" he says. "Spaniel?" I say. "I'm not even sure he's a dog."

I call him my sooner pup. He'd sooner be anything else.

Chico, my police dog's cute too; the only problem with him is that every time he comes into a room his tail knocks everything off the tables.

My dog Andy is a poodle, and he's not only a good guard-dog; he's dangerous. He doesn't bark, just bites.

A while ago, I had a gibbon for a pet. Errol Flynn owned one; he had it on the set of *Silver River* one day—this miniature coal-black ape making friends with everybody. I fell in love. "Where'd you get it?" I asked him.

He told me about the place. "They have one left."

I went after it the next day. It was adorable, a blonde, with a teeny black face. "This is for Sheridan," I told myself.

I got it home; I had a special cage for it—but it seemed to hate human beings. I needed heavy gloves to feed it, and my hands still were all covered with blue teeth marks right through the gloves.

In one week, it was dead. I felt terrible. I couldn't understand it. It hadn't been sick for a minute. Finally I figured out that Flynn's must have been owned by a native once, and was tame, while mine was wild. Corny as it sounds, I think it died of a broken heart, away from its home.

Well, that's that. In New York, I am petless.

Besides being petless, I am almost hatless. That's been a running gag all winter. "I really have to go pick up a few hats," I say every week, and Hannagan says, "Yeah, you really have to," but I never do.

off to the races . . .

This week, however, I am actually going to purchase hats. I'm off to the Kentucky Derby soon, and I'd like to go in style.

Last year was my first Derby (race, not hat) and a terrific thrill. I went whole hog, stood and bawled like a fool when they played, "My Old Kentucky Home," and only stopped when Hannagan shook my arm. "Hey, Red," he said, "you're not from Kentucky."

It was at the Derby, as I mentioned before, that I ran into Leo McCarey. (McCarey's one of my idols; when I was a stock girl at Paramount he was a big shot there, and I'd always yearned to work with him.)

I have this mental picture of McCarey in Kentucky. He was standing up and lifting a julep glass when I came into his line of vision. "Annie," he hollered, "how are you?"

"Fine," I hollered back.

"Let's do a movie together," he said.

I said, "You're on," and kept walking. "Convivial," Hannagan said. "Umm," I said. "Too bad he doesn't mean it."

The first thing you know, we're all back in Hollywood, McCarey's made a deal with Warner Brothers, and I'm doing *Good Sam* for him, along with Gary Cooper.

I was so happy I bubbled. Hannagan used to send me wires addressed just to "Happy Annie," at such-and-such a phone number, and drive the operators crazy.

One night (we'd just started shooting *Good Sam* a few days before) Hannagan decided to call McCarey for some business reason. He got McCarey out at his beach house, and after they were finished talking, he put me on, just for sociability's sake.

I picked up the phone. "What are you doing?" I said.

"Building up your part," said McCarey.

And he was, too.

If something as good as McCarey happens to me at this year's Derby, believe me, I won't mind a bit.



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*Valli

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PERSONAL APPEARANCE

(Continued from page 66)

appearance vaude tour, that the king-sized butterflies in his stomach were having a nervous breakdown, and that he was convinced that he would collapse like an old tent if pushed out on a stage before an audience.

We pulled into Boston at 10 A.M., on time, and my gag build-up about crowds and brass bands fell flatter than a bride's first muffin. We might have been an epidemic, or the New York Yankees, for all the enthusiasm there was about our arrival.

"I will probably get blamed by the studio for this," I muttered to myself. "More than likely, the board of directors will personally fry me in Crisco and throw my carcass to Leo the Lion. Here we fetch our actor across country for him to meet the people, and no people."

Marsh was happily unperturbed by my anguish. He was consulting a travel guide, trying to figure out whether he could see Bunker Hill between the matinée and evening performances.

boston adventure . . .

So we took a quick look at Boston—and what do you know? When we checked in at the hotel there was a crowd there. Newspaper reporters and photographers. Theater men. Fans. And a banner.

One of the reporters regarded me dourly.

"Fine thing," he complained. "This is the first time since the Boston Tea Party that this train has arrived on time. We meet it ten minutes late, as a matter of course. See that it doesn't happen again."

Boston was swell. The crowds in the hotel lobby, the autograph-seekers, the mass interviews, the radio appearances were all as satisfactorily confusing as the most competent press agent could require. Marsh went on like a trouper, and the folks liked him. He's a natural, that boy. Not like a movie star—or whatever most people seem to think a movie star should be like. He's sincere and competent, but shy. We hadn't come to the theater part of our business yet. I wondered if it would take more than a quart of adrenalin to revive him if he fainted on stage, as he promised he would.

You will wonder, of course, unless you were in one of the theaters on our route, just what kind of entertainment Marsh *could* provide on a stage. That isn't a slap at Marsh. He's an actor, not a mimic, a singer, or a funnyman.

But he'd worked up three numbers that did a great deal better than all right. He does a satire on personal appearances. First, he's the awkward, bashful type who forgets the name of the town he's in. Then he switches to the hard-boiled menace, or Humphrey Bogart type, and snarls at the audience. And then the Western hero, with guitar.

ride 'em cowboy . . .

Marsh amazed me by singing, to his own accompaniment, "Who Put the Glue in the Saddle" and "I'm From Missouri."

The folks out front went for it like lumberjacks go for flapjacks.

As gay as things were in Boston, and as friendly as the fans and the press were, the thing that fetched Marsh most of all was Bunker Hill. He went to it as a devotee approaches a shrine, and we almost missed our train while Marsh told me how that battle was fought. He knew, too, down to the last redcoat. Now I know.

He was worried all the time, though, about a girl. Name of Naomi McNeil. (You with us, Miss McNeil of Boston?) Miss McNeil, who is some pumpkins, is the girl Marsh met at one of his personal appearances in a department store. After the evening performance, and a 1 A.M. disc jockey show, they finished off with a Chinese restaurant at 3 A.M. and a taxi ride to Miss NcNeil's home—where Marsh couldn't pay the fare. Miss McN. paid. (Mr. Thompson would like you to know, honey, that he'll send you that dough—as soon as he manages to save it up out of his weekly allowance.)

We went to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Detroit, and Kansas City, all in three weeks, and though I'd worked with Marsh before as publicity man when he was in *B. F.'s Daughter*, *Homecoming*, and *Bad Bascomb*, and had been on locations with him where we lived in cabins, I began to learn things about him I never knew before.

On this trip we saw more history than we saw night clubs, bars, or even theaters. Now, I had a little trouble with Marsh about bars and night clubs.

Naturally, after the last show, people ask you out for a bite. That means, actually, a drink. So we'd waltz into a bar and the people would order and Marsh would say, "Milk."

There'd be a pause, and the waiter would say, "Sir?"

"Milk," Marsh would say. "Three glasses. Shucks, I'm thirsty, four glasses."

Some of the places pretended they didn't serve milk, because the profit on this unusual beverage is very small. But in the end they always provided it. I began to drink it myself, first just to keep Marsh company, and I found out something. Milk is all right to drink, once you get used to the strange taste.

In New York we saw one play, *Command Decision*, and went backstage to meet Paul Kelly. I noticed Kelly was studying Marsh intently.

"You know, boy," he said after a while, "I think you ought to play the part of Lieutenant Culpepper Lee on the screen. You'd be great in it."

Marsh mumbled something modest, and we forgot the incident.

on a spring morning . . .

I had seen it before, that grand panorama that strikes your eye when you step out of the Union Station in Washington. There's the Washington Monument and the Capitol, white and awesome, smack in front of you. I had never looked at them before. I had always been struggling with Margaret O'Brien's baggage or the police lines. I got ten feet ahead of Marsh before I knew it. I turned around to see what had happened to him.

He was standing still. He was bareheaded. He held his hat over his heart and he was just looking.

I never saw anything like that before.

"Look, kid," I said, "we got to get to the hotel. We got to—"

"Sure," he said quietly. "But look."

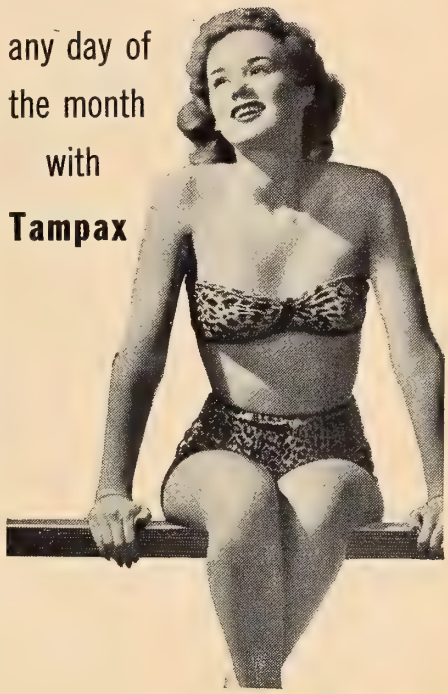
I don't want to make this maudlin or flag-waving, boys and girls, but that's the grandest sight in the world. The Washington Monument and the National Capitol, lofty and white and meaningful, on a spring morning.

I took off my hat too.

Philadelphia is my home town. There, as you know, are Independence Hall, the Liberty Bell, Benjamin Franklin's grave at Fourth and Arch Streets, and not far out

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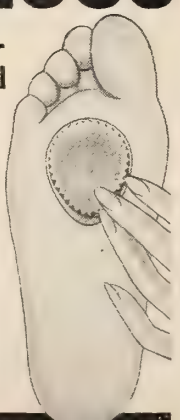


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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

of town, Valley Forge and Washington's headquarters.

Everybody misunderstands Philadelphia, makes cracks about us, says we're a slow town. Not true. Certainly not true so far as Marsh's personal appearance went. We had crowds and we had bobby-soxers, and it is not a fact of life that bobby-soxers in Philadelphia are still wearing hoopskirts. They mobbed my boy and tried to wolf him.

But he wanted to see that Liberty Bell. Matter of fact, he uttered what Philadelphians consider a blasphemy about our most holy relic. He said he wanted his picture taken with it. "It isn't done, my good man," I explained.

Marsh considered for a moment.

"I think maybe they might let me if they knew the story," he said. "The last time that bell rang was for the funeral of John Marshall, first Chief Justice of the United States. He was a relative of mine, so—"

We got the picture.

He was up early, at 5 A.M., in order to get to Valley Forge, and it seems that the trenches and old iron cannon are still there, and that if you are up on your history, you can sit in the old house General Washington used a while back for headquarters.

Well, we saw all the historic sites, from the Lincoln Memorial to the room in the Kansas City hotel where President Truman stayed, but my boy was still missing something. He hadn't seen snow. Marsh was born in Peoria, Illinois, the son of a prominent dentist, but he was brought up in Southern California.

where are the snows? . . .

Everywhere we went the people greeted us with: "See, we got good weather for you. Aint that nice?"

Marsh said no, it wasn't nice, why didn't it snow?

We finally got it for him in Detroit, and he leaped out of the Book-Cadillac Hotel as wild as a Comanche and scooped up handfuls of snow and threw it at people. I'm telling you, fellers, I never had a movie star on my hands quite like him.

But ah, we had troubles in Kansas City. There were a couple of girls there—

First, the theater manager warned us about them when they appeared in the lobby.

"Watch out for trouble," he said.

One of the girls came up. About 17, pretty, well-dressed.

"Fine thing, you've kept us waiting. We want to see you," the spokesman said.

"I'm sorry," said Marsh, who is always as polite as a little boy at dancing class. "How about in the lobby, later?"

But when we got to the hotel, they were up on the room floor, waiting by the elevator.

"Better in your room," they insisted.

So we went in, and left the door wide open. "I want to interview you for the high school paper," one girl said. "Why are you so conceited, why do you part your hair so fancy, why do you over-dress? Why do you think you're so all-fired important?" Marsh, who is as modest as a vice-presidential candidate and who doesn't even carry a pocket comb, was as flabbergasted as if he had been accused of setting fire to orphanages.

I had to answer the telephone. I kept talking after my party had hung up. We had to get out of that room.

"Sure, we remember the appointment. We'll be right down. Excuse us, girls."

"What appointment? We haven't any appointment," said Marsh. (The guy has got about as much guile as a baby.)

"It's a special appointment I made for you," I lied. So we left, wandered around the lobby, hiding behind posts for a few minutes, and returned to our room.

The girls were standing in front of the door. They wouldn't budge.

"I lost my bracelet in there," the leader said. "And I don't feel good."

With that she fainted across the threshold.

At this moment, twenty members of the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity walked in, a delegation to call on their distinguished brother. (Marsh went to Occidental College, in Los Angeles.)

Fraternity brothers are a good thing to have around sometimes.

"Well, if you're having a party—" they grinned.

We explained, probably as red-faced as if we'd just stepped out of a Turkish bath, and the Phi Gammas gently escorted our too-ardent fans out before we had any more trouble.

I'm certain, of course, those cute kids in Kansas City meant no harm—but what a whale of a lot of trouble they might have got themselves, and my young movie star, into, if the Phi Gams hadn't arrived on time, like the Marines always do in reel eight. . . .

The telephone call came in Kansas City, too. It was a call from Hollywood, for Marsh, and I could hear it all.

"You saw *Command Decision*," said the Big Shot. "Sure," said Marsh, "in New York."

"Okay, then, you're going to play Lieutenant Culpepper Lee—along with Clark Gable, Walter Pidgeon, Van Johnson, John Hodiak, Charles Bickford and Edward Arnold.

"And by the way, we're also putting you in *Words and Music* with Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, Cyd Charisse, and June Allyson."

I wouldn't want to go so far as to say that our personal appearance tour was responsible for these big new roles. But I think that trip helped.

I liked particularly what the Philadelphia Bulletin said:

"If Hollywood wishes to counteract some of the bad publicity it has been receiving, it should send more good-will ambassadors of the calibre of this young citizen, Marshall Thompson, around the country."

I'm the boy that'll want to go with him next time, too. We discovered America on that trip. And I discovered Marsh Thompson.

With all the picture commitments that he has now, Marsh is a busy young man, but all the acclaim, radio appearances, newspaper interviews and autograph-seeking crowds that he enjoyed on our trip didn't turn his head.

the thompson series . . .

He won't mind my saying this, I'm sure. Over the past four or five years we have worked together, I guess we have had more Father-and-Son talks than Mickey Rooney and Lewis Stone.

Why, this diffident feller—only 22 now—has a vast talent for falling in love. Oh, yes. He has excellent taste, too. At the moment, I am under the distinct impression that he is equally fond of Jane Powell, Marcia Van Dyke and Elizabeth Taylor.

I Dutch Uncle him, out of my fifteen years experience at the studio.

"It would not be entirely proper for you to marry all these girls at the same time," I explain. "People might talk. You are a very young man, m'boy. Leave us not get married for a spell yet, huh?"

Some of the ladies are going to hate me for this. I have so far talked him out of domesticity more than several times. We got to make some more personal appearance tours before I turn him loose.

CONGRATULATIONS, DARLING

(*Continued from page 55*)

we were too. Only there was always a battle royal about it. We both hated drying dishes, we both liked to wash. Being kids, we didn't have sense enough to compromise. It was always this challenge—who's going to come out on top? One day Betty picked up an ashtray and heaved it. I ducked, and it went crashing through the window. That kept us quiet till Mother got home. Poor Mom, she never said a word.

As we grew older, came the boy friend routine—trying to see who could steal the other girl's fellow. Maybe you didn't even like the guy, but the big thing was to get him away from your sister. By that time, too, we could wear each other's clothes. With never enough to go round, there *had* to be a fight, so the first one up was the best one dressed. I remember the time Betty stuck a pair of stockings under her pillow, and slept on them. I'd have done the same, only she thought of it first.

There was just one saving grace about all this. No matter what we'd do to each other, let anyone else pick a fight with either of us, and we'd be two against the world. Without talking about it, deep down we both knew we'd come through for the other in a pinch.

For instance, I was only a few weeks from graduation when things reached a point where Mother couldn't afford to keep us both in school. I quit and got a job at twelve a week. First payday I took Betty down to the Colonial Department Store. Terrific institution. Anything in the place at a dollar down and fifty cents a week.

What we needed was stuff like shoes and underwear. So we bought ourselves a couple of evening gowns. Powder-blue and rosebuds for me. For Betty, a black off-the-shoulders number blazing with rhinestones. Then we saw this toaster. On a tray, no less. With a sandwich slicer and sectional glass dishes, heavy as lead. Decided Mom couldn't live another day without it. Hauled it home between us, each with a formal under the other arm.

Mother's reaction wasn't just what we'd hoped. In fact, she blew up.



How are you doing Mr. Anyone-can-hang-paper?

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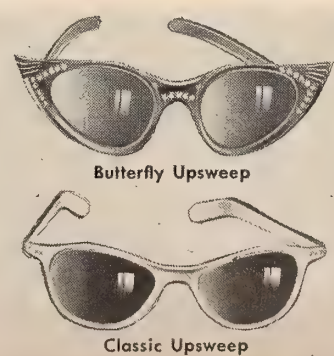
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After she got over being mad, she could have killed herself for getting mad, knowing how well we meant. Incidentally, she still has the toaster. "Like losing my right arm to lose that thing—"

Same way, when Betty started making money, I could count on *her*. By then, it was a question of eating, not evening gowns. She'd opened at the Casa Mañana and opened big, but her salary was nothing to write home about. All she could manage was a dinky room at the Victoria Hotel. Meanwhile, I'd been singing with a band and lost my job in Atlanta. So I took myself up to New York and moved in with Betty. We did all our washing and ironing in this little room, because we couldn't afford to send things out. It was murder. But if not for my sister, I wouldn't even have dared *go* to New York. And I'd never have got my job with Glenn Miller's band.

Yet in spite of all this, we still didn't get along, we were still too different. I never had anything like Betty's drive and ambition. To her the career was her life, to me it wasn't. She thought I was crazy to marry—couldn't understand throwing a career overboard for any man. As it happened, I went right on working, though not from choice. If I'd never had to look a spotlight in the eye again, that would have been swell.

Still, I was happy in my marriage for a number of years. And very happy when my son John was born. During those years I didn't see much of Betty. Her career went zooming and kept her mostly in Hollywood. Mine kept me pretty busy in the East. When we did meet, it was perfectly obvious that her great success hadn't brought happiness with it. She was moody, restless, forever on the run, and a hunted expression in her eyes as if she were looking for something she never really hoped to find.

In New York on her way overseas she came to our house to spend the day. Stuck around for an hour. Then the same old cry— "Well, let's get out of here, let's go." And I felt the same old impatience stirring. Instead of trying to understand, I could have brained her.

But it was Betty to the rescue again when my Philip was born. Mother came East to be with me, and I had a rough time. Betty kept phoning the hospital, but they wouldn't let her talk to me. "Tell her anything but the truth," I begged Mom. "With her own baby on the way, you'll scare the daylights out of her."

california, here we come . . .

Well, you try stalling my sister and see what it gets you. What it finally got me was a trip to California—my first vacation since Battle Creek. Betty and Ted were at the station.

"You look awful," says Betty, and starts bawling. I bawl. Mom bawls—

"The weeping Huttons," says Ted. "Come on, we gotta get this girl fattened up for Thanksgiving."

I hadn't been around for more than a couple of days when it started hitting me that Betty was a changed woman. Her eyes were quiet. The whole girl was calm and relaxed. Perfectly happy with Ted and her home and the things that make a marriage, and the baby coming. Such a direct switch, I could hardly take it in.

"The search is off," she said. "All the time I was looking for this and didn't know it."

It wasn't just marriage, but marriage to the kind of man Ted Briskin is—thoughtful, good, well-balanced. His background was so different from ours. He comes of a family that's very close, with them the family's everything. We Huttons loved each other dearly too. The difference was, we had to scratch and scrabble from the cradle; Ted grew up in security. Instead of making him selfish, it made him strong. He gave the same sense of peace and security to Betty and, in doing that, he brought us all closer together.

For the first time she and I could sit down like adults, without hurting each other. For the first time I really found my sister, and I've got my brother-in-law to thank. . . .

* * *

My own marriage didn't work out. Last December I moved to California with my boys. Mother runs the apartment for us, bless her, while I concentrate on my radio program for Revere, my disc recordings and any other jobs that come my way.

Most Sundays and holidays we spend with the Briskins. Lindsay and Philip are four months apart, and mad for each other. If I do say so, they make a beautiful team —the girl so dark and the boy so fair. John's a little old for them, and goes about his own business. Candy's a little young. But watching them all in Betty's lovely home, I have to pinch myself sometimes to make it seem real that their childhood should be so different from ours.

You can't get other people to believe it either. For example, Betty had a funny experience when Lindsay's nursery started going up. It was just in the rough—four walls—but she kept peeking from the outside in. "Golly, that's going to be a beautiful room."

The contractor's son was on the job. "Bet you had a nicer one when you were a kid."

"Oh, yeah! I slept in a clothesbasket."

"You and the Prince of Wales," he said, and she let it go at that.

Well, I knew why the nursery had to be not just a beautiful room, but THE MOST beautiful room that ever was. I'd gone through it too. John was four when I bought him his first little gabardine suit. Smartest shop in town. Best material. Custom-made. There he stood, this scrap of a kid, and the tailor fitting him. Crazy in a way. . . .

With me it was the suit, with Betty the nursery. It's a cinch Lindsay didn't know if she was sleeping in a satin-lined crib or a washbasket like her mother. But for Betty it was the climax of something. Like standing on top of a mountain and shouting to the sky: Look what I got for my baby! I think it's a perfectly natural way to react.

* * *

It was my fault that Betty went to the hospital over a week before little Candice



that's hollywood!

Animals are among the acting elite in Hollywood. Cheetah the Chimpanzee of Tarzan film fame was recently optioned for a television show. He was all set for the video waves when Barney Briskin, production chief of the Sol Lesser Studios, suddenly decided he couldn't give permission for the chimpanzee to be televised until he had carefully read the script, inspected the studio and practically taken blood tests of the participants. When one of the television people protested these unheard-of stipulations, Briskin angrily said: "After all, this is a big thing to consider. Asking us for Cheetah is like asking Metro for Lana Turner!"

Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter

was born. Of course she didn't stay long. But except for me, she could have been comfortably miserable at home.

On April 5th I opened at Slapsy Maxie's. After years of vaudeville and radio, this was my first night club date, and Betty knew I'd be falling apart. To boost my morale, she and Ted took a big long table at the Club that night for twenty guests, including the Alan Ladds, the MacDonald Careys, Mitch Leisen, Betty's doctor and his wife.

I didn't know this till later, but all day she'd been suffering with false labor pains. When it came time to dress, she'd get one stocking on, sit for five minutes, then tackle the other. "If it were anyone but Marion, I'd crawl straight back into bed."

Instead, she climbed into a smart black maternity outfit and, when I came on that night, there she was, all dressed up and rooting for me. And believe me, it helped. But I never did get to see Betty, except from the stage. While the floor show was on, her pains kept growing worse. Rather than take a chance, the doctor sent her to spend the night at the hospital. By five in the morning she was feeling okay again, so Ted took her home.

That was a jittery night for both Hutton gals. I won't forget that, by making it harder on herself, my sister made it easier for me.

* * *

Betty kept saying she wanted a boy for Teddy. Ted said he didn't care. "I'm so used to having sopranos around, I wouldn't even know what to do with a tenor—"

They had no boy's name picked out, while for a girl they'd picked about 8,000. First it was Barbara, then Theodora after Teddy, then Betty June. Two days after she was born, they settled for Candice.

Before leaving for work that Tuesday evening, I talked to Betty. "Got a big fat hunch you're going in tonight."

"Well, we're having lemon meringue for dessert, maybe that'll do it. With Lindsay, it was banana cream."

Sure enough, at 3:30 the phone rings. I was just in, getting ready for bed. Teddy's voice was calm. "We're at the hospital. Tell Mom to take it easy. Won't be for hours yet—"

Mom was all for getting dressed and going right down. I talked her into setting the alarm for 6, then we both went down. We found Ted in the waiting room, entirely surrounded by fathers, giving them this old-timer routine. He'd been at it since 3, and by now he was papa to them all. One fellow really had it bad. Every two minutes he'd groan: "How *long* does this take?"



*HOLLYWOOD MERRY-GO-ROUND

• A former star who was slipping came into the office of one of the leading Hollywood psychiatrists. He was wearing a beret and a flowing red beard.

Affable as ever, the psychiatrist told him, "You're looking fine. But why the beard and the beret?"

"That's what I'm here to find out," said the actor.

**from the book by Andrew Hecht*

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Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or cream shampoos hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film

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MRS. PARADINE

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*LOUIS JOURDAN

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Teddy'd steer him over to the couch. "Why don't you take a nap?"

My brother-in-law wasn't taking any naps. Kept running upstairs and back, bringing reports. At 10:20 he stuck his nose in. Betty was in the delivery room. Half an hour later here comes Teddy, shining. "Well, we can stop worrying about a boy's name. She's 7 pounds 8, and they're both doing fine."

Later we went in to see Betty for a minute. She was sitting up, and didn't want us to leave. Conversational as a chipmunk.

"This was a cinch. Not nearly as bad as the false pains."

"Mind it's being a girl—?"

"Not now. First I thought, Teddy's going to be disappointed. Then they gave me a peek and I said, No, he won't be either. She looks just like Lindsay. Are *you* disappointed, Mother?"

"Me, with two girls of my own! I think it's great. Lots cheaper too. Think of the clothes Lindsay never got to wear."

A funny look closed down over Betty's face. A remembering look. "That's all right for later," she said. "But I don't want this baby going home in Lindsay's clothes."

I remembered too. I remembered Betty in my cast-offs. That's why I went out and bought the prettiest white silk coat and bonnet I could find for Candice to go home in.

Betty's the younger sister too. I doubt if Candy'll ever have to worry about clothes. But I'm sure for that minute Betty was identifying her second girl with herself.

* * *

Betty and I both realized that just the material things don't make for happiness in the long run. My toughest lesson came through John.

Since he was a little thing, I've been working hard, out on the road four and five months at a time. When I walked in the door, he wouldn't know me. When I did get home, I'd spend as much time with him as I possibly could, trying to make up. But you *can't* make up. Minute I started packing, there he'd stand, this look in his eyes that went through me like a knife. "Mother, are you going away again?"

they'll never walk alone . . .

That's a battle Betty won't have to fight, and that's where I think her children are luckiest. Not for the toys and the nursery and the pretty clothes. But for the shelter they get from their parents' love. Long before she ever saw the light of day, little Candy was part of the family routine. "Our baby—" They talked about her constantly, preparing the older one, figuring that whatever a child understands, she accepts. Lindsay was too young for a lot of explaining, but she knew the baby was growing inside her mother, and if you asked where it was, she'd pat Betty's stomach. Another thing. Last Christmas somebody gave her two baby dolls. Betty put them away till Candice came home. Now Lindsay dresses and undresses them, and gives them a bath at the time her sister gets bathed. That way, she doesn't feel left out.

Poverty can do bad things to children. So can too much money. Love can't. Every hour of the day Lindsay knows she's loved and wanted. First thing in the morning, she calls on Mommy and Daddy. "Hi!" she pipes, standing there in her sleepers. At noon Teddy comes home, even when Betty's working, to have lunch with his daughter. The big time starts around five—

Lindsay's back from her walk and heads for the den, where Ted's mixing cocktails. She gets two pieces of popcorn, one in each hand. When those are down, she's off to the nursery and back—a doll in one hand, a book in the other. "Up," she says and snuggles next to her daddy on the couch. This Betty loves. It thrills her to watch the two of them together, the big guy reading, the little girl sitting spellbound.

After Lindsay's supper, she joins Betty and Ted in the diningroom. "Up, up." Sits on one lap, then the other, gets a little taste of this or that. Minute she sees the coffee coming, down she climbs, plants herself in the middle of the livingroom and chirps: "Moo-wies, moo-wies." Every night they run a cartoon for her—maybe the same one half a dozen times, which is fine with her.

She's loved all right, but that's not saying she's spoiled. Betty's a firm believer in manners and training. When she says, "Don't touch," Lindsay knows she's not kidding. The place is full of low tables, and what's on them doesn't get touched. Else the hand gets slapped.

"It's our home," says Betty. "Mine and Teddy's, as well as the children's. We have a right to be comfortable, too. Besides, you're doing no kid any favor to let her run wild. Just the opposite. I want everybody to love my children, and who can love a brat?"

When she makes a promise, one way or the other, she keeps it. That's her rule of rules. For instance, a photographer came to take pictures of Lindsay. Before they started, she wanted a candy.

"Not now," said Betty. "When we're all through, you can have a mint."

She was good as gold, did everything she was asked, and when it was over, whipped into the den for a mint. Well, the chocolate mints were all gone, and she doesn't like white ones. So Betty sent right out for a box of the others.

She was telling me about it next time I went out there. "Some people might say, 'You're ruining the kid.' I don't see it like that. She'd worked, done a good job, and I made a promise. I felt it was very important to hand my daughter a chocolate mint then and there—"

I looked across the lawn at both her daughters. The nurse was getting Candy settled for a nap, and Lindsay was watching, all wide-eyed, like when Teddy reads to her. You couldn't help smiling, it was such a pretty picture.

"The Briskin girls are doing all right for themselves," I said.

"Uh-huh," said my sister, kind of dreamy. Then she gave me a squeeze. "And the Hutton girls could have done a whole lot worse."

I looked at her and I felt good. We'd come a long way from the years of hardship and pettiness and fighting each other for every little break. It's all over now, and that's nice. As for the fact that it'll never have to happen to Lindsay and Candy—that's nicer.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One day my friend and I were driving to another friend's house to hear her records. The new friend's name was Judy and I'd seen her only once before. After half an hour of listening to the phonograph, something happened to the machine and Judy called her dad to fix it. You can imagine my surprise when Joseph Cotten walked into the room wearing a brief pair of trunks. After being introduced it was even more of a surprise to find him just like other dads. The machine was fixed in a jiffy and Mr. Cotten left to go to the swimming pool.

Karen Fisher
Long Beach, Calif.

"THEY CALL ME MOTHER"

(*Continued from page 33*)

and to apply emotional sandpaper. Roy and I went into marriage only after a careful weighing of all the difficulties we might meet.

When we first got under one roof, we found suddenly that there were four adults, four bosses. The children, of course, tried the ancient tactic of playing us against each other. We didn't fall for that one. We outmaneuvered the young by sitting down for a boss caucus, and agreeing on some house rules and a few major principles.

I'm at the front of the thing now. I have the main say-so, but the kids are foxy; they try to trip me up by saying something like, "Daddy said it's perfectly all right to go swimming in January." Or, "Mrs. Christensen, our nurse said we didn't have to eat anything but grapes for supper."

I'm smarter than they think. I won't give an answer until I've checked with the source. We adults have agreed never to disagree in front of the children.

One factor in my favor is that I wasn't a sudden surprise, some strange new person come to boss the children and compete with them for their father's affection. I'd been a friend of the family; the children had known me casually for a long time; we'd been friends.

Against me was the fact that though Cheryl and Linda had gone through almost two motherless years, they'd been cared for by a wonderful person like Mrs. Christensen. Cheryl and Linda didn't have that aching, desperate need for me that two little orphans of their age might have had. It wasn't that easy.

Roy understood and decided to provide a fresh beginning. He bought a new house. If I had had to move into Roy's old house I think I would have wanted to redo it. Then, of course, the children might have held it against me, thinking that I was tearing down something their mother had built up. Certainly that wouldn't have been my intention, but I do feel that wherever I live I must create my own atmosphere. That's the only way I know to make a home.

For that reason we haven't had a decorator in the new place. We've used some old furniture, some of Roy's, some of mine, we've added new things. A house, it seems to me, ought to be a reflection of your own taste. I'm trying to make ours com-



critic's corner

Try to find Scott on the screen when he isn't smiling. Look up, look down, look sideways at the screen and what have you got? Randolph Scott wreathed in that smile. And in cinecolor, too. . . . That smile means a lot in the Western. It means that he is kind to little children, that he is a doer of good deeds, that he loves only the noblest of women. He may beat the villain to a pulp, he may find that his uncle's a crook, he may suffer adversities unheard of until *Albuquerque* came along, but he's got that smile to carry him through.

Vernon Rice, The New York Post

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fortable, colorful, informal—the kind of place you expect to see Roy in. Last night we all hung the new curtains in the girls' room. They helped. A lot of curtains—16 windows with a valance running above, all around the room. Red and white tissue gingham, striped curtains, checked bedspreads. And they have a dressing table as well as special places for their toys.

The house is not really new; it belonged for years to the late actor, Noah Beery. There are advantages in those big, old-fashioned houses. Interesting and great fun for the children; huge closets you can walk into and get lost in, lots of nooks and crannies to explore. Outside, the grounds are rustic with rabbits and quail skittering around, loads of pine trees, three large fish ponds that used to be stocked with bass, and a lot of paths.

Someone had the thought the other day that if we connected the three ponds, we'd have a nifty swimming hole. We're brooding about this now.

Roy, who has never been known to flinch when he watches those two small girls climb up on man-sized horses out at the ranch and go galloping across the fields, talks about the projected swimming hole as a "hazard." Until we are more confident of the girls' swimming prowess we probably won't have a pool. Dusty, not yet two, is never allowed to run loose near the fish ponds.

I have spent a lot of time at home lately. I want to give the girls a sense of warmth and security. Some afternoons I read to Cheryl and Linda, but there is no established reading ritual at bedtime. I can't guarantee always to be there at bedtime, and I don't want them disappointed. My jewelry box is always open to the girls and they are allowed to come into my room to fool around and dress up. Occasionally they get laughs from guests in the house when they make sudden entrances wearing makeup and earrings along with some other finery lifted from my wardrobe. Just so long as they don't wear it outside, I think it's fun.

A fan sent me a handsome patchwork quilt recently and the girls were so intrigued that I cut it up and made three skirts—for them and myself. They helped with the pinning and I did the sewing by hand. Now the three of us go places dressed alike. Cheryl and Linda adore the effect. When those two little girls give me the pal treatment, I find myself acting like a dog who's just been tossed a bone.

saturday is picnic day . . .

Saturdays have become picnic days for us. Picnics can mean many things—a trip to the store, to the zoo in Griffith Park, a basket lunch enjoyed on a hilltop after a hike, or perhaps a hotdog treat at a drive-in followed by a visit to the local children's carnival, *Collin's Kiddieland.* To the girls, a menu of cheeseburgers, pickles, milk shakes, chocolate sundaes, popcorn and sodapop seems adequate for such an occasion. I hate to be a black reactionary about anything, but I find I now have a vested interest keeping the children in condition so they'll sleep through the night. Besides, there's the immediate situation to consider: how a pair of stuffed stomachs will react to that airplane deal they always want to have six rides on—all upside down.

When the kids yell down from the airplanes after the third ride, "Dale, we're *so* hungry, please can't we have popcorn now?" I flip a page in the magazine I'm reading on the bench below and wonder if formal training in diplomacy would have helped.

The children brag some—as do most offspring of movie stars—about their father. I'm told that now that they've got an actress in the family they feel they have an even stronger position among their small friends. This bothers Roy a little. "We just won't have snobbish children," he says. Linda and Cheryl have digested that phrase and seem to understand. The other evening Cheryl came home from school and told me:

"You know, a boy at our school is so spoiled, his parents let him have everything he wants. He always says, 'My daddy's a *policeman,* and I can do anything I want.'

"I told him, 'My daddy is *Roy Rogers,* but I have to mind.'"

It wasn't until the first Christmas after Roy's wife died, I think, that he realized what problems beset a movie star trying to bring up children. He wanted so much to be home a lot with the kids, but business kept taking him away. He was miserable about it, and when the Christmas season came along he was literally swept away with emotion about the children and determined to make up to them. He got a particularly huge tree and there were closets full of presents from him, and more closets full from fans who also remembered that the Rogers children had lost their mother that year.

Well sir, Roy says the children came running into the room Christmas morning and were overwhelmed with what they saw. They'd pick up a package, tear off the wrapping, give the present a glance, drop it, pick up another. In a flash this present was tossed aside while others were snatched up, then walked over. It was easy to see they had too much. And it made Roy sick.

Roy had been a country boy with few advantages, you know. His family had nothing. He still remembers with a vivid shiver of pleasure the Christmas he finally got a knife he had longed for and dreamed about for three long years. It had been his only present; it was enough.

To this day, presents mean so much to Roy. He is always enthusiastic and excited when he receives a gift. Yet, if he didn't take precautions, his children could become bored with life at twelve.

Nowadays the children get very few gifts from their family, and presents from fans are steered to a children's hospital where they can do a lot of good and no harm.

Children always want something. If you have the money and can afford it, it's easier to give in all the time. But I refuse to bow to every wish. Some day those children will have to work for what they get.

I'd better admit it: those little kids have wheedled me out of plenty. Cheryl is like a lawyer, always with twelve reasons why she should have just something. Linda gazes appealingly at me with those big brown eyes of hers. And that baby, soft, and lovable, always with a hug and a kiss.

Those kids—they've got the Rogers charm; it gets me every time.

our august issue is **taylor**-made with **elizabeth taylor** on the cover of **modern screen** on sale **july 9**

THE TEN GREATEST GABLE STORIES

(Continued from page 52)

But there he was, and she was so terrified she couldn't even squeak "hello." He handed her a package wrapped in a red ribbon. "I can't sing or make speeches very well," he said, "but, Judy, I've wanted for a long time to thank you for one of the nicest things that ever happened to me. That song—" Then he turned and was gone.

"I almost dropped the birthday gift," Judy told me once, long ago. "Glad I didn't. It was a record. Clark had spent the whole afternoon—I found out later—making it. I sneaked away from the party to play it and it's still my prize platter, because Clark said to the recording mike what he was too bashful to say to me.

"How nice he thought I was, how he'd watched me—known for a long time I'd make good as an actress—how he loved to hear me sing, oh, a lot of things embarrassing to tell, but very easy on my ears. I sat and played it again and again, and cried and cried. What a wonderful birthday! And all the time I'd never suspected that Clark Gable knew I was alive and on the same lot!"

She sighed. "The sweetest man ever to make a picture—and one of the shyest . . ."

To the young stars who've grown up around him at M-G-M Gable's been the one Hollywood hero who summed up all their hopes and ambitions.

TO MICKEY, GABLE IS HOLLYWOOD

Mickey Rooney, for instance, used to tag Clark around the M-G-M lot like a shadow, copying everything he did. The Mick's best star impersonation is his deadly take-off on Clark Gable. Clark caught him at it once years ago on the set of *Manhattan Melodrama*, and Mickey'd have died gladly in the embarrassment, but Clark asked him to do it again and still does whenever he catches him. The most unbelievable moment of Mickey Rooney's fabulous career must have been when he succeeded Clark Gable as national box-office champ. "I didn't believe it. It was impossible," said Mickey. "Clark is Hollywood to me . . ."

GABLE HAD HER WRONG

Clark Gable was also the man who handed Lana Turner the dizziest thrill of her life with five little words. It happened, though, long after she first met the mighty Gable. Lana was only sixteen when she woke up as M-G-M's bewildered Cinderella girl. The front office trotted her down to Clark's set, practically immediately. Looking ahead, they spotted her as a possible leading lady for their head man star. Lana didn't know that, of course. Neither did Clark. Luckily, they didn't tell him.

Clark was friendly, but baffled. What were they bringing this green little high school girl to *him* for? What was this, the children's hour?

It still gives Lana gooseflesh to think of that reading. It was ghastly. She barely knew what a script was, and she was frozen with awe. Later on she learned what Clark had said after she'd tottered out.

"She's a sweet, pretty kid," he told people. "But she'll never, never be able to act."

"There have been times," Lana will tell you, "when I've thought Clark had something. But I made some pictures and I learned a few things.

"One day I got the news that I'd make a picture with Clark. Experienced as I was by then I shook like a leaf at the very idea. Clark didn't exactly jump with joy either. He hadn't watched my career. When they told him his next leading lady was Lana Turner, Clark still pictured that awkward, scared little high school girl. 'Are you kidding?' he exploded. I heard about that, too.

"So I couldn't have been behind a blacker eight-ball when I started *Honky-Tonk*. There was one person in the world I wanted to prove myself to—and you can guess who. I put everything I had into our scenes that first morning. In the afternoon, I found a box of flowers in my dressing-room with a note. It read *I'm the world's worst talent scout! Clark.*

"I'd barely finished reading it, before the face that had given me shivers and shakes poked through the door, wearing a sheepish grin. Then Clark spoke the five words that made me prouder than any gold Oscar ever could. 'Baby,' he said, 'you're a terrific actress!'

"Since then," she laughs, "sometimes I think maybe I am. You know why? Because Clark Gable said so . . ."

TRACY RIBBED THE KING

Let's consider Spencer Tracy next. Spence and Clark have been buddies since way before *Boom Town* and Spence likes to chat about the coronation of Clark. How Gable got that tag—the King.

"It's my most glorious picture of the Great Lover," Tracy muses happily. "One afternoon I picked up a paper and read where some box-office poll named Clark the 'King of Hollywood.' I grabbed the phone and called the prop department. We sneaked on the Gable set that night and worked late. Next morning when Clark stepped through the door a long, red carpet stretched clear across the stage. All along, huge signs greeted Gable, *Long Live Our King* and *We Love Our Royal Highness*. Everybody Clark passed salaamed, crying, 'O, King!'—actors, director, cast and crew. It was lovely, but Clark kept his top until he opened his dressing-room door.

"The whole room was draped in purple. His chair was gone; in its place we'd stuck a gilded throne. There was even a moth-eaten ermine robe draped across the arm, and a crown and sceptre. We ganged up on him then, pulled him down, and crowned him 'King of Hollywood.' That's when Gable blew up. He roared like a bull, 'Tracy—you did this,' and came after me. Well, I beat him out the door and off the lot to save my health. But all you have to do to set Gable on fire, is to say, 'Long live the King!' "

"MAJOR GABLE" MEANT NOTHING

In the book of John Lee Mahin (the

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*Valli

*One of the 7 great stars in DAVID O. SELZNICK'S production of ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

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writer, and Clark's close pal) Gable's the biggest softie ever. Johnny went through Air Corps days at Clark's side, and the thing that struck him all along the line about Clark was his consideration for others.

Clark kept a camera with him all the time they were overseas and took rolls of pictures of every man in their crew. One day a kid who'd been with their outfit a long time and flown a flock of missions didn't come back. They'd thought a lot of him and it cast a pall over the whole Officers' Club. Some of them went out and had some drinks to try and forget it. Not Clark. He went right to his desk and wrote a long letter home to that flyer's wife telling her all about her husband, how everyone liked him, how they missed him, how sorry he was. He sent along all the pictures he'd taken. He did that every time something like that happened.

"The guys who flew with Clark were all crazy about him," Johnny'll say fervently. "He bent over backwards every minute not to be Clark Gable, the Hollywood star. I never saw him flash his Hollywood fame to get himself anything—except once.

"We were in London—a bunch of us—on leave. The younger flyers looked on Clark as a sophisticated man of the world, able to wangle almost anything. That put him on the spot one night when the Krauts were on the run and there was occasion to celebrate. A gang wanted to step out to the Savoy or some posh place and asked Clark to line up reservations. That particular night, all London wanted to celebrate too, of course, and the tight table situation was practically hopeless.

"Clark got on the phone though. 'This is Major Gable,' he started. 'I'd like a reservation for twelve at—'

"That's as far as he got. 'Sorry, sir, we're all filled.' He tried again. And again. And again. 'This is Major Gable.' It didn't mean a thing. The boys were getting a little worried after eight or ten turndowns and believe me, when it came to doing anything for his gang, Clark would go the limit. Next place he called he did.

"'Say,' he said, loud and haughty. 'This is *CLARK GABLE,* and I want a table!' He got it.

"One incident adds up Clark Gable more to me than any I can remember.

"We found ourselves in Colorado Springs one night right before we went overseas, and right after some fairly rugged weeks in Officers' Training School. We hadn't had a look at a pretty girl for a painfully long time. We strolled into the bar at the Broadmoor Hotel, and there wasn't a soul around except two girls sitting at a table. They were well dressed, obviously well bred.

"Both of us were dying for feminine company but we didn't get even a glance. 'Damn it,' Clark said at last. 'I'm gonna ask those girls if they'll have a drink with us.'

"'Ten to one you get blitzed.' I bet him.

"Clark shrugged, 'They can't shoot you for trying.' He strolled up, flashed his best Gable smile. 'Hope I'm not being rude, but my friend and I would love to buy a drink.'

"One girl gave him an icy smile. 'No thank you,' she said. But the other studied Clark with puzzled friendliness. 'Funny,' she mused, 'but you look *so* familiar to me. We couldn't possibly have met somewhere?'

"'Maybe,' smiled Clark. 'I'm Lieutenant Clark Gable.'

"'Oh,' laughed the girl. *'That's* it.' Then she made a remark that I often kid Clark about. 'I'm sorry, Lieutenant Gable,' she teased, 'but you do this sort of thing much better in the movies!'

"They finally broke down and had a drink and Clark asked if they wouldn't have dinner and dance with us that night. 'All right,' the friendly one said, 'That should be fun. I haven't been dancing since my husband left for overseas.' Clark pumped her for an hour or so all about him, where he was, what she'd heard. Finally the girls left to get dressed and Clark and I sat around our room. Clark didn't say much, just chain smoked. Suddenly he grabbed the telephone, called the two girls and cooked up a story that our colonel had called us, we had to leave at once, we couldn't take them out. Then he ordered flowers, penned a nice apology, wished them luck.

"I was struck a bit dumb by it all. 'How come?' I asked him. 'What got into you?'

"'A-h-h-h,' growled Clark, scowling like a thundercloud, 'when a guy's overseas dodging lead, I'm not gonna take his girl out stepping!'

"We fidgeted in our room until plane time next morning. Because Clark Gable, on second thought, couldn't be that way. That," Johnny Mahin says, "is Gable to me . . ."

mr. fix-it

Howard Strickling, boss of M-G-M's publicity department, is Clark Gable's next-door neighbor. Their ranches out Encino way almost run into each other. Howard has known Clark since the days when Clark was slinging Norma Shearer around the set in *A Free Soul,* but he can still work up a wonder wrinkle about the guy.

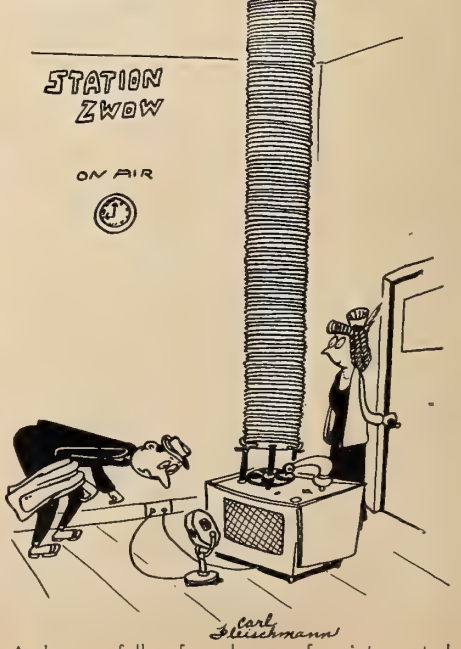
"I dropped out to Clark's house once on studio business," Howard relates to listeners, "not long after he'd taken the first big hitch on his fame. I found him out in his garage, in oil soaked overalls, smeared all over with grease, half buried in the engine of his car.

"'For gosh sakes,' I kidded him, 'you can afford to get your car fixed at a garage by now. You're a star—why act like a grease monkey?'

"'Listen,' came Clark's muffled voice out from under the hood, 'How do I know how long I'll be in this acting racket? My box-office can vanish any minute. I may be darn glad to get a job as mechanic. Besides,' he wiped his grease-smeared face and grinned, 'I've got to know how this works.'

"That was the real reason, of course. He wants to know how everything works.

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"I walked over to his place the other day and found him wrapped up in an apron, canning fruit! He's hipped on home refrigeration and canning and he's learning all the answers! Gable's a good farmer. He knows his stuff."

THE WOMAN HE LOVED

Howard Strickling has been through some rough times with Clark Gable, too. One was the tragic time when Clark's wife, Carole Lombard, lost her life in a plane crash on a Nevada mountainside. Clark rushed to join the search, and Howard was with him.

"We had headquarters in Las Vegas, setting out from there every morning. By night everyone was wet and cold from the snow, and dog-tired from climbing the mountains. Clark couldn't do enough for the search party. Each night he personally ordered a huge steak dinner for everyone. And there was this cowboy deputy named Jack, who couldn't eat his.

"Jack was a typical oldtime cowboy—slow talking and hard bitten—and Clark called him 'sheriff,' talked to him for hours. In all his grief, he couldn't overlook the fascination of a unique guy. But it got Gable's goat every night to watch Jack sit by his sizzling steak and stare hopelessly

"The day we left, I missed Clark, and the plane was waiting. Finally I found him in the hotel in a huddle with a pal of 'Sheriff Jack's.' 'Here,' Clark was saying, 'I don't want to hurt Jack's feelings. But take this two hundred bucks, and for God's sake, get him some teeth!'"

HE THOUGHT GABLE WAS A CREAM-PUFF

Victor Fleming, like me, is a director. He's had Clark Gable in three pictures, including *Gone With the Wind*. Like Spencer Tracy, Vic has few words to spare—he's a man of action—but he can wax eloquent over Clark Gable. "He's the greatest guy I know," he says. "He's also one of the most powerful.

"First time I noticed that strength was making *Test Pilot* with Clark, years ago. We had a scene in a shack where Clark was heaving sandbags. They were prop sandbags, stuffed with sawdust, and when Gable tossed them around, they flew up in the air like balloons. It looked phony, and it worried Clark. He said he wanted real ones so we got 'em—over a hundred pounds they weighed—and Clark heaved them all day long and stayed fresh as a daisy. He's fast, straight and strong, as an actor and as a man . . ."



that's hollywood!

Orson Welles: "When I don't roll my eyes, quote Shakespeare and glow in the dark, people are disappointed." *Ray Milland:* "The Academy Award is a very important thing in Hollywood, especially with head waiters." *Mrs. Alva Edison:* "The years have brought many important changes. Mr. Edison has been responsible for so many of them. I often wish that his inventions had been used as he intended them to be used. When I go to the motion pictures and see some of the disgraceful things, I regret it, as Mr. Edison's idea was that films should be educational as well as entertaining."

Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter

HE KNEW WHEN HE WAS LICKED . . .

Jack Conway, tall, softspoken, has directed more Gable pictures than anyone.

"Clark's a stubborn Dutchman," Jack says, "but reasonable. In all the pictures they've made together they've tangled only once. That time, Jack wanted Clark to crawl under a leading lady's bed, and Clark blew up. 'Not by a damsite!' Gable yelled. 'Not as a man or as an actor have I ever sneaked under anybody's bed, and I'm not gonna start now!' Well, Jack had in mind a funny scene, and he poured on all the persuasion he knew. Clark fought like a wildcat. Even called the head executives of M-G-M in on the battle. Finally Jack talked him into a sporting offer. 'Okay,' Clark agreed at last, 'on one condition. After I do it, I see it, and if I look as much like a jerk as I think I will, out she comes. Right?' They shook hands on that.

Clark showed up at the sneak preview still hostile. When they came to the bed-crawling scene, the audience roared and rocked—even Clark laughed. That was enough for him. He stuck out his hand.

"You win, Jack. From now on, I stick to acting. I'm not trying any more to direct pictures." He never did, again.

Jack calls Clark "America's Sweetheart." Then he usually ducks. Clark thought that tag was funny just once. He and Jack had been hunting down in Mexico for a couple of weeks. The King looked like a black cactus around his face; he hadn't seen soap and water since he left Hollywood. They'd been up late this one night, had about an hour's sleep in their shack when the alarm clock went off for the morning's hunting. Seeing the great Gable there in the cold, gray dawn, whiskered, dirty, red-eyed and spiky-haired, yawning and slapping himself awake delighted Jack. "Well if it isn't America's Sweetheart!" he said.

Gable stepped over to the cracked mirror, squinted at his reflection and shuddered. "God help America!" he grinned. That's one of Jack Conway's favorite pictures of Clark Gable. . . .

HE'D GIVE YOU THE OSCAR OFF HIS MANTEL

I've saved Walter Lang's reminiscences until the last on purpose. He's another veteran Hollywood director, and Walter and "Fieldsie," his wife, are as close a pair to Clark as exists in this world. Madeleine Fields was Carole Lombard's best friend and secretary for years before Fieldsie married Walter and Carole married Clark. They were inseparable as couples when Carole was alive.

Walter could talk about Gable all afternoon, but he couldn't do any better than this story he once told me.

"Our boy, Richard, has one big idol in the world," he said, "and that's Clark. Richard's eight years old, and he wants to be exactly like Clark when he grows up.

"We were over at Clark's house the other Sunday afternoon when Dick got a wave of his usual Gable worship.

"He studied Clark's mantelpiece, and the Academy Oscar sitting there. 'Someday, I'm going to have one of those, too, like you.'

"Would you really like to have it, Richard?' Clark asked. He stepped to the mantel and took down the trophy. 'Here, Dick,' he said, 'from Me to You.'

"So our boy, Richard, has Clark Gable's Oscar and there isn't a prouder kid in the world. I've known a few people in my life who'd give you the shirt off their backs," Walter Lang says, "but did you ever hear of a star who'd give you the Oscar off his mantelpiece? Try and top that story!"

You couldn't, of course. Any more than you could top Clark Gable.

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APARTMENT FOR DIANA

(Continued from page 36)

England-ish than Hollywood. Her apartment reflects that tone.

Romanoff, for example, was completely surprised to enter her apartment and find the foyer lined with an apple-green wallpaper which is a copy of a 19th century pattern. (I'd expected wallpaper by Dali, you know, the kind where you get a prize if you can figure out the motif.)

The living room furniture is sturdy American antique; and you can put your feet on the pieces without fear that the scratches will show. The upholstered pieces are salmon-colored and modern in material, and the carpeting is a soothing green which extends into the dining area.

Now, the dining area is the most versatile sector of the apartment. "I can eat in it alone," Diana says, "and never feel lost at one of the two small, intimate tables. If I have more than three guests, then I push the two tables together and I have a large dining table. I can also entertain a group of friends with a buffet dinner. And the tables can be used for bridge games and card parties."

Diana's dining area is separated from the living room by a waist-high partition that doubles as serving counter and bar. You get the feeling, however, that it's an integral part of the living room because of the extended carpeting and the identical draperies. Diana's dinette is what such a connoisseur on decoration as Romanoff refers to as multi-functional.

This, however, is not true of Diana's bedroom. Romanoff is not an authority on women's boudoirs, but I did notice that Diana's doesn't have a vanity table! This is absolutely unbelievable as regards an actress.

The major portion of the room is occupied by a pair of twin beds. A single headboard and canopy covers both. The canopy, headboard and beds are padded and covered in a blue and white hunting figure chintz. And this same padding covers the wall behind the beds. I was a little puzzled by this, and I said so.

"Actually," Diana said, "it's just a decorating trick, but when people ask me about it, I tell them I like to have something to beat my head against."

"Doesn't your mood room serve that purpose?" I asked.

Diana gave me a small sonata of a smile. "The mood room," she explained, "is where I learn my lines and rehearse my parts."

It (the mood-room) is replete with clever decorating ideas. The ceiling is papered with cabbage roses that overlap the side wall, and the same rose motif is used to cover a desk chair and two slipper chairs. There's a long green satin Victorian couch, and it's purposely not too comfortable because it's easy to lie down and fall asleep when you're studying lines at night, and Diana wanted to resist temptation by having a hard settee.

A series of eleven Godey prints hang on the wall above the settee, but Romanoff can take Godey or leave him. In case you've forgotten, Louis Gody was the Mainbocher of the nineteenth century, and perhaps I should add, the Emily Post of his age.

At this point, aware of the fact that Diana is a pianist of concert stature, you are probably asking what kind of a piano does the girl have and where does she keep this piano?

The piano is a spinet which blends harmoniously with the early American pieces in the living room. Diana loathes the instrument, however. She's always been accustomed to the full-bodied tones which emanate from a grand, and the puny little spinet is present only by virtue of its compactness.

Diana never practices any more than she can help, and since her musical repertoire has been consistently classical, when her boyfriends ask her to beat out some boogie-woogie, she does so very badly.

She's honest about it, however; and this again takes me back to her apartment. It's indicative of that same honesty in its simplicity, its feeling of homeyness. Two big roomy chairs in the living room are covered with glazed chintz "because glazed chintz is a material which sheds dirt." The print on the living room wall is a Currier and Ives "because Currier and Ives prints are pleasant and easy to appreciate." The draperies are made of hand-blocked linen, "because hand-blocked linen needs very little cleaning. I like the early American breakfront because it serves two functions. It's decorative as a display center for my china, and I store my sheet music in the cupboards."

In short, Diana Lynn has a good, practical, honest reason for most of her furnishings and her mode of decoration. In one so young, such good taste fortified by reason and practicality, is indeed surprising.

Romanoff regrets that he can make no report on *la salle du bain.* While I was inspecting Diana's apartment, that all-important room was being occupied by her secretary.

WHAT EVERY WIFE SHOULD KNOW

(Continued from page 60)

"Oleg loves people. All kinds of people. He loves parties. Most big parties are a pain in the neck to me. I used to watch him having such a wonderful time and I couldn't understand it at all. Then I must admit I was *jealous* of him, too. Not any one woman. All the people he would give his time to. I wanted him all to myself. He told me one time that I was just like the selfish, demanding heroine in *Leave Her to Heaven* in which I starred. She was a woman so jealous she destroyed everyone she touched, and I was amazed at the time that he could think that of me but I've come to see that he was right. I was actually almost that possessive.

"For instance on Sunday I wanted to stay around the house and rest. Oleg is a very good tennis player, and he wanted to get in a few sets on Sundays which was the only time his friends could play. This I couldn't be agreeable about.

"I really did a terrible thing several times. I went to the tennis club and called out to him about going home when he was in the middle of a very tight game. How his partners in the games must have hated me!

"When I first thought of divorcing Oleg, my family had a hunch I would regret it. My brother tried to talk me into waiting before making the big decision, but I'm always impatient to get things over with. I told him I knew just what I wanted.

"Oleg was pretty sweet about it all. He is basically such a fine decent man. I've never known him to be mean and petty about anything. There wasn't any bitterness between us. You hear a lot about Hollywood divorces and how the couples are going to remain good friends and then they go out and say the nastiest things about each other to their pals. This wasn't the way with Oleg and me. Each resented any unpleasant remarks about the other.

"I'll never forget how furious I got with a friend who started to hand me a lot of sympathy about how unfortunate I had been in marrying Oleg and how he hoped that the next time I would marry a nice American boy. He was so surprised when I blew my top.

" 'What do you mean a nice American boy?' I almost screamed. 'Oleg *is* a nice American boy. He is as nice as any native-born American I know.' Then I gave the fellow a long lecture. He went away shaking his head and wishing he had never stepped into a situation he couldn't understand. Oleg and I were both surprised to find so many we'd thought were our friends ready to widen the breach between us rather than help us to patch up our troubles.

"I was on the point several times both here and in New York of calling it quits and saying 'let's go back together again' but I couldn't quite bring myself to doing it. I knew as the time grew shorter and shorter that I was more uncertain that I actually wanted to get my final divorce decree. In February my attorney, Charles Millikan, called me and asked if I wanted him to prepare the final papers for March 10. I told him to wait a little. He laughed and said that sounded like good news. I said maybe it was.

"Then Oleg said to me casually that he was going to New York and why didn't I make up my mind to join him there when the picture was finished. There wasn't any great big dramatic moment when we kissed and made up. It was just one natural event following another. I told him I would join him in New York and then it seemed as if we had never really been apart. When we got to New York, we told our families.

"I've grown up a lot in this past year. I know now that I'll never change Oleg. In fact, I don't want him to change. I know he'll never have the key to the front door when we get home so I'll have it. I know he'll never have the address when we start out for a party at a friend's home so I'll make arrangements to have it myself.

"I want him for the fine qualities he has. We're going to live in New York part of the time when I'm not working. He has a very fine business there and an apartment close by.

"We'll live in Connecticut when we can in the summer months, in the big house my family have owned for a long time. I'm selling this little house I bought so merrily when I thought I wanted to be a bachelor girl. We may build a place just suited for us and with room for our little girl, Daria, to be with us. She's been with my mother in New York and I miss her a great deal.

"Oleg is ready now to take his place among the great dress designers and I want to help him all I can. We're going to England together on a sort of second honeymoon. It's really a business trip for me since I'm going to do a picture *The Gay Pursuit* with Rex Harrison and we'll be on location near an old castle in Devonshire. I've learned what every wife ought to know. Don't ever try to make your husband over. If he was what you wanted in the beginning, keep him that way. Successful marriages are founded on the ability to give and take."

DON'T MARRY A HANDSOME MAN

(*Continued from page 49*)

this girl "The Little One." After her came "The Fat One." *She* sent telegrams. "Please meet me at the Café Such-and-Such," she would wire. "It is extremely important. I will be wearing a blue dress with a white hat."

In the first three telegrams she was wearing the blue dress and the white hat. After that she tried new color combinations. There was a yellow dress and blue hat. There was a green dress and a yellow hat. There were so many others that I began to wonder how, so soon after liberation in France, a girl could get so much clothes. Then, with the fifteenth telegram, it was the blue dress and white hat again. Ah! I thought, she is back to that! At least there is a limit to her wardrobe!

This time we complied with the telegram. We went to the café she named in a taxi. But Louis stayed in the taxi while I went in to look. Right away I saw her; a great big girl, so fat as to be a rare sight in a starved France. She had fed well in her life, she had clothes, and now she wanted romance. I went back to Louis and told him about her and he wanted to peek. He went behind some shrubbery and looked in. Then he came right back and told the driver to go on.

"She is very lonely for you," I said.

He looked at me. "She is bearing up under it," he answered. "The waiter just brought her some soup."

About my father's warning, when Louis proposed, I was not too troubled at first. But when Louis signed for Selznick Productions and had to leave for America without me I admit I did not feel so happy. It would be two months before my passport visas cleared and I could follow. In the meantime there would be Louis, alone in Hollywood; alone in the midst of all its beautiful stars, its night club gaiety, its parties! I was a sick girl!

On the day he was to sail I thought of something. Louis is fanatic about music. He can listen to classical and semi-classical compositions for hours. Right there I



*HOLLYWOOD MERRY-GO-ROUND

• Producer Dore Schary tells about the ambitious young bride who decided to teach her actor-husband the social amenities. They spent a weekend at Santa Barbara and while she sat in her cabana, the husband went swimming. Soon he was exhausted by the surf and yelled for help.

The wife rushed down to the water's edge and whispered, "Sh-h-h—not so loud!"

**from the book by Andrew Hecht*



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sweet and hot

by leonard feather

**Highly Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

EASTER PARADE—A Fella With an Umbrella: **Bing Crosby (Decca); *Denny Dennis (London); Skitch Henderson (Capitol); Frank Sinatra (Columbia); Guy Lombardo (Decca); Three Suns (Victor). Better Luck Next Time: **Perry Como (Victor); *Jo Stafford (Capitol); *Dinah Shore (Columbia); George Paxton (M-G-M); Guy Lombardo (Decca). It Only Happens When I Dance With You: *Art Lund (M-G-M); *Perry Como (Victor); Andy Russell (Capitol); Frank Sinatra (Columbia); Guy Lombardo (Decca). Steppin' Out With My Baby: **Denny Dennis (London); *Johnnie Johnston (M-G-M); Guy Lombardo (Decca); Gordon MacRae (Capitol); Dinah Shore (Columbia); Three Suns (Victor).
Yes, it's an impressive parade of pop songs—a little late for Easter, but I'm sure Judy Garland, Fred Astaire and M-G-M don't have to worry about title topicality. Listen especially to the sides by Denny Dennis, waxed in London before he flew over here to join Tommy Dorsey. He'll almost make you believe the fable that in England Bing Crosby is known as "the Yank Denny Dennis"!

MELODY TIME—Title song: *Buddy Clark (Columbia); Hal Derwin (Capitol); Vaughn Monroe (Victor); Lawrence Welk (Decca). Pecos Bill: Sammy Kaye (Victor); Dick Jurgens (Columbia); Captain Stubby (Majestic); Tex Ritter (Capitol); King's Men (M-G-M). Little Toot: *Sammy Kaye (Victor); Modernaires (Columbia); King's Men (M-G-M). Blue Shadows on the Trail: *Denny Dennis (London); *Bing Crosby (Decca); Vaughn Monroe (Victor); Buddy Clark (Columbia); Andy Russell (Capitol); Art Mooney (M-G-M). What a battle of the baritone on *Blue Shadows!* It's a close race, but we'll just stay out of the arguments and just add that *Little Toot,* for little tots, is very cute.

THE PIRATE—*Original cast album (M-G-M). Love of My Life: *Lena Horne (M-G-M); *Harry James (Columbia); *Perry Como (Victor); *Andy Russell (Capitol). You Can Do No Wrong: *Perry Como (Victor). Nina: *Harry James (Columbia). Somehow you miss Gene Kelly's swashbuckling, Barrymorish performance when you listen to the soundtrack of his *Nina* in the album; it loses so much when it can't be seen. But the Harry James version is strictly a jump treatment with no vocal, so once again, I leave it to you!

ROMANCE ON THE HIGH SEAS—It's Magic: **Sarah Vaughan (Musicraft); *Doris Day (Columbia); *Dick Haymes (Decca); *Tony Martin (Victor); *Gordon MacRae (Capitol); Vic Damone (Mercury); Buddy Kaye (M-G-M). It's You Or No One: **Sarah Vaughan (Musicraft); *Tony Martin (Victor); *Margaret Whiting (Capitol); Vic Damone (Mercury); Dick Haymes (Decca). Put 'Em In a Box: *Doris Day (Columbia); *King Cole (Capitol); *Frankie Laine (Mercury).

made him promise that the minute he got to Hollywood he would buy hundreds of records and also one of those machines that plays forever. And that every night, as soon as he got home from the studio, he would put on as many records as the machine would hold!

"Ah!" he said, appreciatively. "My music! So thoughtful of you, Quique."

He sailed and I felt just like the loneliest creature in the world.

Yet, when I landed in New York, two months later, and found a long distance call awaiting me at the hotel from Louis in Hollywood, I told him that I thought I would stay in New York another week.

Honestly, the words came from my mouth before I knew what I was saying! Women do strange things. This was one of mine. I went on prattling, saying I might not have a chance to see New York for a long time and there were many friends I should look up. He exploded. I must not delay, he cried. I must get on a plane immediately.

This was all I wanted to hear! A great weight seemed to jump off my heart. Whatever had happened in Hollywood during Louis' two months' stay, I was not yet out of his thoughts!

A half-hour after I went to sleep, the phone in my room rang again. It was Louis calling back. He had forgotten to tell me something, he said. Every half-hour or so one of us would make up some excuse to call the other. I was up all night on the long-distance telephone so that the next day I slept all the way across the United States in the plane!

platter for two . . .

Louis was then living in a two-room apartment at the Miramar Hotel in Santa Monica. He told me when I landed that it was very small; not many closets; not much room for anything. I was too excited to pay much attention to this and on my first morning at the hotel I got up before he did, thinking I would cook a nice breakfast. I went to the kitchen and saw a big food cupboard. I opened the door and my mouth fell open; it was stuffed with hundreds of records—the music records I had made Louis promise to buy!

For two months I hardly left the hotel while I studied English. I learned by what we now know as the "hello" system. Louis gets many telephone calls, of course, and I am the one who always answers. Whatever the nature of the call, business or social, he would make me do all the talking—and that is how I learned my new language.

And then, when I did begin to go out, I had to learn something new; that all people in the movie business greet each other very affectionately. The very first American man I met in Hollywood said, "Hello, Honey." I looked at Louis for an explanation and he just shrugged with his eyes, which he can do. Then a girl came up to him and cried, "Why, Louis, darling! I haven't seen you for weeks!" This time Louis was carefree to shrug with his shoulders as well when I looked at him to make sure I understood it still meant nothing.

Right now we are both too busy furnishing our new home to think much about anything else. The first room we had finished was the guest room so we could accommodate a visitor—a girl friend of mine who was visiting from Paris. There are still several rooms which are completely empty and in one of these we now keep Louis' records, which today number more than a thousand.

Those records were my friends once, but now I sometimes wonder. When I look forward to going out of an evening Louis will occasionally come home and complain of being ill. He will not touch a bit of food. Finally, when I give up the idea of going out and change from my gown to a robe, he sparkles right up, dashes for his record player and the music pours forth without end. I look at those records and ask myself if maybe I have raised a Frankenstein!

Now and then it works the other way—Louis wishes to go out and I do not. Once he bought tickets to hear Charles Munch, former conductor of the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra, direct the Los Angeles Symphony. On the day of the concert I said I did not feel well and did not think I would be able to go that evening. He insisted and promised me that if I went he would buy me something I had been asking for a long time—a coffee table.

Naturally, I recovered right away and at dinner never felt better in my life. But something in the meal disagreed with poor Louis and he became sick. This was too much. I was all dressed, he was not in too great discomfort; I went to the concert alone. Now follows the argument.

The next day Louis said nothing about the coffee table. The day after that, nothing. A week more and nothing! I decided I had been polite long enough; it was time to ask. He looked at me in astonishment.

"But Quique!" he exclaimed. "Inasmuch as I could not attend the performance of Charles Munch I am automatically released from my promise!"

Louis thinks he is getting away with this excuse but he is mistaken. I have consulted with some of my girl friends and I have a very good plan. I am going to get sick and it will be expensive to cure me. At first I decided I should have influenza but I learned it is possible to cure several cases of influenza for what it costs to buy a coffee table, so now it must be pneumonia. So far I have not been able to find a pneumonia germ in Beverly Hills. But when Louis reads this here in MODERN SCREEN he may take warning.

So far there is a great difference between life with Louis in Hollywood and life with him as it was in France. In France he had made many pictures and was known by reputation and appearance to most of the women in the country. It is not like that here. Not yet. Women who see him on the street know he is handsome, perhaps, but only a few recognize him as Louis Jourdan. After all, his first picture, *The Paradine Case,* is just in the theaters now. But when this one, and his other pictures, *Letter From an Unknown Woman* (Ha!), *No Minor Vices* and *Trilby* are shown—what then? I ask myself. Will there be the strange visitors again, the letters and telegrams from women? Will they seek him out as they did in France?

I hope so! Otherwise, it will mean he is not popular—no?

I SAW IT HAPPEN



My friends and I had just left the Capitol Theater in N. Y. after having seen that zany comedian Danny Kaye. We waited for almost two hours at the back door, hoping that Danny'd come out. Just as we were about to give up we heard yelling from above. As we looked up we saw Danny's blond head hanging out of a window on the tenth floor. "Yoo-hoo," he was shouting, "here I am." As we had just seen his act three times with a different routine each time not even this crazy gesture of Danny's surprised us.

Linda Deutschman
Bronx, New York

Are you neglecting your most important feature?



Of course you use flattering face powder and just the right lipstick. But do you neglect your most important feature—your *eyes*? Here's something smart modern girls are realizing; when make-up stops with just a nice complexion and brilliant red lips, neglected eyes appear dull and drab by contrast.

It's so easy to give your eyes *their* full share of beauty-magic—with MAYBELLINE! A few simple brush strokes of this famous Mascara will make your lashes look naturally dark, long, sweeping. And it's so easy to shape your brows gracefully with the soft, smooth Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Then behold the difference! Your eyes are so much lovelier! Your entire face is more attractive, for your make-up is perfectly balanced—*completely* flattering.

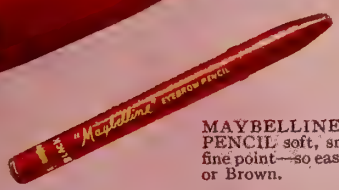
So never, never forget to accent your eyes, daytime or evening. Only be sure you use MAYBELLINE, the eye make-up in good taste — preferred by smart women everywhere.

MAYBELLINE CAKE MASCARA in new red and gold-tone metal vanity, $1. Refills, 50c. Shades: Black, Brown, Blue. Also in 25c and 10c sizes.)





MAYBELLINE CREAM MASCARA (applied without water) comes in handy leatherette case, $1. (Also in 25c and 10c sizes.) Shades: Black and Brown.



MAYBELLINE EYEBROW PENCIL soft, smooth quality, fine point—so easy to use! Black or Brown.

MAYBELLINE EYE SHADOW in subtle shades of Blue, Brown, Blue-gray, Green, Violet, Gray.



Natural color photographs by Carlyle Blackwell, Jr., Hollywood

Maybelline

WORLD'S FAVORITE EYE MAKE-UP

SORRY, GENTLEMEN,
THIS CONTEST
FOR WOMEN ONLY!

In honor of this year's June Brides... Camay offers

$47,500 in prizes!



EVERY WOMAN CAN ENTER...YOU MAY WIN!

This is the season of beauty and romance and brides! To honor the June Brides of 1948, Camay is running a new kind of contest... *for women only!* And this contest is really *five* contests—you may enter every week for 5 weeks. Every week, Camay will award a $1,000 bill. And there are 2,630 prizes in all!

So easy to enter — here's what you do!

First, try Camay. Your *first cake* of Camay can bring a smoother, clearer skin—if you give up careless cleansing—stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet, described on the wrapper. And try Bath-Size Camay, too. Daily baths with Bath-Size Camay can make you lovelier from head to toes!

Tips that may help to make you a winner!

Discover Camay's advantages—and enter the Contest. Finish the sentence "I like Camay because....." in 25 additional words or less, following the contest rules. Write about Camay's mildness—its fragrance—any quality you prefer. You may win $1,000!

EVERY WEEK FOR 5 WEEKS

First Prize—$1,000 in Cash

25 Prizes—$100 Each in Cash

AND



500 MIRRO-MATIC PRESSURE COOKERS
(4-Quart Size)

2,630 WINNERS IN ALL!



Camay

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

READ THESE EASY RULES!

1. Complete this sentence, "I like Camay because....." in 25 additional words or less. Get an official entry blank from your dealer or write on one side of a plain sheet of paper. Print plainly your name and address.

2. Mail to Camay, Dept. RM, Box 357, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Enter as often as you wish, but be sure to enclose the wrappers from one regular-size and one bath-size cake of Camay, or three regular-size wrappers, or facsimiles, with each entry.

3. Any female resident of the continental United States and Hawaii may compete, except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies and their families. Contests subject to all Federal and State regulations.

4. There will be five weekly contests, each with an identical list of prizes. Opening and closing dates—

CONTEST	OPENS	CLOSES
1st contest	Now	Sat., June 12
2nd contest	Sun., June 13	Sat., June 19
3rd contest	Sun., June 20	Sat., June 26
4th contest	Sun., June 27	Sat., July 3
5th contest	Sun., July 4	Sat., July 10

5. Entries received before midnight, Saturday, June 12, will be entered in the first week's contest. Thereafter, entries will be entered in each week's contest as received. Entries for the final week's contest must be postmarked before midnight, July 10 and received by July 24, 1948.

6. Prizes awarded each week will be:

1st Prize—$1,000.00 in cash.
25 Prizes of $100.00 each in cash.
500 additional prizes, each a Mirro-Matic Pressure Cooker (4-quart size)

7. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity, and aptness of thought. Judges' decisions will be final. Only one prize will be awarded to a person. In case of ties, the full prize tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents, and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble.

8. First prize winners will be announced on Camay's radio program, "Pepper Young's Family," about 3 weeks after the close of each weekly contest. All winners will be notified by mail. Prize winner lists will be available approximately one month after the close of the last contest.

"Watch Your Step, Lana!" Page 28

JUL 13 1948

modern screen

ugust 15c

RETURN TO PERIODICAL DIVISION
NEWSPAPER REFERENCE ROOM (ANNEX)



SHIRLEY TEMPLE
and
LINDA SUSAN

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BODY AND SOUL



The Soul is fragile, pure and shining.
The Body is thrillingly exciting with the scent of a million crushed Lilacs, Roses and Gardenias. Flower fragrances wrap you in a brilliant, romantic glow.

Glorify yourself with Lander's flower-fresh talcs, and you'll invite Love. When you weave a garland of Lilacs, Roses and Gardenias, you'll bind him to you—forever. Today . . . tonight . . . always, be lovely with Lander's—Body and Soul.



LANDER'S

For the Talc that Tempts

10¢ EACH

Ask for other Lander toiletries.
At all 10¢ toilet goods counters.
15¢ West of the Mississippi

THE LANDER CO. FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



But will you be showered with attention, Sugar?

Don't let that bath-freshness fade—stay sweet to be near!

A star-spangled evening *begins* in your bath, it's true. You start off sweet and dainty. But what will you do to *keep* underarm odor from turning your dreams to dust?

After your bath washes away *past* perspiration, remember—Mum's the word for safer, surer protection against risk of *future* underarm odor.

Be a safety-first girl with Mum

Product of Bristol-Myers

Safer for charm—Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness all day or all evening.

Safer for skin—Because Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Snow-white Mum is gentle—harmless to skin.

Safer for clothes—No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.

Advertisement

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

AUGUST, 1948

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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IRVING BERLIN'S EASTER PARADE

MGM

Color by TECHNICOLOR

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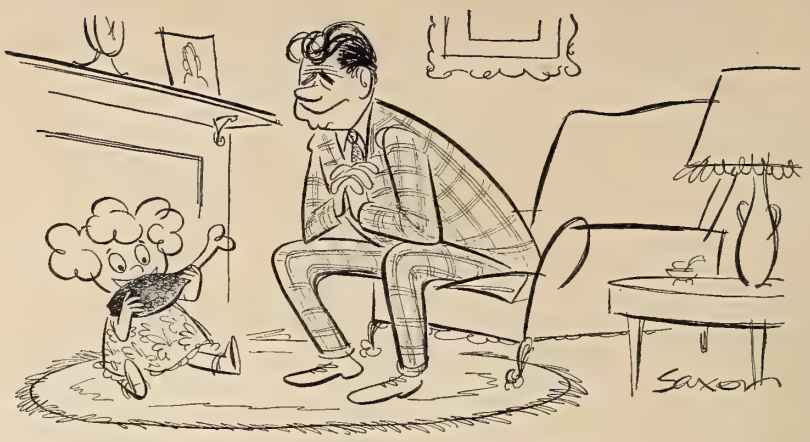
Screen Play by SIDNEY SHELDON, FRANCES GOODRICH and ALBERT HACKETT

Original Story by FRANCES GOODRICH and ALBERT HACKETT

Lyrics and Music by IRVING BERLIN · Musical Numbers Directed by ROBERT ALTON · Directed by CHARLES WALTERS · Produced by ARTHUR FREED

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE





To our Readers

BARBARA STANWYCK'S Uncle Buck is not Barbara Stanwyck's real uncle, but he might as well be. He writes the story of their rare, long-standing friendship in this issue. He used to buy her turkey legs when she was so small she'd have fitted into his pocket. She isn't so small any more, but the pocket's still open to her. The only fault he has to find with Barbara is that you'd have to nail her shirts to her shoulder blades to keep her from giving them away. I'm wearing one of her old shirts this minute.

THIS, COME TO think of it, is about as sentimental an issue as the old book has had in some time. Take a look through our collection of Shirley Temple art, pps. 54 to 57, if you don't believe it. Henry and I sit and stare at Shirley when she was eight, and Shirley when she was nine, and Shirley when she was fifteen, and then we count each other's wrinkles. It's a sad little business. But Shirley's having a baby makes up for it all, somehow; it's as though with Linda Susan, we get back our lost youth.

AS FOR LARRY PARKS, he never lost his youth, but he nearly lost his boyish laughter. Right now, he's standing on the horns of so many dilemmas that a bed of nails would feel soft under his feet. He tells you about it himself, on page 30.

BY THE WAY, I don't like to cast any slurs. Partly because I'm a sweet fellow, partly because whomever I slurred might stop buying M. S. But I think Hedda Hopper's looking for a new job. And I think the job is as Lana Turner's manager. It wouldn't be a bad idea. Wait till you read the story "Watch Your Step, Lana," on page 28, and you'll see. Hedda's affection for Lana shines right through her words. Besides affection there's admiration and concern. Hedda thinks Lana's been given a lousy deal by a lot of people she trusted, and Hedda doesn't go for that. So she's putting on her most fear-inspiring hat—the one with the war feathers—and she's pulling it down over her ears, and she's going out to raise a little fuss. Lana could use a few more friends like Hedda. Anybody could.

Albert P. Delacorte

ALBERT P. DELACORTE

DANA ANDREWS

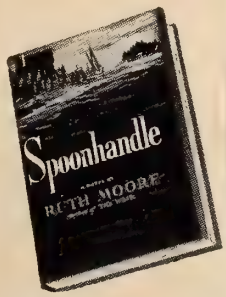
A man possessed by the sea... and something more!

JEAN PETERS

A portrayal as exciting as in "Captain from Castile"!

The Sea is a Woman

...beautiful...
and,
like you...
cruel!"



From the best-seller "SPOONHANDLE" that thrilled millions in Reader's Digest!

Deep Waters

with

CESAR ROMERO · DEAN STOCKWELL · ANNE REVERE

Ed Begley

Directed by
HENRY KING

Produced by
SAMUEL G. ENGEL

20th CENTURY-FOX

Screen Play by Richard Murphy • Based on the Novel "Spoonhandle" by Ruth Moore

louella parsons' Good news

Hello and s'long.

Excuse me—guess I should explain I'm heading for Europe in two days and by the time you read this, I should be just about ready to come home from tours of Ireland, England, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Italy and France.

I haven't had a vacation in two years and I'm really excited about the trip. But you and I are NOT going to miss our monthly gossip fests. Along with the Hollywood news, I will get out my trusty typewriter and tell you about the movie goings-on in Europe because many of your favorites will be vacationing there this summer—or making movies in London or Italy.

I expect to see Tyrone Power, the Rex Harrisons, Clark Gable, Sonja Henie, Deborah Kerr, Rosalind Russell, Lana Turner, Eleanor Parker, Laurence Olivier, Vivien Leigh, Robert Donat and — oh, well — that's next month's GOOD NEWS. Meanwhile—let's go Hollywood.

* * *

Was it all smoke and no fire in those rumors that the Gregory Pecks were rifting? Let me tell you what I think:

The Pecks, I have good reason to believe, had a little argument. But it had nothing to do with pretty, little Greta's run-in with the police after her car side-swiped another in a traffic jam. Unfortunately, Greta and Greg just happened to be having a tiff at that time.

For a few days, he did leave home and moved in with a close friend. But it wasn't anything serious between them and they knew it—so they vehemently denied they were having trouble when reporters called to check.

How smart of them. There are squalls that blow up in every marriage and the movie stars are just as human as the rest of us.

I respect the Pecks for keeping their private battles private and in not rushing into print with every little tiff. Frankly, I'm good and fed up with the temperamental darlings who make public announcements every time they disagree—then they loudly kiss and make up —until the next hurdle.

* * *

Gene Tierney is a girl who is too quick in making her private and professional affairs open to the world.

She and Oleg Cassini parted to the tune of front page publicity. But they continued to dine and date—also in the public eye. Then, not only did Gene secretly reconcile with her husband, but she chose this interesting event as the one to keep quiet about—and it was the one she most certainly should have told her studio about. Gene and Oleg are going to have a baby!

She was several months pregnant when the news finally came out, and her 20th Century-Fox bosses couldn't have been more surprised for they had cast her for the starring role in *The Fan* (*Lady Windemere's Fan*) and she had agreed to do it!

Otto Preminger was within ten days of starting the picture when he was told he must substitute a new star immediately. Little Jeanne Crain was rushed into wardrobe fittings, some re-writing had to be done at the last minute to fit the new leading lady and a hectic time was had by all.



Before Louella left on vacation tour abroad, Hollywood gave her send-off. Cocktail party and buffet supper in Wynn Rocamora's home ended festivities. Among those who bade Louella *au revoir* were the Paul Henreids.



Host Wynn filled his home with flowers for farewell party, had scenes from Louella's life carved in ice! Here, he greets Johnnie Johnston and Kathryn Grayson. Johnstons expect stork sometime near Labor Day.

I think everyone could have forgiven Gene more easily if she hadn't formed the habit of practically living on the front pages and then done a right about face and become secretive about an important thing she should have told.

* * *

It was a rush of parties before I left for Europe, but the most unexpected was the soirée given by the Gary Coopers for about one hundred people. I say "unexpected" because the Coopers have been married for many years and this is the first time I've known them to give with one of these great beeg affairs.

Too big for their house, the party was held in a decorative tent in the back modeled after a swank night club. Tables gleaming with silver, crystal and flowers were placed around the built-in dance floor and the imported orchestra played hot and sweet music all evening.

First couple I spotted was Clark Gable and Ann Sothern—but don't get excited. They are old friends, two people who like to have laughs together and there's nothing romantic between them.



Chic-ly attired in black faille suit with lace trimming, guest-of-honor Louella chats with Constance Moore. Wynn's party followed one given by Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon in honor of Louella's first vacation in 2 years.



Pat Knight and Cornel Wilde hiked back to the kitchen of Wynn Rocamora's home, finished off the *hors d'oeuvre* prepared by Marie Antoinette caterers. Wildes'd planned short trip to England—found they couldn't afford it.



Jack Benny, who's completed 17th year with NBC, escorted wife Mary Livingston to Wynn's party—they made date with Louella for meeting in London. Jack will appear at London Paladium.



Gay foursome at Rocamora's were the Louis Jourdans and the David Nivens. David will leave his bride and two kids soon for England, where he'll star in *The Scarlet Pimpernel*—film which Leslie Howard once made.

Good news



Joan Crawford, with Christina and Christopher, at an unusual art show in the Toy Menagerie, exclusive toy shop in Beverly Hills. Host Uncle Bernie exhibited portraits of movie stars' kids.



Hedy Lamarr's daughter Denise, 3 (her dad's John Loder), may have a step-father if mom says "yes" to Billy Wilder. Hedy gets her first Technicolor role in Danny Kaye's *Happy Days*.

Ann was really "done" in a white tulle, completely backless gown, the most extreme evening dress I have ever seen her wear.

All the girls seemed to be decked out as exotically as possible. Linda Christian looked as pretty as a magazine cover as she twirled by in the arms of Tyrone Power—Linda with three big orchids piled high in her hair. Yep, at this writing this romance is still sizzling and these two have eyes only for each other.

At a large table with Deborah Kerr and the William Goetzes, I spotted Gene Tierney who, earlier this same day, had admitted she was going to have a baby. She is a girl I find difficult to understand but, perhaps, she finds me hard to understand. Some people do, you know.

The traffic in and out of the Coopers' was like a crowded intersection because many of the guests had been invited to the Walter Langs' the same night and covered both affairs.

It is always great fun when Walter (he directed *Sitting Pretty*) and his "Fieldsie" give with a party and this occasion was no exception. I spotted June Havoc, Cesar Romero, the Zachary Scotts and Ann Sheridan all having a time for themselves. Ann, I might add, is one of the few Hollywood beauties still wearing her long hair high on her head. Most of the belles have gone in for the new, short hair cut—but Ann says she knows her style and is sticking to it. All in all, it was "two" big nights in one.

* * *

Hurray for Van Johnson—and I mean it!

When he found he was making himself sick with worry over carrying the load of a $125,000 mansion on which he still owed almost $100,000 he came right out and said he was through with all this "movie star" living.

"This tennis court, swimming pool razzle-dazzle is breaking my back and my health" said the one and only Van. "Evie agrees with me—and we are selling this place as soon as possible. It's all right to run a country club if you can afford it, but never again for me."

So they are leaving the estate Van purchased for his bride as a wedding present just as soon as they can find a small place in Beverly Hills or Westwood—just big enough to take care of Van, Evie, the two Wynn boys and the new Miss Johnson, of course.

* * *

John Payne is carrying a torch for Gloria De Haven THAT high.

Joan Caulfield, herself, put me straight about this after I printed that I heard she and John had sparked a romance while filming *Larceny*.

"That's a lot of nonsense," explained Joan, but not crossly. (She has a wonderful disposition—that one.) "John is still terribly in love with his wife and can't think about anything or anyone else but Gloria and the children."

So, it is just a coincidence that John and Joan will appear together in summer stock in *The Voice of the Turtle*—and nothing they have planned so they can be together. By the time they are ready to head East, perhaps Gloria and John will make up their difficulties. They have parted and reconciled—before.

* * *

So much sentiment and sweetness intermingled with the church solemnity when Diana Wanger, daughter of Joan Bennett married handsome John Anderson last month

Here comes the bridesmaid....
There lurk the wolves....
Now starts something....

more romantic than a honeymoon!

She's a different, delightful, captivating Betty —singing, dancing and romancing — in Elmer Rice's fabulously funny Broadway stage hit!



Paramount Presents

BETTY HUTTON

Hilarious—As She Tries To Find Out What Makes Men Tick!

MACDONALD CAREY

Fun—When He Teaches Betty About Dreams And How To Wake Up And Live!

in

"Dream Girl"

with

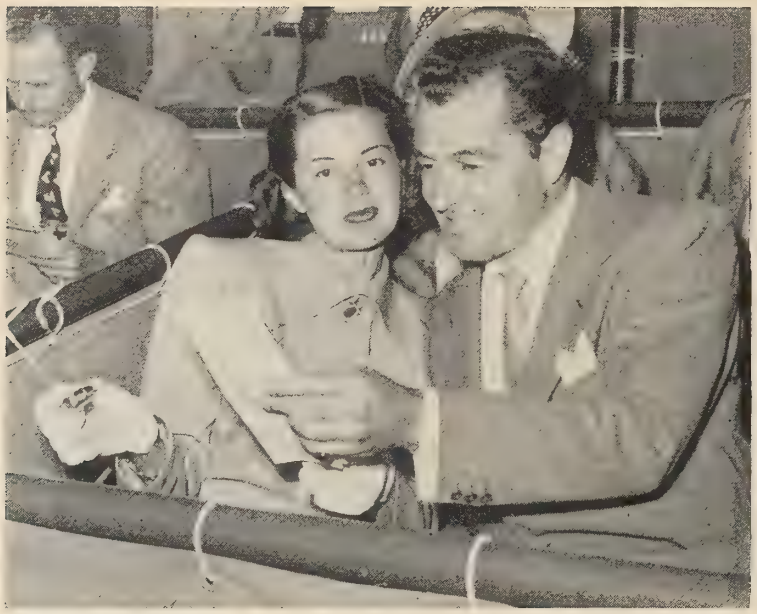
PATRIC KNOWLES · VIRGINIA FIELD
WALTER ABEL · PEGGY WOOD

A Mitchell LEISEN Production

Produced by P. J. WOLFSON
Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN

You'll Hear The Critics "Hurrah!" for Betty Hutton in this *different*, new hit! See if you don't say: "Wonderful! She's an actress we've never really seen before!"

Good news



Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin, newly married, at opening of Hollywood Park. Under Cyd's white glove is a square-cut diamond ring—from Tony. Cyd was formerly Mrs. Niko Charisse (dancer); Tony was once the husband of Alice Faye.



Kay Kyser lectures Michael North and Marilyn Maxwell on the pitfalls of marriage, but the prospective bride and groom aren't taking him seriously, may be wed by the time you read this. They're all guests at Atwater Kent party.

How Joan managed to get through the formal wedding and reception and then to be hostess at a big party the following night for railroad tycoon Robert Young, I'll never know. Joan is expecting her fourth child and so much activity must have been a severe strain on her—but you would never have guessed it the marvelous way she carried off both charming events.

Of course, no one stole the wedding from Diana, the radiant bride who looked like an angel as she came down the aisle on the arm of Walter Wanger—but Stephanie, the Wangers' youngest, certainly ran off with second honors. As flower girl, she was beaming on all and sundry, tossing flower petals with great glee in all directions.

When we went on to the reception at the house right after the ceremony, I whispered in Joan's ear, "How in the world are you going to switch all these beautiful white wedding decorations in time for your cocktail party for Mr. Young tomorrow night?"

"Shhhh," la Bennett whispered back, "it won't look so much like a wedding when we add red roses and some spring flowers to the gardenias and white stock!"

But even so—I heard Walter took Joan to the Bel Air Hotel that night so she wouldn't be disturbed and could get a good night's sleep while the floral redecorating was going on!

* * *

Fashion Flipperies: Peggy Cummins has a white evening gown with a detachable taffeta bustle in the back so when she sits at premieres or in night clubs, she can unsnap it. Off, it looks like a big taffeta evening bag over her arm. . . . Shirley Temple has a white and red sports dress with the initial S on the blouse and a big "T" and "A" (for Temple-Agar) on the pockets of the skirt. . . . I must say these "two way" necklaces are catching on in Hollywood. Rita Hayworth has a necklace made of small diamonds across the front and pearls across the back—or, she can wear the pearls in front and the diamonds in the back. First time I saw this combination was on Norma Talmadge—beloved star of the silent screen. Norma's was diamonds and rubies half way 'round and diamonds and emeralds for the other half. It's a wonderful way to have two necklaces in one—if you can afford one! . . . Alexis Smith has a hand-painted silk apron with all the "vital" telephone numbers printed on a white background—honest, the grocers', the bakers', the candlestickmakers', the Warner Brothers studio and her own number! Plenty cute and plenty handy. . . . June Allyson has red polka dot shoes in both low heels for sports and high heels for dressier moments.

* * *

Very quietly, Frank Sinatra has put his Palm Springs house—his dream house—on the market and he could break down and cry his eyes out about it. But it has to be done.

Life at the resort has become unbearable for the Sinatras for the simple reason that


Pleasure beyond measure! Warner Bros. cruisin'
carousin' Caribbean Carnival in color by Technicolor!
"ROMANCE ON THE HIGH SEAS"
THOSE SONGS
All new and every one a hit-parader!
"IT'S YOU OR NO ONE"
"IT'S MAGIC"
"PUT 'EM IN A BOX"
"I'M IN LOVE"
"RUN, RUN, RUN"
"THE TOURIST TRADE"
JACK CARSON
JANIS PAIGE
DORIS DAY
She's DAYlightful, DAYlicious! A new Day for the singing, dancing screen!
DON De FORE
WITH
OSCAR LEVANT · S. Z. SAKALL · FORTUNIO BONANOVA
DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ · PRODUCED BY ALEX GOTTLIEB · A MICHAEL CURTIZ PROD'N
Screen Play by Julius J. & Philip G. Epstein
Additional Dialogue by I. A. L. Diamond
A WARNER BROS. PICTURES RELEASE

Good news



Olga San Juan and Edmond O'Brien, who'll be married soon in N. Y., spark "I Am An American Day" celebration at Bowl.



Joan Leslie (at "American Day" rally in Hollywood Bowl) will go to Paris for a big showing of American fashions.



A patriotic affair is as good a place as any to haul out your kid's pictures, so Dinah Shore and George Montgomery corner Frank Sinatra to show him latest art on baby Melissa.

the house is built right up to the sidewalk without a chance of fencing it in, and sightseers stand there day and night.

Even the Greyhound Bus now makes an official stop to point out, "This is the home of Frank Sinatra," with the barker making a two minute spiel describing it!

Frankie's nerves aren't the best, anyway, and this routine is doing him in.

It's too bad because they all love the place. Done in modern furnishings, very soft in color and with an eye for comfort everywhere, each room faces on the large patio and swimming pool that is the center of festivities.

Windows, extending from the ceilings to the floor, can be pushed back so that the inside can be thrown into the outside during the fine hot days. Even the bad weather means nothing because a glass sliding "roof" protects the pool even on the rainiest days (as though it ever rained in Palm Springs!).

It's an ideal house for somebody—but not for Frankie Boy.

* * *

When General "Howling" Smith visited Betty Grable on the *Burlesque* set, he signed an autograph to her, "Now I can REALLY tell it to the Marines."

When the beloved Babe Ruth paid a visit, he wrote: "To Betty—who pitches a mean curve."

And the only other autograph she has is Harry James' "To Mamma—whom I remember very well."

* * *

The funniest story of the month concerns five-year-old Alana Ladd, perhaps the most "movie-wise" of the Hollywood youngsters because she is permitted to visit her father's set so often.

But for two weeks she was in the dog house and banished from visiting and here's why: She let out a loud scream when a capsule of blood burst on Alan's shoulder when he was "shot" in *The Great Gatsby*. The take was spoiled and Sue told her, "Don't you know that was just *red ink*? Don't ever cry out—no matter what happens on the set."

It was just a couple of days ago that Alana was permitted to return to watch her old man make movies.

The little girl was sitting directly facing her father behind the camera lines. Everything was quiet, when suddenly a screen tottered, swayed a moment or two and then crashed plank down on Alan's head.

"Why didn't you tell me that thing was wobbling?" demanded her injured parent, nursing a konk on the top of his head.

"I was told," said Alana primly, "not to open my mouth no matter what happens on your set!"

* * *

Sonja Henie dropped by to see me before I took off for foreign parts, and I continue to be amazed at this gal. When I first met her she was Little Miss Butterball, herself, plump, blonde Queen of the Ice Skates, but taking out her fame and success with lots of diamonds and a wardrobe full of pastel dresses.

But now—what a difference!

She looked like a breath of Paris, so chic and well groomed in black and wearing just the right amount of jewelry. I ain't sayin' she hasn't still got plenty of rocks, but she doesn't put them all on at once.

If she weren't Norwegian, she could be described as a typical American success story for she has pulled herself up by her skate straps into a fortune—one of the biggest in the entertainment world. It is much to her credit that she has remained fresh and unspoiled and enthusiastic.

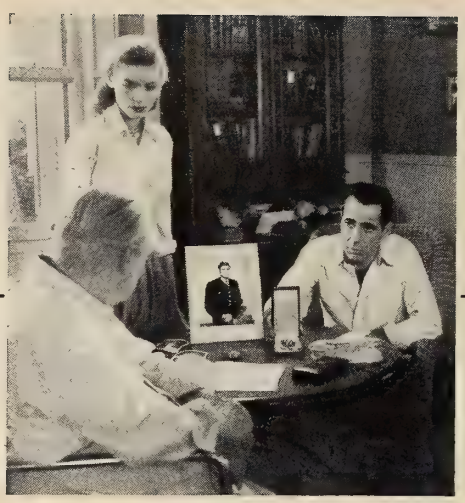
She was all steamed up about a party she's giving when she finishes *Countess of Monte Cristo* for Universal-International, and you would have thought it was her first.

"Mother and I have ordered fish pudding shipped out from New York and Mother is making her special Norwegian fish dish, also." If fish pudding sounds awful—don't you believe it. I've tasted it at other parties of Sonja's and it's wonderful. She's really a great hostess.

Another attraction "shipping out" from New York for the party is Kjell Holm, the man in Sonja's life right now. He's madly in love with her but whether she will marry him or anyone else is a moot question. She hasn't been in a marrying frame of mind since the days when she was madly in love with Dan Topping. I like little Sonja—and wish her happiness.


ROSALIND RUSSELL tells...
The Private Life of a Public Idol
...with never an Idle moment!
Rosalind Russell
in
THE VELVET TOUCH
A FREDERICK BRISSON PRODUCTION
also starring
Leo Genn · Claire Trevor
Sydney Greenstreet
with
LEON AMES · FRANK McHUGH · WALTER KINGSFORD · DAN TOBIN
Directed by JOHN GAGE · Screenplay by LEO ROSTEN
An RKO-Radio Release
INDEPENDENT ARTISTS PICTURE

movie reviews



Ex-Army major Bogart arrives in Key Largo to find hotelkeeper L. Barrymore and his soldier-son's widow (L. Bacall) under a deadly tension.



Barrymore's hotel has been taken over by a mysterious Mr. Brown (Edw. G. Robinson), who is really the U.S.'s most notorious racketeer.



Bogart, disillusioned hero, is indifferent to Robinson—at first. In the end, his values restored, he destroys the new enemy of peace.

KEY LARGO

Gangster pictures are few and far between nowadays, but here is a honey to make up for the drought. It includes all the almost-forgotten gangster types, from the baby-faced guy with a rock for a heart, to the bruiser who's just a big scairdy cat. Furthermore, it has Eddie Robinson and Humphrey Bogart —only this time Bogey's on the right side of the law.

When Frank M'Cloud (Bogart), a disillusioned war hero who thinks there is nothing worth fighting for any more, arrives at the Largo Hotel to pay a visit to his dead buddy's family, he finds strange things going on. First he is refused a drink at the bar, then he sees that the lobby is swarming with unsavory-looking people. It develops that a Mr. Brown (Eddie Robinson) has rented the place for a week, and Mr. Temple (Lionel Barrymore) M'Cloud's dead buddy's dad, who owns the hotel, and Nora (Lauren Bacall), his buddy's widow, are virtual prisoners.

The big wind begins to blow on the day that Brown and his dreadful entourage are scheduled to leave the hotel, and they are all trapped there together through a long and terrible night, while the hurricane rages. During this night many things happen, most important of which is the discovery by the local Deputy (John Rodney) that Mr. Brown is none other than Johnny Rocco, America's most dangerous gangster. There ensues considerable gun-play and eventual murder, not to mention a series of impassioned if somewhat repetitious tongue-lashings.

How M'Cloud and Nora have the time or strength to fall in love against this backdrop of terror it is hard to say, but by morning they're giving each other The Look, and the happy ending an exciting reel or two later doesn't come as a surprise.

Eddie Robinson *is* Johnny Rocco—he's that convincing. Bogart, jaw-muscle twitching, is excellent. Bacall is a disappointment—she's so wonderful to look at, but somehow so empty. Barrymore is splendid as the doughty old hotel proprietor. And Claire Trevor as Gaye, Rocco's scotch-swilling gal, is—for our dough—magnificent. *Key Largo* is a thriller. Go see it.—*War.*

by jean kinkead



There was
something
about the way
she looked at a man
that rang bells...

COLUMBIA
PICTURES
presents

DOROTHY LAMOUR

as

Lulu Belle

co-starring

GEORGE MONTGOMERY

with

Albert DEKKER • Otto KRUGER • Glenda FARRELL • Greg McCLURE

Screenplay by Everett Freeman • Additional Dialogue by Karl Kamb

Based upon the play by Charles MacArthur and Edward Sheldon, produced by David Belasco

Directed by LESLIE FENTON

A BENEDICT BOGEAUS PRODUCTION



State Of The Union: Spencer Tracy runs for president with aid of wife Katharine Hepburn and campaign managers Adolphe Menjou and Van Johnson. Smart comedy with food for thought.

STATE OF THE UNION

This is a thought-provoking movie as well as a very funny one. It is, of course, mainly about politics, and it is a fine exposé of the shady methods used in getting a president elected.

Grant Mathews (Spencer Tracy), a big-wig in industrial aviation and an honest man, is running for president. He has some noble ideas, but his compaign manager (Adolphe Menjou) makes him keep them under his hat, for—while the people would love them, the politicians wouldn't. And, says Jim, the politicians elect presidents, not the people. Mathews, incandescent with love for humanity, wants the presidency so desperately that he scraps his own straight-from-the-shoulder talks, delivers instead the phony, multi-syllabic drivel the party has prepared for him, goes through all the rotten channels necessary to assure himself of delegates. He even plays ball with Thorndyke (Angela Lansbury), boss of a powerful newspaper syndicate. Eventually, Mathews blows his top, and when he does—ah, that is a scene to remember.

This is also the story of the state of Grant and Mary's (Katharine Hepburn) union, and the scenes, now warm, now cold, between Tracy and Hepburn are so well done. Hepburn, with her rare gift for sophisticated comedy, does right by her crisp lines, and she is superb in the scene wherein she and Lulubelle (Maidel Turner) get sufficiently spiffed on lethal cocktails to really speak their minds.

Spencer Tracy is perfect in his role. Katie, as we've said, is at her best. But the film's stand-in is Van Johnson, as Spike, the campaign manager's leg-man. He has gained in poise and charm, and he shows here a beautiful and hitherto unsuspected sense of humor. This *State of the Union* is a fine thing. Don't miss it.—*M-G-M.*

THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE

William Saroyan's fine play brought to the screen is still a play in feeling and technique. Producer William Cagney has assembled a group of talented people who obviously love the words they say, and the result is a memorable and adult motion picture.

Almost all of the action takes place in a fabulous bar on the San Francisco waterfront known as Nick's Pacific Street Saloon, Restaurant and Entertainment Palace. Strange people wander into Nick's, perhaps none stranger than Joe (Jimmy Cagney), the champagne-drinking philosopher, who sees beauty and goodness in people who, superficially, are neither beautiful nor good.

Joe has befriended Tom (Wayne Morris), a big, dumb, good-natured lug without a job, with nothing in life but a dog-like devotion for Joe. When Kitty Duval (Jeanne Cagney), a B-girl who likes to pretend that years ago she was the Queen of Burlesque, who has dreamed the dream so long that she almost believes it, comes into Nick's, Joe asks her to sit with him. Touched and bewildered by his kindness, his faith in her, she confesses that she is nobody really. A little Polish girl from a farm in the Middlewest. Joe sees Tom's eyes on Kitty, realizes that these two need each other, and decides to bring them together.

There is the romance of Dudley (James Lydon) and Elsie (Nanette Parks), the struggle of Willie (Richard Erdman) versus the pinball machine, the struggle of Police Officer versus his conscience. In addition, there are the tall tales spun by Kit Carson (James Barton), the wistful, wonderful dancing of Harry (Paul Draper) who dances the way Danny Kaye sings—in a mad, sad, irresistible way, the fine boogie-woogie of Wesley (Reginald Beame). Nick, brilliantly played by William Bendix, has quite a bar.

There are no duds in this movie. Everyone involved should be mighty proud.—*U. A.*

HOMECOMING

Perhaps the main flaw in this Gable-Turner number is its lack of timeliness. The story of the war-interrupted marriage is somewhat old hat, and yet it is too recent to be good nostalgia. Nevertheless, if you will overlook the fact that this is a twice-told tale, if you'll turn back the clock a bit mentally, you will probably enjoy it thoroughly.

At the beginning of the story, Gable, as Dr. Ulysses Johnson, is about to set off for the wars, immaculate in his major's uniform, to the sound of the huzzas of his family and friends. There seems to be just one person in town who doesn't think he's such a great guy, and that's his former college chum, Dr. Sunday. Sunday has spent the years since graduation trying to improve living conditions in the local slums, whereas Doc Johnson has cleaned up financially and is a huge social (with a very small "s") success.

At the field hospital in Italy, Johnson's shipboard acquaintance with one of the Army nurses, Snapshot by name (that's our Lana), ripens slowly into love, and under her guidance the doc sees what a narrow life he and his wife have had together. Through his letters, his wife senses the change in her husband, guesses the truth about his affection for Snapshot. She is a very understanding dame, but she's a female and she has her pride. It takes some persuasion on the part of Sunday to make her get in there and fight for her man.

You'll shed some tears before the fade-out, for the ending of necessity (three being a crowd) isn't a completely happy one. Here is Gable as you like him—now rough, now tender—and better-looking than ever. Turner is warm and thoroughly believable, looking beautiful in her least glamorous screen wardrobe to date, John Hodiak is adequate but unspectacular as Dr. Sunday, and Anne Baxter, who looks and sounds just a little too much like an Understanding Wife, is not at her best.—*M-G-M.*



Homecoming: Clark Gable, M.D., and married, falls in love with nurse L. Turner in Italy.



He gives till it hurts





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"GOING MY WAY"

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WITH

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Screenplay by KEN ENGLUND

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HATTER'S CASTLE

How driving ambition can transform a man into a monster is vividly shown in the screen adaptation of A. J. Cronin's novel, "Hatter's Castle." James Brodie (Robert Newton) who owns a hat shop in the little town of Levensford, Scotland, has practically mortgaged his soul to build himself a great, imposing house. An arrogant, ignorant man, despised by the townsfolk, Brodie has always dreamed of owning a castle, and part of the dream is that his son Angus will add another story to it, and that Angus' children will add still another story. Someday the Brodie castle will tower above everything in the town, and everyone will know that the Brodies are Somebody.

That is the dream, and to its fulfillment all else is sacrificed. Angus is given an expensive education, goaded constantly by his father to study hard in order to win a scholarship. Mrs. Brodie, dying of cancer, is denied proper medical care in order to save money so that the mortgage payments can be met. Brodie's pretty daughter, Mary (Deborah Kerr), must account to her father for every cent she spends. The entire family lives in fear of Brodie's wrath, and it is this overwhelming fear of their father that brings about the downfall of the daughter and the destruction of the son.

This film is pretty heavy going. There are a few light moments when young Dr. Renwick (James Mason) and Mary exchange pleasantries, but most of it is extremely sordid and depressing, running the gamut from seduction to suicide. A good strong cast has been assembled and they do their jobs well, but the psychopathic character of Brodie just doesn't make for really palatable entertainment.—*Par.*

DREAM GIRL

This is practically a one-woman show. Hardly a scene goes by without Betty Hutton in it, and as the gal who takes refuge from her humdrum existence in a lurid dream world, she is completely enchanting and wonderfully funny.

Betty, as frustrated, dough-heavy Georgina Allerton, is just figuring that what she really needs is a good psychiatrist, when she discovers that a series of verbal kicks in the pants from literary critic Clark Redman (Macdonald Carey) achieve the same results. After quite a few reels of amusing applied psychology, Georgina forsakes her

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

We hope you like the way MODERN SCREEN looks nowadays, because you readers are the ones who made it that way. Honest! You've been telling us your favorite stars, we've been writing about them. A good system? The best. So let's keep it up. Mail in the questionnaire below, and if your name is among the first 500 to reach us you'll get the September, October and November issues of MODERN SCREEN—for free. So hurry!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our August issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

You Can't Come Between Roy and Dale! (Roy Rogers-Dale Evans) ☐
Watch Your Step, Lana! by Hedda Hopper ☐
It Happened In A Night Club ☐
In The Grand Manor (Claudette Colbert) by Prince Michael Romanoff ☐
Lazy Date (Elizabeth Taylor) ☐
Crossroads (Larry Parks) ☐
How Low Will They Go? by Cobina Wright
She Was Only 16 (Dan Dailey) ☐
Money No Object (Maureen O'Hara) ☐
"Some Guests Are Special!" (Esther Williams) ☐
I Chased A Dream, by Lon McCallister ☐
Shirley On The Cover (Shirley Temple) ☐
They Couldn't Win (Susan Peters) ☐
"Me And The Queen" (Barbara Stanwyck) ☐
Murder Boy (Richard Widmark) ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST? .....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues: List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone..... State..... I am..... years old

.....

.....

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Dream Girl: Betty Hutton and Mac Carey in gay tale of girl living in world of fantasy.

dream world for the real thing, throws over her suave dream lover for a tweedy hard-boiled chap whose brogans are right on the ground.

The story, adapted from Elmer Rice's play of the same name, is good entertainment with few flaws. It gets off to a rather slow start, and it does drag its feet now and again. However, for the most part, it is excellent, and a few of the dream sequences are small masterpieces of comedy. The one showing Georgina married to phantom beau Jim Lucas and living in a log cabin out west is delightfully wacky; and the one in which Georgina, who has just been propositioned for the first time in her life, visualizes herself sinking lower and lower into the mires of sin until she winds up a notorious wench in a South Sea Island honky tonk, is uproarious.

It's Betty Hutton's show, and we think you'll love her New Look. Her hair is dark and sleek and there's not a trace of the former blues shouter. Carey, as the literary critic who wants to be a sportswriter, is something refreshingly different in leading men. Virginia Field is decorative in a small part. Patric Knowles is perfect as the dead-pan stuffed shirt, Jim Lucas. And Peggy Wood—as deft a comedienne as ever—couldn't be better as Georgie's harassed mom.

You'll really have fun at this one, so don't stay home.—*Par.*

ESCAPE

Essentially, this tells the story of one man's quest for perfect justice, and his eventual realization that—this side of the gates of Paradise—there is no such thing. Here is what happens.

Matt Dennant (Rex Harrison), an ex-war pilot, is walking through Hyde Park one evening minding his own business when a girl (Betty Ann Davies) on a park bench asks him for a light. He gives it to her, and they talk for a while. Then, as Matt takes his leave, a plainclothesman (Michael Golden) approaches the girl and accuses her of accosting the man. She swears it's not so, and Dennant returns to take her part in the argument. When Dennant tells the plain-



Escape: Rex Harrison and Peggy Cummins star in drama of one man's search for justice.

clothesman to take his hands off the girl and let her alone, the latter takes a poke at him and in the ensuing scuffle—following a glancing blow from Dennant—the detective falls, striking his head hard on the bench. The girl flees; Dennant stays, attempting to revive the man, until the police come and pronounce him dead.

A trial follows, and Matt Dennant is found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to three years in jail. Behind the bars, his resentment smoulders. He knows that he has been convicted unjustly, and he determines to escape. He does, in a dense fog and is befriended by Dora Winton (Peggy Cummins) through whose bedroom window he climbs in search of food. From then on, the excitement mounts, close call following close call, until at last Dennant is caught. Not by the bloodhounds and posses of angry men who have hunted him relentlessly for days, but by his own conscience. The climax is in keeping with Dennant's obsession for justice, and the fade-out, while hardly joyous, is entirely satisfying.

This film made in England under American direction (Joseph Mankiewicz) and production (William Perlberg) is a terrifically exciting transcription of John Galsworthy's novel of the same name. Harrison will leave you breathless. Peggy Cummins, whose aplomb at finding a murderer in her boudoir is a bit hard to swallow, is beautiful, but a poor match for Harrison. Escape is a fine film, one that will leave you in a thinking mood.—*20th-Fox*

SO THIS IS NEW YORK

Now and then you see a funny movie that *really* comes off, and you want to tell the whole world about it. Such a one is *So This Is New York*, the most hilarious movie we've seen in years. Based on Ring Lardner's book, "The Big Town," it has the nostalgia of *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay* and a good deal of the same gentle brand of humor.

The story, set in the early 1920's, briefly is this: Ella Finch (Virginia Grey) and her sister Kate (Donna Drake) inherit $30,000

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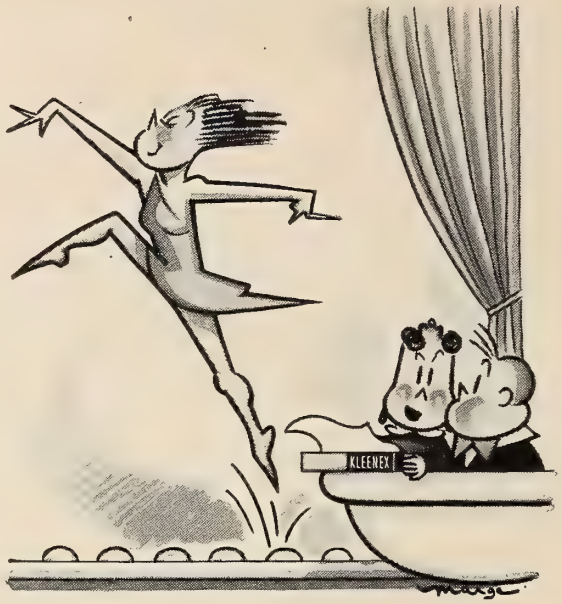
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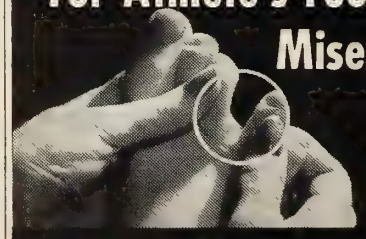
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So This Is New York: Radio's Henry Morgan in his movie bow, with Virginia Grey, Donna Drake.

each from their uncle Fergus, and they decide to blow it all on a trip to New York in search of a fitting husband for Kate. Ella already has a mate—unimaginative, unromantic Ernie (Henry Morgan), and Kate has a beau, a butcher name of Willie (Dave Willock), but Ella has in mind something a little more sophisticated, more cosmopolitan for her pretty sister. So, with Ernie wet-blanketing their enthusiasm at every turn, the Finches and Kate leave little old South Bend, Ind., for their fling in the Big Town.

Upon their arrival, drunken sailors can't match the two girls for extravagance. New hats, evening gowns, enormous tips, an expensive apartment—they shoot the works. And while Kate goes blithely from swain to swain, Ernie becomes more and more tight-lipped. It all ends happily, of course, the only unfortunate thing being that it ever had to end at all.

To attempt to put into words the picture's elusive humor is hopeless. It isn't so much the situations that will keep you shouting with laughter. It is the treatment. Morgan's mobile face, the exasperated husband-and-wife looks he and Virginia Grey exchange, Rudy Vallee's magnificent earnestness as the exquisitely caricatured Westerner, Hugh Herbert's eloquent hands. You can't imagine this picture with any other cast, and that, we think, is the supreme compliment. Stanley Kramer who produced it, and Richard Fleischer who directed it, have done a good job. Don't miss it no matter what, and take all your friends.—*U.A.*

SO EVIL MY LOVE

Here is the frightening story of one woman's moral disintegration after she has come under the spell of an almost wholly evil man. Ann Todd and Ray Milland are brilliant in the starring roles, each of them magnificently aware of the subtleties of his own characterization.

Based on a true story, the principals of which have been dead for fifty years, *So Evil My Love*, tells the love story of Olivia Harwood, beautiful and highly respectable

widow of a missionary, and her roomer, Mark Bellis, ostensibly a painter by profession, actually a philandering thief with a murder rap hanging over him.

In the beginning, Mark sees Olivia only as a means to further his evil ends. She loves him as she has loved no other man, and for love of him she stoops first to blackmail, and then runs the gamut of corruption coming at length to murder. When, at last, Mark knows that he is desperately in love with Olivia, it is too late for them ever to know peace or happiness together, and there is a beautiful violent ending—the only one possible under the circumstances.

Olivia's corruption is a hideous thing to watch, and were the acting less deft, it might be a quite unbelievable thing. In Ann Todd's hands, and with fiendishly attractive Milland as The Tempter, it becomes completely believable. Here is superb acting backed up with fine support from Geraldine Fitzgerald, Olivia's unsuspecting friend, Susan Courtney; Raymond Huntley as Susan's husband, Henry Courtney; Moira Lister as Kitty, a pert little featherbrain also enamoured of Mark Bellis. Lewis Allen's direction leaves nothing to be desired. This one's a must.—*Par.*

GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY

This is a folksy little business that will tug at the heartstrings of the old-timers and delight the myriad bobby-soxers who are sent by Dan Dailey.

It tells the story of an old vaudeville trouper, Albert Norwick (Charlie Winninger), who can't get it through his dear old white head that vaudeville is colder than a mackerel. Although he has been out of show business for years and has a good job in the Boyd Appliance Factory somewhere in New Jersey, in his own mind he is really just laying off between bookings.

With his son, Bert (Dan Dailey) and daughters, May (Jane Nigh) and June (Barbara Lawrence), he practices song and dance routines nightly in the garage, while mom (Fay Bainter) watches misty-eyed. When vaudeville comes back, pop assures them all, Albert the Great and Family are going to be headliners.

Wedding bells begin breaking up the act when first May and then June step off with two highly unprepossessing guys (Herbert Anderson and Charles Russell), and at length it is just Albert the Great and Son. And then—well, that you'll have to see for yourselves. We're not going to tell you *everything.*

The old songs make nice listening, and the old vaudeville routines are fun to watch. Dan Dailey, Fay Bainter and Charlie Winninger are a warm, lovable, thoroughly convincing family group, but Barbara Lawrence and Jane Nigh are impostors due to an unfortunate bit of miscasting. Nancy Guild is pretty and wholesome as Dan's girl. Charlie Ruggles is okay as Toby, the booking agent, but that loose-jointed, engaging Dan Dailey walks away with the picture.

If you like to smile through tears, this one's for you.—*20th-Fox.*

Evelyn Neblett's **smile wins a campus beauty crown—**

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

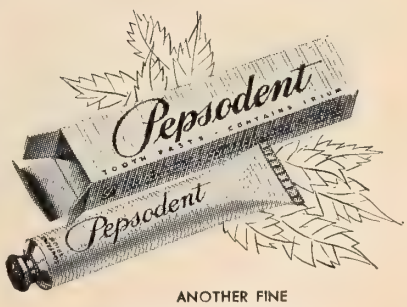




Evelyn Neblett, California Coed, captured Los Angeles City College's most coveted beauty crown when she was voted Homecoming Queen last year. But she had been an acknowledged campus beauty since her freshman year . . . the year her smile was introduced to her classmates on their college magazine cover. Now the Los Angeles-born cover girl is a student at the University of Southern California. And though her smile is sparkling in a new setting, her choice of tooth paste is the same as ever—Evelyn's winning smile is a Pepsodent Smile! She says, "Pepsodent makes my teeth shine!"

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste!

Like Evelyn Neblett, people all over America prefer New Pepsodent with Irium for brighter smiles. Families from coast to coast recently compared delicious New Pepsodent with the brands they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried! *For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!*



ANOTHER FINE
LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCT



dorothy kilgallen selects "easter parade"



Judy Garland and Fred Astaire are a couple of gay hoboes in this scene from Irving Berlin's *Easter Parade*. Ann Miller and Peter Lawford are in it, too.

■ It always seemed to me, in moments of extravagant dreaming, that the perfect screen musical would have a score by Irving Berlin, songs by Judy Garland, dances by Fred Astaire, lovely girls, witty lines and magnificent scenery.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer must have been reading my mind. They have produced the perfect screen musical.

It is called *Easter Parade,* and it has all my wished-for ingredients, plus a few others like bright direction, amusing story and considerable comedy.

Those who sighed when Fred Astaire hung up his dancing shoes and announced his retirement from cinema terpsichore can stop sighing, relax and be happy. He is back in the groove, and there is not a sign of a creak in the knee or a slowdown in the ankle. He opens *Easter Parade* with a jaunty dance and he dances all the way through it—with Judy, with Ann Miller, and solo. He does comedy dances, romantic dances, and one of his famous drum dances. His work has just as much life and grace and humor in it as it had ten years ago.

And Judy Garland makes him a fine partner, with her own lightness of foot, her warm acting style and her poignant brown-eyed way with a Berlin ballad. She looks as pretty as a china doll in the pre-World War I costumes, and flashes as much all-round talent as you are likely to see in a movie musical.

Peter Lawford is a shining member of the cast, too; he seems ideally suited to the high-collar and tin-lizzie period, and carries out his role of suitor, friend and intermediary with considerable charm. He has the pleasant task of introducing the song "A Fella With An Umbrella," and he is equally deft at playing straight.

It's a show business story, but the authors—Sidney Sheldon, Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett—have managed to avoid a good many of the backstage romance cliches and even have come up with a number of fresh ideas.

Robert Alton's dances are splendid, and in complete accord with Charles Walters' lively direction. The music—and there are miles of it—is Irving Berlin at his best, in moods ranging from the bunny hug type of melodic nonsense to the haunting love song, "It Only Happens When I Dance With You."

The name of the picture, as I said, is *Easter Parade.* The quicker you see it the happier you'll be.



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YOU CAN'T COME BETWEEN ROY AND DALE!

An open letter to Herbert J. Yates, President, Republic Productions, Inc.

Dear Mr. Yates:

Why has your company ignored the wishes of millions of Americans who love Roy Rogers and Dale Evans?

And what could have caused your announcement that their marriage has lessened their romantic appeal as a team, and that therefore you will no longer star them in the same pictures?

Lessened their co-starring appeal? Where were you hiding when you came to this startling conclusion? I mean where did you closet yourself to make sure that you wouldn't be annoyed by what the rest of the country thinks—*which happens to be just the opposite?*

Do you know what happened here at MODERN SCREEN when Roy and Dale wed? A deluge hit us—thousands upon thousands of letters which have sent Roy and Dale to the top of our magazine poll as most popular actor and actress in the industry. Neither of them had ever got anywhere near the top *before* their marriage, Mr. Yates. This great increase in appeal occurred *because* of their marriage!

People like the idea of Roy and Dale together, on the screen as well as in real life. They would be offended if they had to go to separate pictures to see Dale and Roy.

Don't be surprised that fans know what they want, Mr. Yates—and that Roy and Dale are it. Fans know that Shirley Temple and John Agar are married but that didn't keep John Ford from putting them together in *Fort Apache*. And they know that Columbia is very happy about getting Cornel Wilde and his wife, Patricia Knight, together in *The Lovers*.

So you can hardly blame the fans. In fact, you puzzle them because—on the subject of casting husband and wife in the same picture, at least—you seem to be headed one way, and the rest of Hollywood the other!

Look, don't you think it's time to turn around?

Alfred D. Rulcoork

". . . let no man put asunder . . ."





watch your step,

by hedda hopper

"They swilled your champagne, gorged on your lobster, and turned your happiest day into a side-show. Now, watch out for your so-called friends," Hedda warns her girl, Lana. "But most of all, be happy, darling!"

lana!

■ It was 3:30 P.M. when I arrived at Bungalow Seven of the Beverly Hills Hotel. My plane from New York had landed only minutes before, and, heartsick, I'd rushed right out to visit Lana Turner and her new husband, Bob Topping.

I was heartsick because a girl I love and wish all happiness had been made to look like a fool in public print. I was heartsick because she'd been married in a tremendous splash of publicity which could only hurt her.

I knocked on the door of Bungalow Seven, and Bob Topping opened it. His other arm was around Lana's waist. I'd never seen her look more beautiful.

I said what came to my lips. "Congratulations, you two—long life, happiness, love. But next time, for God's sake, take Old Aunt Hedda's advice!"

"No next time," said Lana. "This is for keeps."

I'd read that vow of hers, breathed right after the wedding. "This time it's forever."

I asked Bob a sudden pointed question. "Why did you marry Lana?" He came right back. "Because I love her. She's beautiful, she's honest. She's kind and considerate. She has everything I hoped to find—and didn't—in the other girls I married."

"But," I persisted, "why didn't you have a simple, quiet wedding?"

"I did, Hedda," protested Lana. "There were only twelve people at the ceremony."

"But why that big, lavish, free-for-all reception?" I fired.

"Hedda," Lana said, "I *had* to have all those people. I have so many friends. I couldn't hurt them."

Hurt *them?* They did their best to hurt Lana. Friends? They didn't act that way.

Yet Lana had asked for it. In her big-hearted, trusting way she'd stuck her neck out a mile. She herself had called up publisher Billy Wilkerson and asked him to hold the reception in his swank Sunset Boulevard mansion.

"I'd never had a formal wedding. I wanted to have one," she told me wistfully. "I wanted all my friends to share my happiness."

Well, they did.

I could hardly believe it when Lana told me she actually set her wedding ceremony back from four o'clock to two—just because photographers and newspaper reporters screamed they couldn't make their editions in time if she didn't! Imagine—tailoring her tenderest moment to a printer's deadline! She had done everything possible to please the press. Sixty-three photographers flashing bulbs around attested to that. After the rites, she posed forty-five minutes for them to grab all the pictures they wanted. Then she'd gone upstairs, hoping they'd leave. With all those vintage champagnes, and 6-pound lobsters around? What happened was inevitable.

Lana wasn't upstairs swooning when the papers said she was. "I've never swooned in my life," she scoffed.

While her lovely guests were flashing bulletins that Lana was swooning, she was waiting for them to clear out, and she was also trying desperately to put calls through to Bob Topping's folks back in Connecticut. She never got a call through.

The guests she was so afraid to hurt were downstairs monopolizing the telephones, putting in free long-distance calls to all their relatives and friends all over the country! While Lana and Bob huddled upstairs trying to figure out an escape, the "friends" downstairs were tearing the joint to pieces, grabbing souvenirs.

Billy Wilkerson, the host, watched several of them stuff expensive hand-embroidered napkins into their pockets. Finally he approached one and asked pointedly, "Wouldn't you like a tablecloth to match?"

The thanks that Lana Turner got for generosity was to have her guests rush right out and crucify her in print. (*Continued on page 79*)



crossroads

by
larry
parks

"I won't be needing any tombstone," he says. But Hollywood's watching Larry Parks' footsteps. One way, he walks into a bed of roses; the other way he hurtles off a cliff . . .



Is Larry a single-picture wonder? *Jolson Story* made Parks one of the greatest potential box-office draws in movie history, but interest was jeopardized by follow-up films. Will *Gallant Blade* turn the tide?



Will Betty's career sour their marriage? Larry is thrilled over Betty's success in *Big City*, her debut film. But double-careers have always been a major trouble-center to Hollywood couples.

■ In Hollywood, either you're terribly up or terribly down. The going gets a little tough and the gossips start working out epitaphs for your tombstone. It happened to me.

People were figuring I was a one-picture hot shot. People were figuring I was all washed up.

Well, I won't be needing any tombstone, brother. I'm not slipping.

I've been put into poor pictures and wrong roles. And lately I've been fighting back—suing in the law-courts for the right to my own career.

Now I've got my contract freedom, I'll have a chance at some better parts, I hope. During the time I was suing Columbia I couldn't talk about it. Now I can speak my mind.

Sure, there are still question marks in my future. It's no joke when an individual talks back to one of the big movie companies. Suspicion is that you can't get away with it, that all companies stick together and the individual who dares battle one of them may get blacklisted all over town.

So though I'm legally free now to work for other companies, the parts may be slow in coming. Still, I'm sure I'll get by.

Olivia de Havilland fought a similar, one-woman battle against Warner Brothers. She went without work for about two years before another studio would use her. She felt her victory was worth the risk to her career and the loss of time and money. The thought of Olivia battling for her rights has often bucked me up during the past year when people started the scare talk: "You can't sue Columbia and get away with it. When you sue Columbia, you're suing all the studios in Hollywood."

You can make a fight as big as this only once in a career. For me this was the time.

Seven years ago, when I was broke and desperate, a refugee from the Broadway stage, I got a seven-year contract at Columbia. I played bit parts, mostly guys who got poked in the jaw and fell offscreen. Finally I got a couple of supporting roles. Better, but not great. The great chance was the Jolson thing. I tested. I looked right and I could do the numbers. "Great!" did you say? All right, come with me to the interview which settled my fate.

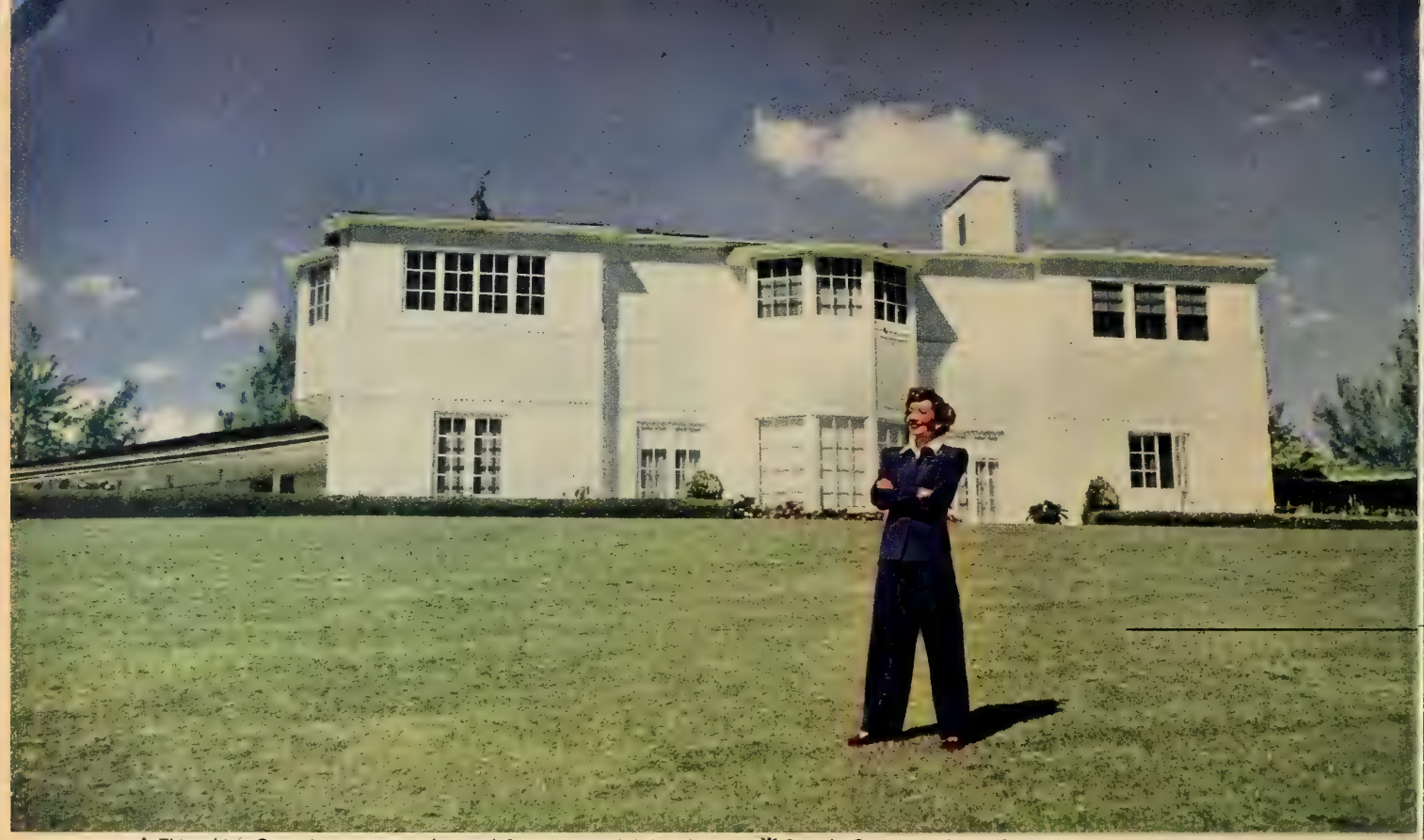
My boss says I can have the part. It will make me a star—my name in lights. Then he pulls out a pen and says that though my contract has 3½ years yet to run, I'll have to sign another seven-year contract. I think it over. Finally I say I don't want to stay with Columbia that long. It hurts, but I'm willing to pass the picture. (*Continued on page 101*)



Will he be crucified for his personal ideals? In Washington, when the chips were down, few movie stars had the courage to stand by their convictions. Larry stuck to his guns, may emerge from the crisis a bigger, more-respected man.

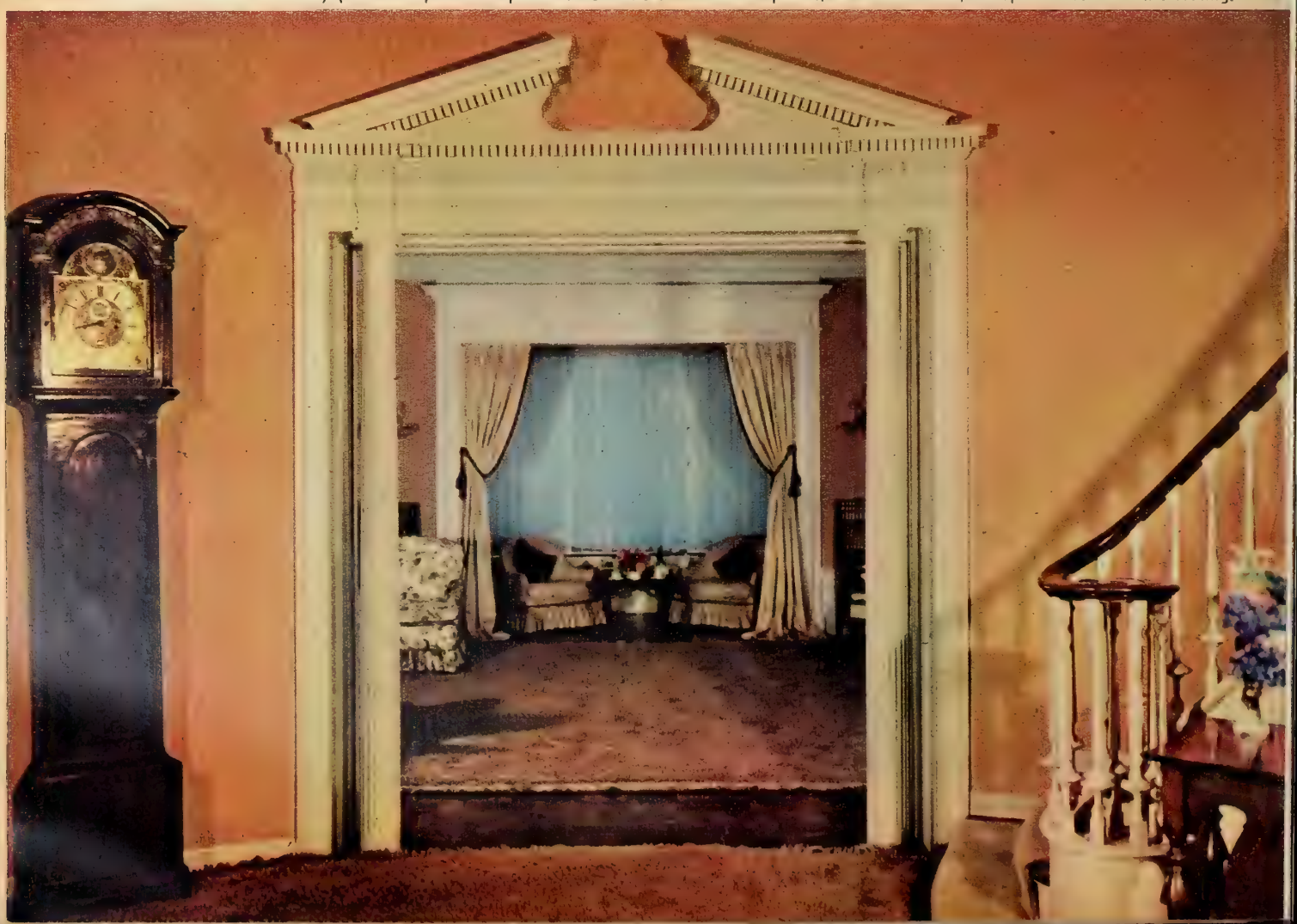


Can you sue Columbia and get away with it? Larry's greatest fight has only been half-won. Litigation also held up pay, chance to do sequel to *Jolson Story*



▲ This white Georgian structure (viewed from west side) has been Claudette's home for 13 years. Expansive lawn is hidden away from street. A circular driveway (not shown) leads to porticoed entrance.

▼ Stately Grecian columns frame doorway of the Pressman drawing-room, just off hall. Room is furnished with Queen Anne and Sheraton pieces, is seldom used, except for formal entertaining.



photos by bob beerman

In the grand manor



Rugs so deep, you
wade through them.
Wood so polished,
it reflects your face. Mood
of gracious elegance
—setting for Claudette.

by prince michael romanoff

■ People will tell you movie stars live simply, even as you and I. Personally, I don't live so simply, and, I hasten to add, neither does Claudette Colbert. Thatched cottages notwithstanding, Claudette Colbert's home is a palace, a glory, a Turkish bath in a row of washtubs. Her home is a showcase framed to show Claudette. A lovely setting for a lovely jewel.

I happen to be madly in love with the woman, which has nothing to do with the case—or the showcase. Her house is all that everyone dreams a movie star's house must be.

Originally, she hired a superb architect, and then she went on a trip. The architect put up a superb modern house. Claudette came back from the trip, had the house torn down, and a Colonial one erected. Originally, the house was going to cost her $75,000. It cost her many times that amount, because she wouldn't compromise with her standards.

For instance, she wanted a circular foyer, with a domed ceiling. Five times ceilings were cast and torn down, before she okayed the sixth. For instance, she wanted her projection booth and screer in a separate playhouse; when she decided it really belonged in the main house play room, the play room practically had to be re-built.

The place is so big it needs seven or eight servants. I also feel that it needs me. This is because, as I mentioned before,

The playroom, where the Pressmans spend most of their evenings, is centered around the fireplace. Chinese figurines on mantel are sources of indirect lighting. Exquisite glassware rests in niche (far right).





Another corner of the playroom. This chair, like all the chairs, is "comfortable and extra-roomy," according to Romanoff. Originally decorated in taproom style, the room is now modern, brightly colored.

In the grand manor

I have been in love with Claudette Colbert for fifteen years.

If my corpse should one day be found floating in the Los Angeles River, please notify the police to pick up Dr. Joel Pressman, for if ever there was a man who had good reason to do me in, that man is the venerable doctor. I'm sure he recognizes those gurgling sounds I direct toward his Claudette as the agonized love calls of a frustrated swain.

Gentleman that he is, however, the doctor treats me with charm and compassion; he lets me come to his house, he lets me chat with Claudette; and she brings peace to my breast, serenity to my mind, and a wonderful little dance of laughter to my heart.

Let Romanoff the poet describe an afternoon in her home, and you will perceive, if you are capable of any perception, that Claudette Colbert is at once a woman of taste, accomplishment, and unpretentious gentility.

First of all, you come up the small circular driveway without any queasy feeling of trespassing on museum grounds. You don't imagine that somewhere within lies the tomb of Julius Caesar or his son Rudolph Valentino.

At ease, you press the buzzer. The maid lets you in. You observe at once that the entrance hall is as gracious as the mistress of the house. A delicate stairway encircles the front hall, and as your eyes travel upward, they catch sight of Claudette. Rapidly she descends the full sweep of the stairs. She's wearing a white blouse, red low-heeled shoes, and gabardine slacks of royal Romanoff blue. She's much thinner and taller than she appears on the screen.

She blows you a little feather of a smile and extends her unbejeweled hand. You take it, and your heart beats in double time. "How are you, Mike?" she asks. "Any new recipes today?" Claudette's a fine cook with all the intense culinary interests of the French.

"Never mind recipes," Romanoff the Romeo says, "let me drink you in for a moment."

You stand back and you note quickly that Claudette's brown eyes contrast vividly with the color tones of the entrance: beige and rose terra cotta with accents of cocoa.

Claudette then takes your hand and guides you through the drawing-room. This room offers the same color scheme. The rug is beige, the walls are terra-cotta (*Continued on page 99*)



▲ Most interesting feature of Claudette's home is the concealed projection booth. A large still life of red poppies, by architect Sam Marx, hangs on iron hinge which swings out of the way when movies are shown.

▼ Colbert is one movie star who doesn't own a swimming pool. However, there *is* a pool house (below), set about 100 feet back from the main house. Wall on which Claudette sits overlooks tennis court.



LAZY DATE



They swim, they dance, they lie in the sun —Liz Taylor and her friends. And one day is very like another— long and golden and lazy.

■ In the summer, the days drift by, one more long and golden than another, and if a girl's sixteen, there's time to waste, there's time to burn. If a girl's Elizabeth Taylor, there's time for sun, and sea, and campfires on nights when the smoke curls halfway to the moon.

There are boys, and dates, and nothing's serious, everything's fun. Everything's like it was the day we took the pictures on these pages; only that day it happened to be Roddy McDowall and Scotty Beckett and Jane Powell, instead of Ann Blyth, Marshall Thompson, or a dozen other people. The people change; the character of the summer days remains constant. If you've wanted a diary of Elizabeth's lazy dates in pictures, you've got it here, you've got it now . . .

The Taylors' house is not near the beach, it's *on* the beach. It's at Malibu, a two-story ocean-front place. The phone rings, the sand gets on the rugs, jalopies are parked three deep around the side; bathing suits are hung three deep around the back.

Elizabeth, Jane Powell and Scotty Beckett had just finished making *Date With Judy* the day we caught them and Roddy McDowall (who's in Orson Welles' *Macbeth*) taking it slow and easy together. They danced, they burned frankfurters, they got wet, they got dry again, they indulged in various beach athletics, they played with Liz's poodle, they huddled in warm beach towels, and sang songs.

It was all beautifully typical of Elizabeth Taylor's life and not-so-hard times. (*Continued on page 38*)

photos by bob beerman



Roddy McDowall discovers that when you wash sand away with water, the result is mud! Scotty Beckett, seized by capricious impulse, had thrown sand at Liz.

At 11 a.m., the sun strikes Malibu pretty strong, so one of the males cools Liz off with a soda-pop facial. Liz's dark skin rarely sunburns.



Boys (who think glamor is out of place on a beach) caught Jane Powell striking typical bathing beauty pose. Penalty for this crime is fast ride on Giant Swing—with Janie as the swing.



The rough stuff over, Roddy and Scotty decide to take charge of lunch—hot dogs, soda, cake. Liz relinquishes this chore gladly, as the task of sandwich-making usually falls to her. She estimates she's cooked 1,378 hamburgers so far.

Rod and Scotty try to christen the birthday child. Champagne being unavailable, they substitute salt water. Liz owns only 3 bathing suits!



LAZY DATE

Her mother is sometimes amazed. "Twenty-seven boys phoned today," she will say to her husband. "Half the population of Texas."

"Just so she gets in at a decent hour," says Mr. Taylor. "Her taste is pretty good."

And he's right. Anyhow, there's safety in numbers; when Elizabeth is going out with twenty-seven boys, she's much too busy to fall in love.

Her brother Howard has his own gang of pals who swarm around the house every afternoon; they're a normalizing influence, too. What they want from Elizabeth is not romance, but ham sandwiches. It seems to her that she spends hours making sandwiches.

"You children!" she says haughtily. "Appetites like razorback hogs."

They swallow the flattery as they swallow the sandwiches—casually—and they threaten to hold her head under water, and they go away.

They're gone five minutes, and the phone rings. It's Jerome Courtland, or maybe an actor named Dick Lang, or Roddy, or Scotty— "May I come over?" whoever it is asks, and Elizabeth says "sure," and gets into her white lastex. The bird may be only a chicken leg, the bottle may be pepsi-cola, but a lazy date is Liz' idea of heaven.

Scotty and Jane stretch out on the sand, before the dying fire. They're both featured in *A Date With Judy*. So is Liz Taylor.



Liz feeds remains of cake to her dog. Before leaving, the kids always cover up fire. Roddy (in *Macbeth*) is expert beach-scout.



by Ion McCallister



"All my life, since I was a kid, it's been going through my head—this dream of seeing the world. Mexico came first, Mexico came beautifully . . "



"My crazy friend Ray Sperry kids himself into thinking he has a sense of direction. After we left Monterrey, he took the wheel, got us lost."



I CHASED A DREAM

■ When I was ten years old, I carried a cigarette case. It made people laugh, but I was a pretty solemn kid, and I didn't think it was so funny. In the cigarette case (which was a family heirloom) there were two pieces of tracing paper. One had a map of the world drawn on it; the other had my credo—*To be someday a student, a star, a sailor and a story-teller.*

All I wanted was to go everywhere and do everything and be famous. Adults, noting my modest desires, were known to sneer, "Little prig," on occasion. I'm inclined to agree with them, now I look back. But the fact is I still have a terrible hankering to see things and learn things. I confess it. I still chase dreams.

Which is probably why I recently took off for Mexico with my best friend and stand-in, Ray Sperry. I remember it well. We set off in our convertible, and drove for twenty-eight hours straight. That got us to Globe, Arizona, in the middle of a cold, black night. I observed at this point that the engine was on fire.

Sperry laughed wisely. "It's zero degrees. How can the engine be on fire?"

We got out and looked. That lovely little radiator was boiling furiously.

"Needs water," I said.

"Son," said Sperry, "your intuition has not let you down." Then he handed me an old asparagus can. "Go get water."

"Listen," I said, "you come too. How do I know where the nearest gas station is?"

"What?" said my dearest friend. "And have somebody steal the car while we're both gone?"

By the time I figured out that there wouldn't be many car thieves roaming hopefully through the Arizona desert night, I was almost to the gas station half a mile away. I didn't mind too much; only had to make fourteen trips. (*Continued on page 88*)

"This Mexican tour was to be a vacation, but once we drove 28 hrs. straight. Then we rested—I had to get back alive for *The Big Cat.*"



"We didn't take much luggage—suitcase, spare tire, a few maps—we were glad we had a camera, though."



"In Mexico City we were lucky to find an old friend of mine, Acquanetta, a former Hollywood actress. She and her husband did a great job, showed us the sights."



"This is me showering on the hotel porch at Acapulco. Place was situated on a high rock above the Pacific."

Diana Lynn (in *Ruthless*) chooses yards of demure lavender taffeta for her favorite evening gown. The very revealing V-shaped decolletage is formed by crossing bands of same material, falling just off shoulders.

Janet Leigh (*Hills of Home*) goes dancing (with husband Stan Reames) in a white summer formal designed by Irene. Embroidered satin bodice has a daring sweetheart neckline



Plenty low, says Cobina, but Hollywood necklines won't ever be in bad taste. You don't catch those smart movie queens baring all!

by Cobina Wright

How low will they go?

■ In 1945, a certain Hollywood designer shocked a palpitating world. "Within five years," said this mad genius, "women will be wearing evening gowns without any brassieres at all."

"Sheer evening gowns?" cried interested males.

"Sheer nonsense," cried ladies of fashion. "Bad taste and vulgarity will *never* be stylish."

The palpitating world settled back on its base. All seemed, for the moment, well.

But last year, Life Magazine decided to stir things up again. The French designer, Christian Dior, had designed a dress which covered a young woman's shoulders, but not much else. It was slashed from the neck to the waist, down the front.

Life Magazine dressed a very beautiful model in this creation (the model wore no brassiere) and sent her out to visit night clubs. The idea was to test audience reaction among blasé New Yorkers. Blasé New Yorkers gasped, cheered, and generally carried on. There were gentlemen who said, "Umm." There were gentlemen who said, "Ugh." There were gentlemen whose eyes simply twinkled.

But the whole thing was just a tempest in a teapot. Half-naked beauties do not stroll the streets of New York, unabashed—or unbrassiered—today. And in Hollywood, they never did. Not that our glamor girls don't like decolletage. This is a city where women know the value of exploiting their charms, but they like to keep a little in reserve for a rainy day.

Within the bounds of what Hollywood considers tasteful, however, there's still plenty of room for bosom art. I saw Linda Darnell at a party the other (*Continued on page 72*)

Easter Parade star Ann Miller's black and gold ankle-length gown inspires a Spanish serenade. There's a glittering trim of black jet around the loose, circular neckline, sleeves.



A soft trim of oyster grey lace lends a seductive touch to the square neckline of flowing gown worn by Angela Lansbury, of *Three Musketeers.* Skirt is of heavy grey tulle over pearl grey taffeta.



kodachromes by bob beerman

Dan Dailey's jaw dropped—this Liz, she was only a child. But suddenly it came over him: she wouldn't be 16 forever . . .

by Abigail Putnam



Dan does a juggling act in *Burlesque,* his newest musical with Betty Grable. Keeps fingers nimble playing drums at home. Here, he beats time for friend Jack Young on the trombone.



Dan III was born Sept. 18, '47. Pop calls him The Hambone,' sings him to sleep with Danny Boy. Nicknames are popular in Dailey house. Liz is tagged Stumpy. She calls Dan "a glandular case."

■ They met in 1940; they were married two years later on Christmas Day. Liz was a pre-med student at USC. Dan was Mister-Show-Business-Itself. A mutual friend and horses brought them together.

The mutual friend was Andy MacIntyre, who not only dated Liz himself, but kept ramming this actor pal of his down her throat. "You'd like him, Liz. He's crazy for horses, too."

"Some big square!" she decided. "Probably got near a goat once—"

At the same time Mac used to blow *her* up to Dan. "Prettiest blonde you'd care to lay eyes on. Not only that, she's nuts about nags."

Sure, sure, Dan knew the type. Climb on a couple of delivery hacks, and call themselves horsewomen. He was bighearted though. "Bring her round, why don't you, next time we throw a party."

Dan had a house, a maid, a car, an M-G-M contract and two horses. John Raitt was living with him. They gave nice parties. As host, Dan's overall duties kept him from concentrating. He grinned hello, and asked Liz what could he bring her. That was all, there wasn't any more.

Next scene opens on a horse show, with Liz in the grandstand and Dan putting his chestnut gelding through the paces. His riding attracted her first. It was something special. So she looked closer. Hm, the fellow at the party. After a while he came over and spoke to her friends, completely ignoring her. *Well,* with a rising inflection and three exclamation points, who was *this* big snob?

"D'you know Liz Hofert, Dan?"

"Howdyado?" Then *he* looked closer. "Oh! LIZ!"—the way Dennis Day says it on the Benny program. And kept right on looking, with the smile in the blue eyes. "How's about you and me going for a ride?" *(Cont'd on page 106)*



Liz Hofert was a pre-med student at USC when she met Dan. They were married two years later on Christmas Day, 1942. Liz was 18.

She was only 16



Dresses at Maureen O'Hara, Inc., in Tarzana, Calif., cost no more than $30. Lorna Murphy (inside shop) is one of Maureen's two partners.

■ Their husbands laughed. Their husbands laughed so much they got hiccups from it. Because what did Maureen O'Hara, actress, or Sue Daly, her stand-in, or Lorna Murphy, their friend, know about dress shops?

As it turned out, plenty.

It all began on the *Sitting Pretty* set, when the three girls started discussing a few painful truths. "Did you know," Sue said, "that you can't buy a decent summer dress in the whole darn San Fernando Valley for under ninety thousand dollars? Soon I'll be re-cutting flour sacks."

(Sue, who's married to a cameraman—and who has, incidentally, three gorgeous babies—lives in the Valley, in a town called Tarzana, so she'd had plenty of time to case the surrounding territory.)

"It would be fun to start a shop—" Maureen began dreamily.

The other girls leaped on her gleefully. "Why don't we?"

And that's how it started, and that's when their husband's started laughing, and if they're laughing out of the other sides of their mouths at this point, it's for good and sufficient reasons.

O'Hara, Daly and Murphy showed 'em.

Not that Maureen cared about making a million dollars. Money really wasn't an object. She'd always thought she'd enjoy owning a little shop, getting to know customers, helping people decide what was right for them. Her mother has a shop, her father had run a shop. If she didn't profit too much, she wouldn't worry about it.

Lorna found the place, in Tarzana. There was a new block of shops, and one for rent.

They used Maureen's name on the front, because after all, they weren't fools, and what was the harm in making a little capital out of the fact that you were a movie star, anyhow. If you were a shrinking violet, you wouldn't be a movie star.

The sign over the door, therefore, says Maureen O'Hara, in her own hand-writing; it's gold (*Continued on page 93*)

Money no object

It was love, not money, that inspired Maureen O'Hara, Inc. It's tiny, it's crowded— but at last Maureen has her own little shop . . .



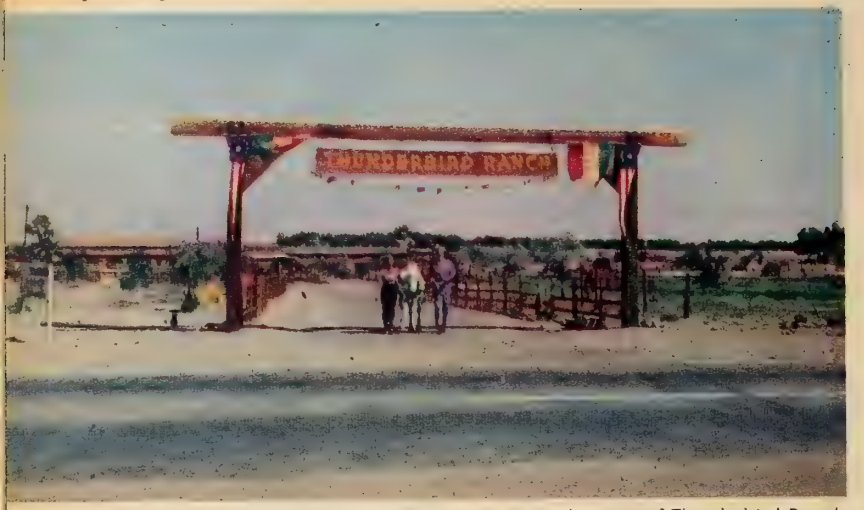
Chances are 1 in 3 that you'll find Maureen there in person to wait on you, or take your money at cash register. Girls operate on very small margin.



Between pics *Sitting Pretty* and *The Long Denial*, Maureen attended a fashion show for buyers with partner No. 2, Sue Daly, formerly her stand-in.

photos by bert parry

photos by bob beerman



Welcome Anytime: The Gages at the gate of Thunderbird Ranch.

by frank bogert

"There are the ones who swipe your towels," Frank Bogert says. "And there are the others, the dreams walking, the Ben Gages, for instance . . ."

"some guests are special!"

Careful Of Property: You can swing a mallet hard when you play croquet, but look out for the lawn below! Esther and Ben left the grass the way they found it—then went on to other activities.



Never Forgotten: Frank Bogert, manager of Thunderbird, serenades two of his best guests. Ben and Esther blush at extra attention—they don't take small favors for granted.





Easy To Please: People who don't bore each other are a joy anywhere. The Gages can just loaf in the lounge—and still have a wonderful time.

■ Being the manager of a fashionable dude ranch puts me in a unique position. I really meet the people. All kinds. The ones who swipe your towels, the ones who get drunk and try to wreck the joint, the ones who turn up their noses at the menu. And the pleasant ones who simply want some sun, and desert air, and a little fun. These are in the majority of course. But there are a few pests and—way at the other end of the pole—there are a few joys like Ben and Esther Williams Gage. Both of these types are extreme cases.

When I see Ben and Esther coming up the walk, I get a lift. I love them. We cater to a lot of movie stars at Thunderbird—after all, it's only 75 miles from Hollywood—and one of the things I've noticed about movie people is that they don't know how to relax. Esther and Ben are different. Once out of Hollywood, Hollywood's forgotten. They bounce; they're like kids, they have fun.

I've watched them dance the hokey-pokey (it's kind of a square dance) with the kitchen help, I've seen them clowning around in the pool ten minutes after they checked in, I've had that big lug of a Gage trying to soft-talk me out of my wife Janice's horse because his little woman had got a crush on the animal.

"But Frank," he kept saying. "It's Esther's birthday."

My wife Janice went to high school with Ben, and she can take care of herself, so I respectfully asked to be left out of the discussion. After all, it's not my horse.

At Thunderbird, we don't specialize in wild times. We serve good food—lots of it—and there's a bar for those who indulge. I'll never forget Esther standing at the bar singing "The Lady From 29 Palms" because 29 Palms had elected her honorary mayor.

I will also never forget Ben making fun of my Western hat, and then trying it on. He liked the way he looked in it so much he ended up buying about $300 worth of clothes from a cowboy tailor!

There isn't anything I can say about the Gages that wouldn't be simple repetition. They have fun, they help others to have fun, they add to a place. And if they care to come over and see me at Catalina Island, where I'm running a resort called Toyon Bay, this summer, my arms are open wide!

(More pictures on next page)

"some guests are special!"



Sane In The Saddle: Horses don't shy away from the Gages, who can handle them well. Here, they ride with Janice and Frank Bogert.



Always In Tune: Many Hollywood stars expect to be entertained when they're on vacation, but Esther likes to play hostess. Gerry Dolin accompanied her on the piano when she sang at this party.



Fun To Feed: The food at a ranch is solid and tasty—steaks, salads, potatoes—you don't get caviar at a buffet lunch. Esther and Ben came into the kitchen for this meal, piled their plates.



. **Safe In The Swim:** No need to call a lifeguard when this pair falls into the pool. Esther, in her new Cole bathing suit, walks over Ben.



Good Sports: Esther isn't afraid to lose a ping-pong game. When Ben's her partner she can blame him! No matter what the score, though, they both keep smiling.



Pretty As A Picture: It helps any resort owner to have the star of *On An Island With You* as his guest. Since their marriage, Ben's been photographing all their vacation trips. They have a regular movie library now.



It happened in a

by erskine johnson



FIGHTS: At the Mocambo: Errol Flynn, his wife Nora, Sinatra, Winchell and Leonard Lyons. Once, Mocambo was scene of Flynn-Jimmie Fidler fight. Fidler's wife reportedly assisted her husband by stabbing Errol with fork!



STAR-MAKING: When the management of the old Trocadero staged "talent nights," new stars were born! Deanna Durbin and Judy Garland auditioned together. M-G-M scout signed Judy, let Deanna slip by him.



MILLION-DOLLAR PARTIES: Kay Francis turned a whole night club into a circus for a party in 1928. Walter Pidgeon played a clown; Carole Lombard swung from trapeze in an evening gown!

Nightclub

If Durante's not wrecking the piano, somebody's socking Flynn. In Hollywood, the floor show isn't always on the floor!



ROUGH-HOUSE: Jimmy Durante goes into his "break up the piano" routine when asked to entertain for nothing. It's free—but costs the club the price of a new piano!



EMBARRASSING MOMENTS: In Ciro's, Gene Markey (rt.), with wife Myrna Loy, sat between ex-wives Hedy Lamarr (left), Joan Bennett (center.)

■ The lights at the Trocadero were low and glamorous.

The room held the spell of that glamor, soft music poured from the bandstand.

An ethereal vision in white danced by.

"Isn't Alice beautiful tonight?" someone said, and other eyes turned to follow Alice Faye as she moved among the dancers in a lush white satin gown.

The music finished, and the dancers took the dismissal, moving off the floor by two's, back to their tables. Alice smiled to her companion, and sat down.

Then a horrified, frantic surprise swept across her face. In a vain attempt to appear casual, she pulled aside the white satin folds of her skirt and looked at her chair.

There, squashed in gooey, mushy finality between her white satin splendor and the green plush of the chair was a king-size chocolate eclair!

Some drunk had had his sadistic joke. It was the funniest thing I ever saw in a night club.

The Trocadero has been closed, opened, and had its face lifted any number of times through the years. But the Old Troc was Hollywood's leading after-dark spot for quite a spell.

On Sunday nights the 'Old Troc' held 'talent night.' It was a showcase for newcomers to (*Continued on page 90*)

AT 19,



SHIRLEY ON THE

■ Four months ago, MODERN SCREEN—and you—had a big moment. Shirley Temple's baby was born. *Our baby having a baby,* people said to one another, and there was wonder in their voices, and pleasure, and a trace of wistfulness, because time flies, and all babies grow up, and all non-babies begin to feel old.

So MODERN SCREEN regretfully plucks the white hairs from its head, and trots out its family album, its book of treasures, its collection of Shirley Temple covers. Shirley, at seven, in a little sailor collar, the famous dimples punctuating the cheeks—that was the first Temple cover to appear for the May, 1936, issue. Shirley at nineteen, with Linda Susan in her arms, that's the current cover, for the August, 1948, issue. And in between these two, all the covers which tell their own story, the story of Shirley growing up. We're proud of our covers; we're proud of our Shirley—but we know you don't want to read about us; you want to read about Mrs. Agar and her baby, and that's all right, too.

Linda Susan's quite a baby. 16 weeks, and her eyes focus. Maybe all 16-weeks old babies' eyes focus, but you couldn't prove that by Shirley. She's impressed.

She (Shirley) took her (Linda Susan) to the doctor the other day, and there was a boy baby there ahead of the Agar girls, and he must have been eighteen weeks old himself, by the looks of him (the boy baby, not the doctor) but the minute he saw the doctor, he started crying.

"You see," Shirley whispered to Linda Susan. "He's acting very childish."

When Linda Susan's turn came, she all but shook hands with the man. She grinned, and chuckled, and flirted and rolled her eyes.

The doctor weighed her—13 pounds, three ounces—

Our baby—with a baby of her own. We're feeling old, and very sentimental. We, open our treasure album to 12 years of Shirley Temple on our covers.

COVER



AT 7, our cover asked "Who is genius behind Shirley?" The answer was Mrs. George Temple.

SHIRLEY ON THE COVER



AT 8, Shirley, making *Wee Willie Winkie,* expressed a birthday wish to play with the 3-year-old Quints.



STILL 8, Temple was listening rapturously to The Lone Ranger, starring in *Heidi,* and greeting three Russian flyers, just arrived from North Pole.



AT 9, good scripts became hard to find. After *Miss Annie Rooney* in '42, she retired from films—and our covers—to attend school.

measured her—24 inches long, and prescribed jello and soft-boiled eggs.

"She'll be tall," he said. "Probably tower over you."

"How can she help it?" said Shirley. "Her father's six foot two."

"That accounts for it," said the doctor. "Undoubtedly."

Shirley and Jack spend hours staring into the baby's eyes. In the morning, they're blue (Jack's eyes are china blue), by noon, they're either grey or greenish, and sometimes they're practically dark brown.

"It would be nice if she'd have green eyes," Shirley'll say. "They're different."

"Too different," Jack tells her. "There isn't a chance. My mother has blue eyes, your father has blue eyes, and all the rest of our families have eyes as brown as maple syrup."

"Brown?" Shirley says.

"Brown," Jack says. It seems final.

"Anyway," says Shirley, "her hair shows signs of curling—but definitely!"

"Hair," hoots her husband. "Fuzz!"

"In the back," Shirley says, "where it's longer."

Mrs. Halverson, the nurse, gets into the act. "She has dimples," Mrs. Halverson insists. So far nobody but Mrs. Halverson and possibly God have been able to find them, but Mrs. H. won't give an inch.

Linda Susan's about as good-natured a baby as you could find; she's gentle, and sweet-tempered. Her only serious breach of taste is a rather alarming tendency toward nudism. Dressed, she's content, but naked, she's deliriously happy.

She's also quite happy when she's posing for pictures. A regular little camera hog. She carries on as though she had a Screen Actors Guild card. She smiles, she poses, she puts one hand behind her head. John Miehle, who's been photographing stars for twenty-five years, fell so madly in love with her he's ready to leave his wife and family, if she says the word. Since the home-wrecker doesn't talk yet, the evil day's being put off.

Next week, Linda Susan is going to have her first date. Shirley intends to put a lot of cushions down on the rug, and sit Linda Susan at one end, and Scotty (Jack Temple and his wife Miriam's little boy) at the other end, and see how they get along.

They ought to do fine, Shirley figures. After all, cousin Scotty's a man, and Linda Susan leans that way.

As soon as she's able to eat at a table, Shirley and Jack are going to buy one that's built around a chair, none of the old-fashioned highchairs. And she'll have pets to grow up with. No kittens, because her parents don't like cats, but a puppy. When she's four, they think. A cocker spaniel or a dachshund.

When she's six, she gets a pony.

Shirley had a pony when she was six. It was named "Spunky," which was misleading, because (*Continued on page 100*)



AT 14, with two brothers in the service, Shirley resumed acting in *Since You Went Away,* appeared at shipyards, camps.



AT 15, star of *I'll Be Seeing You* looked forward to becoming 16, which meant lipstick, choosing her own clothes—and having lots of dates!



AT 16, Shirley met a young sergeant named John Agar. Before the year was out, they'd announced their engagement.



AT 17, Shirley was our Valentine—and Agar's bride. A thousand guests, including Gov. of Calif., watched the ceremony.



AT 18, the bride of one year was giving Modern Screen readers marital advice. "The first year's the easiest," said Shirl—and John agreed!



STILL 18, Shirley announced the news that made headlines everywhere: the Temple-Agar heiress was on the way!



They couldn't win

Susan and Dick,
the Quines . . . hiding
their secret hearts,
knowing they didn't be-
long together,
fighting the knowledge . . .

BY IDA ZEITLIN

■ Not long ago you read a story in MODERN SCREEN about Susan and Dick Quine—the house they planned to build, the children they hoped to adopt, the life they looked forward to. It was all true then. Now you've read that they're parting—which is also true—and you're wondering what could have happened to change the picture.

In a way, it's been happening over a period of years, in a way it came suddenly, as the constant drip of water can gnaw at a rope till the final drop breaks it. Susan's recent trip to New York was that drop for the Quines.

She came back and told Dick she'd be happier by herself. She'd said it before, but always on top of a 4th-of-July type explosion, followed by "Darling, I'm sorry, I love you, forget it." This time she said it without losing her temper. This time it was for keeps.

Once convinced that she really wanted out, Dick packed, took Thunder (their Great Dane who needs plenty of exercise) and went to stay with Bill Asher, his friend and partner. He'd been spending most of his days there anyway, working. Now he spent his nights there as well.

Knowing that the news would create a nine-day wonder, and having had enough drama to last them a lifetime, they'd agreed to keep their own counsel for a while. Dick was often at Susan's, and they felt the secret was safe until they could break it according to plan. It looked as if Dick might go to Chicago on business. While he was gone, Susan would let things seep out, maybe cushion the shock to Hollywood's sensitive nerves.

But somebody guessed, and leaked the guess to a radio commentator, who phoned Dick. Dick refused to deny today what he'd be compelled to admit tomorrow. Susan



THE UNSUSPECTING: Susan and Dick Quine were married in Nov., 1943. Newlywed squabbles were frequent, but harmless. Real tragedy was impending.



OTHERS CAME FIRST: Susan's hunting accident in '45 left her a paraplegic. She arranged diversions for similarly-afflicted war veterans, never spared herself.

was having herself a whirl that weekend. Her brother Bob's studying animal husbandry at Cal Polytechnic, and she'd gone up for the rodeo fiesta. Frantic lest she get the flash on the air, Dick kept phoning her motel till at last he reached her. Next morning she whisked back to town. It wasn't fair that Dick should face the music alone.

These two love each other, they worry about each other. Then why have they parted? Because as man and wife, they made each other miserable. You don't have to choose up sides or apportion blame. Nobody's to blame, unless you'd like to call it a fault that Susan's the way she is and Dick the way he is, and their ways are as the poles apart. If this or the other had or hadn't happened, maybe they'd have been able to hit a compromise. More probably not. Anyway, that's all beside the point. What happened happened, and they're calling it a day.

When they married, Hollywood beamed its blessing. A couple of wholesome kids who belonged together. Only a few people harbored any doubts that Dick was so right for Susan, Susan for Dick. Such doubts were dissolved in the general rosy glow, but it's significant that the skeptics were those who knew Dick and Susan best, to whom their happiness mattered most.

Susan has a will of iron, to which she owes the fact that she's living today. "I wouldn't give two cents for her life," the doctors said after her accident. Her closest friend waited in the corridor. "You can go in now," said the nurse. "Don't stay more than a minute."

"D'you think I'd better wait?"

"There's no point in waiting. Next time she may not even know you."

Susan's dark eyes looked up at her friend. The voice was weak, but all the force of her spirit lay behind it. "I won't die," she said. "I'm going to fool them." No doctors, no treatment could have done it for her. She did it herself.

If there were no such word in the language as independent, you'd have to coin it for Susie. All her life she's been impatient of curbs, belonged only to herself. Freedom was her star. To go where and when she pleased, consulting nobody's pleasure but her own. Highhearted and venturesome. Not reckless exactly, because she knew her stuff. With Susan, everything was a challenge. She had to outstrip every other swimmer on the beach, ride the toughest horse, shoot straighter than any woman and most men, drive the way kids drive hopped-up cars, only good. If she saw you were scared going 40, she'd laugh and go 50. "The little vixen," her mother used to sigh. "I don't know what to do with her." Protest, and Susan would give it the brush-off.

This same stubborn will made her no cinch to live with. Marriage, as you've heard more than once, means adjustment and adjustment came harder to Susie than to most. With a different man she might have learned it—a man as imperious as herself or more so—a thus-far-and-no-farther guy, who'd have known how to put her in her place when she got too fresh. Dick's an easygoing fellow, tolerant, patient, gentle. To fight and make issues goes against the grain with him. He'd rather give in for peace than battle for his way. Up to a point.

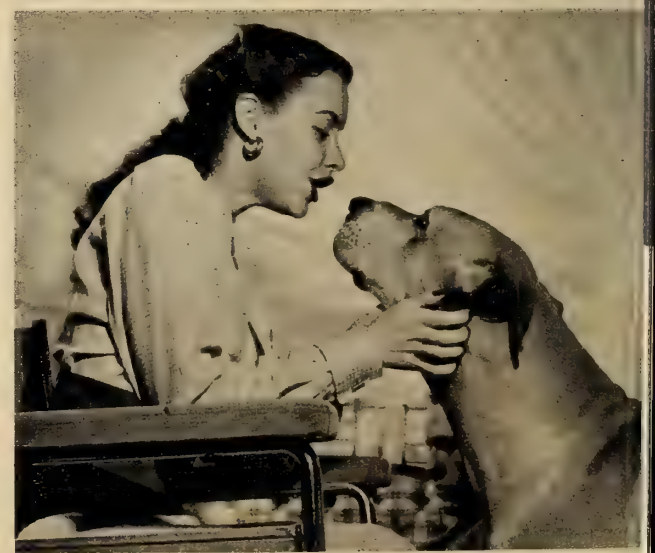
He's also a demonstrative person, full of affection. Susan feels it inside, but can't show it. Make a fuss over Susie, and you're in the doghouse. It (*Continued on page 95*)



SHE COULDN'T CHANGE: She'd always had an iron will and a quick temper. Wheelchair didn't stop Susan's career, but it interfered with normal outlets and so her crankiness increased.

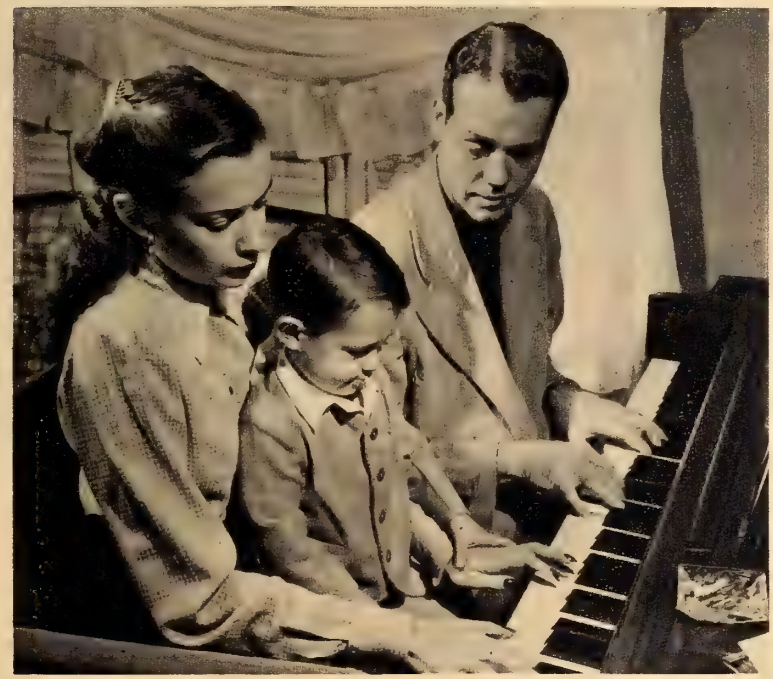


HOBBIES WEREN'T ENOUGH: When the painting craze hit Hollywood, talented Susan went in for sessions like these with Ginger Rogers. For a while things smoothed out, but it wasn't to last.



THEY CLUNG TO WHAT THEY KNEW: Afraid of what was happening, the Quines made plans to cement their life together. One common tie was affection for their Great Dane, Thunder.

THEY TRIED FOR TIMOTHY: They missed each other when apart, but they couldn't live under same roof. Both were honest and intelligent. They finally agreed Tim was too young to understand divorce, young enough to survive it.



They couldn't win



"WHAT KIND OF PERSON AM I?" Susan wondered. She wanted to work (made *Sign Of The Ram* with A. Knox) but she wanted peace more.



SHE CHOSE FREEDOM: She came to New York (here, with her brother Bob Carnahan) and Dick stayed home. She had lots of fun, and she felt free. Susan thrives on independence. Soon she'll have it.



"MY FIRST PICTURE *of the queen. 1908. She was eleven months old and her real name was Ruby Stevens. Brother Malcolm was 3.*"

This is the sentimental journal of Barbara Stanwyck's "Uncle" Buck . . . who helped make Barbara what she is . . . and never had cause to regret it!



"ME AND THE QUEEN"

by Uncle Buck

■ I call Barbara Stanwyck The Queen, because that's what she is to me. She calls me Uncle Buck. Not really her uncle, I've been Uncle Buck for years. I've known her since she was knee-high. I live at her house.

I used to lead her by the hand into a delicatessen on Broadway when she was eleven years old, and I was after a spread for the gang in our show. "What you want, kid?"

"A turkey leg."

It was always the same—this funny little gal who hung around backstage with her shiny shoe-button eyes and brown pigtails. She always knew what she wanted. "Now, look," I'd argue. "This isn't Thanksgiving. Try something else, why don't you?" She'd shake those pigtails stubbornly. "Uh-uh. I like turkey legs. I want a turkey leg." That's what she got.

I'd run into her backstage at the old Liberty Theater, in a hurry, late for my spot in the show. "Hey, Uncle Buck—watch!" Then she'd knock herself out with a tap routine, or some kind of dance—for me, or anyone who'd stop to watch.

"That's great, kid. Gonna be a dancer when you grow up?"

She'd bob her head. "Yep—a star. I'm going right to the top. No fooling around, either."

I used to laugh. What a kid!



"SHE'D MURDER ME *if she knew I showed you this! Barbara was on B'way in* Burlesque, *(role got her a screen test). Gent is Hal Skelly. Year is '27.*"



"SO BIG *was the name of this movie. Barbara played Selena DeJong, and every time I look at the little old lady it startles me. Then I remember the queen was only 25—the rest was makeup.*"



"THE QUEEN'LL HOWL *when she sees this! A femme fatale in movie* Mexicali Rose *with Sam Hardy. 1929—she was a star.*"



"BARBARA MARRIED FRANK FAY *right after her big success in* Burlesque. *The two were on opposite ends of the ladder. She was going up, he was coming down.*"



"MOTHER AND SON *go riding on Barbara's horse ranch in the Valley. Dion was 6, lived with the queen and still does. Bob Taylor was neighbor.*"



"STORMY COURT PROCEEDINGS *ended the Fay marriage in 1935. They'd been wed six years, and had adopted a son, Dion. Barbara won bitter battle for custody.*"

"ME AND THE QUEEN"

My last name's Mack—Buck Mack, in full. I was half of a song-and-dance team then, Miller and Mack. And Barbara Stanwyck was little Ruby Stevens, the orphan kid sister of a chorus girl I knew in a show called *Glorianna,* back on Broadway, in 1918. I was just out of the Navy after the First World War and trying to get set again in show business. Millie Stevens isn't here any more, but she was a swell girl, a pretty blonde doll herself and crazy about her kid sister. I used to mosey up to their place on off days from the show. They stayed at the Palace Hotel; I was five doors down the street at the Princeton. That's when I'd buy Ruby those turkey legs at the delicatessen. That's when I got to be "Uncle Buck."

When *Glorianna* closed, I drifted off in vaudeville, rattled all over the country, and I lost track of Millie Stevens and her kid sister. Ten years went by.

Sometimes, at the Friars' or somewhere, I'd hear show people talk about Barbara Stanwyck. She'd made a big hit for herself in *The Noose* and *Burlesque.* But I hadn't seen either one, and I knew nothing about the lady.

One day I strolled backstage to see an old friend of mine playing at the Palace Theater. At that point I was "at liberty."

My friend was in a skit with this Barbara Stanwyck and he took me into her dressing-

NEW GRAND SLAM IN LIPSTICK SHADES... TANGEE'S PINK OF PERFECTION

"PINK QUEEN"



"Dazzling as a Diamond"





Joan Blondell

Glamourous star, says: "Pink lipstick's the Hollywood craze and "Pink Queen" is the perfect pink."

TANGEE'S new "PINK QUEEN" is Leap Year's "come hither" color—but definitely! It's bright. It's light. It's fashion right. And, of course, like all Tangee super-shades, it goes on easier... stays on longer. Yes, that summer romance is in the cards with "PINK QUEEN"—Tangee's pink of perfection!

Seven Super-Shades

by Tangee

RED MAJESTY	MEDIUM RED
GAY-RED	THEATRICAL RED
RED-RED	NATURAL

PINK QUEEN

Tangee

THE WORLD'S NO. 1 LIPSTICK

room to meet her. I saw a smart looking young lady with plenty of looks and style. She said, "You don't remember me." And I couldn't say that I did. She grinned, and twisted one side of her hair into a pigtail. I still didn't get it. "Remember Millie Stevens?"

"Sure I do."

"Well, Uncle Buck," said this Stanwyck dame. "I'm Millie's kid sister, Ruby."

I almost fell over.

Next day my phone rang. "Why don't you work with us, Uncle Buck? The act looks good for your routine—how about it?" How about the Palace? That was vaudeville's big league. Miller and Mack got over there fast. I haven't been very far from Barbara Stanwyck's side since. So maybe I know a thing or two about the little pigtailed girl who grew into a great Hollywood star. And what I know mostly is this:

She's still that same kid. Sure, if you look for a gray hair you can find it, but her heart beats the same way it did then—which is for just about everybody but herself. As we say in show business, Stanwyck's strictly "legitimate." *(Continued on page 68)*



"TRACEDY, COMEDY, MELODRAMA—*the queen could handle all.*

"HONEYMOON! *Usually I travel around with the Taylors, but not this trip. Bob and Barbara were married May 14, 1939.*"





scar nominee: Stella Dallas, Ball of Fire, Double Indemnity.



Others got the Oscars, but to me she was always the winner."



"DATE WITH DION"—*he was 14 here, in 1946, old enough to take Mom to lunch in Beverly Hills. That year Dion's name was changed to Anthony."*

"ME AND THE QUEEN"



"BOB CALLS HER STANY *or Doll. Sometimes she tags him Farmer Joe. They look pretty nice together. By the way, the queen's finished* Sorry, Wrong Number. *And have you seen* B.F.'s Daughter?"

NEW! Shasta beauty cream shampoo

leaves your hair more beautiful

all 3 ways!



STARLET

Lola Deem

rates far higher in RKO Studio screen test after a Shasta Beauty Cream Shampoo!

Recently discovered by RKO, Lola says she proved "100% more glamorous" in pictures after her first Shasta shampoo. "Before-and-after photographs show the difference!" beams Lola. "My hair suddenly became shining, soft and smooth!"

NEW! Procter & Gamble's amazing Shasta—the *beauty* cream shampoo.

NEW! Fragrant, satiny Shasta *cream-cleanses* your hair . . . beautifies your hair *all 3 ways*—as no soap—bar or liquid—will! In one Shasta shampoo, your hair will have

- that *lustrous* "*alive*" look!
- that *sm-o-o-oth-as-satin* look!
- that *soft, caressable* look!

YES, ALL 3! Yet your hair has "body"—it's not limp, not dried out.

Shasta is safe, kind to hair. Makes mountains of lather even in hardest water. Removes flaky, unlovely dandruff, too. And doesn't spill or run into eyes.

Hurry! For more beautiful hair *all three ways*—get Shasta. Convenient sizes. All toiletries counters.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

PROCTER & GAMBLE'S Shasta BEAUTY CREAM Shampoo

That's tops. And I'm not talking about just her acting right now.

When I joined Barbara's vaudeville skit, my wife and I had a bulldog we were nutty about. Kept him in our hotel room, and fussed over him like a baby. One day he died. I had dinner the next night with Barbara and I was telling her how busted up we were about it.

She just listened, and I guessed maybe she didn't know what it was to love a dog like we did.

Next day the wife and I were sitting in the room, glooming, when came a rap on the door. It's Barbara with a puppy in her arms. She set him down, he trotted around the room, sniffed, and wet the carpet. We laughed for the first time in days.

Barbara's a sharer. She doesn't get any bang out of life if she can't give something to somebody.

Once, back in New York, a woman with a new baby sent her a note. She was hard up and she wanted to know if Barbara would help her get a baby carriage. That was all she wanted. What she got was the carriage and everything that went with it, the whole layette of baby clothes and equipment. On top of that, Barbara called up a dairy and arranged for that kid to have an order of milk every day for a year. She never met the woman or saw the baby. And that was before Barbara Stanwyck hit it big in Hollywood.

no brakes for barbara . . .

Barbara wasn't in the money when my wife and I left Broadway, heading for Hollywood on a bus. But the breaks Barbara'd had she wanted to share. She walked down Fifth Avenue one day with my wife, who happened to point out a blue serge suit in a store window and say, "Buck's crazy about that suit." Before she knew it, Barbara had hustled her inside, had it wrapped up, and another one with it and sent over to our place, so I'd have some new clothes for the road.

Next day I was thanking her. "Think your wife would be sore if I sent her over a dress?" she asked. I said of course not, but she'd already done enough.

In a couple of days boxes started crowding us out of our room. Not just a dress—but hats, shoes, underwear, a coat.

You've got to be careful around the Queen. She'll walk down the street in Beverly Hills or New York and see something she's dying to have and she'll shake her head. "Too expensive." But let a friend happen the next day to spot exactly what Barbara saw and remark, "Oh, isn't that the cutest thing!"—and Barbara'll buy it for her. I've seen that happen fifty times.

"Sometimes she's just sitting reading, and she spots a hard luck item in the paper. "Here, Buck—take care of it."

"Look," I'll argue. "You aren't the U. S. mint; you aren't Rockefeller. You'll go broke." That makes her mad.

"Take it out of the book. What's the book for?"

"The book" is cash for household expenses. It takes an awful beating most of the time, because the Queen cares about folks who aren't getting the breaks.

She's always cared, and I know. Because many's the time she's made things rosy for me. I remember when my act busted up in St. Louis, Barbara had her contract to make pictures. "Well," I thought, "I'll go back to the big stem and look around." I didn't say anything to Barbara, but she could read my thoughts. "Uncle Buck," she said, "it's warm out in California and the living's easy. I've got a contract. You can get a job there as easy as you can back on Broadway. It's time you slowed down anyway. Send for your wife and then come on West." Well, that's what I did.

I hadn't been in town a week before my phone rang down at the hotel. Central

Casting: I'd never looked at a camera before. I was strictly a footlights guy, used to the boards. "Buck Mack?" Then: "Can you be down at the Ambassador Hotel barber shop tomorrow morning, six o'clock, business suit, topcoat, soft hat, to work in a picture?"

I was there. They sat me in a barber chair. I got a haircut, shave, manicure, shoeshine, shampoo. I could use them, too. I didn't have to do anything but lie back on my spine and take it easy. They handed me a check—fifteen bucks. I walked out at 8:30 smelling like a rose. What a racket! Of course somebody had had to put in my name for that casting. You can guess who.

Barbara never forgot to work me into a picture whenever she could. But I wouldn't say the silver screen was my dish. I belonged to the old vaudeville days and they were deader than a mackerel. I was just getting by.

When my marriage blew up, I figured maybe I'd head back East again. But Barbara heard about my trouble, and was over to my apartment before I could fold my ties. She lived in Brentwood. "There's a guest house for you to live in," she said, "and I really need someone to look after things. How about it?" "I'll move out for a week or two," I said. Off and on, I've been living at Barbara's house ever since. It's home now.

When she moved out to Marwyck, her horse ranch in the Valley I went along.

one girl's neighbor . . .

Out there, we had a neighbor about three miles up the road. Guy named Robert Taylor, and he was ranch and horse happy, too. He used to hang around our place a lot—but not because of the horses. He went off to England to make a picture, *Yank at Oxford*, and anyone who wasn't deaf, dumb and blind could tell that when he came back, the Queen was going to be Mrs. Taylor. She missed him pretty bad. I got out my suitcase again and figured I'd pack up and get going when the wedding took place.

Instead I was best man.

"If I catch you ducking out on me now," said Barbara, "I'll—"

"I'll bust you on that Irish beezer," Taylor said. What could I do? Sure, I stayed. And proud to. I was the only one outside Barbara and Bob who knew they had a marriage license when they did. I drove with them one night down to San Diego, got a clerk out of bed and watched them sign up. Who'd figure "Spangler Brugh and Ruby Stevens" were Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck? Nobody did who saw the vital statistics in the San Diego papers. Saturday we and the Zeppo Marxes drove down and they told it to the preacher—at exactly one minute after twelve o'clock midnight. That Saturday was May the 13th—and well, Barbara's from show business. We all agreed it was silly to take chances. Only what chance were they taking? See that pair like I do, you'd know as a team they're a solid act. No valentine patter, maybe, but they back each other up all the time.

Came the war, Bob wanted to fly off and fight. I won't forget the day he came racing home with the news. "Meet Lieutenant, Junior Grade, Robert Taylor, Doll," he yelled.

"You know what *you* are, Taylor," she yelled back, looking at him with her eyes bright. "You're just the luckiest so-and-so in the U.S.A.!" only she didn't say so-and-so. I got to admit that when the Queen cusses she cusses like a man.

There wasn't any girl prouder of her guy than Barbara, either. She knew the other rookies were laying for him to give him the works because he was a good-

(*Continued on page 86*)

A cool Velvet Blend ... with Carnation



THERE'S a cool wave coming . . . a *vision* of coolness to delight the eye, and then the coolest *taste* that summer ever brought. And it's all so *easy*. You *cook* nothing, *bake* nothing! Chocolate Lime Swirl whips up in *no* time at all . . . and there's that supersmooth Carnation *Velvet Blend* again, in the season's hit-dessert!

CHOCOLATE LIME SWIRL——***And we repeat . . . nothing to cook!***

25 to 30 chocolate cookies
3 tablespoons butter, melted
1 package lime gelatin dessert
½ cup hot water
¼ cup lemon juice
¼ cup sugar
1 tall can (1⅔ cups) Carnation Milk, chilled to ice-crystal stage
1 teaspoon lemon rind, grated
4 drops of green food coloring

Butter a 10" spring-form pan. Line sides with 12 or more cookies. Crush remaining cookies, mix with butter, and place on bottom of pan, saving some for topping. Dissolve gelatin dessert in hot water. Add lemon juice and sugar and let stand while whipping Carnation Milk to a stiff froth. Add gelatin mixture to whipped Carnation Milk and continue whipping till stiff peak is formed. Mix in lemon rind and food coloring. Pour over the cookie crumbs. Make swirl on top by outlining a large "C" with a spoon. Then pour remaining crumbs over the "C". Chill about 4 hours or till firm. Serves 6 to 12. For variety, other gelatin desserts and cookies may be used.

WRITE for the "Velvet Blend Book" of milk-rich recipes "taste-lifted" with Carnation Milk, to Carnation Company, Dept. R-8, Oconomowoc, Wis., or Los Angeles 36, Calif. And tune in the Carnation "Contented Hour" every Monday evening.

P.S. to Coffee Lovers: Undiluted Carnation Milk—double-rich, velvet-smooth—is really a treat. On cereals, too.

"From Contented Cows"



© CARNATION CO.



murder boy

His wife thinks
he's sweet and gentle.
And maybe he is.
But Widmark on the screen—
that's another story,
that's a killer!

By CARL SCHROEDER



Dick Widmark was tough in *Kiss Of Death,* but he is terrifying in *Street With No Name.* Playing role of sadistic gangster, he spends his fury on Barbara Lawrence (at left) his film-wife.



The gentler side of Dick's nature shows up at home. Two-year-old daughter Ann likes to lounge on him while he tells stories.

■ The face was young, old, boyishly good-looking and savage, all at once. When the smile came, it was almost all leer. Audiences stared, a little horrified and a great deal fascinated.

"Big man!" Richard Widmark exclaimed, showing too many teeth. "Big man!" he repeated, his eyes glittering down at Vic Mature. Then, in that strange transformation that takes place in a really fine motion picture, these were not two actors in a film called *Kiss of Death.* Momentarily, they were Tommy Udo, the crazy killer, a psychopath with a gruesome sense of gangland ethics, and Nick Bianco, the tough guy who turned squealer because of his love for two children.

Audiences shuddered a little.

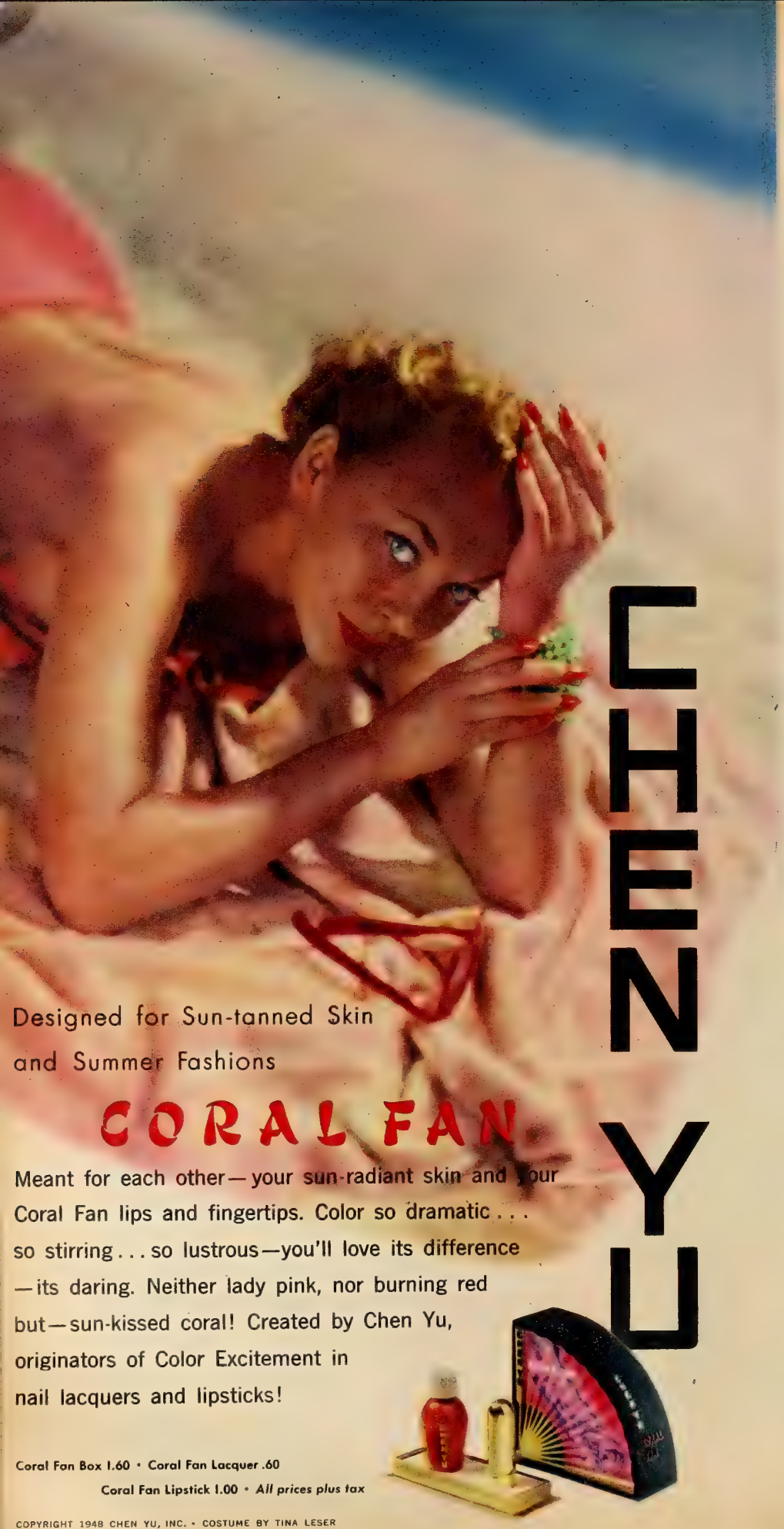
And it was the same on the sets of *Kiss of Death,* filmed against genuine backgrounds in New York.

"The guy actually made me mad—burned me to a crisp," Vic Mature said, speaking of the climactic scene in the Italian restaurant where he and Widmark had their final showdown. "We'd been over the dialogue a dozen times in rehearsal, but in the take, Dick changed from a quiet, friendly guy right in front of my eyes. He was Udo. He was crazy. He hated my guts, and for about three minutes I really hated his. I wanted to stand up and bust him right in the mouth, but I wasn't sure I could do it."

(The funny thing is that Widmark's really a gentle fellow—his only experience in crime has been acting in an occasional "Inner Sanctum" radio show in his youth. For the most part, he played clean-living American boys, however. In his last stage appearance, *Dunnigan's Daughter,* he was the straight male lead.)

Anyhow, the power of that *Kiss of Death* scene may have been the cause of a rumor that there was a feud on between Widmark and Mature.

"Things like that frighten me a little about Hollywood," Dick admitted. "The amazing thing is that between the time I left New York and got to Hollywood, Vic had been all around blowing trumpets in my favor. Then, one day, (*Continued on page 103*)



HOW LOW WILL THEY GO?

(*Continued from page 43*)

evening, and she was wearing a tulle number she could never have got away with in *Forever Amber*.

I also remember the furore Paulette Goddard used to cause on occasion (she was one of the first champions of the low neckline). Current devotees are Marie McDonald, Maria Montez and Marilyn Maxwell, and even the younger set, kids like Diana Lynn and Jean Peters have gone all out for strapless jobs.

It all started with the war's end, and the first post-war designers' shows in Paris. Apparently, French designers were recalling the Edwardian era, where "the more they put on the bottom, the more they took off the top." In this country, as soon as material restrictions were ended, designers followed the Paris lead.

Dresses which are cut down to there are no more expensive than any other kind of dresses, because the price of a garment is based almost entirely on the intricacy of the workmanship. If famous names design low-cut gowns and have them made of expensive materials, it's going to cost you money. If famous names design *high*-cut gowns, and have *them* made up in expensive materials, it's going to cost you just as much.

As for who should wear these bare fashions, it's a matter of common sense. If you have nice arms, shoulders, and curves, help yourself. If you haven't, don't. Incidentally, falsies aren't of too much value to the young and inexperienced. In Hollywood, the studios can hire engineers to take care of the problem; the problem's apt to slip away from anyone else.

Already, the news from New York is that the trend has changed again, that dresses are on their way up; that the new look will be a covered one. But Hollywood's never so extreme as New York or Paris, and Hollywood's pleased with its present sex-appeal-ing styles, and such women as Joan Crawford, Gene Tierney, Merle Oberon and Marguerite Chapman vow that for evening, low-cut gowns are IT.

Harper's Bazaar to the contrary, Vogue Magazine notwithstanding, and the heck with you city slickers. If you want to see a pretty shoulder, Hollywood's your beat.

Ann Blyth—

Universal star currently displaying her talents underwater as the damp but very glamorous half of *Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid*.

Ann scans the menu at New York's sky-cooled Penthouse Club, high above Central Park, in one of those summer-into-fall dresses you always crave at this time of year. It's dark, which is a nice change when you've been living in pastels; yet it's cool, because the weather is still hot. The dress is of faille crepe, with a low scoop neckline, little bows on the sleeves, and a gold-touched belt.

Ann models it in plum, with blue four-leaf clover pins accenting the notched collar, and butternut cartwheel, gloves and linen shoes for contrast.

You can choose it in plum, green, royal blue, or fuchsia. Sizes 10-18. By Town and Country Club.

Hat by Rowland Hughes. Shoes by Capezio. Pins by Coro. For where to buy see page 85.


modern screen
fashions

pray for RAIN





■ Know how a dark day can sometimes get you down? It can have just the opposite effect when it gives you an excuse to wear a cute raincoat. You get so you practically pray for rain—solely for a chance to look colorful and magazine cover-ish.

We think these three raincoats are glamorous enough to make any girl cloud-happy. They all have hoods, full backs, and wonderful colors. On top of that each one has its own fashion news. Incidentally, they keep you dry too. We know, because we photographed them at the Plaza in a teeming downpour. So bring on your weather!

As for etceteras—try a crook-handled plaid umbrella (opposite page)—or one with a bamboo handle (at left). Umbrellas and boots from Oppenheim Collins.

CONNIE BARTEL
fashion editor

a modern screen fashion



■ ABOVE. News: double-breasted front and curved pockets. In Zelan-treated cotton gabardine. Tan, grey, green, amber, aqua. 10-20. By Weatherbee—$14.95. Stores on page 85.

■ OPPOSITE. News: the fabric. It's cotton suede that looks and feels so much like real suede that you'd swear this coat must be very expensive. (It isn't.) The back has a medium flare; the hood is detachable. Russet, rose, aqua, beige, grey, blue. Pell Mell's sueded cotton. Sizes 10-18. By Sherbrooke—$17.95. Stores on page 85.

■ RIGHT. News: separate helmet hood extends way down inside collar. Helmet has ties which go through slits in coat, tie under chin. Belt buttons on in two pieces, so coat can be belted front, back, or all around. Grey, maize, aqua, navy, natural, or dark green. Sizes 10-18. By Storm Play—$14.98. Stores on page 85.

Just sit around and look pretty

Recipe for raising your spirits on a wilting summer day—cool bath, fragrant powder, glamorous hostess coat. See how sweet and pampered it makes you feel. The next time you feel like relaxing, do it prettily in one of these exciting hostess coats. We've especially chosen one in Junior sizes, one in Misses sizes and one in Half sizes—so there's bound to be one to fit you. Below, in misses sizes, a poppy sprinkled rayon crepe with a magnificent sweep of skirt, a surplice neckline and a bright sash to cinch in your waist. In black, copen blue or white ground, with bright flowers. Sizes 12-20. By Textron—$12.95. For where to buy see page 85.





■ Left—in Junior sizes, a rayon crepe printed with sprays of wheat and amusing little figures. The saucy double peplum shows off your small waist, the skirt swishes when you walk. Your choice of melting shades of aqua, lime, pink. Comes in junior sizes 9-15. By Textron—$14.95. For where to buy see page 85.

■ Right—for you who wear half sizes, smooth rayon crepe scattered with vivid carnations. The shawl collar edged with pleating couldn't be more flattering, and the skirt is romantically wide. Smoky blue, rose red or navy. Sizes 16½-24½. By Textron—$14.95. For where to buy see page 85.



COLLECTOR'S ITEM

■ You cute girls who collect the stars' photos always collect the cutest clothes too. Especially for you—a darling chambray dress with lots of stuff! First—a tucked bosom edged with rick-rack. Then a tricky pocket that buttons down over the belt. Plus a full swing skirt! Smooth with Mackey's double strapped flats. In pre-teen sizes 10 to 14. In Bates chambray. Grey, pink, blue. By Jack Borgenicht—about $8.95. Stores on page 85.

WATCH YOUR STEP, LANA

(*Continued from page 29*)

That puzzled her. Why, I don't know. It's happened so often.

"What can I do?" she asked me. "When I try to please people, they knock my ears in. If I don't, they do it again. How can I win?"

"You can't," I told her, "until you learn not to let people use you!"

I know Lana treasures her career. The idea of her retiring, just because she's married a millionaire, is absurd. She wouldn't knowingly have jeopardized her career—or, for that matter, have hurt anyone else. But she should have anticipated the indignant rumbles which would come from churchgoers who resented a minister solemnizing a ballyhooed marriage three days after the groom's divorce.

Lana said she was terribly sorry about the hot water Doctor Stewart MacLennan found himself in for marrying her to Bob Topping. "He's such a nice man, so sweet and kind."

I'm sure she didn't realize, either, that she'd embarrass Billy Wilkerson, who discovered her years ago, by turning his house into a press picnic. Or that asking Dr. William Branch, her confidant and friend since she was sixteen, to stand up with her would place him in an uncomfortable light in the medical world. (When he saw what was going on, he had a quick emergency call. He had to.)

Well—I've said before that Lana Turner seemed born for trouble. Whatever the reason, everyone uses that girl, everyone takes advantage of her.

let's look at the record . . .

Look at her first two husbands. One longed for a big-time Hollywood career and married Lana as a stepping stone. He tried to walk all over her, ridiculed and derided her, brought her bitter unhappiness, then left her.

The other was a still more brash and tragic self-promoter. He, too, wanted to be a movie actor. He fast-talked Lana into marrying him—without even bothering to see that his divorce was final!

Even Tyrone Power, who is ordinarily one of my favorite guys in Hollywood, disappointed me in the way he treated Lana when he found a new love. Ty flew off on his African air tour with fond goodbyes to Lana. She gave him a gorgeous farewell party in the Champagne Room, with trees of orchids flown from Honolulu and everything to make it gala—and expensive. It must have cost her around $10,000 to say goodbye to Ty. They had romantic plans to meet later in Casablanca, under the soft Mediterranean moon.

So off Ty flew—and met Linda Christian in Rome. He didn't bother to tell Lana all the time he was wooing Linda that he'd found a new love. She got just a brief cable calling off Casablanca. And when Ty came home he wouldn't even talk to her!

That hurt Lana, and I don't understand it, fond as I am of Ty.

Lana needs someone to look after her, and if Bob Topping means what he says about his being that someone, it'll be the first time a man ever did anything for Lana.

I don't mean things like the $25,000 marquise diamond Bob slipped on her finger. I don't mean costly gestures or gifts. From a millionaire that isn't what counts.

It doesn't make sense, I know, to picture Bob Topping, as much as he's been around, and Lana, as long as she's been

(*Continued on page 81*)



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blessings on the smooth black suit

If there's any fashion that a girl simply can't go wrong with—it's the smooth black suit. It's always smart. It's always ready. It's as simple or as dressed up as you make it. It's a girl's best friend—anywhere, any hour, any season. The crisp black faille shown lunching at New York's glamorous Penthouse Club is a black pearl among suits. Those smart little godets perk out in back to give the peplum exactly the right degree of flare. The bracelet length sleeves are made for your prettiest gloves—the buttons lend a touch of gold. Made sophisticated with Coro's scatter pins and a large straw hat—it's the smartest and most head-turning costume you can wear. Sizes 10 to 18. By Tommie Austin . . . $14.95. Stores on page 85

Hat by Rowland-Hughes

(Continued from page 79)

a sensational star, as babes in the woods, but oddly enough, that's how they struck me the day I saw them. There they were, holed up in a hotel bungalow, not daring to budge out after their foolishly ornate Hollywood wedding had tumbled down on their heads. The papers had even boosted Lana's trousseau to $65,000!

"Now how," puzzled Bob, "could anyone spend that much on clothes—unless she wore all furs or something?"

Lana sighed. "How wonderful those five days on the boat will be—with nobody to ask us anything!"

But a public star can't lead a secluded life, and Lana knows that. She's going to help Bob open his midget auto racing venture in England and she promised me, too, she'd take some time off and visit our occupation troops in Germany, who've been forgotten too much by our stars who visit abroad.

I know Lana wants a baby brother or sister for her daughter, Cheryl, by this marriage. She said so. I hope with all my heart she's blessed that way, and soon. Certainly for the first time in her life she's fallen for a man who is neither an actor nor staging an act. Bob Topping doesn't want to get into pictures and he isn't prospecting a Hollywood gold mine for money or publicity.

I looked at Lana. She seemed happy, contented and more sure of herself.

I came over to that honeymoon cottage bubbling with indignant advice to give Lana. I wanted to tell her— Oh, for Heaven's sake—to choose her friends better, to watch for connivers and promoters and phonies, to be more discreet in all her actions if she treasures her career.

I came in like a lion. And I left like—well, not quite like a lamb. I did manage to be Old Aunt Hedda a time or two. I did say, "Lana, you've just got to grow up. You've got to learn to take care of yourself, and make a go of this marriage, because you've got your first real chance with a man you can love. And remember—above all—you've got to watch your step." After which stern admonition, I broke down and kissed her. "Darling, be happy," I said. I never meant anything more.

LANA'S MARRIAGE FORECAST

By RITA DEL MAR, Editor Horoscope Magazine

• It has been reported that Lana Turner, upon embarking on her fourth marriage, remarked "This time it's for keeps" although according to ancient stellar lore, a map cast for the time and place of the wedding indicates that "it ain't necessarily so!" However, both Bob and Lana will be happy for a time because Venus, is favorably attuned to Mars in the heart sign, Leo.

According to news reports, the ceremony commenced at 2:12 P.M. on April 26, 1948, in Hollywood, California. The accompanying chart is cast for twelve minutes later, inasmuch as, for astrological purposes, we allow twelve minutes to elapse until the mutual exchange of the promise, "I do." This marks the advent of the marriage tie.

The fact that Venus is in close proximity to the high-tensioned Uranus will cause the fires of love to burn brightly for awhile and conditions to appear ideal. The moon's opposition to this combination challenges the continuity of this state of affairs. In approximately five months from the wedding date, the first crucial test of this romance will occur. Whatever the outcome of this crisis, the Toppings are a fine, handsome couple, and this astrologer's good wishes go with them.



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LETTER FROM THE FASHION EDITOR

Dear You:

Here's our great big thank you for the tons (well, almost) of coupons you sent us telling what price fashions you wish we'd feature.

The mail flooded in from the instant the June issue hit the newsstands, and we are still getting new batches daily.

You should have seen the Fashion Office! Every morning at the crack of dawn (almost) we haunted the mail room before the mail had been sorted. When the sorters had finally come within snatching distance of our hot little hands, we grabbed our letters, tore back to the office, ripped open the envelopes—and feverishly read what you had to say about fashion prices. Each and every figure you named has been carefully studied and listed, and from now on we are going to show you suits, dresses, sweaters, skirts and blouses at the prices you yourself have asked for.

We are very grateful for your wonderful response—and we only wish that we had had enough of the little gold wishbone pins to send to each one of you.

As you remember, we offered to send a gold wishbone pin to each of the senders of the first twenty-five coupons we received. We actually sent out twenty-six (we had an extra one). And here are the names of you readers who received the pin. We hope you are wearing and enjoying them this very minute:—

Miss Martha Paholke, Forest Park, Ill.
Miss Norma Jean Dyer, Indianapolis, Ind.
Miss Charlotte Chenoweth, East Orange, N. J.
Miss Goldie Cruse, Columbus, Ohio
Miss Jean Grogg, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Miss Goldie Hunter, Topeka, Kansas
Miss Ruth Rothenberg, Bronx, N. Y.
Mrs. Vera Miola, Newark, N. J.
Miss A. Langeland, Homewood, Ill.
Mrs. C. Cross, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. J. Smarrella, Steubenville, Ohio
Miss Glenna Bass, Brookline, Mass.
Miss Gaynell Lewallen, High Point, N. C.
Mrs. Hazel Dziedzic, Buffalo, N. Y.
Mrs. Edna Ousley, St. Louis, Mo.
Miss Mildred Huff, Arlington, Va.
Miss Dorothy Melson, Philadelphia, Pa.
Miss Delores Nelson, La Crosse, Wis.
Mrs. Howard Knotts, Los Angeles, Calif.
Miss Marilyn Coley, Detroit, Mich.
Miss Eleanor Viganego, San Francisco, Calif.
Mrs. M. Halderman, Galveston, Tex.
Miss E. Callahan, Milwaukee, Wis.
Miss Martha Ungewitter, Kelseyville, Calif.
Miss Lornadelle Waller, Seattle, Wash.
Mrs. Sherman Gish, Bremen, Ky.

To the next five hundred of you who sent in coupons, we have sent a copy of Screen Album, and we hope that you are getting lots of exciting information about your favorite stars from it.

As to you whose coupons arrived too late for either the pin or Screen Album, we want you to know that your coupons are counting in our tabulation of fashion prices. Besides, we'll be running more coupons, with more prizes for quick response—and we're sure you'll have luck next time.

Thank you all for writing in, and you don't have to wait for a coupon you know—just drop us a note whenever you feel like it. We love to hear from you.

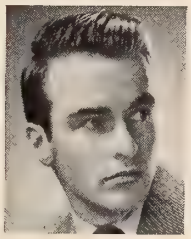
. . . . Connie Bartel

INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

SPECIAL OFFER

HERE IT IS AT LAST! (And well worth the waiting for!) The brand new 1948-49 Super Star Information Chart, completely revised, containing info on 500 of your all-time favorites. PLUS 100 NEW STARS never before charted, including Howard Duff, Ricardo Montalban, Valli. Over 10,000 facts in all; a must for every moviegoer. Send 10c and a business size self-addressed, stamped envelope to THE SERVICE DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, 261 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C., for your copy.



MONTGOMERY CLIFT, who appears as Steve in The Search *and in* Red River, *was born in Omaha, Nebraska, in 1920. He is 6' tall, weighs 155 lbs. and has green eyes and brown hair. Is unmarried. He can be reached at Actors' Equity Asso., 45 W. 47th Street, N.Y.C.*



SHELLEY WINTERS, the waitress in A Double Life, *was born Shelley Schrift in St. Louis, Mo., on August 18, 1923. She's 5' 4" tall, weighs 115 lbs. and has blue eyes and blonde hair. Is unmarried. She'll be seen next in* Martin Rome, and Larceny, *and can be reached at Universal, Universal City, Calif.*



DONALD BUKA debuts in Street With No Name. *He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on Aug. 17, 1921, is 5' 10" tall, and weighs 143 lbs. Hails from the New York stage. Has brown hair and eyes. Write to him at 19 W. 56th St., N.Y.C. Will also be seen in* Vendetta.



BETTY GARRETT was born in St. Joseph, Mo., 29 years ago. She has blue eyes, blonde hair, is 5' 5", and weighs 115 lbs. Is married to Larry Parks. Her latest film is Words and Music, *and letters reach her at MGM, Culver City, Calif.*



MICHAEL HARVEY, who was so cute as Curly in Tycoon, *was born in Atlanta, Ga., on June 21, 1917. He's 6' 2" tall, weighs 185 lbs., and has brownish hair and brown eyes. He's unattached. RKO, Hollywood, is his*

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MANY A BRIDE owes much to Lustre-Creme Shampoo for her soft, bewitching "Dream Girl" hair. *Not* a soap, *not* a liquid, Lustre Creme is a dainty new, rich-lathering *cream* shampoo. Created by cosmetic genius Kay Daumit, to glamorize hair, to leave hair with new three-way loveliness:

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Lustre-Creme is a rare blend of secret ingredients—plus gentle lanolin, akin to natural oils in a healthy scalp. Lathers instantly in hard or soft water. *No special rinse needed.* Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Be a Dream Girl . . . a lovely "Lustre-Creme" Girl.

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fabulous designer of children's wear, introduces a new popular-price series — *Heaven-to-Seven Fashions* — starring this brother-sister combination. For these and *all* cottons, Miss Brogan advises, "Starch with LINIT." This *penetrating* laundry starch resists muss and soil, *keeps* cottons crisp.

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INFORMATION DESK

Continued

address. Berlin Express, *his next picture.*

Lou Saxe, N. Y. C.: Here is the music from the forthcoming MGM hit, Easter Parade. *Please clip for future reference: Easter Parade, Happy Easter, Fella With An Umbrella, Shaking the Blues Away, It Only Happens When I Dance With You, Drum Crazy, Everybody's Doing It, Michigan, Beautiful Faces, Stepping Out With My Baby, Couple of Swells, Magazine Cover, Better Luck Next Time, I Love a Piana, Snooky Ookums, Ragtime Violins, Alabama Choo Choo.*

Melissa George, Wyo.: Yes, La Traviata *has been made into a film opera. It's now titled* The Lost One; *had its American preview at the Golden Theatre, N. Y., in March, and will soon be released nationally by Siritzky Films.*

Marguerite Lemaire, Mass.: Bob Mitchum (in photo below with Ye Info Desk at Cavalcade of America broadcast) has three pictures ready for release: They are Rachel and the Stranger, The Red Pony, *and* Blood on the Moon. *Tom Drake will next be seen in* Master of Lassie *and* Words and Music, *June Allyson, Cyd Charisse, and Mel Torme all will be seen in* Words and Music.

John Shelton, N. Y. C.: Tony Martin was born in Oakland, Calif., on Dec. 25, 39 years ago. He is 6' tall, weighs 175, and has brown eyes and brown hair. Write to him at Universal, Universal City, Calif. Douglas Dick was born in Charleston, West Va., on Nov. 20, 1920. Is 6' tall, weighs 148, and has blue eyes and light brown hair. Is unmarried, and can be reached at Paramount Pictures, Hollywood.

Joyce Singer, Mont.: Elliot Lawrence, your pet bandleader is appearing at the beautiful Cafe Rouge of the Hotel Pennsylvania, N. Y. C. (Home of the top bands.) Write to him there.

Glenda Norton, R. I.: That was Mickey Knox as Johnny in Killer McCoy. *He will be seen next in* The Accused. *Write to him at Paramount Pictures, Hollywood. Michael Steele plays Major Jenks in* Command Decision. *A note to him at MGM will get you a picture.*

Summertime is movie time, and movie time means movie questions. Why not send them, together with a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 261 5th Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y. And if you want the academy award list since origin, or info on how to start a fan club, another stamped envelope will get you that too.



Bob Mitchum and Bev at Du-ponts' Cavalcade of America.

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices may vary throughout country)

Plum dress with gold trimmed belt worn by Ann Blyth (page 73)

Baltimore, Md.—*Schleisner Co.*, 300 N. Howard St., Fashion Bowl, Lower Floor
Chicago, Ill.—*Chas. A. Stevens & Co.*, 19 N. State St., Budget Shop
Indianapolis, Ind.—*L. S. Ayers & Co.*, Meridian & Washington Sts., Budget Shop, Third Floor
New York, N. Y.—*Oppenheim Collins*, 33 W. 34th St., Budget Dress Dept., Fourth Floor
Pittsburgh, Pa.—*Gimbels*, 339 6th Ave., Misses Dress Dept., Third Floor

Suede-like cotton raincoat (page 74)

Chicago, Ill.—*Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.*, State, Madison & Monroe Sts., Wabash Room, Fourth Floor
New York, N. Y.—*Oppenheim Collins*, 33 W. 34th St., Rainwear, Third Floor
St. Louis, Mo.—*Famous-Barr Co.*, Locust, Olive & 6th Sts., Sport Shop, Fourth Floor

Double-breasted raincoat with curved pockets (page 75)

Lynn, Mass.—*T. W. Rogers Co.*, Union St., Raincoat Dept., Second Floor
New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's*, Lexington Ave. & 59th St., Raincoat Dept., Third Floor
Scranton, Pa.—*The Globe Store*, Coronet Coat Shop, Second Floor

Helmet hood raincoat (page 75)

Boston, Mass.—*Filene's*, Washington St., Coat Dept., Fifth Floor
Chicago, Ill.—*Lytton's*, 235 S. State St., Sportswear, Sixth Floor
New York, N. Y.—*McCreery's*, 5th Ave. & 34th St., Rainwear, Second Floor
Philadelphia, Pa.—*The Blum Store*, 13th & Chestnut Sts., Sports Dept., Sixth Floor

Junior, Misses and Half-Size housecoats (page 76 and 77)

New Orleans, La.—*Maison Blanche Co.*, 901 Canal St., Negligee Dept., Second Floor
New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's*, 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Junior Housecoat, Third Floor; Misses & Half Sizes, Second Floor

Black rayon faille suit (page 78)

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Pre-teen chambray dress with tucked bosom (page 80)

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looking movie hero. She knew he'd fool 'em. He did. He shaved off his moustache, got a butch hair cut and when he got to training camp he did what the rest of them did, and they forgot to hate him.

I spent Christmas and New Year's in New Orleans with them, took the Queen down there and incidentally watched her take over a baby from a dead-tired GI's wife on the plane and care for it all night while the mother got some sleep.

Whatever's been going on with the Taylors I've been in on. They treat me like their old man. If there's a trip I'm invited. I've gone to the West Indies, Mexico and New York and all around with them.

What's it like to live with Bob and Barbara? Well, it's not buttering up any conceited movie stars, or having to tell somebody how wonderful they are. Barbara's a kid who never found her hat size swelling just because she's famous.

Several years ago I went to a preview with Bob and Barbara. Bob said he'd park the car and Missy and I said we'd meet him in the lobby. By the time Bob got back, the crowd had him. Barbara started toward him and a plainclothes cop grabbed her. "No, you don't," he said, "none of that stuff." He thought she was a fan, going to mob Bob, who was swoon-king then. I was so mad I wanted to swing one but Barbara stopped me. When Bob stepped to her side, the cop let her go.

"Are you crazy?" I wanted to know. "Why didn't you tell him who you were?"

"Well," she threw back. "Who *am* I?"

I gave up. Just the star of the preview that night, that's all! The picture was *Stella Dallas*, and for my dough one of the best she's done.

Other night, Bob and Barbara finally got in to see *The Bishop's Wife*. They'd tried twice before, stood in line and finally gave up. The third time they made it. When I heard that, I said all she or Bob had to do was call the theater and have a couple of seats set aside. "Then you wouldn't have to stand in line," I pointed out. They gave me a pair of glares.

"Everyone else did. Who are *we?*"

The Queen calls it official, what I think of her pictures. And I can tell her exactly what I do think about them. I wouldn't be the one to give her a phony report, and she wouldn't be the one to accept it, either.

There're only two times when I stay out of Barbara's way. One, when she's in a black Irish mood, and the other when she's not working, has time on her hands—and gets on one of those housecleaning jags. Anything can happen then.

She always has been the neatest gal I ever knew. You never catch her slopping around the house in a negligee. She's up with the chickens, and in a crisp pinafore, if she isn't making a picture. She'll rise at 5:30 for a 9:00 set call, rather than hurry through anything. But when she's got time on her hands, watch out.

If you turn your head, your desk is cleared out and dumped in the ash can. I took a trip East one summer. When I came back, I didn't know my room. Stuff I'd been collecting since 1908 had disappeared. It was cleaned out like a bank vault after a stick-up.

"I hope you don't mind, McCarthy," said Barbara. "I just got sick of looking at all that stuff."

I sighed. "Okay, Cupcake, it's okay with me." I know how she operates.

One time during the war she cleaned out the kitchen, all the bills and things in the drawers. "Nothing of any value," she explained at dinner that night. I sneaked out for a look. The ration books—for everybody, family, servants and all—were gone, burnt up with the trash.

"Now what do we do?" I asked. "Starve? Go barefoot?"

"Don't bother about that," said Barbara airily. "It's clean, isn't it?"

But she was sorry, I could see. And she didn't clean up anything for about a week.

I've never seen the Queen trust any serious housework to anyone but herself. When a servant leaves at our house and a new one comes in, she's down on her hands and knees cleaning up their room so it's right. She's got a nephew, Gene, Mabel's boy, she's pretty proud of, and I don't blame her. Barbara sent Gene through Notre Dame and he graduated *cum laude*. He went into the army a private and he came out a major. He's some boy. Well, when Gene came out not long ago to California, Barbara not only found an apartment for him—but she cleaned the place up herself.

Here are some other things I can tell you about Barbara Stanwyck: She never kicks about a bill, any bill, no matter how high it comes in. "Pay it, that must be it," she says. She never looks for a bargain or tries to beat down a price. It's either "No thanks" or "Okay—I'll take it." Yes or no. She never forgets anyone who ever helped her out. She hates to drive a car and she hates the radio. But she'll get a crush on a record and play it over and over until it comes out of your pores.

always around . . .

She doesn't waste words soft-soaping you. She's just there when you need her. When I had my tonsils out, Barbara was in my room when they wheeled me in at eight o'clock. Next morning she showed up again. "You want to go home?"

I croaked, "Sure."

"Let's get out of here." She drove me home. She knew how I felt about hospitals.

If there's anyone's birth date she doesn't know, then they don't have one, that's all. She even keeps track of Bob's friends and of all his family's birthdays. And anniversaries. She's thinking up presents for someone every day. People go away, she sends flowers to wherever they're going. They come home, she sends flowers because they're back.

She could live on nothing but steak and potatoes—or maybe just coffee. She likes swell clothes, but, as I said, she just buys them to give away. If she particularly dislikes something she says, "I wouldn't be without that," or "Get 'em before they're all gone." She's always planning a year ahead not to work on Christmas—and she always works on Christmas.

She doesn't wear her heart on her sleeve and neither do I. That's why maybe when we talk people think we don't say much to each other. But ours isn't a talking friendship.

The other day, out of a blue sky, Barbara grinned and said, "By the way, Buck, I've got it fixed for you—you know, if anything should happen to me." Then she told me how she'd been to her lawyer and what she'd arranged for was to fix me with an income for life. I guess she'd had it on her mind for some time. She looked happy.

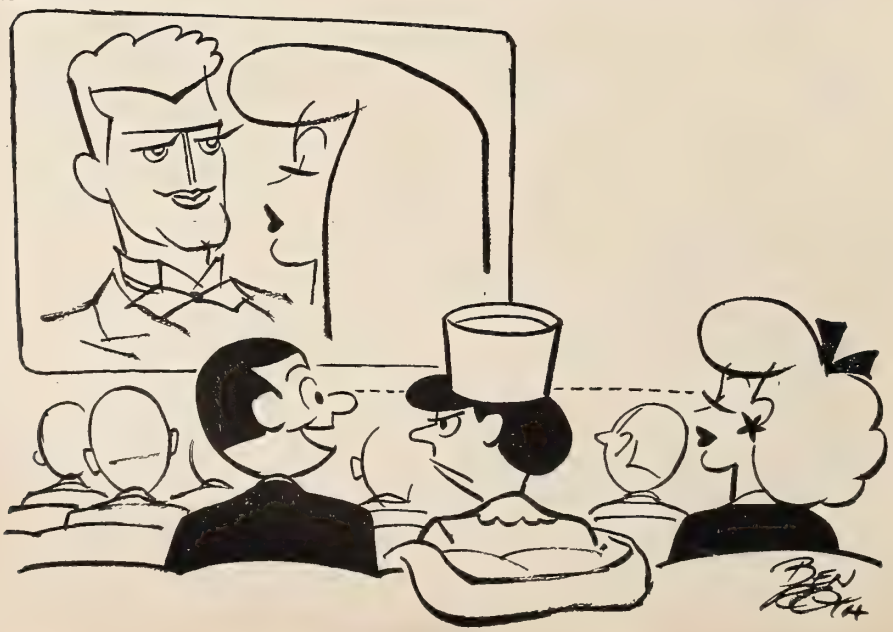
It hit me hard. I took a deep breath. I looked her straight in the eye and that once I couldn't grin back at her. I just said what I thought.

"Thanks, but I wouldn't need it, Queen."

Maybe that sounds like short thanks, like ingratitude. But I didn't mean it that way.

What I meant was: If anything happened to that Stanwyck girl, I don't think I could take it. I don't think I'd be needing anything like money.

MODERN SCREEN



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I CHASED A DREAM

(*Continued from page 40*)

Eventually we got through Texas, and hit Monterrey, Mexico. Monterrey was unforgettable. I went for a walk and was approached by three men. The first wanted to sell me French postcards, the second wanted to sell me a case of tequila, and the third wanted to sell me a hacienda.

I was hard to get. "No hablo español," I said brightly, wandering off into a record shop to hear Mexican music. The salesman there played "Peg O' My Heart."

After Monterrey, we (Sperry gets into the narrative again about here) headed South once more, along the Pan-American highway. You've never seen anything like that highway. A ribbon, sweeping through Mexico, fifteen thousand years of Mexico. Mesas, gorges, mountains, farms, tropical plants, bamboo huts, adobe houses fifteen hundred years old. I remember a river surrounded by jungle, and women washing clothes on the rocks; it was all like something out of a travelogue.

We hit Ciudad Valles our third night out, and there we tried Papaya, and disliked it cordially. After dark, a lot of singers gathered in the patio of our hotel.

Next day, we were in Mexico City. If you've never seen a sunset in Mexico City, I'm sorry for you. The city rests in the bottom of a bowl, with mountains 7,500 feet high around it, and it's unbelievably beautiful, with all the buildings painted in rich, strong colors, and rows of tall shade trees flanking the boulevards, and more churches and open markets and statues of generals than I knew there were.

Aside from the fact that the taxi drivers go like maniacs, Mexico City's easy to get along in. Most people in hotels and stores speak English. I think I learned a lot about the Mexican people, during my stay. I found them dignified, and courteous and friendly. They treat their children as adults, they don't care very much about money, and they love animals and music.

Ray and I were alternately awed by the startling Orozco and Rivera murals, and thrilled by the Mexico City Symphony, and the brilliance of Carlos Chavez, its conductor.

We'd been in Mexico City a couple of days, when we decided to look up my friend, Acquanetta. She's a former actress who married a Mexico City business man named Baschuk.

From the cordial way the Baschuks treated us, I think they own Mexico City. They took us up to the tremendously high Pyramid of the Sun, and Bunny (that's Mr. Baschuk) told us the legend of how the world came to have the sun and the moon. It seems the god Nanacatzin, a modest, peaceful fellow, nobly jumped into a fire built on the Pyramid of the Sun, and shortly thereafter, the sun appeared in the sky for the first time.

A rich, powerful god named Tecusiztecatl was so shamed by Nanacatzin's show of courage, he hurled himself into the flames too, and the moon appeared. At first, the moon and the sun shone with equal brightness, but an indignant third god tossed a rabbit at the moon, which quieted its glare down considerably. And that's why the Mexicans always see a rabbit, and not a man, in the moon.

Later, we had lunch at a café on the banks of a canal, and I grinned at Sperry. "Ah, the atmosphere."

The orchestra struck up "Peg O' My Heart," and Sperry grinned back.

"Yeah," he said.

Bull fights were the only other thing (besides "Peg O' My Heart") that I didn't go for, in Mexico City. As far as I'm concerned, they're horrible; I don't see any point in killing animals for pleasure.

Ray and I took off for Acapulco, one bright morning, and to get there, we had to travel through the Valley of the Vultures. It's a desolate gulch where nothing ever grows, and dozens of big ugly birds circle over your head.

"Nice if we had some car trouble now," Sperry said cheerfully. "I wonder how many of those buzzards it would take to tear us apart?"

"I'll ask them," I said. "Slow down."

He didn't exactly slow down, but he did manage to get lost before we finally arrived at El Mirador, the hotel we were headed for.

El Mirador is a lot of cabins on the edge of a high rock hanging over the Pacific. We got a cabin called "Jacal" (Little Village) and I haven't figured *that* one out yet. One of the queerest things about "Jacal" was the shower and the "john" being in the same stall. One of the nicest things was a tremendous pool.

swan dive . . .

I was poised on the diving board feeling at least like Buster Crabbe the afternoon a two-foot lizard plopped on me, from an overhanging wall. I fell into the water belly first, and when I stuck my head out, Sperry was sneering. "Lovely form you have," he said warmly. "Reminds me of a St. Bernard I used to own."

I said "Shut up," with dignity, and got myself dressed, and went into town. In town, so I'd heard, there was a lady who made white shirts and slacks for 30 pesos, or six American dollars.

I found the lady, all right, but finding a plain white shirt wasn't nearly so easy. "You want a Tyrone Power shirt," she said. (That was because Tyrone Power had bought a lot of them on his last Mexican visit.)

I said yes.

"You're not so handsome as Tyrone Power," she said.

I said no.

"But," she said, "perhaps in a white shirt with black stitching, or a black shirt with gold stitching—"

"White," I said.

"Gold with blue stitching?" she said.

"Look," I said. "Even in a candy-colored shirt with blue, red and gold stitching I would not look so handsome as Tyrone Power, and why buck fate? I want a white shirt!"

It broke her heart, but she sold me one. It happens to have green stitching on the label tag, but I'm not complaining.

Acapulco was pretty wonderful. At eight o'clock in the morning, the water would be seventy degrees. Ray and I made a lot of new friends at the beach. There was one woman who told me for thirty minutes about her son in college while we dog-paddled sociably fifty feet from the shore. After a while my arms gave out, and I excused myself. The last I saw of her, she was still dog-paddling.

Evenings in Acapulco, we sat out on the cliffs and watched boys diving a hundred feet down into the sea. They wore red capes, and the scene was lit by torches. It was tremendously exciting.

My last night in Acapulco, I walked along the pier, and watched the harbor lights, and listened to the slapping of the ocean. The patrolman's flashlight flickered over the quiet fishing boats at anchor, and I felt about as emotional as I've ever felt, I guess.

I said before I learned things in Mexico. I'm sticking to that. I'm surer than ever now that human beings are alike, at heart, and that trust is the basis of the good life, and that you have to consider people as individuals. I look at the Covarrubias maps on my bedroom walls now, and they're not just maps of a foreign country, but of a second home.

Before I forget, I want everyone to know that Mexico's much too romantic a country to waste on bachelors. When I fall in love, I'm going to take my girl to Mexico. I want her to see the rabbit in the moon.

If two people chase a dream, I'm sure it doubles the odds in their favor.



"She says we put the good ones on the bottom!"

New! In large Bath size

The soap 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use!

"I love this fragrant bath size cake"

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Take Rosalind Russell's tip. Try the new *bath size* Lux Toilet Soap. Lux Girls are daintier!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap— *Lux Girls are Lovelier!*

IT HAPPENED IN A NIGHT CLUB

(*Continued from page 53*)

Hollywood. At the candle-lit tables around the room sat men who bought talent: career-makers and career-breakers, producers, directors and studio heads.

One Sunday night, two little girls in early adolescence sat at the side of the bandstand awaiting their turns in the spotlight. Both were just past twelve, both were singers and both wore braces on their teeth.

When their turns came, one sang a plaintive little tune that everybody understood. The other sang one of Puccini's arias, which nobody understood, but which they all applauded.

Later, in huddles where great minds make decisions, M-G-M made tentative contract offers to both little girls. In the end the studio signed only one of them. It didn't think the other one would succeed.

The one they signed was Judy Garland.

The other one was Deanna Durbin!

The Hollywood night club is an institution. People go to be seen, not to be seen, to forget, to remember, to brush off an old girl—and meet a new one.

It was in a night club that I first discovered the fact that Bugsy Siegel was on the spot. It was Saturday night and the Mocambo was packed. I was sitting in a wall booth looking toward the dance floor. Bugsy sat with a group of four, and just behind him was a large party, celebrating.

Their table was festooned with flowers and vari-colored balloons. In a lull some wag stuck a cigarette to one of the biggest balloons. The thing exploded with a loud bang just behind Bugsy's head.

Siegel made a dive for the floor and was under the table in one mad scramble.

He wasn't nervous, just careful.

fabled fight . . .

Night clubs have always been the traditional setting for those Hollywood "one-punch brawls" that figure so prominently in the tabloids. One of the most fabled was the Errol Flynn-Jimmie Fidler fracas which took place in the Mocambo shortly before Pearl Harbor. Flynn and Fidler had been feuding for a long time. On the night of the battle, Errol was irked by testimony the columnist had given at a Senate hearing about war propaganda in films. Flynn's name hadn't been mentioned, but Errol was angry at what he considered a slap at the picture industry.

Errol entered the club with a party, spotted Fidler sitting with his wife, and made straight for their table. He was trying to pull Fidler out of his chair when Mrs. F. allegedly stabbed him with a dessert fork. The prongs punctured his earlobe, and while the blood dripped down over the tablecloth, Flynn slapped Fidler with the palm of his hand, saying, "You're not worth a fist." Later, Fidler explained in court that he hadn't had a chance to retaliate because his arms were pinned back by several by-standers. During the entire melee, the late Lupe Velez stood in a chair, shouting "Geeve eet to heem, beeg boy," and waving a ketchup bottle.

Oh, nightclubs. If you've ever seen Jimmy Durante's "break up the piano" routine, let me assure you it's no fake. Jimmy demolishes the piano. But the only time he does that is when some night club hopes to get some free entertainment out of him.

When the manager comes over and suggests with a sly smile that Jimmy entertain the paying customers, Jimmy smiles right back and leaves his table. The manager rubs his hands gleefully as Jimmy moves into the spotlight.

But the manager's smile turns to a look of horror as the Schnoz announces that he will do his piano routine, "by request!" Then he proceeds to pull the guts out of the piano. It's a great routine by a great entertainer, and merely costs the night club the price of one piano.

The glamor bistros of the Sunset Strip also play the role of "Lonely Hearts Clubs." There was the night Sunny Ainsworth, cigarette girl at Ciro's, making her periodic rounds of the room, sold a pack to Tommy Manville. Shortly afterward she became the seventh Mrs. Manville.

At one time the Coconut Grove and the Biltmore Bowl in downtown Los Angeles were "the spots to do." I remember when Joan Crawford used to win the Charleston contests down at the Grove every Sunday night. Nowadays, it's a rarity to find a congestion of picture people at the downtown diggings. They sip and sup at Ciro's, The Mocambo, La Rue, Le Papillon, El Morocco, The Troc, when it's open, or down in Beverly Hills at the new L'Aiglon restaurant where nine fiddles add atmosphere to a sumptuous background.

I guess this is the only place in the country where ex-husbands and ex-wives meet at the niteries and sit back to back. It makes Hollywood a small town.

I walked into Ciro's one night to find Gene Markey sitting with his present wife, Myrna Loy. At tables to either side of him sat his ex-wives, Hedy Lamarr and Joan Bennett. During the evening, Myrna danced with John Loder, then bordering on divorce from Hedy, while Walter Wanger, Joan's husband, danced with Hedy.

Reminded me of the time Walter Wanger came home and said, "Darling, it's our fifth anniversary. What is it that I give you: wood, tin, or diamonds?"

She answered, "I don't know, honey; I never got this far before. But diamonds'll do."

Louis B. Mayer is a big figure in Hollywood and he's also a big figure on the night-club dance floor. He likes to rumba. One night when the Old Troc was in top-notch favor in our town, I saw Louis B. cutting the rug to the Latin tempo and having a wonderful time. He was putting his all into the dance.

Periodically, during the evening, I saw him head out the door to the parking lot looking wilted and worn, and in a few minutes, he would return, starched and ready for more. The secret was that he'd come prepared with a half-dozen fresh white shirts. When one was drenched, he'd go to his car and change.

Nothing fazes the night club headwaiter. He knows that among his guests, he'll find all kinds.

One night Keenan Wynn drove his motorcycle into Ciro's. Without blinking an eye, the blasé headwaiter asked, "Did you and your motor have a reservation, sir?"

reserved for—ever . . .

At Ciro's a choice table is always held open in case some important person comes in unexpectedly. On one particularly active evening, the place was packed—except for this table. Van Johnson was sitting with a group on one side of the room, Frank Sinatra on the other. Stars were jammed into every available cubby-hole, yet the special table stood in empty splendor in the center of the room, the forbidding "RESERVED" sign on the cloth suggesting that someone was yet to arrive.

Herman Hover, the manager, watched the Maitre d' turn away a number of couples at the door, stood a moment letting his eyes play over his star-studded patronage, then asked the Maitre d' why he was holding the vacant table. The answer came simply, "I'm holding it in case somebody of importance comes in."

Jobs at night clubs go at a premium. Young hopefuls with movie aspirations get jobs as cigarette vendors or hat check girls so they can meet the picture producers.

Preston Sturges owns one of the big clubs on the Sunset Strip. It's The Players. Legend has it that Preston bought the club because he had found a waiter he liked and wanted a place where he could always get the same kind of service. He closed the deal, installed this favorite waiter, and ever since has been assured the kind of meals and attention everyone would like to have.

There is a barber shop in The Players. And there's a story they tell about that, too. Preston, it's said, didn't like the political and racing chatter of the average barber shop. Now, before he goes in for his dinner, he stops by the barber shop in his own night club. He sits down and the barber gives the orchestra leader a sign. The band plays Preston's favorite melodies while a silent barber performs with the shears.

When James Cagney brought Audie Murphy to Hollywood, he gave the Most Decorated Soldier of World War II one bit of advice: "Audie, there's no big secret to success as an actor in Hollywood. Just mean every part you play, work hard—and remember to stay out of night clubs."

That's the best advice I've heard wrapped up in two sentences.

These kids who work hard and haunt the casting offices waiting for the big break, seem to forget mighty fast when they do land a contract.

The pay on a stock contract crowds $250 per week. That's several times the money most of these youngsters have ever seen.

At a given time every evening, they whip their convertibles into the driveway, wave grandly at the parking attendant, and head for the door of a big club. Then they assume a pose and "make an entrance."

MODERN SCREEN



"—And now a word from Miss Draper, our new safety director!"

The headwaiter meets them, and with a theatrical gesture, the young ape waves a ten-dollar bill for all to see, slips it to the headwaiter. That worthy says "thank you" out loud and murmurs "sucker" under his breath, as he leads them to a conspicuous table a successful star wouldn't have.

From then on, for the rest of the evening, these kids go through their paces, feeding their own egos, acting their heads off.

It's Hollywood's most pitiful comedy.

Once in a while some star takes over a night club and throws a party. One of the most fabulous I ever saw was given by Kay Francis. The year was 1928.

Kay bought out the club for the night, had an interior decorator transform the nightspot into a circus, sawdust, tent, three rings, animals and trapezes. I still have a picture of Carole Lombard doing flips on a trapeze in an evening gown, Walter Pidgeon playing a clown, and Jack Oakie selling pink lemonade.

Out in the San Fernando Valley, along Ventura Boulevard, they have a poor man's Sunset Strip. It is lined with night clubs, too. The story of two of those clubs has added to the Hollywood legend.

foy's feud . . .

A few years back, not far apart on Ventura Boulevard, there were two cabarets, one owned by Grace Hayes, mother of Peter Lind Hayes, the comic; the other was owned by Charlie Foy. You may be old enough to remember "Eddie Foy and the Seven Little Foys." Charlie is one of the younger Foys, only he's not little any more.

Twenty years ago, Charlie Foy and Grace Hayes were man and wife.

A number of years after they were divorced, they built these clubs not far apart, and began a very entertaining feud. They would try to outdo each other in service, quality of acts, food and novelties. It was great for trade, because everybody watched to see who'd come out on top.

When Charlie was on stage, Grace would sneak into his club and heckle. Charlie would return the favor later in the evening at the Grace Hayes spot.

Six years ago Grace's club caught fire and burned to the ground. Although the insurance investigators determined the cause of the fire as a leaky gas main, Grace still blames it on the heat generated by her feud with Charlie.

And it must have been even more years ago that Al Jolson got up in the Old Plantation Club in Culver City (where the mammoth studios of M-G-M now stand) and sang for two and a half hours straight, just because he liked to sing. It totaled about fifty thousand dollars' worth of singing. And the topper was that they presented him with his dinner check before he left, and he paid it.

Hollywood actors have noses for night clubs. There has never been a club they couldn't find. Bill Lundigan told me that when he went to Mexico City recently, he determined to find one out-of-the-way night spot untrod by Hollywood feet.

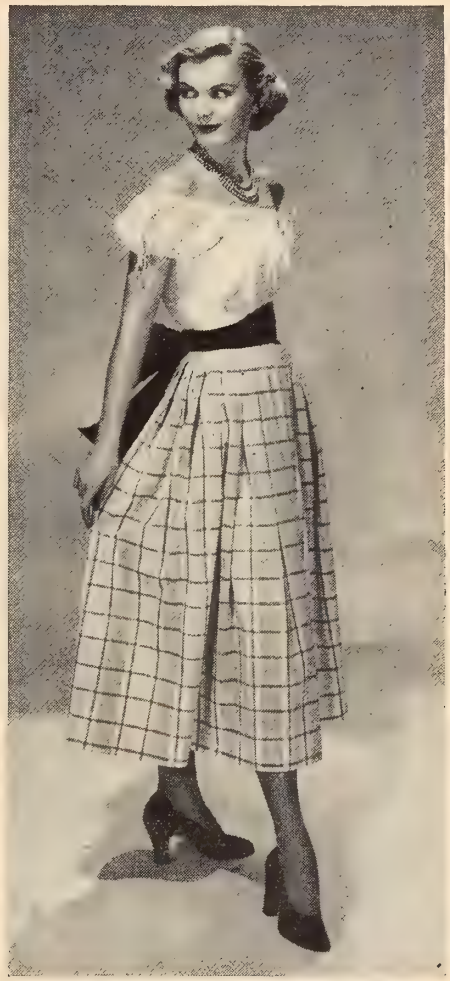
He cornered a Mexican taxi-driver, told him to find such a spot. With much nodding of head and loud assurances, the driver sped out of town, took a narrow winding alley, a secluded rough road through deserted dark neighborhoods and finally skidded to a stop before a ramshackle ranch house from which poured the sounds of night-time merry-making.

Bill paid his fare and pushed open the door. Inside the door, his eyes pierced the fog of smoke and his shoulders drooped in disappointment, for there, sitting at the first table, tapping their feet to the Latin rhythm, sat John Wayne, Director John Ford, and Henry Fonda!

You name it—no matter what it is, you can bet it happened in a night club.

"I dress for a Barn Dance at 8 o'clock in the morning!"



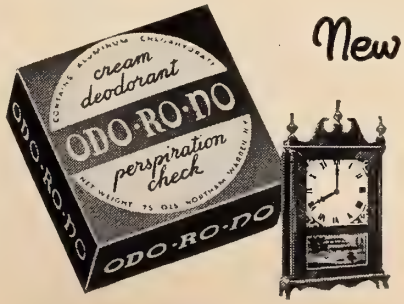


1. "Here's how I manage those desk-to-dancing dates," says this smart career girl. "I wear a bright cotton suit and dark tailored blouse to the office. And, of course, I rely on new, even gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream. *Because I know it protects me from perspiration and offensive odor a full 24 hours.*"

2. "When date time comes I change to a light peasant blouse, tie on a big dark sash, and I'm set for an evening of fun. I'm confident of my charm all evening too—thanks to new Odorono Cream. *Because the Halgene in Odorono gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.*"

You'll find new Odorono so safe you can use it right after shaving! So harmless to fine fabrics . . . protects clothes from stains and rotting! And Odorono stays so creamy-smooth too . . . even if you leave the cap off for weeks!

New Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula . . . even gentler, even more effective than ever before . . . all done up in its pretty, bright new package. Buy some today and see if you don't find this the most completely satisfying deodorant you have ever used.



New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!

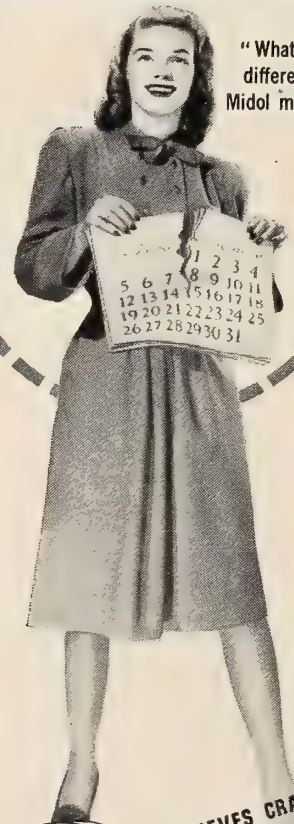
(Now in new 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax.)



"SAD" DAYS
CAN BE
GLAD DAYS

MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"



MIDOL
RELIEVES CRAMPS
EASES HEADACHE
CHASES "BLUES"

the fans



SHIRLEY FROHLICH
director

GLORIA LAMPERT
associate

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION

Hi, clubbers! We hate to stat off on a sour note, but we're anxious to announce a brand new MSFCA feature—the Trouble Clinic, a special department where all you fans with problems, troubles, gripes and constructive ideas for improving clubs can let off steam! We'll answer all your problems by mail, as we've always done, but we'll try to handle the most interesting puzzlers in this column.

We believe that 99 per cent of fan clubs are run by sincere individuals; that most iniquities stem from lack of experience, insufficient help from the rank-and-file clubbers, and failure to understand the responsibilities entailed in running a club. We hope that the new MSFCA Trouble Clinic will help clear up these difficulties. So, if there's something on your mind, let's hear about it.

Club banter . . .

The second annual International Fan Club League Convention will be held in Hollywood July 26 through 31. Mrs. Ellen Roufs, convention chairman, tells us that this year there will be no opposition from the Motion Picture Producers' Assn. . . . the Boston Convention of the Nelson Eddy Music Club was highlighted by a personal appearance of the club honorary. Prexies Rita and Jo Mottola were so pleased by the convention's success that they'll have a similar conclave for their Rise Stevens clubbers in N. Y. this fall.

Entire membership of Dorene Grenade's Helen Gerald Club received personal invitations to their star's graduation exercises at UCLA . . . Olga Martinjack was the winner of Bobby Beers Club's "If I Had a Date With Bobby" Contest. The prize: a date with Bobby! . . . Hermina Levitt's Stuart Foster Club has organized a "Junior Section" for girls between 10 and 12 . . . Mary Kelly's International Dick Haymes Club trekked to Central Park for a day's outing and picture-taking . . . Copy for this column is being edited with a very snazzy pencil which is engraved, "Alan Ladd Fan Club Member." It's a gift from prexy Bill Vaughn . . . Patsy Lee is coming east for a big shindig with her clubbers . . . Burt Slotky is reducing membership dues in his Marie McDonald Club to 50c, as a special offer to MSFCA members. His address: 4211 W. 14 St., Chicago. . . . Pearl Tice's Mac McGuire Rangers enjoyed a spaghetti party, given by Mac for the members. Music was provided by Mac and his Harmony Rangers. Incidentally, Pearl's Our Favorite Stars Club will boost all newcomers interested in the club . . . Ellen Couglin's Frankie's United Swooners outfitted their two adopted war orphans with complete wardrobes . . . First prize in Larry Hampe's membership contest for the Lizabeth Scott Club is a 7-minute recording of Liz and Burt Lancaster, from *Desert Fury* . . . Dorothy Shay Clubbers held a roller-skating party for Chicago members . . . Barbara Alfino's Sinatra Club has adopted Georgette Francois, the French war orphan formerly adopted by Elsie Ellovich's club . . . Dottie Danis's club for Frank Sinatra and Gene Williams is offering free memberships to the first five who've seen Gene in person (with Claude Thornhill's ork) and write to her at 13716 Lincoln Ave., Highland Park, #3, Detroit, Mich. . . . M. Ritt's Duffans attended (*Continued on page 103*)



Highlight of Frankie Laine's Harem Night Club engagement in N. Y. was special matinee for fan clubbers, who can't attend evening shows. (Note that bobby-soxers are now New Look girls!)

MONEY NO OBJECT

(Continued from page 46)

lettering on brown wooden shingles.

The store itself is so small practically nobody can get in (exclusive, you know) and the prices range from one dollar to $29.95 (not exclusive a bit) and you are free to buy dresses, stockings and costume jewelry till your money runs out.

The decor is simple—antique settee, knotty pine paneling; there are ruffled curtains, and the color scheme is chartreuse, cocoa-brown and cream.

noses in the night . . .

The girls decorated it themselves, at night, and Maureen evilly soaped the windows because she got self-conscious about the number of noses pressed against the pane.

"They're watching for runs in my stockings," she said. "I know it."

She also took a high-handed attitude with Los Angeles' garment manufacturers, but they seemed to like it. She went in green as grass, and ordered three of everything, and they'd look at her. "But Miss O'Hara," they'd say. "Three's no order. Ya gotta take twelve, ya gotta take thirteen—"

"Can't afford it," she'd say sadly, and they'd give her three.

Opening day there was a new problem. Every other merchant in the valley, being kindly disposed toward the new members of the Better Business Bureau and the Chamber of Commerce, sent flowers. So did friends. So did relatives. There were so many flowers they were hanging them on the walls, and all three of the girls were sniffling, they were so touched by the sentiment.

Finally, the flowers in place, the cigarettes set out, the book for the customers to sign open and waiting (that's to get a mailing list, innocent reader), the door was flung wide.

In came three women. They stared, they glared, and they walked out. "Don't care for their things," one said.

Three Irish tempers flared. Three girls counted to ten. The next customer was different. She bought a bracelet—$2.00—and signed the book, and acted generally charming. They loved her; they wanted to pin a rose on her.

strip act . . .

But she was only the beginning. Before the day was over, the dummy in the window had had the very clothes stripped off her back twenty-three times—every time they re-dressed her, some woman decided she couldn't live without that very costume—and the joint was rocking.

Late that night, the door finally locked, the girls sat down in weary bliss.

"My feet," Maureen said. "I wish I had some other feet."

"Your eyes," Lorna said. "You sure don't need any other stars—"

A timid knocking came at the window.

The girls looked out. Three husbands—the most sheepish-looking husbands you could imagine—were standing there.

"Can we come in?" they said.

The girls said no.

"Please?"

The girls said yes.

"Okay, you win," Will Price, who belongs to Miss O'Hara, said generously. "We'll take you out to dinner."

"You," said Miss O'Hara coldly, "may carry me to the car. And for dinner, you may eat crow. *I* am going to bed."

Then she kissed him. "You're lucky," she said. "If things keep up like today, you can have a mink coat for Christmas."

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or cream shampoos hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film

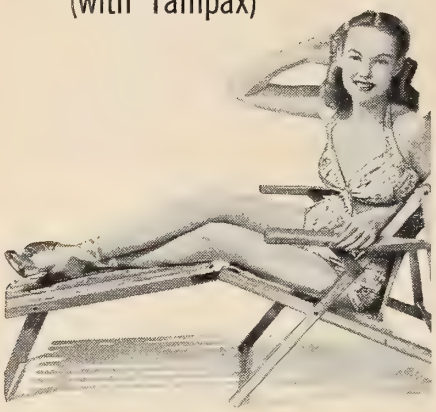


● Halo is made with a new patented ingredient. Halo—not a soap, not a cream—cannot leave dulling film! ● So Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights. ● Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely! ● Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant! ● Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic! ● Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! ● Buy Halo at any drug or cosmetic counter.

Halo Reveals the Hidden Beauty of Your Hair!

Swim if you want to-

(with Tampax)



Why sit on the beach and envy other women who are luckier than you about their "days"? Try the *Tampax* method of monthly sanitary protection and then you can swim any day of the month without anyone's being the wiser . . . The secret of Tampax is simple—it is *worn internally!* Hence there is nothing that can possibly "show through" a snug swim suit, whether wet or dry.

Tampax is the scientific answer to the feminine monthly hygienic problem. Invented by a doctor, it has only 1/15 the bulk of older kinds. It is made of pure surgical cotton compressed within dainty applicators (for easy insertion). No belts or pins are required—and no sanitary deodorant, for Tampax causes no odor. Quick to change; easy to dispose of. Can be worn in tub or shower bath.

Buy Tampax now at drug or notion counters. Three absorbency-sizes to suit varying needs: Regular, Super, Junior. An average monthly supply will go into your purse . . . Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

beauty afoot



Pretty from her toes on up—Elizabeth Taylor

Groom your feet if you'd be a cinderella-footed beauty like Elizabeth Taylor, M-G-M star, romping playfully through gay days at the beach!

By CAROL CARTER

■ Unless you go swimming in high button shoes or cowboy boots your feet are bound to come out into the open enough to be seen by everyone. Of course, you can run like mad and dive right into the water and escape scrutiny, or you can quickly pat up mounds of sand around them when you're sunning yourself, but wouldn't you like to frolic like Elizabeth Taylor does here, or again on page 36 where she and Jane Powell are shown on a "Lazy Date"? Then here's for happy, decorative tootsies:

Exercise them. Pick up stuff like marbles, pencils and hankies with your bare toes. Walk on the outside rim of your feet like King Kong when you're quite, quite alone and have the shades drawn. Rotate your feet in complete circles from the ankle while you're sticking them out over the edge of the bed at night, or, for that matter, out on the pier or raft. Running along the beach barefooted is a regular beauty treatment for your feet.

Look out for "Athlete's foot" in warm summer weather, especially if you take showers in a public dressing room at the beach. Wear your own wooden clogs. "Athlete's foot" thrives on warmth and moisture, therefore keep your feet as cool and dry as possible and use fungicidal powder freely on your feet, especially between toes.

Scrub your feet thoroughly every day with soap and warm water and use a brush on them, both to help get rid of dead skin and to stimulate circulation. If your feet are tired and generally feel like big, hot lumps, run alternate hot and cold water over them several times. Then spread a generous amount of lubricating cream, hand lotion or antiseptic baby oil on the soles and massage around the toes and over the foot right up to the ankle.

A beauty treatment for your feet surely includes pretty polish for your toes. Cut toe nails straight across to prevent ingrown nails. Remove any old polish. Soak feet for a few minutes in warm, soapy water. Then, with an orange stick and cuticle oil, press cuticle back gently. Keep your toes separated with bits of cotton or cleaning tissue while you put polish on. Cover the entire toe nail. Two coats are better than one and will keep your toes pretty for days!

THEY COULDN'T WIN

(*Continued from page 60*)

embarrasses her. She'd proved her love for Dick by marrying him. He looked for response in his own kind of outgoing warmth, which wasn't her way. Neither could act against the laws of his nature.

Their troubles started early, long before the accident. Squabble and make up and Dick mostly giving in. First year stuff? Maybe. Only the pattern kept repeating itself. Let it happen often enough, and a rift appears. Let it happen too often, and the breach widens dangerously. In her heart of hearts it's possible that Susie was waiting for Dick not to give in. She's like one of those mettlesome horses she loved to tame. A masterful touch might have turned the trick. Dick's no Petruchio.

For a bitterly ironic twist, take the fateful day of Susan's injury. Dick didn't want to go hunting that weekend, don't ask him why. Maybe a little gnome whispered something in his ear. More likely, he just didn't happen to be in the mood. Susan wanted to go, and they went. On the way up, they weren't speaking.

Then Susan shot herself, and it took a year before they could be sure she was going to live. During that year, everything blacked out but Susan. Dick's heart, mind and energies were fixed on one goal—to help keep her breathing. Meantime, the outside world was moved to sorrow and compassion, followed by an all but reverent admiration of the girl's courage and the devotion of her husband. Suddenly they found themselves on a pedestal, viewed as a couple of plaster saints. They were anything but. Which takes nothing from Dick's devotion or Susan's indomitable pluck.

As she grew stronger, things began missing fire again. Her very condition made Susie more forceful than ever. To do for herself was almost a passion with her. Okay, now she couldn't. Fiercely determined not to be beaten by circumstances, she struggled even harder to assert her will, if only to prove that whatever happened to your body, your spirit couldn't be broken.

She'd be the first to tell you of her spitfire temper. In the old days, she'd cool off in her own fashion. Climb into a car, grab the meanest horse she could find, fly off in all directions, come back meek as a lamb and twice as sheepish. Now she was tied to a wheelchair, facing what she had to face with more valor than most of us could begin to touch. But, naturally impatient, her helplessness made her more so, and her normal outlets were gone. We all have to blow off steam. Susan blew it off to the people who loved her, especially Dick.

"I need a glass of water, put the ashtray here, get me a kleenex, let the dog out."

POSTMAN, WON'T YOU RING?

We can't understand why our office isn't floating in "I Saw It Happen" anecdotes. They're a cinch to write, and you collect $5 for every one we use! Short, sweet and snappy—that's the way we like them. And true. What happened when you saw that movie star? Or are you still blinking? Just gather your wits together, kids, and send your anecdote to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, New York. We have our checkbook ready—what are you waiting for?

Do men see thrilling

"LOVELIGHTS" IN YOUR HAIR?



YES, *you can thank* the plain, old-fashioned *hen* for making Richard Hudnut Shampoo soothing, caressing, kind-to-your-hair. Because this grand new shampoo contains real egg in powdered form! *Now*—a shampoo that acts *gently* to reveal extra hair beauty. Now—a *new kind* of shampoo created for patrons of Hudnut's Fifth Avenue Salon . . . and for *you!*

A New Kind of Hair Beauty from a World-Famous Cosmetic House

LIQUID CREME
...so smooth to use!

Not a dulling, drying soap. Contains no wax or paste. Richard Hudnut Shampoo is a sm-o-o-o-th liquid creme. Beauty-bathes hair to "love-lighted" perfection. Rinses out quickly, leaving hair easy to manage, free of loose dandruff. At drug and department stores.





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LONGER HAIR?

★ THEN TRY THIS PROVEN EASY SYSTEM ON YOUR HAIR ★ ★ ★

Helps Prevent Brittle Ends Breaking Off!

● Hair May Get Longer

when scalp and hair conditions are normal and the dry, brittle, breaking off hair can be retarded by supplementing the natural hair oils, it has a chance to get longer and much more beautiful. Amazing. JUELENE is not a hair restorative. Just try the easy JUELENE System 7 days and let your mirror prove results. Your money back if not delighted. See if Juelene's tendency to help your hair to become softer, silkier, more lustrous than it has been before—in just one short week helps your hair gain its normal natural beauty.

● **BRUNETTES, BLONDES, TITIANS!**

Just try this System on your HAIR seven days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of LONGER HAIR that so often captures Love and Romance for you.

● Send No Money!

Just mail the convenient introductory coupon. Take advantage of this **Fully Guaranteed** Introductory Offer today, and know at last the happiness of possessing really lovelier hair and be envied by so many.

JUEL COMPANY, 4727 N. Damen, Chicago 25, Illinois

Mail This **INTRODUCTORY COUPON!**

JUEL COMPANY, Dept. B603
4727 North Damen, Chicago 25, Ill.

Yes, I want easy-to-manage, longer hair. I will try the JUELENE SYSTEM for 7 days. If my mirror doesn't show satisfactory results, I will ask for my money back.

☐ I am enclosing $1.00.
☐ Send C. O. D. plus postage.

JUELENE Comes in 2 Forms
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Our Customers Participate in Gifts

Each thing had to be done right now, in a specific manner and in order. It was rather confusing. Susan operates at a speedy tempo, Dick's gait is more leisurely. He'd hit a bump with the wheelchair that he should have seen, and Susie's nerves would snap. Waiting for them to snap, he'd make nine blunders where he might not have made any. From one little nasty crack came another.

In most marriages, when you're emotionally upset, one or the other can clear out for a while. Dick was no freer to leave than Susan. Wherever he went, his mind would be back with her, full of awareness of his responsibility to and for her.

He had his moods too—plenty of them—and they didn't match hers. Susan would fly off the handle and get over it. Dick is slow to anger, but hangs on to it longer. He'd make what she called his big stone kisser, which drove her batty. Brood over his career, which was fast getting nowhere. An active professional life would have eased the strain. But though Dick was under contract to M-G-M, they gave him nothing to do. This created an unnatural situation, which made for more trouble. Forget that Susan's paralyzed. It's normal for a man to go off to his job mornings and come home at night. All day you miss him. When he gets back, you fly to meet him, you have this and that to tell each other. Susan and Dick just sat there, constantly together, nothing to do but get on each other's nerves.

"Will you stop playing the piano? I'm supposed to be resting."

"What about that radio of yours that you never turn off?"

Time and again Susan would say to herself: "Look, sister, you're too bossy, you make too many demands. Why don't you knit or work a puzzle and shut up?"

Dick would say to himself: "So what if she loses her temper? D'you have to go round with a face? She's got it heavy enough without any help from you. Put yourself in her skin and see if you'd do half as well."

calm before the storm . . .

For a while they'd manage to rectify things. Only the good times didn't last long enough. Sooner or later they'd be at swords' points again.

Barring a few intimates who were dear to both, they didn't even like the same people. Their friendships were rooted in two different sets of values, and on this each could have argued till Gabriel's trumpet blew, without making the smallest dent on the other's convictions.

Susan sets up an inflexible moral code for herself and others. She was rather strictly brought up, but that's not the whole answer. "Even my mother," she confessed once, "used to think me a weirdie." She was 19 before she'd go out with a boy who took a drink, and if he took more than one, she was through. On the subject of marriage, she feels still more strongly. If you're married, you're married, and cheating is the unforgiveable sin. Dick agrees for himself. For others he draws no line. If he finds a man good company, that's that. What said man does with his private life is his own affair. Susan can't see it—rather can't feel it that way. Her revulsion against those who violate her ethical standards is so deeply ingrained, she can't bear them in the same room with her.

Apart from this hard-and-fast rule, she's more social than Dick. He looks for mental stimulation in his friends. If he finds you dull, goodbye. Susan finds nobody dull. She likes tall people, short people, round people, flat people and knows how to reach common ground with them all. Lots of folks who enchant Susan bore Richard stiff. At parties she's always the center of a lively circle, but always has one ear and eye cocked for her husband, trying to drag him in. For unless he'd meet up with some congenial soul, he'd be off in a corner, critical and aloof.

it's **bing**-time
in september
with **crosby**
on the cover of
modern screen
on sale
august 10

Both are clear-sighted, honest, intelligent. They saw what was happening, faced it, and tried to do something about it. Two years ago Susie went to a psychologist and took a series of tests. He explained her to herself. There was a whole lot of stuff, but the crux of her problem was this: At 20, she'd been thrown among a bunch of sophisticated people and expected to act, by her lights, like a woman of 40.

"When you're able to span that gap," he told her, "when you say, *well, somebody got tight, so he got tight, what of it?*—then you'll be grown up."

She conceded that this was a legitimate viewpoint. She made a sincere effort to change. She couldn't change.

Still, she and Dick continued to hope and try. Neither wanted their marriage broken. They talked themselves into believing that things would improve when such-and-such happened. When Susan could do more for herself. When Dick started getting somewhere. When Susan returned to work. When they could build their house and have enough room and not be forever under each other's feet.

Susan's back grew strong enough to discard the brace. She could dress and undress herself. All the help she needed was in and out of the car. She made *Sign of the Ram*, doing as full a day's work as anyone. Dick and Bill Asher wrote the screenplay of *Stranger in Town* with another collaborator and sold it to Columbia, where they produced and directed it. Last November, still hoping, the Quines gave each other the plans for a new house as an anniversary gift.

None of this touched the heart of their problem. They were still two people, pulling opposite ways. Just before Christmas, the kettle boiled over again. Due at the hospital for her annual checkup, Susan went in and stayed a week, to get out from under.

For months before going to New York, she wasn't herself. She changed as her injury had never changed her. Susan, who loved to laugh, quit laughing, grew mopey and depressed. Susan, who loved the radio, never turned it on. Susan, who'd notice a missing eyelash if it belonged to a friend, didn't seem to care suddenly whether her friends came or went.

One of them said: "You ached for her and you ached just as much for Dick. You knew this couldn't go on, it wasn't right, but how could it end? Dick would never take the initiative. And while we knew how independent Susan was, it never occurred to us she'd be *that* in-

dependent. We were wrong, of course."

Then boom! Susie's in New York, having a ball. Free as air and light as a feather. "Practically rumba-ed in my wheelchair," she told someone later. At home she'd felt dull, bound within her immediate circle, unable to mix. Here she felt gay, rarin' to go every minute. One party in particular she remembers—all kinds of people, lots of exciting discussion.

Back at the hotel, she thought: "What a wonderful evening—" when another thought whipped across it. With Dick along, it wouldn't have been a good evening. She'd have been watching to see if he liked the people, she'd have been tense, constrained, she'd never have been able to let herself go like this.

Lying there, Susan asked herself some questions. *How long can we go on battling and making up? Where do we agree? We're mad more than we're not mad. The minute one enters the room, he pulls the other down. It doesn't make sense. It's not Dick or me, it's us. We don't belong together.*

What kind of person am I? she asked herself. *What do I want?* She wanted to feel the way she felt tonight, like a balloon when you take the weights off. Once and for all and quietly she saw it now. More than anything else in the world, she wanted freedom.

It was no easy decision to make or accept. It hurt them both. You don't go through what these two have gone through together, and flip it off. Bonds had been forged that were tough to snap. Their clashing temperaments hadn't made enemies of them. Both were too fair-minded. Both valued the other's qualities too highly.

They could have patched things up as they'd done dozens of times, but what for? If experience teaches you nothing, you're a sucker. Sooner or later, the break was bound to come. Let it come now, while they were young enough to build new lives. Besides, they had a son to consider. Spook, as they call Timothy, is two. Nothing's worse for a child than to raise him in an atmosphere of discord. He was too little now for their separation to bother him. He'd get used to seeing his daddy come and go. Why wait till he grew old enough to be hurt?

So they took their decision, knowing what people would think. Well, let them think it. Both were sick to death of the roles they'd been cast in—a couple of idols in a niche, too good to be true. It's so much easier to idealize than to understand that here were two humans who'd found, like millions of others, that they didn't get along and weren't living their lives to please public opinion.

When the news broke, the expected cry went up: "Oh, she's being noble. Letting him go for *his sake*." At which their friends hoot, and point in denial to



critic's corner

counting sheep?

Black Bart—The film is in technicolor and will put you to sleep faster than any other bright, whirling object you ever stared at. . . .

John McCarten, The New Yorker

Adventures of Casanova at the Globe Theater is humbly suggested as a cure for insomnia in cases where drugs, sedatives, and blunt instruments have failed.

Archer Winsten, The New York Post

Love-quiz ... For Married Folks Only



WHAT SINGLE MISTAKE THREATENS HER ONCE HAPPY MARRIAGE?

A. This foolish wife failed to take one of the first steps usually important to marital compatibility.

Q. What is that first step so vital to continual marital congeniality?

A. A wise wife practices sound, safe feminine hygiene to safeguard her daintiness with a scientifically correct preparation for vaginal douching . . . "Lysol" in proper solution.

Q. Aren't salt or soda effective enough?

A. No, indeed! Homemade "makeshift" solutions can't compare with "Lysol" in germ killing power. "Lysol" is gentle to sensitive membranes, yet powerful against germs and odors . . . effective in the presence of mucus and other organic matter. Kills germs on contact—stops objectionable odors.

Q. Do doctors recommend "Lysol"?

A. Many leading doctors advise their patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant just to insure daintiness alone. Safe to use as often as you want. No greasy after-effect, as there often is when you use jellies. Three times as many women use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene as all other liquid products combined!

KEEP DESIRABLE, by douching regularly with "Lysol." Remember—*no other product for feminine hygiene is safer than "Lysol" . . . no other product is more effective!*

For Feminine Hygiene rely on safe, effective

"Lysol" Brand Disinfectant
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Easy to use . . . economical

A Concentrated Germicide



FREE BOOKLET! Learn the truth about intimate hygiene and its important role in married happiness. Mail this coupon to Lehn & Fink, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J., for frankly informing FREE booklet.

NAME_____

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M. 488 *Product of Lehn & Fink*

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the wiser, better-adjusted Susan of today.

Ever since getting back from New York, she's been as much Susan as they've ever known her. A happy silly kid, full of the devil, disposition out of this world. As a matter of fact, Dick's the more lost of the two. Dick needs the sense of belonging, as Susan doesn't, and suddenly everything's pulled out from under him. Not that he's being noble either. He'll find himself. And Susan will find her own kind of happiness, which she's certainly got coming.

Their professional plans depend on many things. Dick would rather write and produce than act. Though it's been well received at sneaks, *Stranger in Town* isn't released yet. Dick's chewing his nails, and Susan chews right along with him.

Susan's attitude toward pictures is clear and well-defined. She's finicky about the kind she'll do. At best, it's tough enough to find good scripts, let alone good scripts built around wheelchairs. "I'm not weak, and I refuse to play a weak sister."

Hearing this, some big-brain came back with Lionel Barrymore. "He works all the time."

"Give me another fifty years," said Susie drily, "and I'll do the same."

What she'd really like is to go to law school in the fall, and maybe have a little radio show on the side just to keep her hand in. But married, separated or divorced, Dick proposes to be the guy who brings home the bacon.

I hate to pull the old corny line about two such uncorny characters, but I have no choice. They're better friends right now than they've been in years. Dick phones every day and drops in often. He's free to take Spook and do anything he likes with him. "With me too," says Susie. "We love each other when we don't have to live together."

They've met this second crisis in their lives as straightforwardly as the first, and with no dregs of bitterness. On the phone one day somebody asked Susan who her lawyer was, and she nearly fell over.

"Lawyers never entered my head," she wailed to Dick when he came by that afternoon. "What do I say to the lawyer? Or the judge? Dear judge, my husband's real nice, and he thinks I'm real nice. Only he plays the piano, which annoys me. You know what he'll say to *me*, don't you? Scram, sister, he'll say. Dick, what'll I tell him?"

"Tell him I conked you with the radio."

"There's an idea, why didn't you? Turn around, you've got fuzz on your pants. I can't bear to see you with fuzz on your pants. How's Thunder?"

"Still a little uneasy. Can't seem to adjust himself."

Only then did a shadow slip across Susan's face. "Poor darling," she sighed. "*He's* old enough to be hurt."



that's hollywood!

Jack Carson tells about the young starlet who asked the studio still-photographer for one of her pictures. "Would you like it mounted?" inquired the photographer.

"Oh, that would be wonderful," replied the starlet. "I look so much better on a horse."

from "Hollywood Merry-Go-Round" by Andrew Hecht

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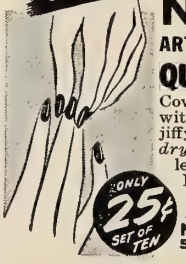
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IN THE GRAND MANOR

(Continued from page 34)

and the swooping draperies are sand-colored with a brown trim. The furnishings are essentially Queen Anne but intermingled with these are several Sheraton pieces.

What you remember best about Claudette's drawing room, however, is the tremendous portrait of her mother which dominates the scene. The portrait of Mrs. Colbert looks down on you from above the couch. It recalls to mind the era of the Gibson girls and it makes you realize from whom Claudette inherits her heart-faced beauty.

You say something about that beauty, about that fragile loveliness, but Claudette modestly tells you to stop your kidding. "Let's go into the playroom," she says. "This room's too formal for me."

You look around again. "This is a nice room for large parties."

Claudette agrees. "Only you're not a large party," she says. "So let's sit in the playroom. I've done it over. I think you'll like it."

The Pressman playroom was once furnished in heavy English taproom style but now it's modern, bright-colored and multi-functional, three qualities which happen also to be characteristic of Romanoff's Restaurant.

The playroom is equipped as I told you in the beginning, with a projection booth. It also boasts a small bar, a large fireplace, a green leathered game table. Every chair—I tried them all—is comfortable and fanny fitting.

room of many moods . . .

The Pressmans use the playroom for practically all their entertaining. Here, they show movies, play backgammon, and talk.

The basic sand color is carried over from the hall and drawing-room. The paneling and magnolia beams which were once mahogany-stained have recently been sand-blasted and then rubbed with white paint and burnt umber so that the room is now very light.

The carpet is beige again and the upholstered pieces, as well as the pillows and lamp shades, offer bright accents of chartreuse, green, and red.

The room is large but the furnishings are divided into several separate and flexible conversational groupings. In front of the fireplace, for example, is a love seat which faces two deep, cushioning chairs. These are covered with a quilted chintz fabric, a red-green print.

In front of the French doors which lead to the terrace there's a large coffee-table flanked on three sides by a red couch and two chairs.

At the far end of the playroom, directly beneath the projection windows, Claudette has another large couch and a few incidental chairs, and when she shows a movie for a group of guests, these chairs are shoved into a line.

I think what pleases Claudette most about her playroom, however, is the ingenious manner in which she's been able to hide her projection booth.

Sam Marx of Chicago, the well-known architect, painted for her a large still life of red poppies. These poppies match in exact color the redness of the decorating motif, and their canvas is large enough to cover all the rectangular apertures through which the films are projected.

The painting is hung on one long iron hinge, so that it can be swung aside when the movie booth is in use. When it's not, that Marx painting against the wall is cer-

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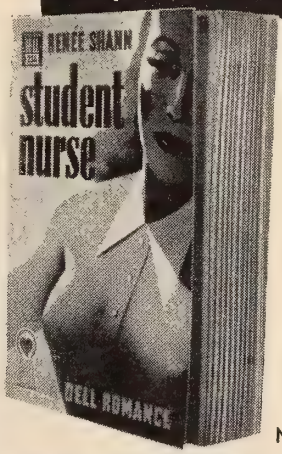
All of his life, young Dick Fingers, a foundling, has wondered who he is. His hints at the possibilities of his nobility and his gentlemanly features have added to his prestige as the leader of a gang of pickpockets.

But Dick longs to be a gentleman, so he joins a company of strolling actors, and enters upon a new and engaging world. He meets sweet Penny with the pagan heart, whom he immediately worships, and Annie, who doesn't pretend to have any of the polite kind of morals. Dick has never dreamed of such companionship and warmth, and his goal in life becomes the love of Penny Price.

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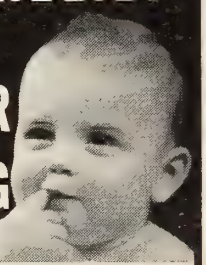


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tainly one of the most beautiful bits of still-life camouflage that I've ever seen, and I'm a man who's seen Lana Turner's sweater.

I like, too, the Pressman dining room. It's rather traditional, the furniture mahogany, Duncan Phyfe and Chippendale, the walls papered in a pattern of pale green and white bamboo, the table seating ten, perhaps twelve.

The Pressmans are, of course, warm wonderful hosts. As I mentioned before, Claudette is a connoisseur of food and drink. She collects a catholic group of recipes; she has a surprisingly large wine list. I say surprisingly large, because she is no lavish party-giver. A few congenial friends for dinner—and that's about the extent of her entertaining.

You see these two Pressmans are primarily intellectuals. For example, when you talk about persons Claudette doesn't know, the first question she asks is, "Are they intelligent?"

Most actresses don't. They ask, "Is he attractive?" or "Do they have any money?"

Claudette, like all girls of French extraction, has a wide streak of the practical. She knows how to budget household expenses, and this acumen is naturally carried over into her professional life; hers has been one of the longest and most distinguished careers in the motion picture industry.

She has just formed a company with producers Jack Skirball and Bruce Manning, to be known as Crest Productions, and her first picture under this banner will deal with the homecoming and peacetime adjustment to civilian life of a Wac.

What Romanoff likes mostly about Claudette, in addition to her beauty, is her loyalty, intelligence, and honesty.

She has strong ties to her family, great fealty to her relatives.

There is nothing phony about Claudette, which is another reason why I love her. Romanoff, as you well know, is a traditional hater of phonies. He can spot them a mile off, and he can vouch that everything about Claudette is genuine. Take her hobby of collecting miniature china. This collection rests in her bedroom, a sunny, cheerful room with a large double Queen Anne bed and hand-painted Chinoiserie wallpaper. It was started way back in 1930, and when Claudette tells you it's her hobby, you know full well that this is no ladylike publicity release. This is truth.

For truth and honesty, gentility and good taste constitute the integral, distinguishing fabric of Mrs. Pressman—her character, and her home. I for one am certain that my poetical predecessor John Keats had something like them in mind when many years ago, he left the world this memorable thought:

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty . . . that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

SHIRLEY ON THE COVER

(*Continued from page 56*)

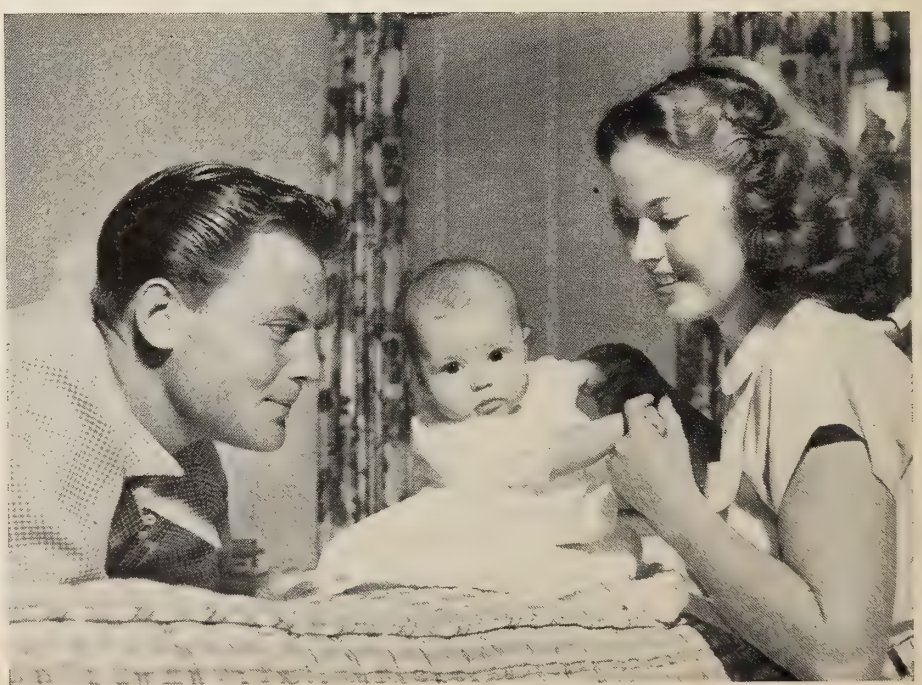
the people with real spunk were the ones who had nerve enough to ride him. He liked to buck.

After Spunky came Roanie, a pony who'd been in the circus. He could dance, and march, and he was altogether enchanting, but Shirley lost him when she was in Hawaii. The whole family except for her brother George was in Hawaii, and 16-year-old George took advantage of their absence to make a shrewd deal. He swapped Roanie and another horse—for a saddle. Then he didn't have a horse to ride the saddle on. And when his father found out, he wouldn't have been able to sit down to ride a horse if he *had* had a horse. It was a painful swap, all around.

Shirley hopes the baby'll like sports, but not too much. "Muscles are fine—but not for girls." And she hopes she'll have a sense of humor—"and that Jack and I will be able to take it."

Right now, they're calling the baby Susan, and saving Linda. If she grows up tall and dignified, and insists on the Linda, that's her privilege.

But they're hoping she won't grow up too fast. She's such a darn cute baby.



Linda Susan, aged 4 months and looking very much like her ma, gets her first taste of the camera. Parents Shirley Temple and John Agar are now working in Selznick's *Baltimore Escapade.*

CROSSROADS

(*Continued from page 31*)

Now the studio moves in with the body blow: if I don't sign the contract, not only won't I play Jolson but I'll be cast in bit parts in every low budget picture the studio makes for 3½ years. By the time I've served my sentence, no other studio will know I exist.

Several days later I'm called for a two-day bit in a *Boston Blackie* B. I play the bit role. I see that Columbia means to carry out its threat to ruin what standing I have, I crumble. I sign the contract. I get the Jolson role.

It makes me a star and brings me a hatful of new problems. What to do next? Some studios seem to know how to build an actor's career—take the long view. Look what Metro has done for Gable over 20 years. Some other studios take something good, bleed it dry and throw it away. Their only interest is to cash in quick on any success. I was thrown into the wrong part in a poor picture (*Down to Earth*); then because I've got muscles I dueled my way through a corny old story they've made several times already (*The Swordsman*) and after that they concocted another (*Gallant Blade*), which is nothing more than a B-picture version of *The Swordsman*.

Columbia was trying to pacify me with promises of tremendous things to come, and an immediate offer of twenty-five thousand dollars as a bonus for good work. I said fine. (Who turns down twenty-five thousand dollars?)

bonus with a catch . . .

But there it was again—another seven-year contract being pushed across the desk. No sign contract, no get bonus. It was as simple as that.

I said: "I need a lawyer."

I got one. The lawyer told me I had a case, the contract I had signed before doing *Jolson* was invalid—undue pressures were used on me. So a year ago last June I filed suit but went on working for Columbia (with those swords) because lawsuits take time and I couldn't ditch the studio until I knew the judge's decision.

About eight months later, the case came to trial. It had drama, and we collected an audience of some proportions each day. On one side of the tremendous onyx-topped table down front below the judge, I sat with my lawyer. Facing us, only three feet away at the other side of the table, sat my boss with his lawyer. For the better part of two weeks we said polite but frosty good mornings. That was all.

I liked the judge. He seemed interested and on his toes. He must have gone home each night and studied the briefs and the day's testimony. He asked good questions. I felt that he believed me when I told my story, I think he understood that it was a matter of my freedom more than a matter of money.

Generally after a trial like this you must wait a month or so, without any inkling of how you've done, until the written judgment is handed down. But this judge gave a preliminary verbal decision the last day of the trial. I don't know, but I like to think he did it so I could start making my plans. The decision, when we heard it, seemed to favor Columbia but as we listened my lawyers and I thought we heard certain things in my favor.

Had we heard right?

For the next 45 gruesome minutes we sat in tensed anticipation, waiting for the transcript to come down. When we read it we saw that we had not won a *clear-*

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cut victory. I should have sued sooner, the judge said. By delaying I had weakened my case—he spoke of laches, a legal term which means "to linger." But actors are so used to being pushed around that it naturally had taken me rather long to realize that I had rights and could defend myself just like any citizen. The judge did agree with my lawyer, however, that I had signed the contract under *undue duress.*

Betty, who had held my hand every day in the courtroom, said, "Let's celebrate." We went to a movie that night, *State of the Union,* and as we walked in, Spencer Tracy, staring straight at us in enormous closeup, was saying: "Justice delayed is justice miscarried."

Betty and I looked at each other.

There was the usual wait of a month before we had the formal judgment. Here's what we liked:

"The defendant (Columbia) procured the contract and the execution thereof by plaintiff (me) by the exertion of undue influence on plaintiff within the Section 1575, subdivision 1 of the Civil Code of the State of California." And the judge also knocked out the "specific performance" clause of the contract.

Though apparently I am still under contract to Columbia, my lawyers say I am now free to work elsewhere. I have written a letter saying that I don't intend to work for Columbia any more and will accept jobs at other studios. Columbia may try to collect damages if I do, but I think they would have a poor case.

at the crossroads . . .

Now I'm at the great crossroads.

Like Olivia de Havilland, I may have an irritating wait ahead. Some of the studios may be scared to use me. But there are independent producers who don't scare easily. I'll get something good eventually.

As Betty said after we got the court decision, "You're not an old man, but you're old enough to deserve more pleasant working conditions. I like my man to be able to sleep nights."

That's the dream girl I'm married to. A perfect mate. Temperamentally my opposite. I'm a worrier. Nothing bothers her.

This past year has been one hit in the head after another for me, but so long as I have that girl I can take it. Our marriage bucks me up. With all these contract troubles I couldn't go to New York, where Betty was playing the lead in a hit musical (*Call Me Mister*). But when she knew I needed her, she left the show, flew out here.

She signed up with Metro, and now she's great in her first picture (*Big City*).

And that's another thing that gets me sore. People saying her successful career will break us up. What are they yelling about? Betty's always had her own career, and I've always been proud of her, and the better she does, the prouder I get. I happen to love the woman. What's good for her makes me happy.

My latest setback is a purely physical one. Injured myself making that last sword picture. We were on location up at June Lake, standing in frigid water up to our waists for several days doing a fight sequence. The swords were heavy enough to cause trouble and the addition of freezing water made the exertion fierce. I tore my insides and have only just said goodbye to the doctors and nurses at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital where I had to go for a hernia operation. They gave me a fabulous new kind of analgesia that made me love the whole world and the hospital when I came to—but in time it wore off, of course, and the recovery process has been tedious. I've had quite enough of hospitals to last me the rest of my days.

What am I doing besides getting well? Reading scripts, talking to producers. Couple of my friends have written a pip of a comedy I'd like to do and maybe we'll get a production organized. But there are endless delays and I find I've got to be patient. I've had practice—waited 30 pictures for my first real chance. I'd like to do a comedy, not that I'm a comedian you understand. But I could do the sort of roles that Henry Fonda has played, a studious type to whom funny things happen.

Betty thinks the best thing I ever did was the reporter in the Actors Lab Production of *Arsenic and Old Lace* (Cary Grant did the role in the movie) that we played in army hospitals during the war. In that show I was the only sane person in a house swarming with crazy people.

The kind of roles I think I'm suited for are a few oceans and continents away from the scripts Columbia threw at me. I'm interested in stories a little closer to life. Some actors don't care what they're in so long as their popularity keeps up and the money rolls in. For Betty or me, the main thing is that we enjoy our work, think it's worthwhile and feel that we grow as the years go by.

You know this acting business is a dog-eat-dog battle for jobs and success. Ninety per cent of the people who come out to Hollywood on contract are gone within a year. From a statistical point of view I'm 'way ahead of average already; I've had seven years and I've built myself some kind of reputation. I believe in being realistic—you may as well go by statistics. Anything beyond average is so much alfalfa.

Okay, so I'm not kicking about the breaks. I've piled up some good ones. I don't see any reason to stop. I *don't* believe my career is over; I *do* believe you can sue a studio (if you've got a decent case) and live to work again; I'm positive you can love your wife even if she makes money. As for my personal ideals, and whether they can hurt me, I don't know.

There again, I'm inclined to believe in the essential willingness of the average American to respect freedom of opinion. MODERN SCREEN printed my views on the Washington investigation in the March issue, and I've been pulling mail ever since. Plenty of people don't agree with my views, but plenty of those same people agree with my right to state those views. Maybe they realize it's not the easiest thing in the world to be honest all the time; maybe they're aware that I could have traveled a less rocky road if I'd compromised with my principles. They seem to be on my side, and I'm glad. It's not so hard to fight for your future, if you know you're not fighting alone.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One day, while living in New York, I had occasion to wait for my husband at the Hotel Astor. Harry James was appearing there at the time. As I was standing in the lobby a girl in a large black hat and plain dress came over and asked me where Harry James was playing. I told her, and added that I loved him and his playing. She smiled and said, "I love him, too." Later, I saw her again, but this time Harry James was with her. She smiled at me and said, "He's my man now," and I recognized her as Betty Grable.

Mrs. S. Wolf
Wilmington, Delaware

THE FANS

(*Continued from page 92*)

Naked City premiere in Cleveland . . . Shirley Temple Club is offering foreign winners of their membership contest subscriptions to Modern Screen, impossible to get over there . . . James Stewart Club turned over its annual contribution, $65, to Cancer Research . . . Jeanette MacDonald Club (Farrington) celebrated its 10th anniversary in June.

NEW TROPHY CUP SERIES!

The Seventh MSFCA Trophy Cup contest is now closed; points are being added up and winners will be announced next month. So, start dusting off your mantelpiece for one of those handsome cups! In the meantime, remember our monthly contests continue. We're still giving out valuable individual prizes, like these: Wonderful PONDS DREAMFLOWER Bath Sets, LA CROSSE'S dandy LOOK TWICE lipstick and nail polish combinations in the newest summer shades. TANGEE TRIP KITS, loaded with just the cosmetics you need for that vacation jaunt. EBERHARD FABER'S DELUXE HARMATONE PEN AND PENCIL SETS. And last but not least, subscriptions to SCREEN STORIES and FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE.

Here are results of this month's contest (last lap, 7th Semi-Annual series):

"This Is My Best" Contest Winners (100 points): Loralie Reese, "The Inhuman Race," *Donna Reed Journal*. Gloria Hagblom, Editorial, *Teddy Walters Journal*. Weber McFarland, "Curtain Going Up," *Douglas Dick Journal*. Jane Rogers, "There's No Business," *Bette Davis Journal*. Elsie Schweer, "A Trip to Mexico," *Bing Crosby Journal*. Diane Rye, "Good Things in Life," *Alan Ladd* (*Kee*) *Journal*. **Best Journals** (500 points) League 1, *Bing Crosby*. League 2, *Bette Davis*. League 3, tied, *Rand Brooks* and *Dan Duryea* (*Maben*) *Journals*. **Best Editors** (250 points): League 1, Marcy Mac Rae, *Reno Browne Journal*. League 2, Gerry Kee, *Alan Ladd Journal*. League 3, Lilyan Miller, *Virginia Field Journal*. **Best Covers** (250 points): League 1, *Rex Allen Journal*. League 2, *Jack Carson Journal*. League 3, *Donna Reed Journal*. **Best Original Art Work** (150 points): Natalie Eaton, *Teddy Walters Journal*. **Best MSFCA Correspondents** (50 points): League 1, Vic Watson, Sinatra Club. League 2, none qualified. League 3, Jean Cannon, Ken Kesse-Art Roberts Club. **Candid Camera Contest** (100 points to first prize winner and 50 points to others): Florence Steingraber, 1st prize. Others: Dohry Gehrke, Jackie Shaw, Shirley Pregeant, Josephine Serina, Kaye Criss. **Most Worthwhile Activities** (250 points): League 1, Bing Crosby Club (donated $63 to Sister Kenny Fund). League 2, James Stewart Club (gave $65 to Cancer Drive). League 3, Vic Damone (Zulli) Club (presented the Italian War Orphan fund with $20). **Greatest Increase in Membership.** League 1, Bill Boyd Club. League 2, none qual. League 3, Perry Como (Travnicek).

MURDER BOY

(*Continued from page 71*)

he asked me why I didn't try to get the top role in a certain picture that's coming up.

"I said everybody knew he'd been set for the part. 'Look,' he retorted, 'I read the book, and you're a dead ringer for the guy. Anyway, I've got plenty of other pictures I can do—go ahead—see if you can't change their minds.' I tested, of course. But I ask you, who ever heard of one actor touting another for the very part that might win him an Academy Award?"

Nobody ever did, as a matter of fact. Following in the wake of the enthusiasm stirred up first by Vic and Director Henry Hathaway, public response to Richard Widmark has made him a marked man at 20th Century-Fox, marked as one of Darryl Zanuck's future important stars. Dick will be another tough guy in *Street With No Name*, giving Mark Stevens a rough time. And after that there are a variety of choice roles on tap.

There's no doubt about it, Dick Widmark is about to become a big wheel in movies. But that's nothing new in his life. He's always been the class of any league in which he chose to play. Yet, when the smoke of competition clears away, and he comes in first, Dick habitually scratches his head of unruly, semi-blonde hair and mutters inwardly, "Well, whattya know?"

In the first place, the world should never have heard of Dick Widmark. He was born in a place called Sunrise, Minnesota, which he thinks may have had a couple of dozen inhabitants. But before he had learned to pull on his own britches a chain of circumstances began to operate on his future, thanks to his father.

Carl Widmark was and is a man of ideas. Today he is sales manager for General Outdoor Advertising. When Dick was trying to mutter a few first words, his father was moving the family from one town to another—Sioux Falls, South Dakota, then to Henry, Illinois, and several other places between Maine and Calif.

Dick and his brother Don never had to worry about where the next meal was coming from, but they were constantly asking, "Hey, Pop, how long are we going to live in this town?"

The boys began to consider each new home base as a personal challenge, and thereby developed a loyalty for each other that has stuck through the years. Probably this was most noticeable when Dick and Don approached a swimming hole in a town the name of which both have long since forgotten. The kids in the water noticed the two silent strangers, clambered out and surrounded them.

"Whatsyer name, kid?" the ringleader asked.

"Don's his name," Dick answered, being aged eight and two years senior.

"Dick's his," Don volunteered.

"Can ya swim?"

"Nope," they replied in unison.

"Well," the big boy announced, "you're gonna learn."

With that they picked up Dick and tossed him into the river. He came up struggling, his hands churning under his chin, dog fashion. Somehow, he got to the bank, swallowing a couple of quarts of water on the way—just in time to see Don go sailing through the air.

"Hey!" he sputtered indignantly, "He's too little—he'll drown."

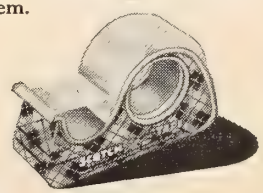
With that, Dick launched himself back into the water to save his brother. By the time he came up, Don had reached the bank, turned around and jumped back in to save Dick. It could have gone on like that all day if the other kids hadn't finally pulled them both out, more unconscious than alive.

They had learned to swim, but they were humiliated, individually, and for each other. The net result was a battle royal, after which they returned home for dinner. Carl Widmark looked up from a machine he was inventing so he could manufacture amusement park dollars out



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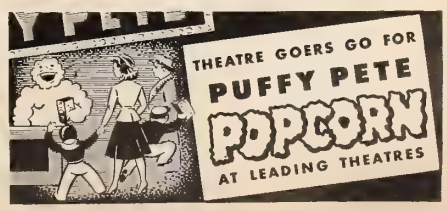
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of rubber and said, "I see you boys have been getting acquainted again."

"Yeah," Dick replied, squinting through a pair of black eyes.

"Uh-huh," Don echoed over a cut lip. "And we can swim, too."

When, some years later, Dick was twenty, a graduate of Lake Forest College and an instructor in public speaking, Don was still helping out. It's no cinch to be teaching kids you've run around with on the campus. It is doubly no simple thing when your brother and your best girl are in the same class.

A couple of students just couldn't take "Professor Widmark" seriously.

Every time Dick opened his mouth, they'd mutter, "How true, how true," or "Indubitably, Professor. Indubitably."

Dick wanted to keep his teaching job, so he couldn't ask them to step outside. But Don could—and did.

After that, there was no trouble.

Dick remembered a lot of things like this one night when the telephone rang and his mother's voice, strained with grief, announced that Don had been killed in action when his bomber was shot down over Germany.

Later, Don's personal effects were sent home, but the tragedy still didn't seem real. It wasn't. In a few months came word that Don and his crew had tried to blaze their way through 19 German fighter planes. They had to give up when the bomber began to fall apart. Three of them lived through it, Don coming down with his parachute in flames, to become a prisoner of war.

Drama like this is pried out of Dick only by patient cross-examination.

He prefers to remember small, slap-happy stories.

gotta be a football hero . . .

For instance, in high school, Dick had a monumental yearning to be a member of the football team. He weighed a skinny 125 pounds, but he had the stretch, so he went out for the team and took a thorough beating in every scrimmage. Still, it was nice to know that on Saturdays when the team trotted out onto the field, his best girl was watching from the stands. It would have been nicer if the coach had let him in the game, but that didn't happen for a couple of years.

Still, he kept at it, and one day the big moment arrived.

"Widmark," the coach barked when the score was nearly 187,000 to 0 in Princeton High's favor, "get in there—and play your heart out."

Widmark got in there as the team lined up close to the sidelines. It wouldn't do to let anyone know how excited he was, so he assumed a nonchalant stance at his position—right end on the defensive. Widmark, the athlete, turned to a fan who was carrying a portable radio and asked, "Hey, Joe, what's the score of the Northwestern game?"

At that moment the opposition stormed over Dick and scored a touchdown.

Came the kickoff, an exchange of punts. Dick was again near the sidelines. This time he was determined to pay attention. But as the ball was snapped, the fan with the radio yelled, "Hey, Widmark."

Dick automatically turned his head.

"The Northwestern score—" That's all Dick heard. The opposing halfback cut him down, and the fullback ran 47 yards for another score.

Right end Widmark was yanked back to the bench.

His best girl went home from the game with the fan who had the portable radio.

However, you can't keep a good man down. When baseball season rolled around, the coach discovered that Widmark could hit like a fool, and did. He hit the ball up, out, and into the mitt of an outfielder.

It is Dick's contention that a more sane youth would have given up sports for Home Economics, but he was stubborn. He fought the thing through until in his Senior year at Lake Forest, he became a first-string end, and he had one really spectacular game. On opening kickoff at Homecoming, he tackled the receiver on the one yard line. During the first quarter, he intercepted three passes, lived in the enemy's backfield, and generally behaved like an all-American. Then, as he wobbled around from sheer exhaustion, he was led off the field.

"Great game, Widmark," the coach cried.

Dick looked at him with a blank stare. "What town is this?"

Later he came to long enough to explain that he had been kicked in the head on the first play and hadn't known what he was doing.

"I have since come to the conclusion," he likes to explain, "that before every major endeavor I should be kicked in the head."

The truth of the matter is that Dick was a better than average football player, despite his weight. He was good enough to cause a minor feud between the football coach and the college dramatic coach. The dramatic department had Dick scheduled for the leading role in *Counsellor-at-Law*, but the brains of the athletic department insisted that he should be home in bed early resting up his muscles instead of tiring out his brain at rehearsals. As usual, Dick came up with a solution. He sprained his ankle in scrimmage, and the play went off without a hitch.

Along about this time, romance came into the life of Richard Widmark. She was Jean Hazlewood, a petite, intelligent freshman whose hair was best described as "brownette." If she didn't see Mr. Widmark every day, it was because he was smothered by his activities, and not for the reason that he got lost in a phone booth calling someone else.

They were more or less "going steady" when Dick, faced with the fact that he was engaged in a romance, suddenly got scared. Things had never become "serious" with him before. He and Jean tapered off.

After that, Jean began to go around with Dick's best friend. One night while she was sitting in a convertible outside the library, waiting for him, who should come

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by but that big activity man, Dick Widmark.

He hesitated, stopped and said, "Hello, Jean."

And that did it again.

Thereafter, there was no doubt in anyone's mind about who went with whom, or what girl could be voted most likely to become Mrs. Richard Widmark.

After her junior year, Jean went to New York to study at the American Academy, lose her Midwestern twang and try acting. Dick, who had been saving a little money here and there through his jobs at grocery and drug stores and as circulation manager of the Kewanee Star, found himself with $500 in the poke and a yen to travel.

He got together with a friend named Freddie Gottlieb, also possessor of $500. They packed knapsacks, picked up a couple of bikes and booked passage on a freighter, bound for Europe.

This was 1937, and $1,000 got two people three and a half months of foreign travel. Dick and Freddie had a fine time, even in Germany.

"Storm troopers even helped us with our bikes and baggage from one train to another," Dick reported later, "and in restaurants they were most polite. The policy at the time was to be nice to Americans."

When Dick came home, he knew one thing: he was going to make money as fast as he could. Even a less intelligent young man might have come to that conclusion, because as he took Jean in his arms, with her family looking on, he had three cents in his pocket.

Being three cents from broke, no young man in his right mind speaks of marriage, particularly to a girl who happens to be the daughter of a prominent Chicago banker. It also follows, that between the beginning of a kiss, the end, and while the boy is still looking into the girl's eyes, his whole future can change. Dick Widmark knew there wasn't enough money in teaching, and he was giving it up.

A couple of months later, he was saying goodnight to Jean at the door of the American Woman's Club in New York. They'd been discovering New York, from Greenwich Village art studios to little beer joints in the Bronx, missing nothing with the possible exception of Grant's Tomb, which was merely an oversight and no offense to the General intended.

"I'd like to be able to say that I walked the streets of New York for months on end, looking for work. That I had to hock the watch and the gold cuff links I didn't have—just to keep eating," Dick says. "But I had a friend who was a director in radio, and I could speak lines pretty well, and the first thing I knew I was making more money than I dreamed of.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One day I was in New York with my brother Humphrey. Coming home, my brother who loves to wander, started walking away from me. I called after him, "Humphrey, Oh, Humphrey." Just then a man with dark glasses came up to me and said in a low voice, "Are you calling me, sister?" To my amazement it was Humphrey Bogart!

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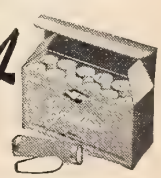
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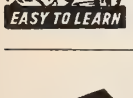
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CAT-TEX



by CAT'S PAW SOLE OUT-WEARS LEATHER!

Dick figured then Jean's family would be delighted to count him in as the son-in-law, but he reckoned without Craig Hazlewood's philosophy. Mr. Hazlewood had a deep conviction that becoming the wife of an actor is something which should not happen to any offspring a father really loves.

So Jean and Dick decided on a "cooling off period," just to make certain how serious they were, and Jean went home to her family.

And Dick discovered just how miserable a Widmark could be even if he was clicking off around $1,500 a week being Joyce Jordan's neurotic husband in the morning, Aunt Jenny's harum-scarum nephew in the afternoon, and Front Page Farrell at night. In a week he'd written Jean that he must see her on a matter of utmost importance, and if she didn't object, he'd fly to Chicago.

Two days later he received a telegram: *Father says it's all right.*

The wedding took place in the First Methodist church at Evanston, Illinois, on Saturday afternoon.

At eight o'clock Sunday morning, Dick was at radio rehearsal, and that was only the beginning.

"I understand, dear," Jean said to Dick in their suite at the Waldorf. "The radio shows are important. And I'm not so lonely when I can listen to you groan as a gangster hits you over the head with an iron pipe."

Dick turned, gradually, to the theater, appearing in a lot of flops. There were exceptions, however, like *Kiss and Tell.* And, of course, agents began to hound him. Dick held out—not because he wasn't ready for Hollywood, but because he'd learned a thing or two about setting up a good deal. In this case, Zanuck was the answer.

Jean, by now a little mother, playwright, and magazine research expert said to her husband:

"Dick, I'm sure that when you get to Hollywood you'll find just the right sort of place for us to live."

"You can count on me, darling," Dick replied.

He delivered, too, that boy. He located a house just off Mulholland Drive—not far from the homes of Gene Tierney, Gregory Peck and Errol Flynn. When the big day arrived, he proudly drove the little woman and two-year-old Ann Heath Widmark to their new home on the top of a high mountain.

It was really beautiful up there, and the house was a dream. A family could be happy there forever.

That's what they thought. Two months later, they moved into a white colonial bungalow on a quiet, level street in Santa Monica.

What happened: One afternoon, Dick walked out in the backyard, that's all. Ann Heath was sunning herself on a blanket.

"Pretty nice," Dick thought, his gaze roving around the garden which spread out green and peaceful.

Then ice water chased the blood around his respiratory system. Ten feet away, gazing with beady eyes at the Widmark offspring was a rattlesnake. For an instant, Dick didn't move. Seconds later, he had a big stick in his hand. It sailed through the air, and missed! At the same instant, he heard—whap!—and the snake shuddered and slumped to the grass writhing in agony.

The gardener appeared out of the bushes, shaking his head.

"Lucky thing I happened to be here just now," he said calmly. "We been gettin' an uncommon number of these pesky rattlers this fall—musta killed four or five already in one month."

Dick didn't wait to hear the rest. Ann Heath was back in her crib inside the house, and Jean was on the telephone, calling real estate agents.

They still get to see the sunset every now and then, by driving down to the ocean which is only a few blocks away, and since Dick has stopped being somebody else's neurotic husband on the radio, life is so peaceful. Dick also has a chance to really be domestic now. He worked in a bakery once, and every so often, he goes into the kitchen, and bakes some bread. Later, he reappears, flour in his hair, and an apologetic look in his eyes.

"Jean," he says, "we've got to have a much bigger family—and a lot more friends. I'm used to baking on a production line basis, and it's going to take months for us to get rid of all those loaves I've got out there in the kitchen."

"I knew it," Jean says, getting up and embracing the baker. "Things had been quiet for three whole days."

SHE WAS ONLY 16

(*Continued from page 45*)

It wasn't a very romantic deal at first. They'd go out as a threesome, the third being Mac. Only Mac didn't ride. So Liz and Dan went cantering off on Sundays, and Mac joined them for dinner. It took Dan six months to eliminate his chum. In the process he nearly eliminated himself.

One rainy day they borrowed an old car with a hitch on it, and trailered some horses out to the valley for hunting. En route the rain became a deluge. They got the horses stashed away in a friend's stable, but couldn't budge the car out of the mud. Liz phoned her mother. Would it be all right if she stayed with these friends overnight? Fine, said Mother.

Next afternoon they dug the car out. Dan asked Liz to have dinner at his house. She phoned her mother. Would it be all right, etc.? Fine, said Mother.

What Dad said when Mother told him, Liz never asked. But with the salad, Dailey's maid brought in a message. Miss Hofert was wanted on the phone.

"I think you'd better come home," said Dad. He'd never sounded more cross.

"I'll come home," she replied with dignity, "right after dinner."

Well, dignity was one thing, and the remembered tone of Dad's voice was something else. There were times, Liz decided as Dan drove her homeward, when the men in one's life were best kept apart.

"I'll just run on in," she said airily.

"No, I'll walk you to the door."

"I'd rather you didn't."

He walked her to the door. By no accident, Dad opened it. "Won't you come in, Mr. Dailey?" Like he was rehearsing for East Lynne.

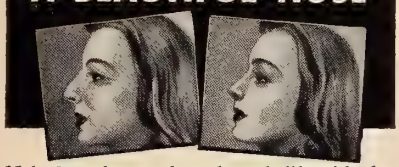
They all sat down. "Mr. Dailey, I'm sure you don't know how old Elizabeth is."

"Please, Dad," she moaned.

"So I'm going to tell you. She's 16, and has her school work to keep up—"

Dan nearly fell off the chair. Liz sat white and stricken. This was curtains, she'd never see him again. As the door closed behind him, she spoke one fruity

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line. "How could you *do* this to me!" and trailed like a broken lily to her room. For the next two weeks she didn't speak to Dad at all. He undoubtedly heaved a sigh of relief when the boy friend recovered sufficiently to phone again.

Dan took her to dinner. "Why didn't you tell me you were only 16?"

"*You* try it, and see what it does to your social life."

"How come you're in college at your age?"

"I skipped a couple of grades. It's done every day. Let's forget it, shall we?"

"No," said Dan.

Thereafter he kept it on a friendly-and-fatherly basis, saw that she got home on time, patted her head, silly stuff like that. But he didn't brush her off, which had been her greatest worry, and the rest would take care of itself . . .

She was 18, when she saw Dan off to the induction station in '42, but a war had been added, and he was still trying to keep things light. "I'll be seeing you, honey."

"Goodbye," said Liz, and drove home with an emptiness inside, which she tried to fill by taking a war plant job for the summer. It helped. What helped more were Officer Candidate Dailey's letters. In New Jersey, Officer Candidate Dailey found himself good and lonesome for his girl. His practical notions went up the flue.

"It's cheaper," he wrote coyly, "for a second lieutenant to be married than single."

"Is it?" Liz wrote back, playing dumb while her heart sang.

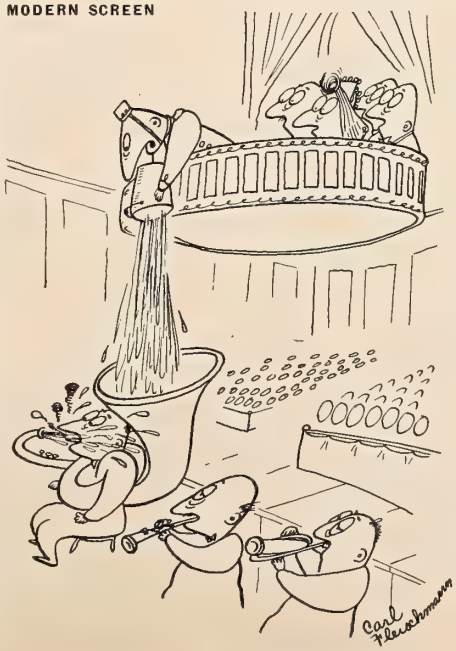
December 21st, Lieutenant Dailey arrived in California with an 8-day leave. In the swirling station there was nothing noteworthy about seeing one small blonde swallowed in the arms of one large second lieutenant. She emerged to hear him ask: "Well, what do you think? Think we oughta get married?"

"I don't know," she said. "I haven't said much to Mother—"

"Okay, we'll go down and get a license. If we use it, we use it. If not, nothing's lost but two bucks."

The license attended to, they dropped in at the studio where Dan broke the news to all comers, leaving Liz no choice but to do the same by her mother. "I knew it all along," said that lady, and

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started hustling. They couldn't reach Dad. He was on a plane, coming home from a business trip. His cab drove up just as they were leaving for a party.

"Hello, you two. Am I in time for the wedding?"

"Dad, how did you *know?*"

"Read it in the paper." One arm went around Liz. "Looks like Elizabeth's old enough to get married."

The wedding was on Christmas Day, the bride wore white, the livingroom was trimmed with silvertips. John Raitt sang, and Dan looked very solemn till the ceremony ended. Then he got yaks for kissing the bride so long. Next day they left for Dayton.

Like all Gaul, the Dailey marriage is divided into three parts. Before Dan went away, while he was away, after he got back.

part one . . .

The first part was spent in various places, mostly uncomfortable, which bothered neither of them. They lived on Dan's army pay. From the start Liz had a theory, which she promptly put into practice. A smart girl makes her husband's interests her own. In Dayton she took civil service exams, and worked for a liaison officer. That way, she learned something about the army. In New York she got a job as a Powers model. That way she learned something about show business. They took quarters where they could find them. Places where you shared the bathroom and washed in the kitchen. A basement with spiders jumping out of the corners. One room so small that, to open the closet, you had to sit on the bed, and Dan got so many smacks on the head from the ceiling that she christened him Lumpy. What they lacked in soft living, they made up in laughs.

Part II we skip over lightly. The laughs faded. Dan went overseas to serve with the 88th Infantry. Liz went to M-G-M.

Life began again in May '46, when Dan phoned her from Texas, last of the Metro actors to be discharged. They found an apartment. The studio signed Dan to a new contract, but no roles were forthcoming for three months. Then Al Melnick, Dan's agent, phoned.

"How'd you like to make a picture with Betty Grable? I showed them that stuff with Powell—" (Originally, Dan and Eleanor Powell had been set for *Me and My Gal.* Some of the dance routines had been shot before the war shoved Dailey out and Gene Kelly in. This was the footage Melnick had run for 20th Century-Fox.) "Now they want to see you—"

Partly through the courtesy of Louis B. Mayer, Dan got the job. 20th liked him fine, but were understandably reluctant to build an M-G-M player to stardom. As a personal favor, Mayer released him from his contract.

The only other hitch was his name. "We think you ought to change it."

"Okay," said Dan evenly. "Let's change it to Schmohopper."

So *that* subject was dropped. As Dan Dailey, he went into *Mother Wore Tights,* and how he came out you know.

The baby, Dan Dailey III, was born last September 18th. On the 17th, Liz finally found a house, and went scooting out to the studio to tell Dan. "It's got this Bar Room, huge, sort of semi-detached, good for dancing. You can beat your drums to death without waking The Wattymelon." (The Wattymelon was their tender pre-natal name for their child.)

At dinner, to celebrate, Liz splurged on a large garlic salad.

At 1 A.M. she felt a pain. Served her right, eating garlic! Then it dawned on her that garlic wasn't the answer. When she turned on the bedlight, there lay Dan wide awake. "I've known it for an hour."

All the way to the hospital, he was lovely and calm like that. "Mustn't bump The Wattymelon." His authority was so persuasive that when Liz woke up a few hours later, feeling very woozy, she refused to take vital statistics from anyone else. "Wha'd we have, husband?"

"Dan Dailey the third."

"Whaz he look like?"

"Exactly like me, poor kid. But bear up, honey. At least he's got all his fingers and toes. I counted."

"How many?"

"Ten."

Her eyes flew open. "Ten *apiece?*" He nodded. "Izzenatsweet?" cooed Liz, and fell asleep.

The baby looks less startlingly like Dan now, more like a baby. His father calls him The Hambone, and sings him to sleep with Danny Boy. Once he loaned his favorite blue-with-white-polka-dots robe to a friend who'd stayed overnight. Seeing the robe, little Dailey laughed. Seeing the wrong man inside it, he set up a roar. Big Dailey pooh-poohed the whole thing, while his chest swelled six inches.

Liz is five-foot-four. "Five-foot-three," says Dan, and she hits him over the head. He's a foot taller. He calls her Stumpy, and she calls him a glandular case. His collection of names for her includes Spearjaw (her chin comes to a point) and TWB or Tight With a Buck. All their bills are sent to the manager, Liz handles the cash. Keeps it in a special green leather purse, known as The Miser's Purse, and gives him what he feels he'll want for the week. "Now," he complains, "I know what they mean by the dole."

Their humor matches. So does their sense of values. So do most of their tastes.

Which doesn't mean they haven't had adjustments to make.

For instance, Dan's a spur-of-the-moment guy. He hates planning ahead. He'll come home and say: "Why aren't you getting dressed? We're going to So-and-so's." That's the first she's heard of it. Or he'll say: "A couple of friends might drop in." And before you know it, there's a gang of 30 in the Bar Room. This used to throw her. Now she keeps the larder stocked, and herself ready. Now she knows that when Dan's with a horse, he forgets time. She can't plan dinner for 6 or 7:30. When his key's in the lock, the vegetables go on.

She used to ask him to put up a hook.

"I'd rather work two extra hours and pay a man to do it."

By the same token, he doesn't want *her* stewing round the house. Liz is efficient. If she can't get capable help, she does things herself. Besides, with a baby, there's enough work for two women.

"I don't care if it never gets done," says the male. "I didn't marry you because you could scrub and iron, but because you're fun. It pleases me better if you're rested when I come home."

So when she's tired from ironing, she keeps her mouth shut.

Dan's not the good housekeeper's dreamboy. He's learned to stick his dirty clothes in the hamper, but ashtrays to him are still something you hit or miss. Liz has quit flinching about it. Rugs you can buy. You can't buy a set of new nerves that are frayed from nagging.

What matters in marriage is understanding each other. One morning Dan told her they were taking a friend to dinner.

"Let's eat at home," said Liz, who'd never cooked a meal.

Where other men might have gibed or at least expressed a doubt, Dan said: "All right," kissed her and took off. If your wife wants to cook, you don't scare her out of it. Liz went to the dime store, bought 17 cookbooks, stuck them full of markers and fixed up a chart: at 5:45 you do this, at 6 you do that. At 7 they were eating a topflight meal of baked ham, creamed onions and asparagus.

"Liz, you're marvelous."

"With the chance you took, brother, I couldn't afford to miss."

dailey dancing . . .

She understands that when Dan's working, everything else blacks out. He hears nothing, sees nothing but the dance routines and the picture. Right now he's making *Burlesque* with Grable. Liz knows he'll come home, grab a beer, head for the Bar Room, put on a Harry James or Benny Goodman record, and start with the drums. This is partly relaxation, partly an inner drive toward perfection.

After dinner, he'll go back to the drums. If Liz wants conversation, she'll yell at him over the racket.

Even their Friday night separations no longer seem odd. Before their marriage, Dan had a standing date with Al Melnick for dinner and the fights. After their marriage, the dates continued to stand. Liz joined them a couple of times, but Dan didn't care for it. "Men smoking and yelling and swearing, it's no place for women." Now she goes to the movies with friends, and lets the boys have their fun in peace.

One big problem, however, remains unsolved. The man met her so young that he can't get over treating her like a kid.

"Will you, for Pete's sake, quit patting me on the head? I'm 24, and the mother of a son."

"Okay, okay," says Dan, patting her on the head.

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FROM THE MOVIES

CAMPUS SLEUTH—Neither Could I: Freddy Stewart (Capitol)

A DATE WITH JUDY—Judaline: It's a Most Unusual Day: *Ray Noble (Columbia)
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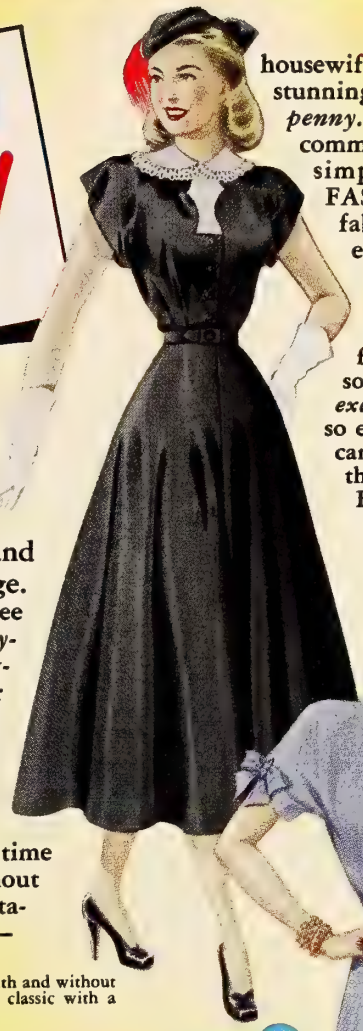
LULU BELLE—Sweetie Pie: *Johnny Mercer-Pied Pipers (Capitol)
Sound vaguely familiar? It should—John Jacob Loeb wrote this ditty in 1934. (He also earned immortality, for me anyway, by creating that great song title, *Horses Don't Bet On People.*)

ON AN ISLAND WITH YOU title song: *Xavier Cugat (Columbia); Hal McIntyre (M-G-M); Squadronaires (London).
Takin' Miss Mary to the Ball: *Kay Kyser (Columbia); Jack Smith (Capitol); Squadronaires (London); Helen Carroll—Satisfiers (Victor).
If I Were You: *Andy Russell (Capitol); Jimmy Dorsey (M-G-M): Freddy Martin (Victor).
Charisse: *Xavier Cugat (Columbia).
Yes, there's plenty of recordings on all four songs from this newly-released M-G-M musical. Reasons? The movie companies set their words-and-music plans a long way ahead. As we write, seven of the ten songs on the Hit Parade are available on discs made before the ban. The other three have been recorded with vocal accompaniment.

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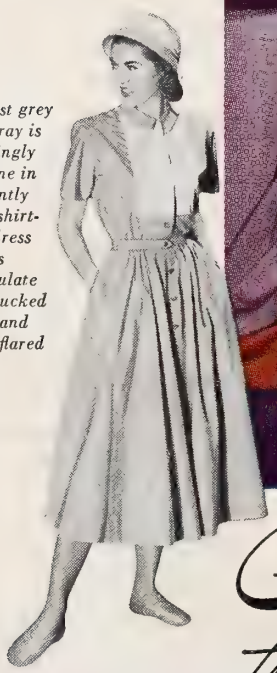
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BING CROSBY



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Making a Sensational Splash!

Everybody's talking about the new Bath-Size Camay. Buying it. Trying it. Praising it to the skies! Because this bigger Camay makes every bath a luxurious beauty treatment. Bathe with it every day of your life—and your skin will be lovelier from head to toe. And you'll rise from your bath just touched with the delicate, flower-like fragrance of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women!



CAMAY
NOW IN 2 SIZES!

Use Regular Camay for your complexion—the new Bath-Size for your Camay Beauty Bath.

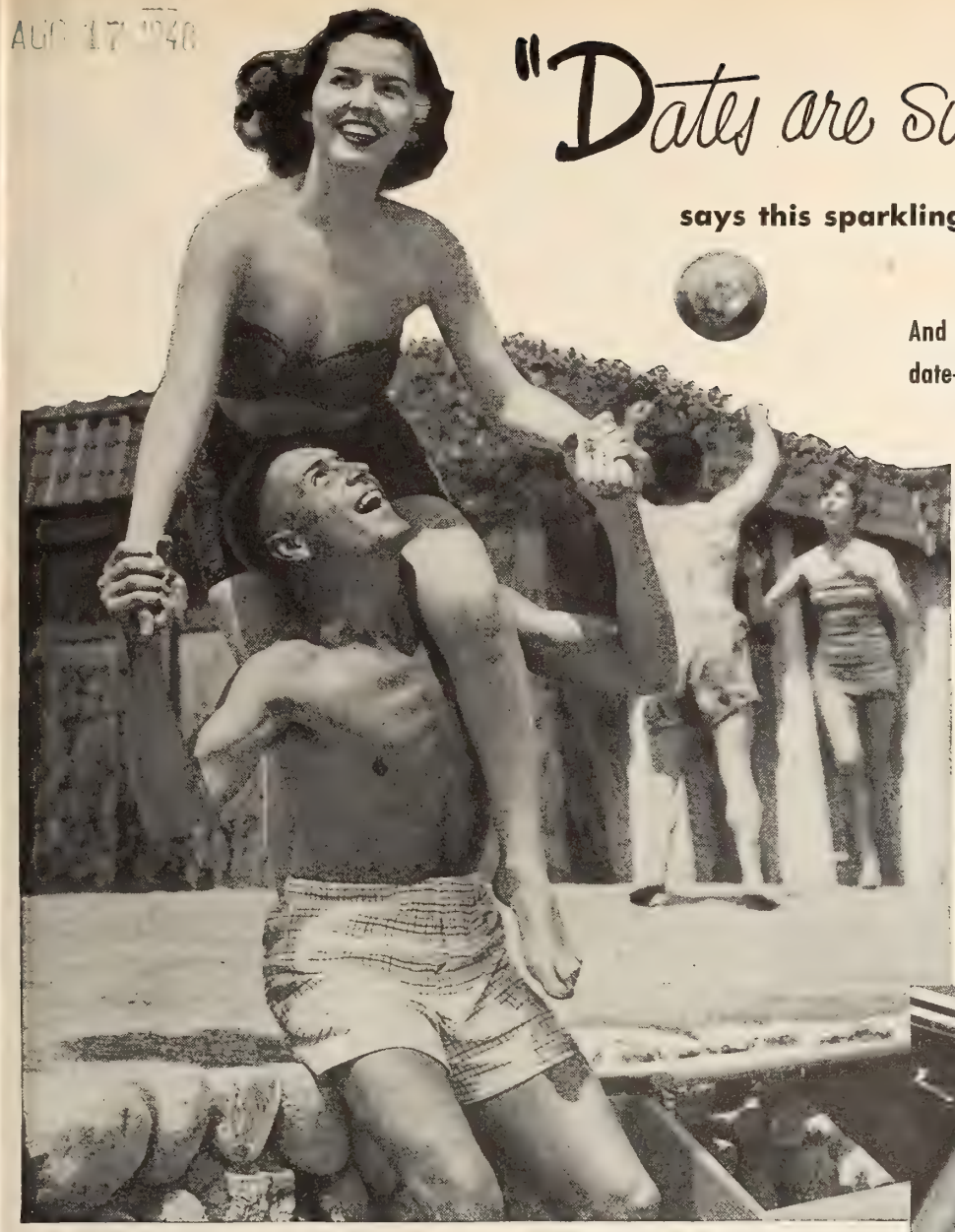
Bath-Size Camay

FOR YOUR
CAMAY BEAUTY BATH

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AUG 17 1948

"Dates are such Fun!"

says this sparkling junior model



And cover-girl Louise Hyde's crowded date-life owes plenty to her Ipana smile!

Having a high time is no novelty for luscious New Yorker, Louise Hyde. A radiant personality with a radiant Ipana smile, 20-year-old Louise is a top-flight Thornton model. And as for *dates*—Louise has a calendarful. Her smile is a magnet for the lads! For a date-winning smile of your own, follow Louise's "model" dental routine: Regular brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste, then gentle gum massage. Get a tube of Ipana today!



Under the spell of Louise's enchanting smile, her handsome date, Bill Loock, dreams as he drives. Clever Louise—to *guard* that date-bait smile with Ipana! For more dentists recommend and use Ipana than any other tooth paste, a recent national survey shows.



Air-minded. Louise is learning the know-how of flying. But she doesn't need coaching in care of her teeth and gums. She knows that firm, healthy gums are important to sparkling teeth, a radiant smile. So she never misses her Ipana dental care!



This is fun, too! Louise loves Ipana's livelier flavor—the way it leaves her mouth refreshed, her breath sweet. Try Ipana! And follow *your* dentist's advice about gum massage. (9 out of 10 dentists recommend massage regularly or in special cases, according to a recent national survey.)

Ipana *Tooth Paste for your Smile of Beauty*



Product of Bristol-Myers

SEPTEMBER, 1948

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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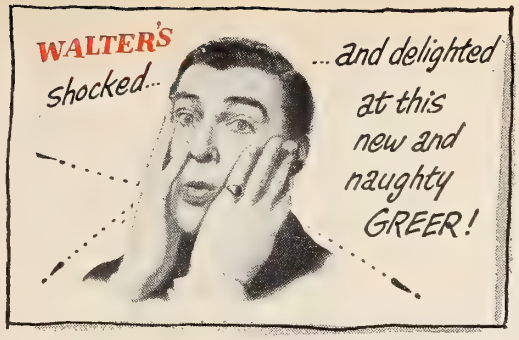
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GREER GARSON WALTER PIDGEON

misbehaves... loves it!





Two great stars as you've never seen them before . . . clowning, kissing, kidding, cavorting, in **M-G-M's** comedy hit of the year.

Julia Misbehaves

PETER LAWFORD · ELIZABETH TAYLOR

CESAR ROMERO

LUCILLE WATSON · NIGEL BRUCE

MARY BOLAND · REGINALD OWEN

Directed by JACK CONWAY Produced by EVERETT RISKIN

Screen Play by WILLIAM LUDWIG, HARRY RUSKIN and ARTHUR WIMPERIS
Adaptation by GINA KAUS and MONCKTON HOFFE
Based Upon the Novel "The Nutmeg Tree" by MARGERY SHARP

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Advertisement

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

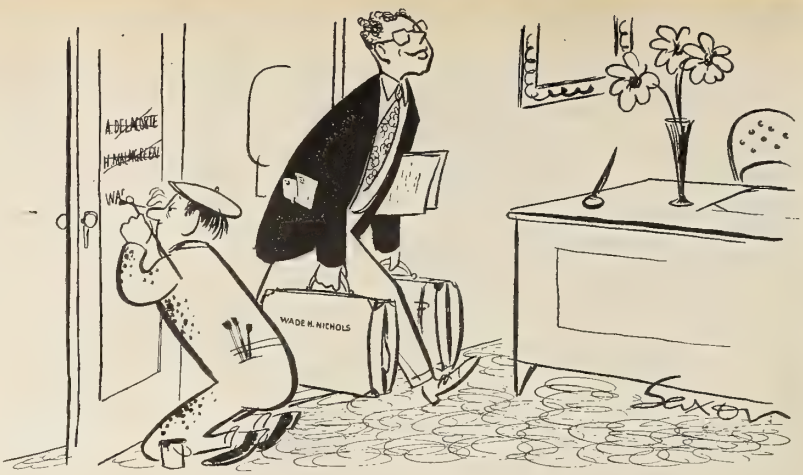
There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.



To our Readers

HENRY MALMGREEN and I have been spending a lot of time lately weeping on each other's shoulders. It's not very dignified, but we never did feel good in stiff shirts. "Henry," I say, "this is the end." He nods his head, and hands me the towel. Sitting at my desk right now is the new editor of MODERN SCREEN. His name is Wade Nichols, and he's a swell fellow (I even let him use my typewriter). What's more, you'll probably love him better than you do me—which makes me even sadder . . .

BUT TALKING ABOUT my fading glory reminds me of a story in this issue. It's called "How Long Can You Stay Great?" We really don't know, but we did a little digging into the past of a few Hollywood ladies—Ginger Rogers for one, before and after her golden Oscar, Crawford for another, Myrna Loy—and by the time they got me out of the file cabinet I had more leg-art in my arms than you can shake a chorus line at. Some of it's there in pictures on page 62. Ah, all those gorgeous flappers I never got to wine . . .

WHICH LEADS ME somehow to Jose Ferrer, the stage actor. Drunk with beauty—that man. Ingrid Bergman's the beauty. Jose's making his movie debut with her in *Joan Of Arc*. We managed to get him seated in our guest chair before we started work on him. "Loveliest woman in the world," he kept muttering, "a goddess." "Bergman?" we said. "Bergman," he said. I forced a pencil into his fist. "Write it down," I whispered menacingly. Jose did. And the story glows. It's on page 52. And the page glows. Really, there's a sort of golden haze . . .

CARY GRANT would know what I mean. About hazes. People say ever since Grant met Betsy Drake he's been walking around in one. Betsy's young and pretty, and last year she made a name for herself on the English stage. Well, she and Grant happened to be on the same boat coming back to America. Of course, they met. And it was a moonlit night. I'm a guy who takes boats . . . but I'm not bitter, and this "Mr. Grant Builds A Dream" is a nice story. It'll make you starry-eyed. It's on page 64.

BY THE WAY, I just noticed something about women. Maybe I'm slow to grasp things, but they finally come through to me. Take Hedda Hopper and Dixie Crosby when they get together. What do they talk about? Men. What do any two women talk about? Any three women?—Only Dixie can cover ground. Four boys and Bing. Hedda, who knows a little more about women than I do, has something to say herself. She says a person like Dixie ought to take a couple of bows. Turn to page 36 and you'll see what Hedda means. As for me—even if you don't want it, Dixie—here's my hand . . .

Albert P. Delacorte

ALBERT P. DELACORTE



"How Can I Love You? You're The Wife Of The Man I Killed!"

The story of a strong man with ambition gone, on the edge of the precipice, staring numbly into disgrace and oblivion.

The story of a softly-radiant woman, whose tender inspiration leads him back to fight again and love again.

The story of an adventure where cowards quit early and weaklings never finish at all!

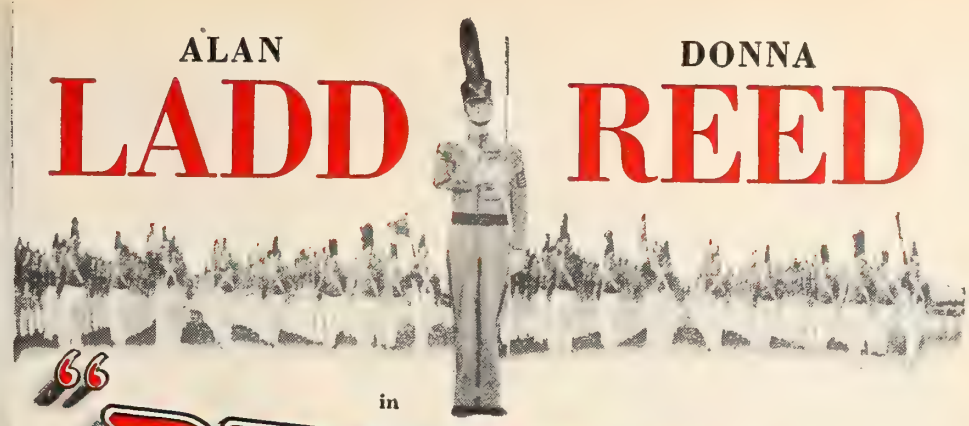


with GEORGE
MACREADY
GEORGE
COULOURIS
HAROLD
VERMILYEA
HENRY
TRAVERS

Produced by
ROBERT FELLOWS
Directed by
JOHN FARROW

Original Screenplay by Jonathan Latimer, Charles Marquis Warren and William Wister Haines

ALAN **LADD** DONNA **REED**



in

"BEYOND GLORY"

A Great Love Story That Comes Shining Through

A Paramount Picture



Ladd Lovers Will Shout:
"I Told You So!"
People Who Have Never Seen
Him Before Will "Discover"
A Great New Dramatic Star!

louella parsons' Good news



Liz Taylor shows a puzzled Farley Granger how to use chop-sticks. Marsh Thompson (rt.) knows the art. It's opening night at Ah Fong's, a Chinese restaurant on Vine St. Place is filled with expensive oriental figurines.



Kay Kyser gets a mouthful of Ah Fong's fried shrimp from Danny Kaye as Mrs. Kyser (Georgia Carroll) and Mrs. Kaye look on. Danny's planning to return to Broadway in the late fall to star in a new Cole Porter musical.



MODERN SCREEN has a new editor—he's Wade Nichols. Ciro's Herman Hover threw a party in his honor, and nobody wanted to go home. Guy Madison rhumbaed with Vera Ellen.



M-G-M celebrated opening of its FM radio station with a cocktail party. Among first to come were Johnnie Johnston and his wife Kathryn Grayson. The Johnstons are expecting their baby in Nov., will adopt another later.



Station K-M-G-M is one in a series that Metro plans to own and operate. Ben Gage, Larry Parks and Betty Garrett give the old rah-rah cheer for success. Larry left recently for stock work in Worcester, Mass.



K-M-G-M party was attended mostly by Metro players. Van Johnson brought wife Evie to opening ceremonies. Van's selling $125,000 mansion Metro lent him money to buy. He wants smaller house, no headaches.

■ Shur'n you wouldn't be knowin' your girl friend, so much has happened since I left Hollywood to "do" the Continent. Gulliver's got nothing on Parsons for travels.

At this writing, I've covered only Ireland and England for movie notes, but there is much to tell you.

Victor Mature and his *Kiss of Death* are both favorites in Ireland, the grand little island I've come to love so well. What wonderful people, the Irish—and how they love Americans and American films. Walt Disney is an idol and *Best Years of Our Lives* ran fourteen weeks.

If you think WE have all the gilded movie palace theaters in America, you should see the Savoy Theater, which seats 4,000 and has a world-famous restaurant operating along with the filmings—in Dublin, of course.

But Ireland has practically no film production, or stars, of its own so—let's move on to London where I met many of the British stars plus old friends from Hollywood who are over here making movies.

* * *

Buster Collier and his attractive wife, Stevie, gave me a welcoming cocktail party I shall never forget.

What a thrill it was to walk into their beautiful London apartment and find the first person to greet me—Spencer Tracy, that guy I love!

Spence is here making *Edward, My Son* with Deborah Kerr, and he has completely won the heart and respect of everyone who has met him. It is impossible to over-estimate the fine impression he has made, particularly coming on the heels of the Lana Turner debacle.

Poor Lana, apparently everything she did was wrong!

The British particularly objected to her appearing nightly at the midget auto races, half owned by her husband, Bob Topping. Those races, they felt, were a commercial sports event and they didn't like a movie star as "bait" at the box office.

On the other hand, everything Spence has done is exactly right. He has lived very quietly—in fact, the cocktail party in my honor is the only social appearance he has made. But he has given intelligent and interesting interviews to the press and cooperated in every way. He has been a good-will ambassador *plus*, and believe me, you can be proud of him.

I noticed when our host invited Tracy to have a cocktail toasting me, he said, "I'll toast Louella in good old American pop, if you don't mind"—and he did.

Deborah Kerr looked perfectly stunning and I whispered in her ear, "Are those Hollywood clothes?" She answered, "Shhhh—YES." Her hair, by the way, is very short, an American fad this British charmer brought back to her native country with her.

And before we get off the subject of this cocktail party, let me say if you've never eaten Tomato Pie—an English hors d'oeuvre—you've missed a treat.

* * *

Our second night in London, Dr. Martin and I dined with the Tony Martins (Cyd Charisse), and the British went almost as balmy over Tony's act at the Palladium as they did over Danny Kaye. Other Hollywooders at Tony's dinner party were Allan Jones and Jack Durant, two American boys, very popular with the Londoners.

"Who ever started the libel that British audiences are cold?" asked Tony. "I love them."

* * *

My first official party to meet the British stars was given by J. Arthur Rank, internationally famous British producing bigwig. And it was here I met most of the British actors and actresses who had previously been just "names" to me.

Stewart Granger is even more handsome—if possible—off screen than he is on. I told him I remembered him in *Caesar and Cleopatra*.

"*That* one, I wish you would forget," he laughed. Well, I must say after meeting him, the role did not do him justice. Off the record, I think he would like very much to come to America, but with Rank trying hard to make enough pictures to make up for the



Bing Crosby surprised the town (and commentator George Fisher) by attending *Emperor Waltz* première in a tux—with fedora.



Afterwards, in Beverly Hills Crystal Room, Joan Crawford and Greg Bautzer were among guests at Bing's first "gala" première party.



Mickey Rooney refused to identify his blonde date. *Emperor Waltz* opening was strictly formal, the first to be televised (over KTLA).



John Agar and Shirley Temple (in new short ermine coat) say a few words in honor of Bing, for M.C. Fisher's mike. Shirley will write a daily column on "How To Bring Up Baby."

Good news

shortage caused by the new British tax law, we both realized that was a tactless subject to discuss.

England's favorite star, Margaret Lockwood, is attractive but so conservatively dressed she would never be taken for a film star in the U.S.A. It was amusing to hear her tell about the run-ins with the British censors over the low-cut gowns she wears on the screen. She was certainly covered up when I met her.

* * *

It wasn't until the dinner given me by Sir Alex Korda that I finally caught up with fascinating Robert Donat, probably England's most popular movie star next to Laurence Olivier.

I was delighted to be seated next to him at dinner. He is so handsome—and I must say, healthy—that I am amazed at the well-circulated stories about his bad health.

I wasn't long in finding out he bitterly resents those rumors that he is on his "last legs." Had to laugh when he said, "I *do* catch cold in the winters—but that's about the measure of it. When Danny Kaye was here he told me that I would not catch colds if I came to Hollywood. Is that quite true?"

Yankee patriot that I am, I had to admit that Californians sometimes do catch the sniffles.

The soooo beautiful Renee Asherson with whom Donat is supposed to be madly in love was also present, and a lovelier-looking girl I have seldom seen. She has that "English complexion" we're always hearing about—pure peaches and cream, minus wakeup aids. In Hollywood, I would have asked a couple of equal prominence about their wedding plans, but one thing I learned fast in jolly old England is that things aren't so jolly if one gets off on personal subjects. And marriages are considered highly personal!

But Donat did speak of women in general. "In general," he smiled, "they nag too much.

"Nagging is the prime failing of the fair sex," he went on. "Always 'where have you been?'—'why didn't you wear your top coat?'—'do this—do that.' Men hate that sort of thing, you know."

He was being amusing, but I doubt if a Hollywood star would have been so frank about the ladies who buy movie tickets.

A few hours later we were off to Norway, but I will have to wait until next month to tell you about that spot, plus Sweden and Denmark where so many of our greatest stars hail from—Garbo, Bergman, Jean Hersholt and Sonja Henie.

Also, I'll have news of picture-making in Italy, where I expect to meet Tyrone Power and many other Hollywood stars, and Paris—but those spots are another chapter. Meanwhile, I don't want you to miss any of the news from Hollywood, so I have asked my assistant, Dorothy Manners, to put you hep to what's happening since I left. Okay, Miss M.—you are on.

* * *

Alan and Sue Ladd called up and said, "Come out and spend a quiet Saturday night with us. There will be just a few people, Betty Hutton and her husband and the Macdonald Careys."

And that's how the *least quiet* Saturday I've ever spent got started.

Oh, the beginning was all right. It's a beautiful drive in the sunset to the Hidden Valley Ranch of the Ladds with its stables, farm houses and beautiful blue swimming

The Leprechauns say:



"Lovers who kiss under a falling star are bound together forevermore . . ."

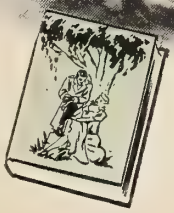
A ROMANCE FRESH... JOYFUL...LILTING AS AN IRISH AIR...TO PUT ENCHANTMENT IN THE VERY HEART OF YOU!



TYRONE POWER ANNE BAXTER

THE LUCK OF THE IRISH





with The Little Man CECIL KELLAWAY

The Big Man LEE J. COBB

20th CENTURY-FOX

JAMES TODD • JAYNE MEADOWS • J. M. KERRIGAN • PHIL BROWN • CHARLES IRWIN

Directed by HENRY KOSTER • *Produced by* FRED KOHLMAR • Screen Play by Philip Dunne • Based on a Novel by Guy and Constance Jones

Gentlemen



Prefer Girls

(BLONDES • BRUNETTES • REDHEADS)



with Color Bright Hair



Let Nestle Colorinse give your hair sparkling, *natural-looking* color and highlights. Not a permanent dye or a bleach, Nestle Colorinse washes out completely with shampooing. Delicately scented, easy and absolutely safe to use.

Nestle COLORINSE



IN 10 FLATTERING SHADES

10¢—25¢ AT ALL COSMETIC COUNTERS.

KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG

Delicately scented Nestle Hair Lacquers keep all styles of hair-dos well groomed. 10¢, 25¢ and 50¢ at all toilet goods counters.

Nestle- originators of permanent waving- Meriden, Conn.



Frankie Boy does a once-over-lightly on "Nature Boy," assisted by composer of the song, Eden Ahbez. It's preparation for Sinatra's fall stint on Hit Parade radio program. He's signed for straight 52 weeks at $7,500 per week, highest salary ever paid a singer on that show.

Good news

pool banked with flaming scarlet geraniums.

And everything looked peaceful enough when we arrived to find Betty Hutton and her good-looking husband, Ted Briskin, getting the last of the sun's rays beside the pool, and Alan and Macdonald Carey hopping around taking colored camera shots.

All this lasted exactly ten minutes before —but let me give it to you blow by blow.

"Stand up in that chair," said Alan to Mac, "I can get a better shot of you."

Those were the last sane words spoken the rest of the night. Mac stood on the chair, as told—but in doing so he hit his head against a slanting beam from the barbecue pit, practically tore his forehead off, and with blood gushing from his head all over his face, he was rushed to the nearest hospital by Ted Briskin.

In rapid succession the following events took place:

Ted Briskin got a speeding ticket.

Somebody ran over the Ladds' pet dog.

The dog, in its agony, bit Alan's hand.

Both dog and Alan packed into the station wagon for a wild ride to the same hospital where Macdonald Carey was having seven stitches taken in his head.

The cook dropped ten uncooked steaks in the dirt carrying a big tray from the kitchen to the barbecue.

Alan called from the "vet's" that his hand was all right, but they had to give the dog four transfusions, he'd lost so much blood.

Sue was crying.

Betty Hutton was wringing her hands.

The cook washed off the steaks.

Alan called that the dog would live.

Dinner was served at 11 P.M.

Oh, those early dinners and quiet evenings in the country!

* * *

Gloria De Haven and John Payne made up after a six-weeks' spat, just as everyone hoped they would.

These two are sensible kids and they love each other and their children. But now and then career trouble sets in.

When Gloria was going strong at M-G-M, John's contract lapsed at 20th. When things finally picked up for him in a big way, Gloria was no longer with M-G-M and she hadn't made a picture since the birth of their second child.

Now if they could just both get going at the same time, their tangles would be solved.

* * *

Every year Sonja Henie tosses a party in Hollywood, but how in the world is she ever going to top her last one?

For sheer eye-filling beauty, there's never been another like it.

The terraced garden of her home was adorned with statues of illuminated ice that would have been dazzling if the "ice" around Sonja's neck hadn't been even more blinding.



...THEY MEET IN ~~KEY LARGO~~

The far-famed Maxwell Anderson play is given new scope and tremendous excitement on the screen!

HUMPHREY BOGART

EDWARD G. ROBINSON

LAUREN BACALL

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

KEY LARGO

A STORY AS EXPLOSIVE AS ITS CAST!

with LIONEL BARRYMORE CLAIRE TREVOR

and THOMAS GOMEZ · JOHN RODNEY · DIRECTED BY JOHN HUSTON · PRODUCED BY JERRY WALD

Screen Play by Richard Brooks and John Huston • Based on the Play by MAXWELL ANDERSON As Produced on the Spoken Stage, By the Playwrights Company • Music by Max Steiner

Good news



George Montgomery and Dinah Shore, at Universal's party in honor of British star-producer Edana Romney (left).



Charles Boyer and Jean Pierre Aumont, two Gallic charmers, turned out to help their hosts greet Miss Romney. Boyer may do a film in France this fall.



Dan Duryea, Yvonne DeCarlo and Don Taylor were a gay trio at Universal party. Poor Yvonne suffered a damaged vertebra later, must spend 3 months in a neck brace.

Honest—about three strands of beautifully matched and sized pear-shaped diamonds were her only ornaments—but she needed nothing more to set off her simple gown of white starched lace.

Sonja looked like a beautiful little figurine greeting her 300 guests in the moonlight.

On the lower terrace, the tennis court had been transformed into a night club with full-sized dance floor and orchestra.

I sat at the table with Ingrid Bergman and Dr. Peter Lindstrom—and don't ever let anyone tell you that Bergman's husband is stiff and reserved. He was having the time of his life rhumba-ing with his wife (they're good, too!) or Jennifer Jones.

He was really disappointed, I think, when he didn't win the "grand prize" for the best rhumba—if it had been for the most enthusiastic, he would have won hands down!

But Anita Colby (with Clark Gable, of course) won the big basket of caviar and all sorts of delicious things for hors d'oeuvre.

The funniest event of the night was Alfred Hitchcock giving Van Heflin the first—and I'm sure, the LAST—cigar he will ever smoke. There was a bad moment or two when you couldn't tell Van's face from one of several *green* balloons tied to the back of his chair.

What a hostess that Sonja is! What a party!

* * *

Fashion Fads: Doris Day wears a "date belt"—on which dangle seven discs with the days of the week printed on the front. On the back is a space for an escort's name—which can be erased as the date changes.

Diana Lynn has a small, smooth straw hat of cloche shape that can be worn for sports or dinner. Here's how: Daytimes, it is worn natural with different colored grosgrain bands. At night, she stretches dotted gold lace net—or black lace—over the entire bonnet, and it's cute as all get-out.

Latest stunt with little ivory elephants is to string them on a necklace around the neck. Very cute with low-neckline brown dresses.

Hi-Lights of the Month: The ultra-dramatic story that the father Loretta Young had never seen had died in the charity ward of General Hospital. But the true story reflected no discredit on the lovely star. Her father had walked out on her mother and three sisters when they were babies. But when Loretta heard of his existence just two years ago, she arranged with her lawyer to contribute to his support. The whole thing reads like a Loretta Young movie script.

Errol Flynn's surprise appearance as guest of honor at a church bazaar in Jamaica. Fortified by slight sips from the pink lemonade bowl, Errol auctioned off jellies, jams, hand-knitted ties and kicked in with a check for $1,000 of his own to help the good cause along.

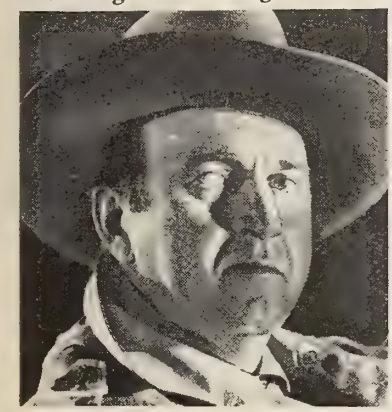
That Bing! What a guy he is. When he



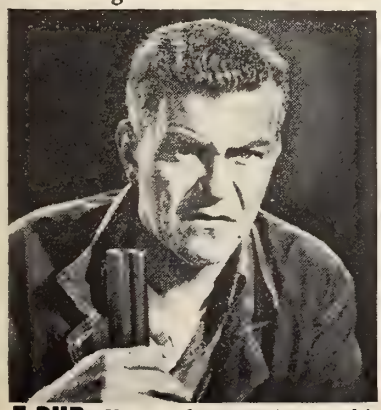
KEECHIE: A tender heart in a tough world. All a girl *can* do to help the boy she loves . . . Keechie does!



BOWIE: Just a kid...who's seen too much of the crooked side of life... not enough of the straight!



CHICKAMAW: He's a guy you can trust . . . to knife you in the back when he gets sore!



T-DUB: Knows but one law . . . his own! Has but one weapon...a gun!

TWO KIDS... outside the law!

Desperate...hunted...yet so in love! This is their story, the one the screaming headlines never told!



RKO PRESENTS

THE TWISTED ROAD

starring

Cathy O'Donnell • Farley Granger
Howard da Silva

with

Jay C. Flippen • William Phipps • Ian Wolfe

DORE SCHARY In Charge of Production

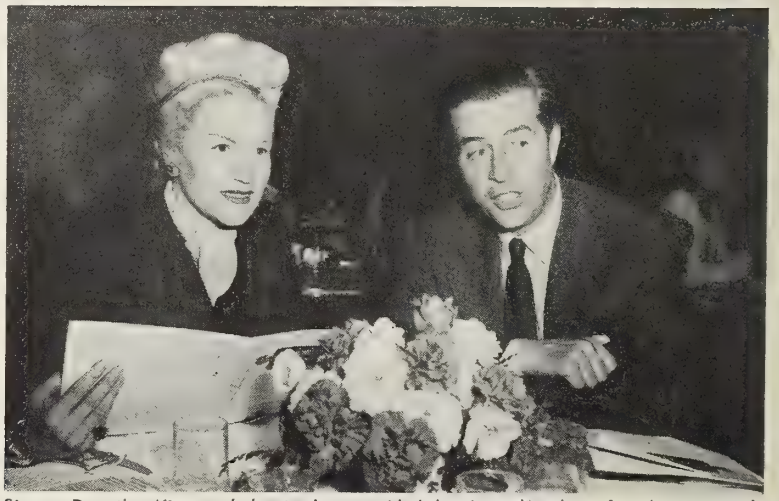
Produced by JOHN HOUSEMAN • Directed by NICHOLAS RAY

Screen Play by CHARLES SCHNEE

RKO RADIO PICTURES



Jeanne Crain and Linda Darnell drove down from upper New York State (where they're on location for *Letter To Three Wives*) to dine at the Stork with Jeanne's husband Paul.



Singer Dorothy Kirsten (who took over Al Jolson's radio show for the summer) with Ray Milland at the Paramount commissary. Ray and his wife lost the baby they were expecting early next year. They have one other child, Danny, aged 8.

Good news

heard Rhonda Fleming was unhappy about her billing in *Connecticut Yankee,* he told Paramount to set her up in big type, same size as his. It takes a big guy to do that.

The surprise dating of Jane Wyman and Peter Lawford has the town talking. Don't take it too seriously. He isn't exactly Janie's type for serious romancing, but he's a charming date. Pete, who had a yen for Rita Hayworth several months ago, seems to be concentrating on the more mature glamor girls—much to the annoyance of the belles of his own set.

Well, guess this is all this month. Your girl friend, LOP, will be back again for the entire department next month.

* * *

Close-up of Burt Lancaster: His two front teeth separate, so the studio sent him to a dentist who put a brace in the back (you can't see it) which draws them together. He thinks the brace is so wonderful, he looks intently at everyone's mouth. Girls and women get fluttery about this. But he's only looking to see if they have a dental separation so he can tell them about his wonderful discovery . . . He whistles cheerfully, but off key . . . When he's not working in love scenes, he goes on an onion sandwich binge. On the other hand, nothing infuriates him like an "onion eater" breathing down his neck in a theater . . . He's excited over his Norma Productions, his own movie company, named after his wife . . . He's surprising to interview because of his really excellent knowledge of political, music and art subjects . . . When he's really hepped up about something, he clenches his hands and his teeth . . . He lives at the beach and is as tanned as a nut . . . Nightclubs see him very seldom . . . He takes all the fuss about his "overnight" success in stride and quotes the story about his wife opening a charge account at a smart shop. When she said she was Mrs. Burt Lancaster, the custodian of the accounts asked, "Is your husband employed locally?" It's Burt's favorite story when people tell him he is famous after just a few pictures . . . He has a burning belief in the screen as a medium of propaganda—the right kind of propaganda, that is . . . In his personal wardrobe he has a dark blue suit, gray suit, and the rest is sports and lounge stuff. He thinks he should get a dinner jacket in case somebody invites him to something formal, but he just can't quite get around for a fitting . . . His swim trunks are yellow . . . He is, by turn, casual, intense, athletic, lazy, opinionated, modest, moody, gay—and for Louella's and my money, the hottest bet since Clark Gable.

THE LAUGH-BY-LAUGH, TEAR-BY-TEAR, CHEER-BY-CHEER STORY OF AMERICA'S MOST BELOVED GUY...

'THE BABE'!!..



His life...fabulously exciting!..

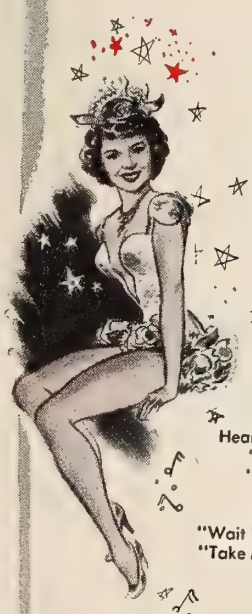
His times America's greatest era!....

His heartbreak told for the first time!

His triumphs... while millions cheered!....

Allied Artists Productions, presents

"THE BABE RUTH STORY"



Hear These All-Time Hits!...
"Singin' In The Rain"
"I'm Nobody's Baby"
"I'll Get By"
"After The Ball"
"Wait 'Till The Sun Shines, Nellie"
"Take Me Out To The Ball Game"
...and many more!



ROY DEL RUTH'S Production

starring WILLIAM BENDIX · CLAIRE TREVOR · CHARLES BICKFORD

SAM LEVENE · WILLIAM FRAWLEY · GERTRUDE NIESEN · MATT BRIGGS

Produced and Directed by ROY DEL RUTH

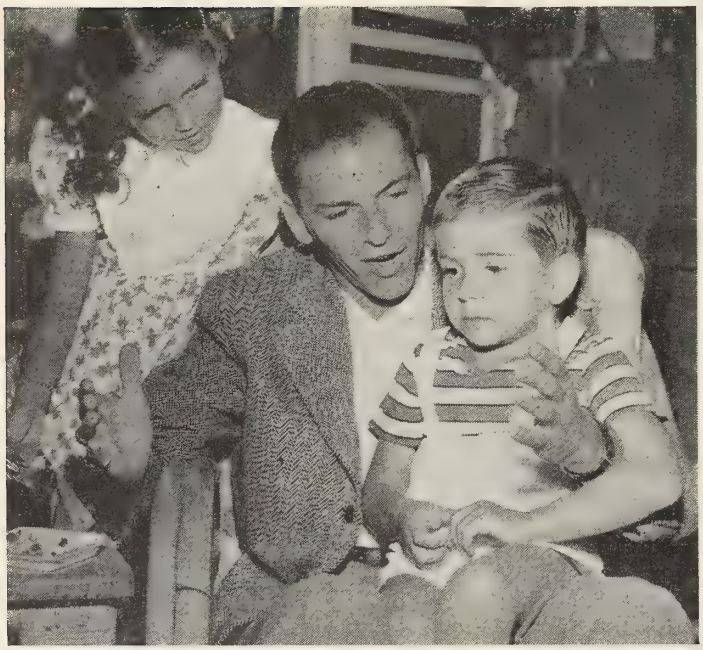
Associate Producer JOE KAUFMAN

Screenplay by BOB CONSIDINE · and GEORGE CALLAHAN

The greatest gift

On Father's Day you get neckties or a pipe, but Frank Sinatra got Christina— the finest gift of all, the gift the day was named for . . .

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE



"So-o-o big," says Frankie to Nancy Sandra and Frankie, Jr., "and you can call her Tina." Baby Christina was born June 20th, weighed in at 8 lbs., 14 ozs. Now Pop can relax, start work on *Take Me Out To The Ball Game.*

■ So this is what it's like he thought. You sit in a chair that couldn't be comfortable if it was made out of duck down, and you stare at a newspaper you can't read, and it's a mile down the hall to those swinging doors with the fuzzy glass, and the floor's polished slick and smells like medicine. You don't hear a thing except some rubber soled pat-pats when the nurses glide in and out, and when you look that way your heart slams against your vest like Gang-Busters.

Frankie Sinatra stared at the lone guy sitting across from him in the agony alcove at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital maternity ward and got an unseeing stare back. "Poor joker," he thought. "He was here hours before me." Frankie jerked a look at his wrist watch for the umpteenth time. Almost 3:30 A. M.—when? Why, Sunday, June 20th,—Father's Day! Whaddya know—Father's Day!

He rose to his feet and began beating the rubber tiled floors, like fathers have been doing since hospitals were invented and before, and that made him grin. "Just like a movie script," he said. He thought back a few hours.

There'd been the radio show that night, the Hit Parade, and he'd come up with an oldie besides the hit list tunes, just for the Father's Day (*Continued on page 18*)

Are you in the know?



What's a jilted jane to do?

- ☐ *Let his memory linger on*
- ☐ *Pursue him by mail*
- ☐ *Get herself a hobby*

If last summer's knight beams at someone else this season—no use toting the torch. Now is the hour to get yourself a hobby. Something fun and worthwhile—that keeps your brain, or hands, or tootsies (why not learn to tap dance?) active. Fight off "calendar" blues, too, with the self-assurance Kotex brings. You see, there's *extra* protection in that exclusive *safety center* of Kotex. Helps preserve your peace of mind. Puts wings on worry!



In business, must she begin with—

- ☐ *Good follow-through*
- ☐ *All the answers*
- ☐ *A promising career*

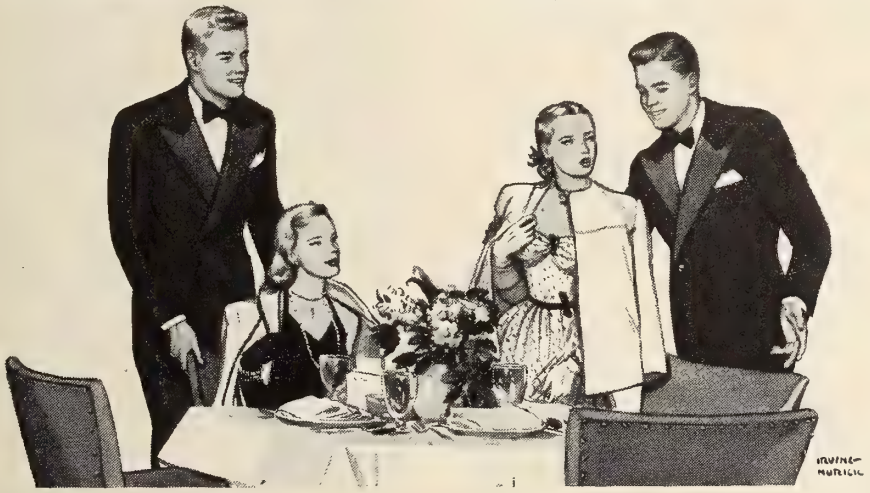
Your first job? Calm those jitters. The boss won't expect you to be a quiz kid. But he does demand dependability. Don't be a promiser; finish what you start. Good follow-through is a business must. And don't try the vacant chair routine on "those" days. No excuse, with the new, softer Kotex! *Dependable* is definitely the word for such miracle-softness that *holds its shape.* You can stay on the job in comfort, for Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it.



Which togs are best for "tubby"?

- ☐ *A tweed suit*
- ☐ *A gabardine dress*
- ☐ *A sweater and skirt*

Lassie with the buxom chassis—buy your togs with special care! Ixnay on sweaters. Steer clear of tweeds. (Heavy fabrics add bulk.) To pare down your upholstery, select *smooth,* figure-flattering materials. Gabardine, for instance—for casual wear. Different girls have different needs; in clothes, and in sanitary protection. That's why Kotex gives *every* girl a choice of *3 Kotex sizes.* It's easy to learn which suits *you* best: Just try all 3—Regular, Junior, Super.



Should the lady be seated—

- ☐ *Opposite the other girl*
- ☐ *At her left*
- ☐ *At her right*

Everything could be kopasetic—if she could be sure just where to sit. Ever bedevilled by this doubt? Then listen. Table etiquette decrees that ladies be seated opposite each other. Knowing for certain will de-panic you, next time. Same as knowing (at certain times) that with Kotex you're safe from tell-tale outlines. Never a panicky moment, thanks to those special *flat pressed ends.* That's because you're sure they won't show; won't betray your secret. Yes . . . for confidence, you can trust Kotex. No doubt about it!



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Which deodorant would you decide on?

- ☐ A cream
- ☐ A powder
- ☐ A liquid

Granted you're in the know about napkins... what about *deodorants* for napkin use? Fact is, while creams and liquids will do for everyday daintiness—yet, for "those" days a *powder* deodorant's best—sprinkled freely on sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. And soft, soothing *Quest Powder* is made especially for napkin use.

Being unscented, Quest Deodorant Powder doesn't just mask odors. Quest *destroys* them. Safely. *Positively.* To avoid offending, buy a can of Quest Powder today!



Quest Deodorant Powder

Ask for it by name

angle, "Daddy, Dear Old Daddy." Then —he didn't know what had got into him— but in the aftershow when he gave out with the inevitable request, "Nancy With the Laughing Face," he'd come to that line, "—sorry for you, she has no sister—" and instead he'd sung it, "—tomorrow this time, she'll have a sister—"

Now why did he do that? The doctor had said Nancy's baby was four days off. The doctor said it looked like a boy for sure, and so did Nancy's mother and all her girl friends, by the signs, the shape of things to come and all that. Why did he pull that "sister" line?

Frank had to think of something, so he recapped the evening. He'd tagged all the Sinatra set as usual right after the NBC studio lights flicked off—Axel Stordahl, Sammy Cahn and Julie Styne, Don Maguire, Dick Jones, Bobby Burns.

"Coming out to the house for 'the game,' aren't you? Nancy's making *pizza*."

That was the Saturday night usual. Charades at his place in Toluca Lake and everybody invited, everybody showing up. But this night something was wrong. "Sorry, Frank, I'm—uh—going down to the boat," said Axel. "Some other time," dodged the others. "No thanks—I'm bushed for sleep" . . . "Got me a date" . . . "Sorry."

"What's the matter with you guys?" Frankie had frowned. "I haven't got a brush-off like this in years. And just when I might need you, too."

Then somebody held him in a conversation and when he rolled up at home later on they'd all swarmed him, "Happy Father's Day, Pops! Maybe you'll be needing these." And the gag presents peppered him—dinky didies, toy hot water bottles, safety pins, cod-liver oil and Q-tips. They'd framed him (with Nancy in cahoots)—a surprise Father's Day baby shower.

So there they were around midnight knocking themselves out with "indications" as usual, drinking beer, making signs and faces and frantic poses and then Nancy said she thought she'd put the *pizza* in. But the way she said it sounded funny, and he'd followed her into the kitchen. Funny little spasms were crossing her face and he could read that face so well. "I don't feel too good," she'd smiled crookedly.

"Let's get out of here," said Frankie. So they'd ducked out the back door, to the garage, and rolled over Cahuenga pass to the hospital in Frank's blue convertible Cad, daring the cops to catch them. Nobody knew where they were or what went on until the phone rang and Frankie's voice told the gang. "Stick around—it won't be long now."

So here he was—in on the father act at last—and it was still all sort of unreal. First time, with little Nancy, now 8, Frank had rehearsed until midnight with Tommy Dorsey's band, falling asleep on a sofa at the Astor Hotel in New York, dog tired. The phone rang next morning at nine to wake him. "You're the father of a baby girl." So he'd missed the main event and he'd always felt cheated somehow. And with Frankie, Junior, he'd been out in Hollywood making *Higher and Higher* and again Nancy had gone it alone back in New Jersey. But this time—what a break, what a lucky break, he thought.

A shadow fell across him and it was the doctor. He heard "Congratulations, a fine baby girl, eight pounds, fourteen ounces."

Frankie looked at the other guy. He was there first. This would be his. "Congratulations," he said.

"You," said the doc.

"*Me?*" It sank in. Practically a nine-pound girl—a Sinatra like that born to old skinny No-blood and his petite wife?

"Baby's perfect, so's your wife—and I've got a message," said the man. "First thing she said coming out of the delivery room was, 'Tell my husband to go home and get some sleep. He needs it'."

"Sleep? Not me," laughed Frankie. "Say, this is my lucky night."

town crier . . .

He clinked his nickels in the pay phone then and called home. "Spread the news," he told them out at the house. He called his mother, ill in a Hoboken hospital. He called Nancy's mother in Hollywood. He called everyone he could think of who ought to know and before he knew it, it was dawn and he was still high as a kite and shaking with excitement. He drove home around five o'clock and the gang was still there, reading him wires, and the phone was buzzing, red hot.

"Perfect timing, as usual," Dave White, his radio producer, telegraphed.

"I got room in the act for another Sinatra," Jimmy Durante phoned. By the time the morning radio spread the news, the wires and calls had piled up. Frankie's fan club told him they were sending off a CARE bundle with the money assessed for Christina's baby present. Little Nancy ran upstairs and came down with a package. "Here Daddy," she said. "Happy Father's Day." Frankie ripped it open. Diapers. He swept her up, gave her a hug. "You cutie, who put you up to that?"

"Now," begged Nancy, "do we go to Kiddieland?" Frankie remembered he'd promised the kids a Father's Day treat at the merry-go-round carnival down on La Cienega. "Sorry, honey, next Sunday for sure. Daddy's got to go to the hospital to see Moma and Tina."

"Who's Tina?" Nancy wanted to know.

"Good Gosh," Frankie said. "I forgot to tell you kids. She's your new sister!"

That's the way it was all the next day. Frank didn't know what time it was or what he was saying. June 20 was next to

MODERN SCREEN



"Don't worry, Mother. That's Henry!"





All the excitement, suspense and gripping drama of the world's most treasured story comes brilliantly to the screen!

J. Arthur Rank presents

"OLIVER TWIST"

by Charles Dickens

STARRING

ROBERT NEWTON

ALEC GUINESS · KAY WALSH

FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN

with **HENRY STEPHENSON**

and introducing **JOHN HOWARD DAVIES as Oliver Twist**

DIRECTED BY DAVID LEAN • PRODUCED BY RONALD NEAME

The Team That Gave You "Great Expectations"

Screenplay by DAVID LEAN and STANLEY HAYNES

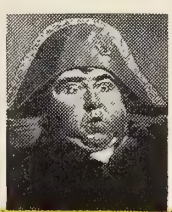
A Cineguild Production

Released by EAGLE LION FILMS

Bringing to life these unforgettable characters:



Oliver Twist and Bill Sikes



The Beadle

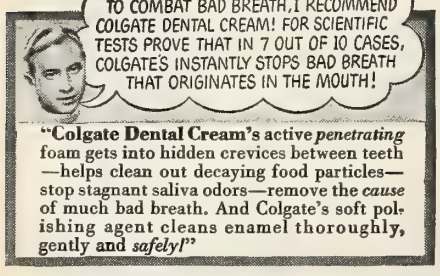


Nancy



The Artful Dodger





"**Colgate Dental Cream's** active *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth —helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the *cause* of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and *safely!*"

LATER-Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream





Always use **COLGATE DENTAL CREAM** *after you eat and before every date*

the longest day in the year and he could use it that way. He did everything a brand new poppa does—grinned, raved, got his back slapped, even smoked a cigar, though they usually make him sick. Around midnight, after forty hours on his feet, he crawled in the hay prepared to blank out. But he couldn't sleep.

What went running round and round inside Frank Sinatra's weary brain was "I'm lucky. I am *really* lucky." And he wasn't kidding with himself, not Frankie.

Lucky, he knew, because first of all he had Nancy with the laughing face. Nancy who had all the spirit and spunk in the world, who'd stepped out with him just four days ago, bulging or not, to see Lena Horne, at Slapsy Maxie's, because Lena was closing, and she was a friend. Nancy, who never admitted a pain until that last minute when it was necessary.

Lucky, thought Frankie, that Nancy had come through without a hitch, giving him a baby girl perfect as a summer peach. Lucky she was a girl too, the girl they'd both hoped and prayed for. Lucky they'd called her "Christina," his favorite name, next to Nancy (it would be Thomas, they'd decided, if it were a boy). Lucky he, Frankie, had a break in the bustle of his business when the Big Time arrived; lucky he'd got those four business trips East out of the way early in the expecting stretch. Lucky he'd turned down that Columbia Record Convention in Atlantic City at the last minute.

Luckiest, he figured to be home where they could use him right now. Lucky the recording ban was on, believe it or not, and that his radio show would be off the summer air soon, and that the bobby-sox squealer heat had subsided, that he'd have time to be what he liked to be best, a home guy with his wife and kids. Lucky he was starting *Take Me Out to the Ball Game* at M-G-M to keep him tied tight to Hollywood where he wanted to be, where he could get the most fun out of Tina.

Frankie rolled over and stared, hollow-eyed but happy, at the surface of Toluca Lake, with the willows sweeping the moonlight.

This would be the last time he slept luxuriously in the big bed, he reflected. Nancy would be home next week with the baby and then he'd have to bunk in with Frank, Junior. There wasn't a nursery in the joint. Not a spare room. He grinned again. "The Sinatras have by-golly outgrown their house! Okay," said Frank, to himself, "we'll have three more babies and then build a new one!"

But there wasn't even enough room for a worry that night. Except a tiny one. Before Frank's tired body and nerves blacked out, he puzzled his brow for a second on a strictly professional problem.

"Now," he asked himself, "how'm I going to say 'Good night, Nancy, good night, Frankie, and good night, Tina, too, and still have time to sing songs and sell cigarettes on the radio?"

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Maybe you're sweltering in the August heat, but it's going to be cold this winter. Why not prepare yourself now? Be among the first 500 to send in the questionnaire below—and you'll get the October, November and December issues of MODERN SCREEN—for free. Can you think of any better way to spend the winter nights than with M. S.? Another thing, by checking off the box below, you'll be reading about the movie stars you like best. So hurry up—and be among the first 500!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our September issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

The Greatest Gift (Frank Sinatra) ☐
Strictly From Dixie (Bing Crosby) by Hedda Hopper ☐
My Brother's A Fake! (Bob Mitchum) ☐
The Garner Gang (Peggy Ann Garner) ☐
Fun House (June Allyson-Dick Powell) ☐
My Favorite Hollywood Designers by Cobina Wright ☐
I'm Going To Marry Ty! by Linda Christian as told to Robert Peer ☐
Joan Of Arc (Ingrid Bergman) ☐
Hollywood's Strangest Romance (Guy Madison-Gail Russell) ☐
I Hated Myself . . . by Burt Lancaster ☐
The Case Of The Gullible Bride (Lana Turner) ☐
Mr. Grant Builds A Dream (Cary Grant-Betsy Drake) ☐
How Long Can You Stay Great? (Ginger Rogers) ☐
The New Tarzan (Lex Barker) ☐
There Was A Girl (Alida Valli) ☐
They Want To Get Married (Wanda Hendrix-Audie Murphy) ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues: List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone..... State..... I am.....years old

.....

.....

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

What Did This Bewitching Queen Really Want...

the doctor's cure or...the DOCTOR?

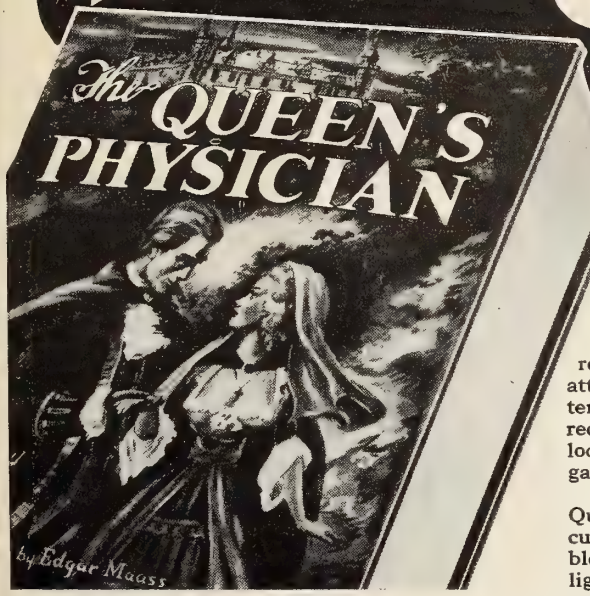
Was she really sick . . . or did she just want to be alone with the handsome new court physician? Here's one of the many enjoyable situations in Edgar Maass' sensational new best seller, *THE QUEEN'S PHYSICIAN*—the story of a passion that raised a commoner to power over a kingdom. It's yours for a 3c *stamp* if you join the Dollar Book Club now!



THIS COLORFUL NEW NOVEL OF ROYAL ROMANCE AND INTRIGUE

Yours for a 3¢ STAMP

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Here Is True History as Lively and Exciting as FOREVER AMBER!

CAROLINE, the beautiful young Queen of Denmark, was said to be ill with a fever. So handsome Dr. Johann Struensee, newly appointed physician to the royal household, was summoned to attend her. From the moment he entered her chamber, to find her alone, reclining luxuriously, her golden hair loosened about her head, the doctor began to doubt the purpose of his mission.

For there was no haughtiness in the Queen's eyes—only an amused and calculating look. This was not the troubled patient he expected, but a delightful and inviting woman!

What did she really want of him—the court physician—and a commoner? How could he dare to read her mind, with his reputation and his personal safety at stake?

Neither Caroline nor Johann knew that their entire future—and the future of their country—hung in the balance at that moment.

Set against the glittering background of the royal court of 18th century Denmark, "The Queen's Physician" is a romantic and thrilling novel. It is yours for just a 3-cent stamp with membership in the Dollar Book Club.

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Upon receipt of the attached coupon with a 3 cent stamp, you will be sent a copy of Edgar Maass' exciting new romance "The Queen's Physician." You will also receive as your first selection for $1.00 your choice of any of the best sellers described in the next column:

- **The Golden Hawk** by Frank Yerby. Here's even more color, sweep and excitement than *The Foxes of Harrow*—the tale of a bold buccaneer and the wild-cat beauty he tamed!
- **Annie Jordan** by Mary Brinker Post. The heart-warming story of a girl who learned at an early age that nothing in life comes easy, and who fought her way to happiness.
- **Came a Cavalier** by Frances Parkinson Keyes. The new best-selling story of the New England girl who became a baroness, wife of an ardent cavalier and modern mistress of a medieval manor.

EVERY other month you will receive the Club's descriptive folder called The Bulletin. The Bulletin describes the forthcoming two months' book selections. It also reviews about ten additional titles (in the original publishers' editions selling at retail for $2.50 or more) available to members at only $1.00 each. You may purchase either or both of the two new selections for $1.00 each, or neither. In any case, you may purchase any of the other titles offered for $1.00 each.

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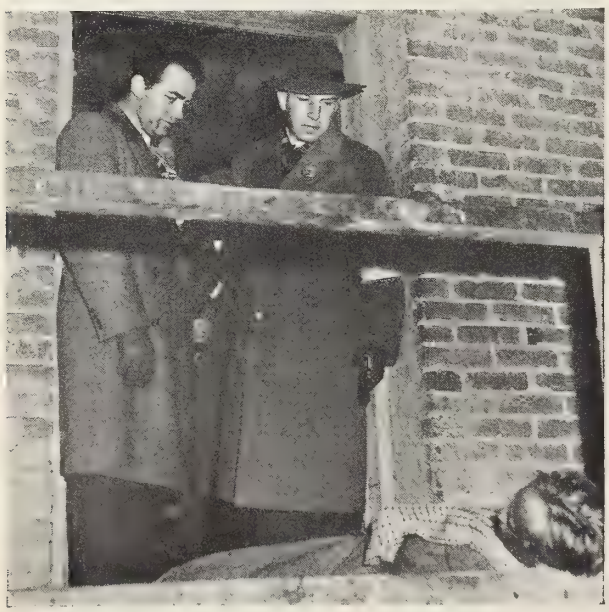
Movie Reviews



End of World War II has seen a rebirth of gang warfare in Center City, USA. Youthful leader of the new "scientific" crime syndicate is Richard Widmark. Barbara Lawrence is his wife.



FBI agent Mark Stevens is assigned to learn identity of the gangsters, wins Widmark's confidence by working out in his gymnasium. Eventually, he's accepted as a member of the ring.



Stevens finds Widmark's gun, which he suspects is a murder weapon. He fires gun to get sample bullet for proof, is discovered, trapped—until FBI chief (Lloyd Nolan) and his men close in.

THE STREET WITH NO NAME

This is a new kind of cops and robbers movie, a tremendously thrilling story taken from the files of our FBI. It is not a tale of smooth-talking, wise-cracking amateur sleuths, but of magnificently-trained men of high courage, the graduates of the FBI Academy in Quantico, Va.

Eugene Cordell (Mark Stevens) is one of these hand-picked guys, and the assignment he is given is a difficult and dangerous one. There have been a number of murder-robberies around Center City. All that is known of the gang responsible for them is that they are very young and that one of them uses a Luger. Then, at last, following a night club murder, there is a more tangible clue—a driver's license found at the scene of the crime bearing the name of Robert Danker (Bob Patten). Danker, a vagrant with an unsavory record, is apprehended, questioned and put in jail while his alibi is checked. Later, when Inspector Briggs (Lloyd Nolan) of the FBI goes to tell Danker that his innocence has been conclusively proved, it is learned that he has been bailed out by a bonding company, and that night his body is found off the main highway covered with knife wounds. The youngster had obviously been framed.

Eugene Cordell, masquerading as an ex-convict named George Manley, is ordered to follow as closely as possible in Danker's footsteps, get involved with the same ruthless gang, and then at the right moment hand them over to the Bureau. It's a large order, and before it's accomplished Gene is almost cooked on a couple of occasions.

Richard Widmark, cold-eyed and harsh-voiced is completely believable as Alec Styles, the leader of the gang. This fellow is a really top-notch actor. Mark Stevens was never better, and Barbara Lawrence as Widmark's coarse wife is excellent. Special mention, too, goes to Lloyd Nolan, Donald Buka and John McIntyre. For the scare of your life, see this chill-packed tribute to Edgar Hoover's stout-hearted boys. —*20th-Fox.*


A man can be strong as steel... but somewhere there's a woman who'll break him!
Regal Films Presents
DICK POWELL
as that man... and
LIZABETH SCOTT
as the woman who leads him to his Pitfall
"PITFALL"
THE EXCITEMENT NEVER STOPS MOUNTING!
with JANE WYATT and RAYMOND BURR • BYRON BARR • JOHN LITEL • ANN DORAN • JIMMY HUNT • SELMER JACKSON
Based on the Novel "The Pitfall" by Jay Dratler • Screenplay by Karl Kamb • Directed by ANDRE DE TOTH • Produced by SAMUEL BISCHOFF • Released thru United Artists



A Date With Judy: Sophisticated Liz Taylor and naïve Jane Powell in a teen-age comedy.

A DATE WITH JUDY

This is a good little story about some attractive young people and their problem parents.

Judy is played by Jane Powell who sings well, looks heavenly and is altogether entrancing. Guileless as a two-year-old, she is completely under the thumb of her sophisticated friend, Carol Pringle (Elizabeth Taylor). Carol and her brother Oogie (Scotty Beckett), who adores Judy, are poor little rich kids. Although loaded with dough, they are virtual orphans, for their mother is dead and their father (Leon Ames) is too busy to spend much time around the house. Judy, on the other hand, has two loving parents (Selena Royle and Wally Beery).

Woman-of-the-world Carol explains to the naïve Judy that middle-aged men can all bear watching, and poor Judy begins eyeing her dad for Symptoms. He begins taking rhumba lessons secretly from Carmen Miranda in order to surprise his wife on their anniversary, and Judy, seeing them together, suspects the worst.

All the while this is going on, Judy and Carol are both swooning over the new boy at the drugstore (Robert Stack) while old Oogie, still mad about Judy, is perishing with jealousy. There's a happy ending for everybody of course, and the whole business leaves a very nice taste in your mouth.

Elizabeth Taylor is the surprise of the picture, for she has grown into a breath-takingly beautiful girl. Jane Powell is a honey; so full of personality, you just love to watch her. Robert Stack, a bit out of his league as far as age goes, is better-looking than ever. In such fast company, it could be hard to single out the best supporting player, but to our way of thinking there's just no question but that it's Carmen Miranda. With those wicked eyes, that wiggle, that way with a song, she's plain wonderful. Xavier Cugat's swell band makes *A Date With Judy* just about perfect among teen-age films.—*M-G-M.*

MICKEY

This is the story—and a pleasant one it is—of Mickey, a pretty little tomboy who grows up in spite of herself. Lois Butler, as Mickey, is easy as an old shoe, remarkably poised in her first film and blessedly free from cute mannerisms. Furthermore, she has a sweet, true singing voice.

Her story is a familiar one—the one about

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JOAN LESLIE • JAMES CRAIG • JACK OAKIE in "NORTHWEST STAMPEDE" in Cinecolor with CHILL WILLS, VICTOR KILIAN and The Dog, "FLAME" • Executive Producer DAVID HERSH

Produced and Directed by Albert S. Rogell • Story and Screenplay by Art Arthur and Lillie Hayward • Suggested by Saturday Evening Post Article, "Wild Horse Roundup" by Jean Muir • An EAGLE LION FILMS Production

the girl whom all the boys like, just like a brother. Mickey is the star pitcher on the neighborhood ball team, but it's the bits of fluff who get bids to the school dances. Mickey's metamorphosis from caterpillar to butterfly will delight the teen-agers, and the scene in which she swishes into the local cokery in satin and sables on the arm of a smooth Older Man (John Sutton) will simply kill them. For the adult trade there's the love story of Mickey's doctor dad, an attractive widower (Bill Goodwin) and the lovely aunt (Irene Hervey) of Mickey's chum. Cathy, (Mickey's exuberant pal, incidentally, is Beverly Wills, Joan Davis' daughter, and a chip off the old block.)

There are a few scenes in the film that are a bit hard to take, principally the ones involving Mickey's slap-happy baby-sitting. However, the story for the most part is warm and homespun. Good family entertainment. Hattie McDaniel with her own special brand of humor steals every scene in which she appears, Skippy Homeier, Mickey's long-legged first love, is just as he should be, and Leon Taylor is properly obnoxious as the local mama's boy. *Mickey* is hardly a distinguished film, but it's good fun, and sixteen-year-old Lois Butler is a real addition to the Hollywood scene. —*Eagle-Lion.*



Deep Waters: Dana Andrews, Anne Revere, Dean Stockwell, Jean Peters in love-tale.

DEEP WATERS

There are two situations in this frankly sentimental movie, both old but still good for some tugs at the heart. One involves the gal who fears the sea (Jean Peters, in this case) desperately in love with a sea-going man (Dana Andrews). The other is the small orphan boy (Dean Stockwell) longing for someone to love, someone who will love him in return. The two stock situations are successfully wedded to make a fresh and palatable film.

Ann Freeman (Jean Peters) is a social worker, and twelve-year-old Donny (Dean Stockwell) is one of her more difficult cases. She has placed him in several inland homes, but each time, Donny, product of a long line of Maine fishermen, has run away, homesick for the sea. Ann compromises to the extent of placing him in a home in a fishing village—the home of Mary McKay (Anne Revere)—but she wants him to stay away from the boats.

When Ann discovers that he is working Saturdays on Hod Stillwell's (Dana Andrews) lobster boat, she is both horrified and furious. She and Hod have broken their engagement because they realized that he could never be



Produced by PAUL HENREID • Directed by STEVE SEKELY • Screenplay by DANIEL FUCHS • Based Upon a Novel by MURRAY FORBES

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happy as a landlubber and she would be miserable as a fisherman's wife. Ann knows that she can't cure Hod of his sea fever, but she's determined not to let it get a hold on little Donny. To this end, Ann forbids Hod ever to take her young charge out on his boat again.

Distracting Donny from the water is like trying to divert the Gulf Stream, but when he sees that things are hopeless, he makes up his mind to run away, stealing a camera which he then pawns to finance the trip. He is started on the road to delinquency, and there is just one thing that will save him—someone with unswerving faith in him. How Donny's dilemma develops, and how Ann and Hod work out their problem makes nice sobby watching.

Jean Peters is pleasant but unspectacular in the role of Ann. Dana Andrews is good, particularly in the scenes with the youngster. Anne Revere and Cesar Romero (love that accent) make much of their supporting roles. *Deep Waters* with its fine footage of a storm at sea, some lovely close-ups of a little boy's face, is a picture you'll surely want to see.—*20th-Fox.*

TWO GUYS FROM TEXAS

This bit of Technicolor foolishness won't tax your gray matter very much, but if it's escape you're after, climb aboard.

Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson, as Steve Carroll and Danny Foster, are a pair of down and out night club entertainers who simply cannot hold a job on account of Danny's "Zoophobia." Every time he sees an animal—and anything from an oyster on the half shell to a silver fox jacket will do—he goes absolutely crazy. He gibbers and jabbers, paws the ground and hears loud scary music inside his head. And bing! Carroll and Foster are fired.

En route to California to look for a job in the world's oldest car, they run out of gas and proceed via hitch-hike and foot to a dude ranch to get help. The ensuing complications are unbelievable. Steve falls madly in love with Joan Winston (Dorothy Malone) the proprietress, for one thing. For another, Danny gets himself psychoanalysed and becomes a lion of a man. Furthermore, their car is stolen and they wind up in jail accused of a robbery that they don't know a thing about. To cap the climax, Danny finds himself unwittingly astride a wild horse in the annual rodeo, and wins bags and bags of money.

Some of the gags are a little tired to be sure, and the whole nonsensical business is a bit long and drawn out, but there are some good songs by Sammy Cahn and Jules Styne, some fine shots of the wish-you-were-there sort of dude ranch, and just looking at newcomer Dorothy Malone is a pleasure.

Go see it, just for fun.—*War.*

THE DUDE GOES WEST

This is an unlikely little fable of guys, guns and gals in the wild west of the 1870's. Liza (Gale Storm), a pouting female en route to Arsenic City, Nevada, with the map to her dead father's gold mine, meets up with Daniel (Eddie Albert), a young fellow hoping to set himself up as a gunsmith in Arsenic City. With him it's love at first sight; not so with her. She is rude, dull and, for our money not even pretty, but Daniel moons over her through reel after endless reel.

He rescues her from a band of unscrupulous people who are after the map, saves her scalp when two million Indians pounce on them in the middle of the desert. Eventually, at the very end, she gives him a sick smile and allows as how she really loved him all along.

This is one of the more anemic Westerns. The plot should be in the Smithsonian Institute (it's that aged) and the acting is strictly vanilla stuff, except for Jimmy Gleason who does right by the part of Sam, a bewhiskered old prospector who can really put over a cowboy song, and good-looking Gilbert Roland as Pecos, one of the countless badmen. Sophisticated Binnie Barnes is miscast as head of the gang that wants the map, and Eddie Albert is like a fish out of water in a straight role.

Produced by the King Brothers, Frank and Maurice, who really should know better, *The Dude Goes West* is only for the most insatiable Western fans.—*Mono.*



Two Guys From Texas: Jack Carson, Dennis Morgan, Dot Malone on dude ranch.



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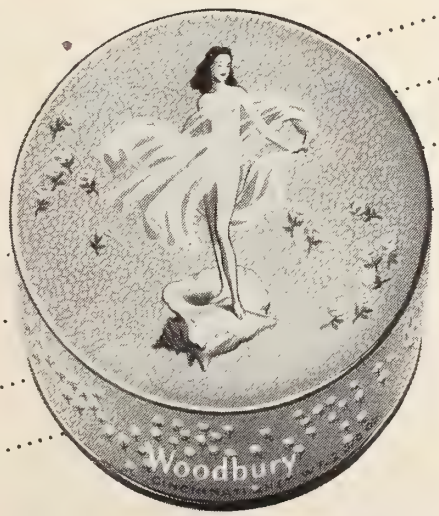
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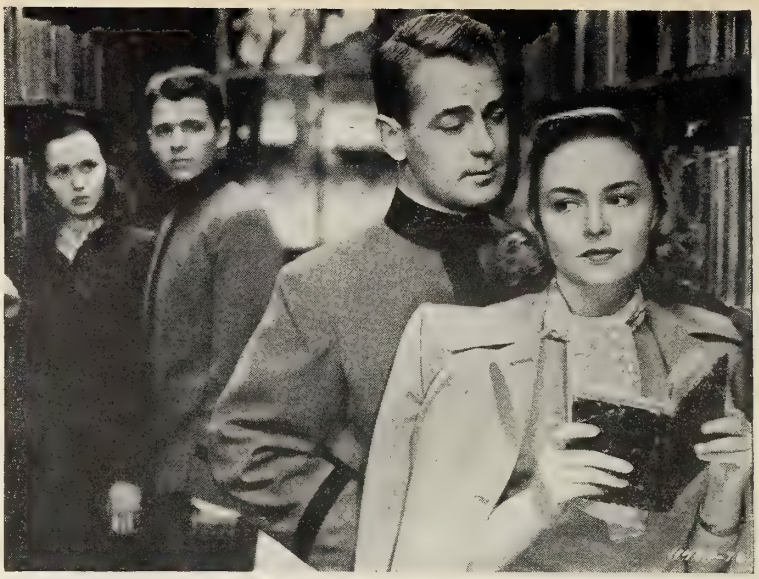
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Beyond Glory: Neurotic, guilt-stricken veteran Alan Ladd falls in love with Donna Reed, his commanding officer's widow. Her faith helps him get well.

BEYOND GLORY

If ever there was a contrived plot, it's the one in *Beyond Glory*. As briefly as possible, this is it. A three-minute delay in reaching his appointed post in combat leaves Rocky Gilman (Alan Ladd) a broken man. He is convinced that he turned yellow at the zero hour and thus deliberately postponed his attack. The delay caused the death of his commanding officer Harry Daniels (Tom Neal) for which Rocky blames himself, and his tortured mind keeps him from readjusting to civilian life. After drifting from job to job and getting ever more neurotic, he meets Daniels' widow (Donna Reed), falls in love with her and—sustained by her faith in him—determines to enter West Point.

He does brilliantly in his studies, becomes cadet captain, and then—like a bolt from the blue—is ordered before a Congressional Board of Investigation charged with forcing one Raymond Denmore (Conrad Janis), a petulant plebe (which is West Point slang for freshman), to resign from the Academy without justification. Denmore's lawyer (George Coulouris) accuses Rocky of being "untruthful, perhaps even criminal," and sets out to prove same through the testimony of an army psychiatrist who claims he heard Rocky admit that he caused Daniels' death.

The flashback technique is employed from this point on, and it is confusing as well as unspeakably annoying. Every once in a while, just as you think you're getting on with it, seeing light at last, there's a flashback to Tunisia or to the psychiatric ward or to the seedy little hotel room off Times Square, until you could scream. At length, Rocky's roommate and old war buddy Cadet Sergeant Loughlin (Dick Hogan) takes the stand and tells (in flashback form, natch) what really happened in those three momentous minutes in Tunisia. Seems that poor Rocky was wounded by a German tank and passed out cold; that he hadn't been yellow at all, simply blotto.

Rocky turns to Loughlin after he has finished testifying and says, completely deadpan, "Why didn't you tell me this before?" A kid in back of me quipped "*Now* he tells me," and the scene got a laugh instead of the hush that was no doubt anticipated by the script writer. *Beyond Glory* is a great deal of ado about nothing. Alan Ladd deserves a better deal than this and so does sweet-faced Donna Reed. Better luck next time, kids.—*Para.*

LULU BELLE

Had this one been played for laughs it would have come off a great deal better than it does. Unfortunately, it doesn't come off at all as straight-faced melodrama. Dorothy Lamour, who is such a dish in a sarong, turns up as a Southern songbird of the gaslight era. Using men as her ladder, she climbs from a honky-tonk in Natchez to a glittering Broadway stage. The men involved are George Montgomery, Greg McClure, Albert Dekker and Otto Kruger, cast respectively as a struggling young lawyer, a prize fighter, a boxing promoter and owner of a supper club, and a great industrialist.

Every man who comes under Dot's spell winds up in frightful straits. George takes to drink over her. McClure, the handsome fighter, gets his face bashed in fighting about her. (After which he makes one startling appearance out-Frankenstein-ing Karloff.) Albert Dekker's club fails when Lulu Belle leaves his show. And poor Otto Kruger is bumped off visiting her dressing room.

The cumulative effect of so much corny and improbable disaster is inevitably mirth. And when Albert Dekker, who was such a smoothie when Lulu Belle first took him over, reappears as a down-and-outer, be-wigged, be-spectacled and bewildered, it's too much.

Dorothy Lamour does her darndest with the stupid Mae West-ish role, but she's not at her best by any means. Talented Glenda Farrell is wasted in the role of Lulu Belle's idiotic best friend. The others, although struggling for composure, are obviously embarrassed.

David Belasco and Edward Sheldon wrote this as a play years and years ago. It should have been allowed to rest in peace.—*Col.*

MELODY TIME

Here are seven of the best Disney shorts put together in the manner of a series of vaudeville acts. The result is seventy-five minutes of enchantment. This film is sure to appeal hugely to the small fry, and each little sketch is so artistically done that it can't help but captivate adults as well.

One of the best of the seven is the short about "Johnny Appleseed" which tells the delightful folk tale of a frail little man with a lion's heart who went west with the pioneers, armed only with his Bible and his appleseeds. He left his mark wherever he went in the form of great foaming apple orchards. Dennis Day is Johnny's voice, and he couldn't possibly be better.

Equal to the above-mentioned in charm is "Once Upon a Wintertime," in which we hear Frances Langford's rich and pleasing voice. This one has horse-drawn sleighs and falling snow, ice capers and romance. Perfect cooler-offer for an Indian summer's day.

The kids will go for Pecos Bill, a fabulous lad who is raised with a family of coyotes and grows up to be the roughest, toughest hombre you ever did see. And then Cupid lands a heavenly haymaker and Bill's weak in the knees with love! Roy Rogers is Bill's voice, and don't think the youngsters won't shriek with glee when they hear it.

"Bumble Boogie" with Freddie Martin supplying the piano background is a wonderfully imaginative little thing involving the nightmare flight of a bumble bee. "Blame It On the Samba" cleverly combines human actors with animated figures, and Ethel Smith makes superfine music on the organ. "Little Toot" is the cute story of a naughty Mickey Rooney-ish tugboat who succeeds at length in making Big Toot, his daddy, proud of him. The Andrews Sisters, in good voice, sing his story. And "Trees" is a dramatization of the lyrical version of Joyce Kilmer's well-loved poem, with Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians making it memorable.

Do see *Melody Time*. You'll come away with a song in your heart.—*RKO*.



Melody Time: Luanna Patten, Bobby Driscoll, Roy Rogers in Disney's musical cartoon fantasy.

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Tap Roots: Susan Hayward and newspaperman Van Heflin in Technicolor Civil War drama.

TAP ROOTS

Tap Roots has for its setting Mississippi at the outbreak of the Civil War. Here, you'll find some exciting hand to hand fighting scenes, some lovely Technicolor countryside and a couple of very pretty gals, but you won't, unfortunately, see a very good picture.

Morna Dabney (Susan Hayward) has been engaged to Clay MacIvor (Whitfield Connor) for some time, and although their new home is almost completed, Morna feels that they shouldn't marry because of the war. Susan's old grandfather (a ridiculously overdrawn character with a rough way, but a heart of gold) predicts practically on his deathbed that if this beautiful and fiery granddaughter of his doesn't marry and settle down immediately, she will come to no good end.

As it turns out, the old fellow's a pretty good prophet. Susan, in rapid succession, is thrown from her horse and paralyzed from the waist down—forever, her doctor says; she loses her man to flirtatious and able-bodied sister (Julie London); and in a brave attempt to put off a surprise attack on the people of the Lebanon Valley where she lives, she unwittingly brings destruction to those she loves best.

The film's chief weakness is its miscasting. Susan Hayward doesn't come off at all as the impetuous gal her grandfather describes. She is entirely too tearful and totally lacking in inner fire, as is Van Heflin who—as the notorious newspaper man in love with Susan throughout—isn't nearly as swashbuckling as one would like. Boris Karloff, as an American Indian with a British accent, seems a bit embarrassed about the whole thing.

Interesting as a little-known chapter of American history—the fight for the Lebanon Valley—the picture is not worthy of its fine cast.—*Univ.-Int.*

THE VELVET TOUCH

There seems to be a vogue current in Hollywood for murder movies in which the audience knows "whodunit," but the people in the movie do not. Such a tale is *The Velvet Touch* with Ros Russell playing a hot-headed, heavy-handed wench who does in her unscrupulous producer and erstwhile love, Leon Ames. The story is exciting enough, with



The Velvet Touch: Ros Russell plays ambitious actress; Leon Ames, her unscrupulous producer.

Sydney Greenstreet playing an admirable police captain, but it has one big fault. Ros's fiance, Leo Genn, the man whom she adores, the man for love of whom she conks poor Leon Ames a fatal conk, is totally inadequate.

Rosalind Russell plays the part of Valerie Stanton, a great comedienne who yearns to do the dramatic role of *Hedda Gabler*. At a party she meets architect Michael Morrell (Leo Genn) and falls dead in love with him. Morrell, a cliché expert if there ever was one, encourages her in her dramatic aspirations.

Valerie's producer, Gordon Dunning (Leon Ames), is violently opposed to her doing *Hedda Gabler*, and when she tells him that she plans to do it for another producer, he is furious. First he tries to reason with her, then he threatens to tell Morrell about her past. At this point, Valerie lets him have it.

There is an immediate inquest, and all the evidence points to Marian Webster (Claire Trevor), another actress who has long been in love with Dunning. The subsequent unraveling of the mystery is engrossing, but the ending is not entirely satisfactory.

Rosalind's husband, Frederick Brisson, produced this film, and he has done a good job. It is swift and entertaining, with Leon Ames, Claire Trevor and Greenstreet outstanding in their roles. Ros is excellent in her dramatic portrait of a woman with a guilty conscience. —*RKO.*

I SAW IT HAPPEN



The day Mel Torme was to be a guest of a local record shop, I turned out with the rest of the girls. Mel was standing right next to me autographing my record when I noticed the empty pipe dangling from his mouth. "Hey," I said, "there's no tobacco in your pipe." "I know," he answered, "I don't smoke."

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dorothy kilgallen selects "rope"



Farley Granger, a psychopath; James Stewart, his former teacher, in *Rope.*

■ Artful Alfred Hitchcock, de luxe experimenter in methods of crimes and ways of criminals, has erected a landmark in movie-making with his picture called *Rope.*

There never has been anything like it on the screen.

Never have actors in the medium of celluloid been subjected to such gruelling tests of memory and performance. Never has a director compromised less with the demands of Hollywood tradition and the alleged tastes of movie audiences. Never has the Johnston office stamped its okay on such a vicious, if compelling, combination of neuroticism, cynicism, sadism and murder.

This is the answer to the pundits who cry for more intelligent, more "adult" movies. Here is one not aimed at the twelve-year-olds, the devotees of the horse operas, or the admirers of musicals featuring old songs and Betty Grable's knees. *Rope* takes the unpleasantly fascinating story of two educated, good-looking, sophisticated and more than somewhat psychopathic young men of Manhattan who decide to commit a murder to prove their superiority, and photographs it rigidly within the boundaries of the area in which the crime would occur in actual fact: namely, a three-room apartment. There are no concessions to action, variety or physical excitement.

Yet, despite the limits which he placed upon himself for the sake of accuracy and daring cinematic experiment, Hitchcock manages his customary quota of suspense and surpasses himself in achieving a nerve-racking mood from the opening scene until the end. It is an almost unbearably dreadful story, but audiences are going to remain cemented to their seats while it unfolds.

Jimmy Stewart is the big name of the cast, and he does a fine job as the off-center professor who first suspects, then solves the crime, but the most remarkable performances in the film are given by John Dall and Farley Granger as the two horrendous young men. They create such an atmosphere of abnormality and evil that the mind cringes and the stomach sickens, watching them; they are superbly cast and their versions of what amount to New York counterparts of Loeb and Leopold must have fulfilled Hitchcock's most optimistic dreams.

They are abetted by Joan Chandler, an excellent young actress with strength and intelligence, and Edith Evanson, who contributes considerably to the suspense by her portrayal of the maid in the murder apartment. All the casting was done with a sure hand and a feeling for the New York mood.

Rope is the first film in Hollywood history to be shot a whole reel at a time with no breaks for close-ups, inserts or changes of camera angle. The film was put in the camera, the actors moved and spoke, and the picture was taken with perfect continuity—another major contribution to the final effect of chilling realism. Also, it is the first Hitchcock excursion into homicide to be done in Technicolor—a factor that adds to the general atmosphere of glossy horror.

The motion picture fan who doesn't hurry to see *Rope* is cheating himself of not only an exciting evening of drama but a firsthand view of a slice of cinema history.

INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet



JOHN AGAR, handsome hubby of Shirley Temple, was born at Lake Forest, Ill., on Jan. 31, 1921. He is 6' 4", weighs 190 lbs. and has blue eyes and blond hair. You can write to him at RKO, Hollywood, Calif., and see him in Fort Apache.



PATRICIA NEAL debuts in John Loves Mary. *Was born in Packard, Kentucky, on Jan. 20, 1926. She is 5' 7½", weighs 130 lbs. and has hazel eyes and brown hair. She can be reached at Warners, Burburbank, Cal.*



ROBERT STACK returns to the screen in A Date with Judy. *Bob was born in Los Angeles, California, on Jan. 12, 1919. He is 6' tall, weighs 175 lbs., and has blue eyes and blond hair. Is a bachelor. Reach him at Paramount, Hollywood, Calif.*

Minnie Kent, Seattle: Here is the music from Date with Judy: Judaline, I'm Strictly on the Corny Side, Temptation, Through the Years, It's a Most Unusual Day, Home Sweet Home, Love is Where You Find it, Quanto Le Gusto, Cooking with Glass, Vamo a Rumbio.

Norma, Salisbury, Conn.: VIC DAMONE was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on June 12, 1928. He is 6', weighs 170 lbs., and has brown eyes and brown hair. Is unmarried. Write him at 260 W. Broadway, New York City. JOHNNY BRADFORD, star of NBC Television, radio, and Victor records, was born in Long Branch, N. J., on July 2, 1919. He is 5'9" tall, and has blue eyes and brown hair. Write to him at Station WNBW, N. B. C., Washington, D. C.

Is the heat driving you to the movies, and are movie questions driving you to distraction? Yes? Well send your questions to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 261 5th Avenue, N. Y. 16, together with a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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Lovely Jewel Bubnick of Miami Beach, says, "My sister, Ann, had an expensive beauty shop wave. I gave myself a Toni permanent—at home. And even our dates couldn't tell our permanents apart." Jewel, the twin with the Toni, is on the left.





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challenge to hollywood

An open letter to Olivia de Havilland, Eddie Bracken and Katharine Hepburn

■ In 1943, you, Katharine Hepburn, retorted to Claire Luce's attack on the then-vice-president of the United States, Henry Wallace. Speaking of Mrs. Luce's newly-coined word "Globaloney," you said, "It's cheap—it's the cleverness that goes with fancy shoes and chic. Let someone try to look ahead seriously and bravely to the problems of the post war, and attempt to create a pattern of decency in the world to come, and he will be a mark for silly, meaningless wisecracks. The more high-minded and intent a man like Mr. Wallace is, the simpler it is to make him appear ridiculous. It's always easy to satirize greatness."

In 1944, you, Eddie Bracken, announced that you were backing Thomas E. Dewey (then running against Franklin D. Roosevelt) for President. "I state my case, even though I may be ruined for taking this position," you said.

In 1947, you, Olivia De Havilland, a working Democrat, said: "I am a middle of the roader. I used to belong to the Independent Citizens Committee. That went left of the middle, so I resigned."

We have chosen you three—actors and citizens—because you present widely differing political philosophies. We challenge you because you (and others like you) have, in the past, had the courage to speak your minds. We want you to have that courage again, in this most crucial election year.

It is every individual's duty to vote, in a democracy. More, it is every individual's *right* to state his beliefs. You movie people have the advantage of being in the public eye; you can put your views across, you can wield tremendous influence.

If, through fear of diminishing box office returns, or the malice of congressional committees, you refuse to speak out, it's your privilege. But once you've surrendered your right to free speech, you've surrendered it for all time. You've invited any publicity-seeking congressional committee to trample all over you because they know they can get away with it. You've admitted that any ordinary man in the street who says what he thinks has more civil rights than you have. You've allowed yourselves to be discriminated against because you're public idols. It doesn't make sense.

This is a year not to be afraid, and you, in Hollywood, can set the pace.

Wade H. Nichols

EDITOR



Dixie and Hedda on the Crosbys' porch in Holmby Hills. Now Bing's building a house in Carmel, close to his favorite golf course.

■ "No doubt about it, Hedda," grinned Dixie Crosby, "something's come over Bing. You don't suppose he's going social all of a sudden, do you?"

I laughed right out loud. I couldn't help it. The picture of Bing Crosby worrying about who's doing what with whom in Hollywood struck me about as cockeyed as, say, Humphrey Bogart playing with dolls!

"Take the première of *The Emperor Waltz,*" Dixie began. "All of a sudden that evening Bing strolled in my room and said, 'Well, let's get ready.' "

"What for—bed?" I asked. "It was around that time—eight o'clock."

"My girl," he explained, "for your information, tonight is a mammoth milestone in Hollywood history. Tonight's the première of *The Emperor Waltz*—ahem—my latest triumph!"

"I asked him, 'Are you feeling all right? I sent those première tickets back to Paramount over a week ago.' "

Bing said, "I think maybe they'll let us in. Where's my tuxedo?"

"If you can punch your way through the moths, it might be in that dark closet corner!" said Dixie. "But be sure to take off the Landon-For-President button!"

As for me, Hopper, I admit I shook my head in surprise when I spied Dixie and Bing at *The Emperor Waltz* première—and when I met them later, too, at producer Henry Ginsberg's party, saw them romantically serenaded with fiddled love songs. Not long ago, too, back in New York, Bing and Dix actually took in a big Paramount birthday party in his honor, and in Hollywood a couple of steppings out at Mocambo, *à deux,* was my tip that it was high time I caught up on my old pal, Dixie Lee Crosby. When the Crosbys start stepping out in public, something's cooking.

Well, I've always loved Dixie, (*Continued on page 76*)

Strictly from Dixie

There's always been something missing in the Crosby picture, and now Hedda tells you what —one of the cutest Hollywood wives, one of the cleverest Hollywood mothers. Her name is Dixie Lee . . .

by
Hedda Hopper

It's always baseball for Linnie, Dennis, Gary (in the fancy pants) and Phil (Linnie's twin). Mom bears up.



"Tough? He never
hits old ladies and that look
on his face is the one
he was born with," says
sister Julie, remembering
Bob as a kid, remembering
Bob with love . . .

my brother's a fake!



by
julie
mitchum

■ My brother's a fake. That's what I said. I'm sick of people murmuring, "Oh, Mitchum!" the way they'd say, "Oh, Baby-Face Nelson," or "Oh, Pretty-Boy Floyd." My brother's as sensitive as the next guy. He practically never murders anybody, and he doesn't eat raw meat three times a day. Tough? How can I think of him as tough? I keep remembering the little kid who used to think he was completely dressed as long as he had his hat on his head (the rest of him could be *au naturel*). That's Mitchum to me.

So's the fourteen-year-old boy who ran away from home to explore the swamps of Okeechobee in Florida; so's the boy who, when he was a little older, cut himself in twenty places (it was the first time he'd shaved) but kept grimly on until he'd finished—about two thimbles of blood short of bleeding to death!

Little pictures of Bob keep popping into my mind, and connecting up to make one big, complete picture of him. Maybe it's not the picture you'd expect, but it's all true, every line of it.

When critics commented on the realistic way he played the disillusioned army captain in *The Story of G. I. Joe,* I couldn't help telling myself that playing an army captain was nothing for him. At six, he played a cowboy and was gone from home all day on a roundup in which he lassoed a whole herd of big black horses in the railroad switch yards not far away! It is true that Bob didn't come home (*Continued on page 91*)



Brownies and potato chips are a must—and gossip goes with them in Peggy Ann's kitchen. (L. to r.) Connie Marshall, Arden Black, Peggy Ann and Faith Pennington.



Waiting for the boys is easier when there's jazz to be heard. Peggy Ann's record library is one of the largest in Hollywood. Stan Kenton and Mel Torme are favorites.



The gang was born in Palm Springs during an Easter vacation—kids have been pals since. (Above) Harry Macy sits up front in Peg's '47 Ford. Destination: Harry's pool.



photos by bob beerman and bert parry

It started
two years ago—
a bunch of kids
from Hollywood
getting together.
It never ended—
the gay whirl,
the bright laughter . . .

the garner gang

■ *"Gang,"* states Webster's Collegiate, solemnly. *"A company of persons acting together for some purpose, usually criminal."*

"Webster," cries Peggy Ann Garner's mother. "You said it!" And maybe she's thinking of Friday nights, and the phonograph screaming raucously (Stan Kenton's "Peanut Vendor," over and over) and the noise of a million feet crashing pitilessly on the floors, until a poor woman can only sit back and pray for the riot squad to break up the party.

Two years ago, it started. Peggy Ann had gone to Palm Springs on her Easter vacation to visit Barbara Whiting, her very dearest pal. She'd no sooner arrived than the phone rang. Darrylin Zanuck (guess whose daughter *she* is) was throwing a party that night, and if there was one thing Peggy Ann and Barbara favored, it was parties. They went, they met Bob Dozier, Harry Macy, Fred Soll, Arden Black, Connie Marshall, Faith Pennington, Frank Cole and Jim Potter (a group of young sports whose families are all more or less involved in the movie industry) and, somewhere along the line, they became a "gang."

The kids all go to the same schools (either University High, or Beverly High); most of them have cars (Peggy Ann's is a '47 Ford convertible, tan); and their activities are endless. They swim, they ride horses; they barn-dance; *(Continued on next page)*

▲ When the portable phonograph's set up, and the food's in the refrigerator, the kids relax. Here, Arden Black's getting "the works" —Frank Cole and Fred Soll have a small tug of war with the lady.

▼ A young man has to keep fit—and Jim Potter knows how. He stretches out on the diving board and gets a massage. Peggy Ann and Connie (the only actresses in the group) give it to him.

(*Continued from preceding page*) they sit around Harry Macy's pool (the day we snapped 'em for instance); and they play hide and seek in a cemetery because they think it's more fun that way.

As far as music goes, they like Stan Kenton and Mel Torme, and that's putting it so mildly it's ridiculous. They detest nearly everybody else's music with equal vigor.

Arden Black, who's a year older than Peggy Ann, and Connie Marshall, who's a year younger, all had the same lunch period this last school year, and they did so much more talking than they did eating, they probably lost weight. There was one pretty stark discussion, the day Peggy Ann faced the others and said grimly, "We forgot the Kenton concert last night." It was all too true, and for one mad moment, they considered killing themselves, but a couple of the boys came along and insulted them, and life went on.

Peggy Ann had been hoping to spend the summer at Lake Arrowhead with Arden and Arden's family, but an Eagle-Lion picture came up—a picture called *The Big Cat,* opposite Lon McCallister—and for this, she has to go to Utah, on location. They tell her it's lovely in Utah, all mountains, and she's pleased with the idea.

MODERN SCREEN's got one chunk of advice for Eagle-Lion, however: Before you start your closed trucks rolling toward Utah, Eagle-Lion—look inside. You may find one of them filled with a bunch of teen-agers. You'll know them by their loud shirts and by the record on the victrola. The record will be "The Peanut Vendor." The teen-agers will be "The Garner Gang."



Life is rugged with this gang—and you have to keep smiling. Connie Marshall (above) gets a dousing from Bob Dozier. Maybe later, she'll have him tossed into the pool!



Harry Macy plays host to Peggy Ann at the barbecue. Favorite summer spots for the gang are Catalina and Balboa. Peggy Ann's going to Utah this year, though, for *Big Cat.*





Everybody swims, but Jim Potter, Connie, Fred Soll and Peggy Ann stage a fight first. Peggy's Mom thinks there ought to be more gangs like Garner's.

the **garner gang**

my favorite hollywood designers

Their price tags could give you a headache, but these designers take care. They line their salons with satin, and beautiful models and music . . .

by Cobina Wright

Designer Howard Greer claims Paris fashions are over-rated—says their popularity is based on snob appeal. He works out his ideas with dolls and sketches. Below, he drapes miniature model of Eve Arden.



Head-designer at M-G-M, Irene has own establishment, too. One of her pet customers is Esther Williams (above) whose "figure is wonderful." Hepburn also rates high; Irene thinks Kate has excellent eye for design.



Soft music floats over Loretta Young's head in Adrian's Green Room, a plushy salon. Attendant adds finishing touch to her gown of cerise chiffon; it's called "The Flame That Went Out Dancing."

■ Hollywood designers are a pretty clubby lot. They figure they have nothing to learn from Paris, and maybe they haven't.

I guess my five favorites are Adrian, Irene, Howard Greer, Marusia, and Madame Genia.

Adrian was once a designer for M-G-M, and there he learned the tastes of stars like Joan Crawford and Loretta Young. He learned them so well that both these ladies still come knocking at his door.

I sat in the Green Room of his Beverly Hills salon, the other day, watching Loretta model a cerise chiffon gown. She was on a little platform flanked by pillars, in front of a stage-setting backdrop, and soft music drifted over her head, while attendants pinned and tucked. Adrian requires three fittings per gown, but he makes them painless.

Incidentally, he hates the New Look. "The Dowdy Look," he cries bitterly, against the rising tide. "Those horrible sloping shoulders; those clumsy skirts!" If you want a suit with shoulder pads, Adrian's still doing 'em that way. He'll let a customer choose color (*Continued on page 117*)



photos by bert parry and bob beerman

Marusia started designing professionally two years ago, at the suggestion of friends. Her low-cut gowns (here, Paulette Goddard wears one of sunset-satin) have built-in supports.

fun house

"It's a palace," Junie said. "We'll rattle around." But the Powells have turned a big, cold mansion into a cozy, laugh-filled home.

By JANE WILKIE



Powells moved into English manor home last spring.

■ A house that is lived in and loved is almost certain to reflect the personality of its owners. Which is why the house belonging to the Richard Powells, though it's big and rambling, and dignifiedly surrounded by spacious lawns and formal rose gardens, still maintains a rather gleeful, carefree air. Its owners live, let live, and work at cross purposes, half the time.

Last spring, right after they bought the place, Richard announced that he was going to hack down the tree in back of the drying yard.

June stiffened. "No. No more trees down, Richard. Please!"

"My dear girl," said Richard, "it simply has to come down. It keeps the sun off the clotheslines."

A half hour later, June, who had disappeared, came driving toward the house, a leafy object protruding from the window of her car.

"What's that?" said Dick.

"A peach tree," said June. "For every tree you cut (*Continued on next page*)



Lamps that light the Powell home are exquisite heirlooms of silver or brass. With the aid of Dick's patient teaching and a few good books, June can now distinguish between genuine antiques and latest shipment from Grand Rapids.

Wrought-iron patio furniture was pushed into corners to make room for ping-pong table, which June bought to surprise Dick.



June's mania for cleanliness is evident in the kitchen, which is all-white, except for few touches of red. Dish towels and china, as well as bath towels, sheets and linens are pure white.



This large chair is a piece June selected herself—and Dick hasn't made her send it back yet! Tiered curtains are beige and green; book shelf is only one in the entire house.

photos by bob beerman and bert parry

fun house



The den is the first place Dick lands when he comes home from work on *The Pitfall*. Here, he can talk on the phone for 2 hrs.—uninterruptedly. (Note clock in shield over fireplace.)



Dick's study serves as a game room for his fishing, hunting and yachting equipment. Mr. and Mrs. Powell also conduct the secretarial work of the household at this bleached oak desk.

The walls of three rooms were broken through to make June and Dick's over-sized bedroom. Centered in the predominantly pink setting is June's circular writing desk, where the star of *Little Women* studies her script in comfortable solitude.



Deep green is the key color in the living room, and the dark wood paneling has been bleached. The Powells are proud of the huge hooked rug, woven for them by an elderly couple. The coffee table before the fireplace is a game table, cut down.



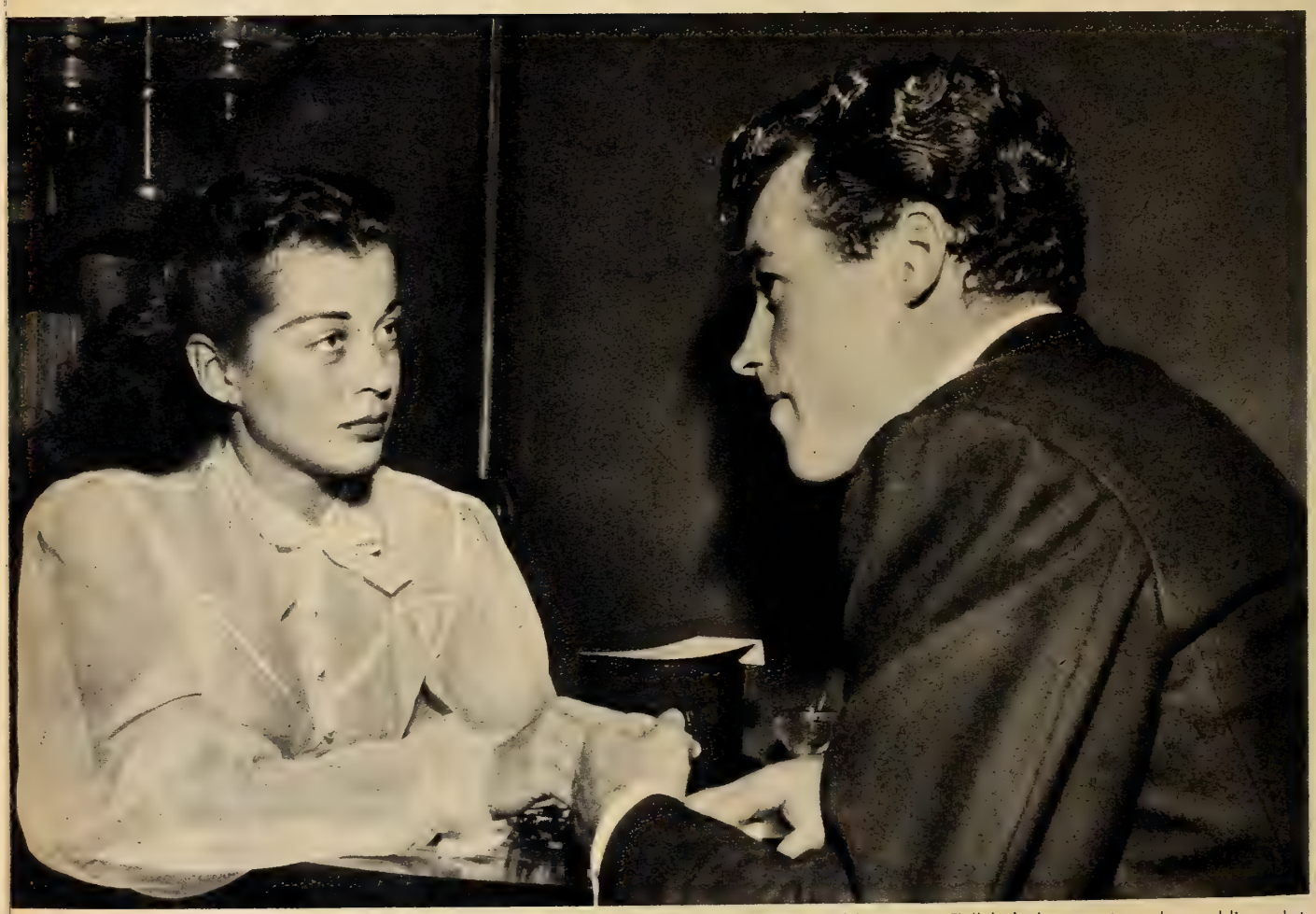
(Above) Close-up view of the top surface of June's desk.

(*Continued from page 46*) down I'll plant another one."

And she has. The Allyson Forest Conservation Plan has been going on as long as they've been in the house. And as of this writing, there is a peach growing on the Powell estate. The fruit in question is an inch in diameter, but every visitor is led to the sacred spot and made to examine and exclaim over this wonder.

Inside the house, Mrs. Powell has learned, through trial and error (mostly error) about antique furniture, a subject on which Mr. Powell is a connoisseur. Where he is concerned, antique furniture does not mean horsehair sofas, velvet portieres or frightening chairs. It means, rather, beautiful old tables whose wood has been carefully rubbed, and exquisite pieces of crystal, china, silver and brass. The furniture blends with the leaded windows and oaken beams as though it had been built into the house. Dick has lectured and explained at great length to his wife, and with the added information of a few good books, June can now (*Continued on page 112*)

Hollywood's



Guy has gone East for summer stock; yet rumor persists that he and Gail (dining at Tallyho) have set early wedding date.

"They share dishes," says one waiter. "They're married." "They speak with their eyes," says another. "They're not." Hollywood's favorite guessing game is still: Are Guy and Gail married?

BY JACK WADE

strangest romance

■ If, a couple of years ago, you had marked a dot on a street map of Los Angeles to indicate where Gail Russell lived, and another one to represent the location of Guy Madison's home, you would have noticed that the two dots were widely separated. But one dot—the one that represented Guy—was restless. It kept roving as Guy kept changing his address. First it was in Los Angeles proper. Then it skittered round into the San Fernando Valley and stayed there a while. Then, just the other day, came a decisive move. It jumped south, clear across the Santa Monica Mountains, to nestle—need we say it?—right up against the first dot!

That was when Hollywood, which has been watching these dots, you may be sure, sat up and said, "Ah-ha!"

So close are these dots now, that, were they twinkling lights in the heavens, astronomers would class them as companion stars—stars that travel together. And the astronomers would be right, of course. Guy and Gail certainly travel around a lot together. They have been doing it for three years. And that's exactly why Hollywood is in a dither to find out what it is all about.

Three years! What are they trying to do—re-establish the old-fashioned, long engagements? Where are they going with their romance—or have they been? One of the strongest mass hunches in town is that they are secretly married and have been for some time. Gail says no. Guy says no. But *how* do they say it? Well, judge for yourself.

Along the padded, east wall of Ciro's (padded decoratively, you understand, and not as a reflection on the mental state of any of its patrons) there are some attractive tables for two. Seated at one of these the other night were Guy and Gail, and Guy was talking to a friend:

"No, I'm not going to get married until I'm really set in pictures." He looked at Gail and they exchanged an understanding smile. "Being together when you're not married is nice, but when you're married, it could be dull."

Gail nodded. "I understand Guy's feelings perfectly," she declared. "I would want to help his career, not hurt it, and right now his appeal is to the romantic-minded. Marriage might hurt it. He has enough on the ball so that with hard work he should establish himself with everybody. When that happens, well, we'll wait and see."

Nice talk. Why doesn't Hollywood believe it? Well, it's because Guy, even while he is talking as above, can also supply you with the last detail of his idea of a perfect "dream home," even to the kitchen color scheme and the size and shape of the patio flagstones. He has it down so pat you can't help feeling that somewhere there are exact architect's plans that he has been studying—and architects don't sweat over their drafting boards for the indefinite future!

It's also because Gail, even while she is agreeing with Guy, is staring at him so dreamily and being so sweetly domestic about it! Do you begin to get the idea now? Hollywood has found it just a little hard to believe that these two, so enamored of each other that they spend evenings reading each other's eyes, have been able to sell themselves the cold-blooded proposition that romance can wait for career.

(*Continued on page 98*)


Joan of Arc

A great picture, as seen by one of its great stars, — Jose Ferrer

■ Having come to Hollywood direct from the Broadway stage, I was inclined to be a trifle snobbish about movies, I think. Any movies. So it was particularly strange that my first screen experience should have been with *Joan of Arc*. Because *Joan* is not an ordinarily good picture; it's much more. *Joan* is great.

It's great because of the care and attention that was lavished on every detail; it's great because of Ingrid Bergman, the star; it's great because its inspiration, Joan of Arc, was one of those rare creatures who shape the world toward a more lovely end. Joan of Arc looked for the truth, she followed the truth—ultimately, she died for what she believed to be the truth. Miss Bergman felt very deeply about the Joan story, and her feeling communicated itself to even the most sophisticated actors among us.

Naturally there was a lot of fooling around on the set in between shots; there were girl extras—very pretty, too—and the atmosphere often wasn't conducive to deep thought. But just let Bergman get going, and people hushed, listened almost awe-struck.

I remember having dinner with Bergman one night. She lit a cigarette, and I was startled. "I've never seen you smoke before," I said.

(*Continued on next page*)



1 "Joan of Arc with her peasant family. She alone knows (through her Voices) of her mission to save France from the English. Her face shows dedication."



2 "Here Joan begs me (the Dauphin) to allow her to lead the French armies to victory. Anybody can see I'd have to yield to such transports."



3 "Joan is wounded in battle—this is typical of the sort of thing the Dauphin let Joan do for him, while he sat back and enjoyed a dissolute life."



4 "Through Joan's efforts I am crowned, yet even at the moment when my dream of becoming King has been achieved, I suspect Joan of ambition."

photos by don ornitz

Joan of Arc



5 "Jacques D'Arc has a meeting with Joan, after the Coronation. He's awed by his now-famous daughter. Joan is preoccupied, fears betrayal before France shall be completely liberated."



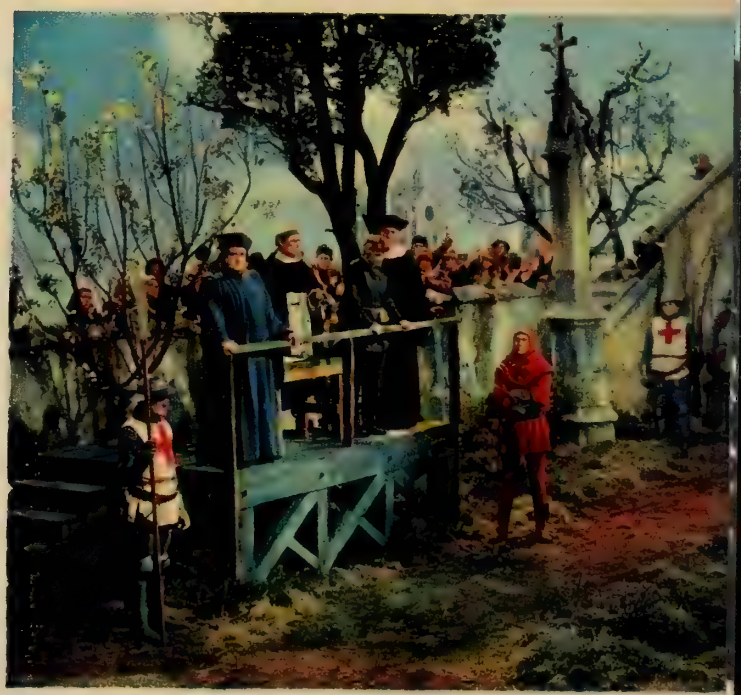
6 "As King, I sell Joan out, make her disband her army; she surrenders her sword back to God. This brooding picture is symbolic of the Joan story—the altar and the sword, the combination of military and religious effort."

(*Continued from preceding page*) She smiled, half-embarrassed. "I don't smoke in my *Joan* costume. It's just a little sign of respect."

Ingrid Bergman herself commands enough respect so that it's worth a brief mention. She has dignity; she's the most beautiful thing in the world; she's a decent person. For me, and the rest of the cast, she set the mood, during the shooting of *Joan*.

People work remarkably well together, anyway, when that kind of mutual feeling exists. Take your Don Ornitz, for instance—he used his camera like an artist; he got rich pictures. I watched him work on several occasions; his patience was infinite, his enthusiasm limitless.

I commend you to his pictures on these pages—and because I am still with this motion picture in spirit, I am going to tell you the highlights of the story. I'm going to write the captions. I'll write them from the point of view of the Dauphin—later crowned King of France—which weak and dissolute character I portray in the film. I hope his sins will not be held against me.



8 "Joan is led to the cemetery, given her last chance to recant. Knowing herself forsaken by me, and exhausted beyond her strength, she gives in, signs with her mark a paper claiming her Voices were sent by the devil."

7 "Forbidden by me to continue fighting, Joan is ambushed by a group of English soldiers, captured, brought to trial before an English Ecclesiastical court as a witch. Throughout her trial, she hopes I, her King, will ransom her; steadfastly she refuses to recant, to betray the Voices which have shaped her destiny. Even in the torture chamber, face to face with the executioner, weak, unfed, afraid—Joan's faith abides."



9 "Back in her cell, Joan speaks again with her Voices, has a renewal of faith, and resolves to die bravely. 'The pain will not be little, but it will end,' she says. She is driven to the stake in a wooden cart."

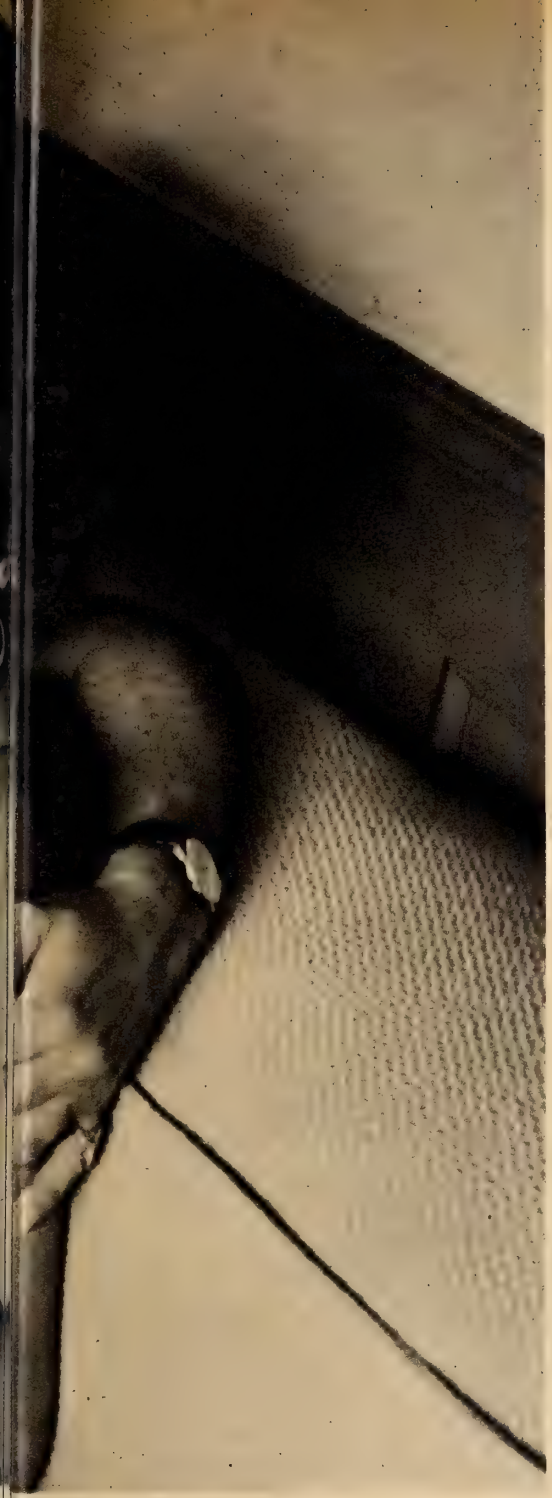


10 "A priest holds up a crucifix for Joan to see. Out of the flames come her last words, 'Jesus, Jesus . . .' And the executioner, who watches, says, 'I shall be damned, for I am burning a saint.' "



"I'm going to marry Ty!"

Here, for the first time anywhere, Linda Christian tells all—says when, where and whether she'll marry Tyrone Power!



by Linda Christian

as told to Robert Peer

■ *Ever since Tyrone Power and Linda Christian met last year, in Rome, there's been intense curiosity about their plans. Up until now, however, those plans have remained a secret. Here, for the first time, a family friend gets Linda to tell all—and part of what Linda says is marriage! Whether or not events work out the way Linda expects, Modern Screen prints this document as a matter of great public interest.*

The night we said goodbye, in Rome, Tyrone and I walked toward Fontana di Trevi, the most beautiful fountain in the city.

We seemed to be a long way from the rest of the world. The water of the fountain was bathed in silvery moonlight. Ty pointed at the many lira coins in the water:

"Sign of luck?" he asked. "Just like good old Chinatown, back home?"

I shook my head.

"Fontana di Trevi has a history, Ty. People throw coins into it if they want to come back here. They say their wishes always come true." For a few minutes we stood in silence.

Ty searched his trouser pockets for two lira coins. He gave me one, looked at me for a second, then threw the other into the glittering fountain.

My heart was beating fast as I watched my coin follow his. I closed my eyes and made a wish.

And now, seven months later, my wish is about to come true. In a few days, Ty and I will be leaving on the maiden flight of a TWA Constellation from Chicago to Lisbon, and from Lisbon, we'll drive on to Rome. We have planned this trip to the smallest detail.

We started to make preparations as soon as Ty found out that he was going to star in *Prince of Foxes*. It began with Spanish lessons. I was the instructor. While living in Mexico, I had learned to speak the language like a native. Ty was a wonderful pupil.

I shall never forget one afternoon at my house when I tried to explain the word "to break." Usually I have a very easy time acting out the different words, and their meanings. Just like playing charades. But that day I was lost. I broke a pencil into two pieces, right in front of Ty's eyes. The blank expression on his face was discouraging. I broke a second pencil. Ty's face contorted. Two pencils later, his eyes lit up: "To fracture," he burst out proudly.

I shook my head.

"To shatter," after the fifth pencil.

He looked tired now, and a little disheartened. "I know it couldn't be 'to break,' " he said. "That's too simple."

I couldn't keep a straight face any longer, and soon we were both hysterical.

Teaching Ty Spanish was only part of our preparation. To take along the right kind of clothes presented another serious problem. We had only limited space on board the Constellation, and also in the car that was to take us to Rome. Ty decided to take just three suits, and his flying jacket.

I shall take just slacks, blouses, a couple of cotton dresses which can easily be washed and ironed on the trip, one evening dress, and one bathing suit. Which reminds me of another ludicrous story.

Ty informed me that our regular bathing suits would never do in Portugal. "Men have to wear suits with attached tops," he said. "And women aren't allowed on the beaches unless they wear one-piece bathing suits with short skirts."

I was horrified. Where could I (*Continued on page 119*)



by
burt
lancaster

I hated myself...



If he'd gone Hollywood, Burt couldn't do honest portrayals of real people. Stills above are from *Sorry, Wrong Number.*

a while ago, and it all started the day my wife, Norma came back from the beauty parlor looking very annoyed. It seems that a number of women had commented on how lucky she was to be married to Burt Lancaster.

"If one more person tells me that," she fumed, "I'll give her a whatfor she won't forget!"

I laughed and said, "Well, you are lucky, kid. In fact, I'm going to call you Lucky from now on."

She didn't like that much, and I reached out to her but she turned away. I laughed again. Her head swung back and she looked at me oddly. Then I heard my laugh still sounding in my ears and realized there was something in it I didn't like; something puffed-up and condescending, that didn't go well with the moment at all. I got the feeling that there was a stranger present; that he had used my voice to air his high-flown opinion of himself, and that my wife had sensed it immediately. We both knew who he was. His name was "Big Shot" and it would be better if he went away.

I sat down later by myself and thought about it. I remembered what Mark Hellinger once told me.

"You're a nice enough guy, Burt," he said. "Nice enough now. But you'll go Hollywood. They all do sooner or later."

"Not me, Mark," I said.

He just laughed. Now I know what he meant. The truth is that I'm having trouble. I'm having trouble staying the same fellow I was when I first came out here. It's nothing new, but that doesn't (*Continued on page 114*)

how long can you stay great?



Ginger's slipping,
and—her friends say
—she tossed the
banana peel herself.
She tried to
run the whole show, and
somewhere along
the line she lost her way . . .

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

THESE STARS ARE HOLLYWOOD VETERANS

Star	No. of Pics	Years in Pics
JEAN ARTHUR	42	20
CONSTANCE BENNETT	44	24
JOAN BENNETT	53	19
JOAN BLONDELL	56	18
CLAUDETTE COLBERT	51	19
JOAN CRAWFORD	49	23
BETTE DAVIS	59	18
MARLENE DIETRICH	23	18
IRENE DUNNE	36	18
KATHARINE HEPBURN	24	16
MYRNA LOY	72	23
JEANETTE MACDONALD	28	19
GINGER ROGERS	54	18
ROSALIND RUSSELL	34	14
ANN SHERIDAN	56	15
BARBARA STANWYCK	52	19
LORETTA YOUNG	68	31



THE TRIUMPH. Ginger reached her peak at 29, with *Kitty Foyle* Oscar. Producer D. Hempstead and mother Rogers shared thrill.

■ In the spotlight they looked like sisters—Ginger Rogers and Lynn Fontanne. Yet Ginger was twenty-nine and Fontanne fifty.

The first lady of the stage was handing the first lady of the screen her Academy Oscar for *Kitty Foyle*.

That was eight years ago, but it's a scene few who saw have forgotten: The great Fontanne in a simple evening gown, poised, gracious and beautiful, despite her middle years, radiating accomplishment, dignity and success. Ginger, dripping black lace, slim, young, eager, ambitious, riding high. It was one of the most popular awards ever bestowed in Hollywood. Minutes before, Jimmy Stewart, another comparative kid actor, had dodged from the dais like a scared jackrabbit, clutching his Oscar for *Philadelphia Story*. It was a big night for youth. It pepped up every struggling young actor and actress everywhere who watched or listened. What happened this night could happen to any one of them.

As Lynn Fontanne smiled understandingly, Ginger broke into tears, choked with the emotion of the moment.

That night she was real. That night she was great.

A few weeks ago, Lynn Fontanne, now nearing sixty, came to Hollywood with *Oh, Mistress Mine*, her umpteenth Broadway hit, and the screen world turned out to honor her. Where was Ginger Rogers? Idle, in a slump, and on strike against herself.

That's a sad study in contrasts which should never have happened. It shouldn't, but it does. And in Hollywood always, for some bizarre reason, it happens around those mythically murderous middle years. The silliest superstition ever dreamed up to haunt a movie star's nightmares is "forty fever." Why a star of Ginger Rogers' experience—eighteen years in pictures—should (*Continued on next page*)



WAMPAS BABY. Loretta Young, a Wampas starlet at 16 (above), has been in films since she was 4, won her first Oscar this year. She's 35.



PERFECT SIREN. 20-year-old Myrna Loy had silent film reputation as an Oriental vamp. Graduating to Perfect Sweetheart, Perfect Wife and Perfect Mother roles, Myrna, now 43, has kept her popularity.



BAD SISTER. Drab little Bette Davis had only a supporting role in this 1930 film. The tide turned in 1934, with *Of Human Bondage.* Fiery new Davis later won two Oscars—for *Dangerous, Jezebel.*

how long can you stay great?



DANCING DAUGHTER. Joan Crawford started her Hollywood climb in the flaming '20's, went on to dramas like *Forsaking All Others, Shining Hour.* After two flops in 1944, Joan "retired" temporarily; was re-established with Oscar-winner *Mildred Pierce,* in '46.

(*Continued from page 61*) lose her level head before the bugaboo of vanishing girlhood is a mystery hard to explain. Ginger's thirty-seven, a mere babe in arms as actresses with her talents go. Yet, she's choosing, during this period in her life, to act up instead of act. Whose fault?

"Ginger tossed the banana peel for herself to slip on," says a producer who knows her, likes her, and hates to see it happen. "For one thing, she insists upon playing twenty-year-old girls. For another, she's running the whole show herself and running it all wrong. But she won't admit it. Why, after *The Magnificent Doll,* which everyone who wasn't blind could see was a horrible mistake, she said, 'I don't care; I still like it.' She's had four lousy pictures in a row and she's slipping like a greased pig, but she won't listen to advice. There's nothing the matter with Ginger Rogers that one great picture won't cure. But right now she doesn't believe in doctors."

That's a fairly sage sum-up of what ails Ginger Rogers today, careerwise, that is. She's feeling no particular pain, of course, financially. As one Hollywood joker put it, "What money Fred MacMurray left around Hollywood, Ginger Rogers has." Her price, around $300,000 a picture, is up with that of the biggest box-office stars in Hollywood, although how long it will stay there if she goes stubbornly along her lonesome way, is a question.

"If she'd put herself in the hands of a good studio, just as a star, nothing else, she'd snap out of it fast," says another diagnostician. "Don't think any studio is going to risk the kind of money Ginger's salary represents without making sure it comes back home." But instead of being "just a star" lately, Ginger Rogers has been trying to make like a one-girl band. Her last all-Rogers production, *Wild Calendar,* was "postponed indefinitely" after a year's work and worry. Before she gave up on that, Ginger was making business deals, (*Continued on page 104*)

Mr. Grant builds a dream

by Erskine Johnson

They were standing on deck in the moonlight, the night he discovered a dream. Her name's Betsy Drake and her future's as bright as her eyes.



Cary's with Betsy (opposite) in his new film.

■ It was the first night out from England, on the Queen Mary, bound for New York City.

From high up among the tiered decks floated the strains of music that spoke of dancing and shipboard romance. The swank supper salon of the luxury passenger liner boasted an equally swank supper clientele.

The tall, handsome American sitting at Merle Oberon's table, large hands smothering an after-dinner coffee-cup, was Cary Grant, returning home from a picture-talk trip with producers in London. His eyes wandered around the room, struck a snag and held.

"That girl—I've seen her somewhere." His eyes held on their target.

Oberon wasn't having any. "Now, Cary. Isn't that an old saw from a *bon vivant* like you?"

"No, really I have."

Lucien Ballard, Merle's husband, said, "What girl?" and Merle couldn't stand the suspense any longer, so she turned toward the target.

Across the dance floor sat two girls, but it was obvious that Cary meant the one with the dark brown hair and bushy eyebrows. With a face almost plain, but striking, the girl in question continued the business of changing rare roast beef into nourishment, unaware that she was the subject of discussion.

"But of course you have," said Merle Oberon, "that's Betsy (*Continued on page 96*)



the case of the GULLIBLE BRIDE

She had no right to privacy, they told her, and Lana believed them. She smiled at the press like a lady should—but those boys were no gentlemen!

BY KAAREN PIECK





In Paris, Lana (in *Three Musketeers*) coaxed husband Bob into the salon of Jacques Fath (right), French designer. While visiting occupation troops in Germany, Lana was stricken with flu, is now recuperating in France.



The lucky guy is Frank Brewer, British auto racer. The Toppings introduced the Midget Auto sport to England; venture was a flop.



Lana's mis-handled London press conference resulted in public lambasting. Reporters were pushed around, made to wait for guest-of-honor.

■ In the merry, merry month of May, Miss Lana Turner of Hollywood set off with Mr. Robert Topping of Connecticut, Palm Beach and Park Avenue, on a honeymoon. They'd been victims of a lot of nasty publicity; they'd had people—ostensibly friends—turn their marriage into a joke and a three-ring circus; the newspapers had been cruel. If the Toppings were a little bitter, it's no wonder. If they wanted a portion of privacy it's no wonder either. But the press isn't paid to take movie stars' feelings into account, and a movie star is fair game, and the press has had itself a day again.

In New York, in London—wherever Lana went—she was lampooned, lambasted, and, ultimately, left coldly alone. By the time this last gift, privacy, was tendered her, however, the damage had been done.

According to the British press, soon after Lana arrived in England, printed cards announcing a press conference were issued to reporters. The reporters, who claimed they hadn't asked to come, claimed further that Miss Turner showed up briefly, remarked that the studio hadn't told her about the matter, and left. The next day, after having been briefed, Miss Turner showed up for a little longer—but very late.

And the sad fact is that, once again, Lana was a victim of circumstances. If she'd been a completely self-assured—and selfish—girl, she'd have told her studio to leave her in peace, that she was on her honeymoon; that they needn't bother setting up any press conferences because she wouldn't go to them—and that would have been that.

Lana is a reasonably amiable girl. She knows she's not entitled to an overload of privacy. She had resigned herself to going along with a gag, even at the expense of her honeymoon and her first vacation in months. For not going along too gracefully, you can almost forgive her. Half the time, nobody let her know where she was supposed to be going anyway! Furthermore, movie stars get handed some pretty tough schedules; they're shoved around from place to place; they're told what people to smile pretty at—and (*Continued on page 104*)

Lex Barker is the 10th movie Tarzan, and even Edgar Burroughs, the Ape-Man's creator, says Lex's muscles aren't all between his ears!

the new Tarzan



Lex, the tenth actor to play Tarzan, practiced in the Bel-Air Hotel pool for his role in *Tarzan and the Fountain of Youth.* He's 6', 4", weighs 200 lbs., and also plays opposite Ros Russell in *Velvet Touch.*

■ Jerry Hoffman, who is a publicity man, was talking to Lex Barker, who is Ros Russell's boy friend in *The Velvet Touch.*

"Man," Hoffman said lugubriously, "I have been looking at tests for Tarzan all morning, and there is nothing hammier than a well-built guy with his shirt off!"

"Oh, I don't know," said Barker coolly, rippling six or seven muscles under his jacket.

Hoffman gasped, retreating. Then he rushed to his boss, Sol Lesser, to whom he told all. And that is how Alexander Chrichlow (Lex) Barker became an ape-man.

Lex is not too proud to be thrilled about it, either.

He is the tenth movie Tarzan; of the others, Johnny Weissmuller was best-known. Weissmuller made 11 of the 23 Tarzan epics, but a fellow gets tired, hanging by his heels, and after a while the anguish in his eyes was such that Mr. Lesser couldn't ignore it. That was where Lex came in.

Lex, who was born in Rye, New York, went to Princeton for a couple of years, quit to become an actor, enlisted in the Army in 1941, was seriously wounded and invalided home (he came out a major). He's married to a lady named Constance Thurlow, and they have two kids—Lynne, five, and Alec III, one.

Edgar Rice Burroughs, Tarzan's creator (he started the whole thing back in 1914 when he published a book called "Tarzan and the Apes") still has to approve of any action involving his hero, and Mr. Burroughs likes Lex fine. He gave him a complete set of Tarzan books, and a talking-to. "I've seen hundreds of men who wanted to play Tarzan, over the years," he said sadly, at one point. "Most of their muscles were between their ears."

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there was a girl...

. . . a girl from Italy I still remember—happy, shy, full of wonder—a girl I'll never find again, the girl I used to be . . .



by alida valli



"A VERY LITTLE GIRL: Of this photograph I recall nothing, but I'm afraid it's me. The bouquet and the birthday suit were probably a joke of father's. If I'd been wiser I'd certainly have protested!"

■ "Guarda gli uccellini!"

You may not know what this means but you have heard it in your life—even if not in Italian as I have written. It is what people say to a child, all the world over, when they are having the little one's picture taken—"Look at the birdie!" On these pages of MODERN SCREEN (and how Modern Screen got them I still do not know!) is proof that I looked at the birdie many times when I was growing up. Today, of course, in Hollywood, it is all different. I must *not* look at the camera. If I do the cameraman will lift his head from behind it and his lips will move silently—and though I will not hear him I will know he is saying many bitter things about me!

About the picture taken of me when I was hardly more than a baby—the birthday suit one in which, with one hand I hold flowers and with the other, for some reason, I hide my tummy—I do not recall anything. My memory does not go back that far. If it did, I would ask myself why did I not protest against it? Why did I not get up and break my contract?

But there is one thing I can say about this picture; when I got a little older I thought for a moment that I had discovered why it was taken. My father, who was a professor of philosophy at the University of Milan, always wanted me to follow in his footsteps. He would discuss with me, in an easy way, many of the ancient Greek philosophers whom he greatly admired. One day I happened to be in a museum and I saw the sculptured forms of some of these philosophers. They had nothing but their birthday suits on too, and it struck me at once that perhaps my father had been trying me out for the part!

I was born in Pola, Italy, which is in the north, and the last important town on the railroad before you come to Jugo-Slavia. In Pola I was a pure blonde, even white-haired. But when I got to be about three my hair started to darken and about this time my parents moved to Como, which is on the Lake of Como. And that summer they took me on a vacation to The Trentino, in the Alps, to see my grandmother and my great-grandmother. It was on (*Continued on next page*)



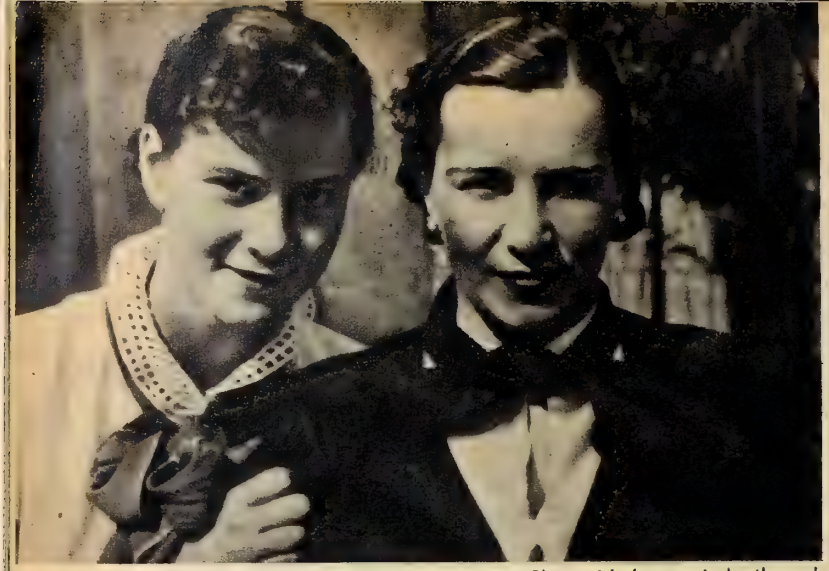
"BEFORE MY FALL: Father, mother and I went for a vacation to the Alps when I was 4. I remember I wanted to sail my boat in the pond, but I had to pose. Afterward, I fell into that pond, nearly drowned!"



"IN BORROWED PEARLS: 1929 was an exciting year for me. At the age of 9, I thought I was enchanting in this party costume. Mother lent me her pearls, the dress was that of a Hungarian csardas dancer."



"TENTH CHRISTMAS: A love for the drama was not something I had from the start, but I did enjoy appearing in this St. Nicholo Day play at school. I was lucky I grew very fast during the rehearsal or else I would have been seen as the dog in the foreground instead of the queen's maid in the apron."



"MOTHER STOOD BY: She guided me wisely through adolescence, my boy-hating period. She sent me to Rome so I would be spared father's last suffering."



"SCHOOLGIRL DIARY: This is a scene from one of 32 films I made in Italy. Once I'd studied at the Academy in Rome, but they told me I had no talent."



"HALF MY HEART: I'm happy in Hollywood with my husband Oscar and our son. But mother and grandmother in Italy are never far from my thoughts."

there was a girl...

(*Continued from preceding page*) this trip that the picture showing me standing between my father and mother and holding on to their hands, was taken. It was almost the last picture ever taken of me!

If you look closely at me, you will see that I am not too pleased about things. This is because I did not want to waste time having my picture taken; I wanted to play with my boat.

My uncle, my father's brother, had also come for a visit and had brought his two boys; Manlio, who was ten, and Guido who was just a few months younger than I. Guido was a most polite boy and I liked to play with him for that reason. We were sailing boats across a pond when I was called away to have the picture taken. Then I ran back to Guido.

We played on happily, all by ourselves, until I leaned over too far to get my boat, and fell in. The water closed over my head. Guido turned around and walked away. I remember coming up and seeing him go, and I remember struggling; I had no breath or time to scream—I could only gasp.

The older people were together in a group, discussing weighty things, when my mother noticed Guido approaching. As she tells it, she thought then to herself, what a nice, well-mannered child he was. He came up and stood by quietly, too much the little gentleman to interrupt his elders. But his father noticed how intently he seemed to be watching everyone who spoke and asked him why.

"I am waiting for a pause that I may say something, Father," Guido replied.

Everyone laughed and someone said, "With us, such a pause may not come for hours. What is it you have to say?"

"It is about my cousin," Guido told them.

"Oh," said my father. "Where is she?"

"She is in the pond," answered Guido gravely. (*Continued on page 101*)

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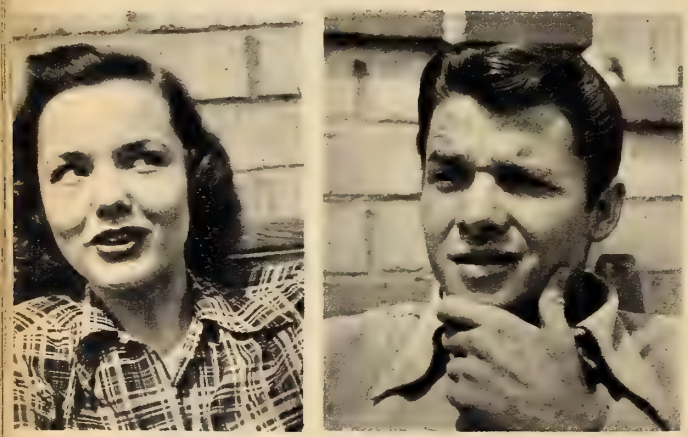


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They want to get married

"There's nothing wrong between us that marriage wouldn't fix up," Audie Murphy says, and Wanda Hendrix doesn't answer, but her eyes have love in them, and fear .

BY DAVID McCLURE



Wanda Hendrix and Audie Murphy

■ About two years ago, Hollywood was set a-quiver by a fresh, young romance that blossomed in its midst. Audie Murphy, boyish number-one hero of World War II, had lost his heart to petite starlet Wanda Hendrix. And what's more Wanda was enthusiastically reciprocating his attention. They were in love, and no doubt about it.

They were in love, and they looked wonderful together. That they differed radically in both temperament and experience, nobody seemed to notice.

Calloused correspondents shelved their cynicism and clucked approving tongues. Here at last was an idyll of which the film colony could be justly proud. Well, we're not saying they're



Most decorated hero of the war, Audie will play the lead in *Bad Boy*. Wanda's set to play opposite Tyrone Power in *Prince Of Foxes*.

wrong. It's just that in Hollywood, where so many people marry first and regret it later, kids like Wanda and Audie have a double temptation to go ahead, take their chances, and hope for the best. Whether you think Audie and Wanda would be right or wrong to marry, here's their story.

There was drama in their very meeting. After being lionized by Hollywood and meeting most of its famous personalities, Audie had remained singularly unimpressed. Then one day he chanced to pick up a magazine. On the cover was Wanda's picture. That was it. Here was the girl for him.

"I had never met anyone like Wanda," says he. "But in the back of my mind I had carried a vision of her for years. I had never really had a girl. Not even during the war did I know of one to whom I cared to write. While other fellows read their love letters, I usually cleaned my rifle. The girl I loved existed only in my imagination; and, believe it or not, she looked amazingly like Wanda."

Through mutual friends, he arranged to meet her at a dinner party. Wanda admits she was not particularly thrilled by the prospect. Knowing Audie only by his war reputation, she imagined that a man who was capable of putting 240 Germans out of action, as Murphy had, must be a bit on the rugged side. And Wanda didn't care for rough-necks.

But obligingly she accepted the (*Continued on page 108*)

NEW!
Shasta beauty cream shampoo leaves your hair more beautiful all 3 ways!



STARLET Joy Loveland

scores higher in 20th Century-Fox screen test after Shasta beauty cream shampoo.

"Photos show it," enthuses Joy, recent talent scout discovery. "Shasta leaves my hair with a lot more sheen. And so soft, smooth! *Lovelier all three ways!* Shasta helped me pass my screen test."

NEW! Procter & Gamble's amazing Shasta—the *beauty* cream shampoo. **NEW!** Fragrant, satiny Shasta *creamcleanses* your hair . . . beautifies your hair all 3 ways—as no soap—bar or liquid—will! In one Shasta shampoo, your hair will have

- that *lustrous* "*alive*" look!
- that *sm-o-o-oth-as-satin* look!
- that *soft, caressable* look!

YES, ALL 3! Yet your hair has "body"—it's not limp, not dried out. Shasta is safe, kind to hair. Makes mountains of lather even in hardest water. Removes flaky, unlovely dandruff, too. And doesn't spill or run into eyes.

Hurry! For more beautiful hair *all three ways*—get Shasta. Convenient sizes. All toiletries counters.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

PROCTER & GAMBLE'S Shasta beauty cream Shampoo

STRICTLY FROM DIXIE

(*Continued from page 36*)

but she can hand me the most delightful run-around of any girl I know. I've even had her tease me like this with a straight face: "You're always interviewing people, Hopper, but you never interview me. How about it?"

I called her bluff—and it took me three days to catch her. Dixie was home all the time; she admitted it. "But I was afraid to answer that phone," she confessed. "I knew I'd say 'yes' to anything if I talked to you. So look, here I am being interviewed at home—and with pictures. Bing will never, never believe *this!*"

We sat on the roomy, Italian piazza of their big stone Holmby Hills house, overlooking a wide lawn being rapidly wrecked by four husky reasons why Dixie hasn't shared Bing Crosby's public life for the past several years. Their names are Gary, Philip, Dennis and Lindsay, the Crosby kids. They aren't pretty but they're all good-looking. Gary, 15, looks most like Bing, in the face, that is. But his frame's like a shot-putter's—176 pounds! He was just home from Bellarmine School where he covered himself with glory, made such good marks he didn't have to take finals. I asked him about it.

"Yeah, I was terrific," he grinned. "Made the JV baseball team and the frosh, too—second base." Gary said the Crosbys would have practically a squad at Bellarmine next year. Denny and Phil go up there, too.

"All I can say," sighed Dixie at that point, "is Heaven help that school!"

The young Crosbys have a softball team of their own right now, padded out with some other kids. They play a pickup nine from Paramount. "Boy, did we take 'em last time!" Phil gloated. "Twenty-three to eleven!" Denny still had the remains of a black eye he got when he stopped a fast one.

"Baseball, baseball, that's all I hear," sighed Dixie. "It's those darned Pittsburgh Pirates of Bing's. Of course, the kids have caught it now. They rattle off batting averages and league standings like Bill Stern. Every night we have radio box scores for dinner. I start to open my mouth and I (*Continued on page 84*)

Jeanne Cagney—
currently triumphing in United Artists' talked about movie, *The Time of Your Life*. It's brother Jimmy Cagney's movie version of the hit Saroyan play, and it's one of those daring controversial movies the critics almost come to blows about. Everyone is cheering Jimmy for producing it, and Jeanne for her wonderful portrayal of an ex-burlesque queen in a bar-room.

Jeanne models MODERN SCREEN'S choice for your first fall costume—a gabardine suit-dress you can wear this minute without a coat, and all through winter under your topper. We love the pointed and draped peplum, the double lines of stitching and the soft bow at the throat. Comes in olive green, brown, copper, and copen blue. Sizes 9-15. By Minx Modes.

For price and where to buy, see page 94.

Pins by Coro. Gloves by Kislav. Colored luggage by T. Anthony. Suitcase Miss Cagney leans against, by Tommie Traveller.

modern screen fashions





a modern screen fashion

MARK O'DANIELS* of Broadway, young lead in the hit play, "For Love or Money," previews your fall wardrobe. We exposed him to advance autumn fashions, said "choose!" This bustle suit-dress brought the gleam to his eye. Likes stripes, he explained. Thought the little ruffle up the front very tricky. And approved (blush) the cute look the cagily draped bustle gives to the—uh—rear. All wool jersey. 10-16. Black with tan, red or green stripes; royal with black; grey with pink. By Preston Casuals. About $22.95. At Bloomingdale's, New York. Other stores page 94.

the male point of view



a modern screen fashion

MARK DANIELS*of Hollywood, whom you loved in "Winged Victory," and who is currently appearing with Gene Autry in Columbia's "The Last Roundup," gave the "that's for me" sign to this cocoa colored suit with black braid frogs. Very dramatic, that braid stuff, declared Mr. Daniels. And the little waist looks as though a fellow might like to put his arm around it (he said). Also, the skirt looks very whirlable, unquote. Tegra rayon, in red, green, blue, cocoa. Junior sizes 9-15. By Junior Clique. About $14.95. At Stern's, New York. Other stores page 94.

**One and the same guy, of course.*

Excitement afoot



SIDESWEPT STRAP, *jutting heel cuff. black, green, cocoa. By Velvet Step. About $7.95.*



GOLD HEEL *and gold scroll on black suede sling-back. By Deb Shoes.*



HIGH SCALLOPED *heel cuff. Brown, cinnamon, or slate grey suede; or black patent. By Trim Tred. About $10.*



LOUIS HEEL—*biggest shoe fashion news of the year. Black suede Glamour shoe by Bourbeuse. $14.95.*



SILVER EDGED *straps on black suede platform. Also, brown, green. By Twenty-Ones. About $12.95.*



GOLD BUTTONED *triple straps on black suede pump with wedge heel, high back. By Deb Shoes*

For where to buy these Modern Screen fashions, turn to page 94.

High Ideas needn't be expensive



VENUS
Black suede finish
Brown suede finish
Red, Green, Brown
Alligator finish



CELESTIAL
Red or Green
Cobra finish



COMET
Black suede finish
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Shine, lady?



LATTICE BACK *on double-strapped black suede. By Toni Drake. About $12.95.*



HAND SEWN MOCCASIN *with braided instep, side strap. By Mary Jane. $4.99.*



TOUCH OF GOLD *on vamp of black suede-finish ballerina. Removable ankle strap. By Mary Jane. $2.99.*



SUEDE GHILLIE *with calf trim and wedge heel. Black, brown or green. Newporters by Kays-Newport. About $6.95.*



RED CALF BOW *on grey suede wedge heel pump. By Mode Art Junior. About $10.95.*



HIGH RIDING TONGUE *on wedge heel pump. Gold-tipped grosgrain tie. By Hi-Jinks. About $4.98.*



RED COLT *leather ballerina, with detachable ankle strap. By Prima Dollerina. $5.95.*

For where to buy these Modern Screen fashions, turn to page 94.

order your back to school wardrobe by mail from

Preview Fashion Shops

$8.98

STYLE # 407



STYLE # 407—
2 piece Iridescent, Striped Taffeta with Rayon Faille contrast. Demure for class...dressy for Saturday night parties. Colors: Black with black iridescent stripes; Brown with brown iridescent stripes; Green with green iridescent stripes. In sizes 9-11-13-15-17. Also in sizes 10-12-14-16-18.

STYLE # 403
$12.98



STYLE # 403—
2 piece wool and rayon bolero suit. Sure to be the favorite of your school wardrobe. Metal buttons. Colors: Grey with black trim; Gold with brown trim; Tan with brown trim. Sizes 9-11-13-15-17. Also in sizes 10-12-14-16-18.

$7.98

STYLE # 401



STYLE # 401 — Wool and rayon authentic Victorian Plaid. Lovable Peter Pan collar and contrasting wide black belt with large gold eyelets and double prongs. Red and Green Plaid on White background. Sizes 9-11-13-15-17. Also in sizes 10-12-14-16-18.

$3.98

STYLE # 403A



STYLE # 403A— Crepe blouse with mandarin collar and sleeves. Pearlized buttons and combination Grosgrain ribbon trim. Ideal company for the bolero suit. In sizes 30-32-34-36-38. White only.

$8.98

STYLE # 402



STYLE # 402
2 piece "Loch Lomond" darling. Black jacket with plaid Peter Pan collar and plaid sleeve cuffs. Genuine wool and rayon material in Red and Green plaid on White background. Sizes 9-11-13-15-17. Also in sizes 10-12-14-16-18.

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STYLE # 408



STYLE # 408
1 piece Campus Beauty. Rayon Faille skirt, checked taffeta top. Jewel neckline with contrasting bow, belt. In Black, Brown and Emerald Green with Checked Taffeta Waist (either multicolor or self-color). In sizes 9-11-13-15-17. Also in sizes 10-12-14-16-18.

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288 South Main St.



(*Continued from page 76*) get five loud 'S-h-h-h-h's.' 'Look,' I told 'em, 'if you don't come off the playing field long enough to eat, I'm taking a tray to my room!' "

Gary was swinging a bat dangerously close to our ears.

"You going to be a baseball player when you grow up, Gary?" I asked him, ducking.

"Nope," said Gary. "I'm gonna be a veterinarian. I love animals."

"You're going to *need* a vet, if you don't put that bat down!" said Dixie. She turned to me sadly. "Anything ladylike around here is a dead duck. But I'll get even—if it takes me twenty years. I can't wait until I'm a grandmother and I hope they're all girls. I'm going to spoil them rotten and teach them all to spit in their daddy's eyes!"

But I don't believe she means it. Dixie's so used to her slam-bang brood that when a little femininity threatens she really worries. Bing calls Phil "The Dude," because of all the kids, he's the one who keeps his face clean, his clothes tidy. Phil and Denny (10) are twins, and until recently, Denny could double most moments for a Dead End kid in the grooming department. Then strange things started to happen—Denny got a girl, Doris. "The other night I clocked him on the telephone," Dixie revealed. "A full half hour!" Denny also started carrying a comb and carefully patted a wave in his hair. Dixie couldn't take it. "I've got news for you," she told him. "This new personality of yours stinks!"

"I don't have to worry about Linny yet, he's too little," sighed Dixie, "and so far Gary's hopeless. He just won't dress up. 'No girl's gonna look at me anyway,' he says, 'so what's the difference?' "

"Look," Dixie told him. "I'm a girl and I've *got* to look at you!"

"They're all hams," sighed Dixie. She's never seen either of the two pictures the kids made. "I couldn't take it," she explained. But she did catch a radio program they did with Bing and Clifton Webb. "They took over the show like Grant took Richmond, and the next morning they were scrapping over who got the best laugh line, who made fluffs and who didn't," said Dixie. "I've got to get 'em out of Hollywood."

She must already be up at Bing's Nevada ranch for the summer. It's near Elko, where Bing was made honorary mayor the other day. All the kids had their crew haircuts when I saw them. They were jabbering about their rough-riding plans. All have their own cow ponies and Gary can drive the tractor; they get paychecks according to their efforts. Bing's ranch is a working one, no tennis court, no swimming pool.

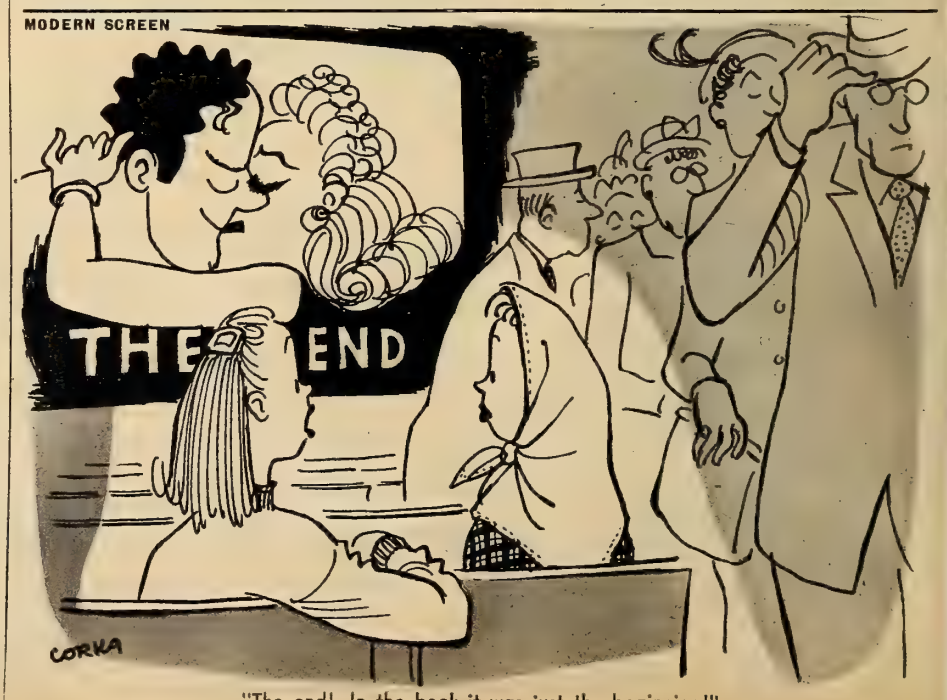
"That's not *my* idea of a ranch," admitted Dixie, "but Bing says if we have a pool all the cowhands will be in it and nobody'll ever work." Every Crosby, except Dixie, roams around all summer in Levis and ten-gallon hats; everybody rides Western saddle but her. "I'm the sissy," she admitted. "I'm a jodhpur-and-English saddle girl. I also take baths—you've got to have some style around a place!"

Dixie likes ranch life as much as the rest of the family but she confessed she views it with mixed feelings as far as her sons are concerned. After a whole summer of the rugged life it takes months to repair the damage. "The first report cards after a summer on the range are enough to make my hair curl," she said. " 'D' in deportment, 'D' in application, 'D' in grammar, 'D' in everything. They usually wind up with 'A's' in the spring, but it's a worry."

Worst of all, Dixie thinks, is the cowwaddie talk the kids pick up. They call her "Maw" and Bing "Paw" and their girl friends "heifers" for months afterward. As she said, "I just get them whipped back into shape where they don't whittle the table and tuck the cloth in their necks when off we go again."

The big excitement in Dixie and Bing's life right now is the new home they're building in Northern California overlooking Bing's favorite golf course, Pebble Beach on Carmel Bay. It's a modern house. "What period furniture?" I asked Dixie. "Furniture, period," she cracked back. "I don't know. All I know is that it's being built for service, and not for style."

They're going to live there all the time and sell the big mansion where we talked. Bing dreams of coming to Hollywood only to make pictures. They'll move north in September as soon as the kids are safely set in school. (*Continued on page 89*)

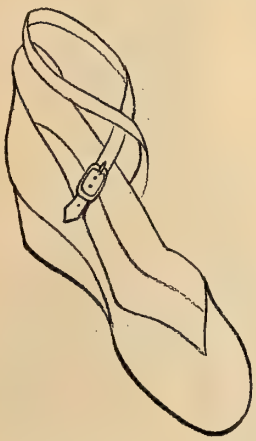


"The end! In the book it was just the beginning!"

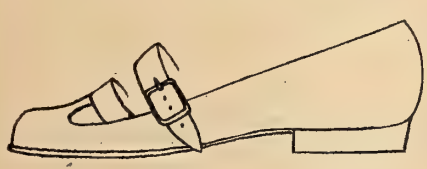
We've shown you so many shoes that you probably think we've gone crazy. And we have—we're absolutely shoe-crazy! And can you really blame us? Aren't the shoes this year just wonderful? Here are three more pairs to make you go feet first this fall.



RED WRAP-AROUND anklet platform sandal. Alligator-grain calf. Also comes in black, green, and brown. By Mary Jane. $3.99.

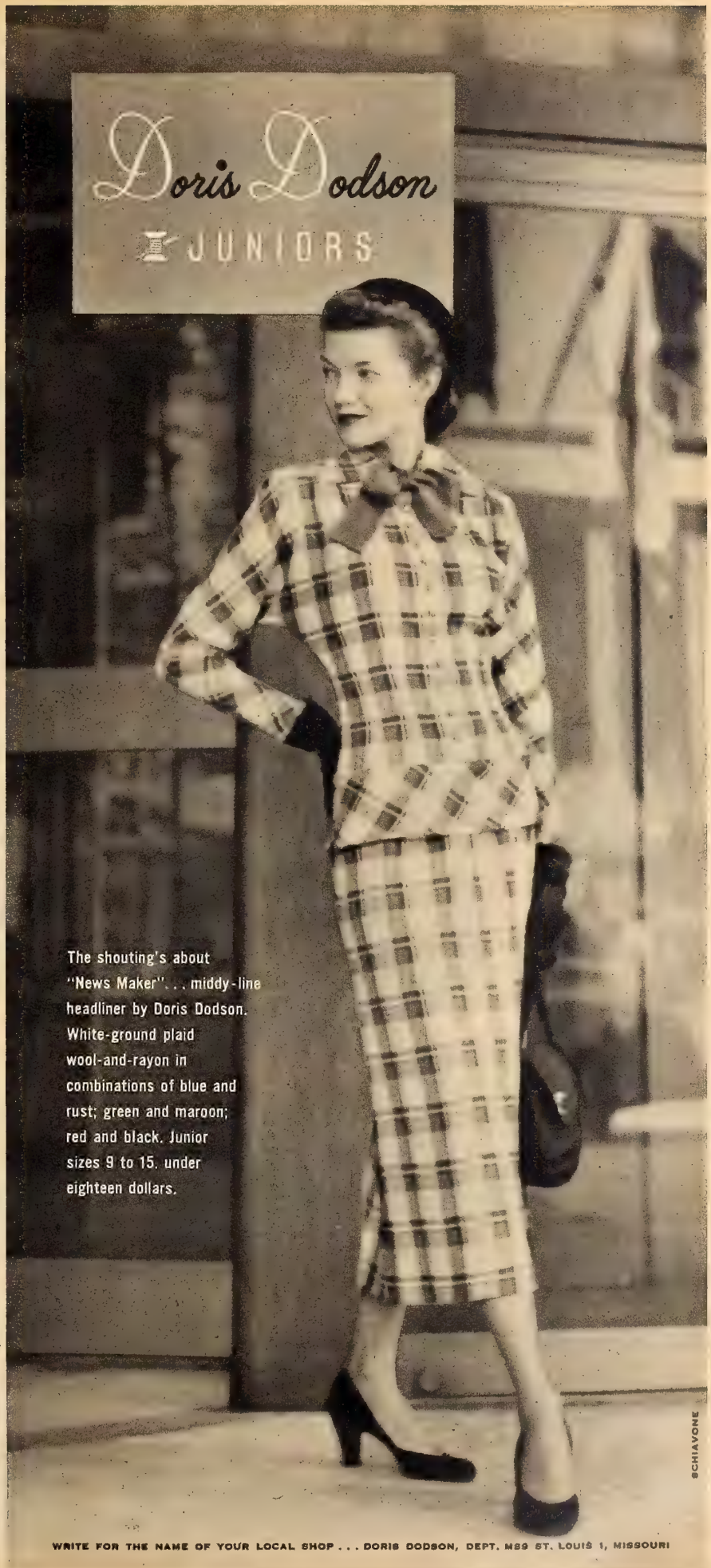


CRISS-CROSS ankle strap on a low wedge pump. The heel ends in a high V. Black or brown suede. By Butterfly. About $6.95.



TWO STRAPS and a buckle closing on the vamp make this suede flat look different. Tamborina by Daytimer. About $6.

For where to buy these Modern Screen fashions turn to page 94.





SATURDAY NIGHT . . . Five smart girls climb into five smart girdles. After all, it's a heavy date. Each knows the figure's the glamor; the girdle's the figure.

Top, left. Jill wears twin satin hearts on pantie girdle. Knitted elastic with nylon. Bones at waist prevent rolling. White, blue, nude. By Flexnit. $5.95. Peter Pan bra, $2.

Top, right. Leave it to June to wear the latest. She sports a black girdle with bright plaid taffeta panel. Sides are marquisette leno. $6.95. Plaid bra, $2. Both by Perma Lift.

Below, left. Ginger's mad for yellow—wears pale lemon girdle with nylon lace lastique sides, nyralon panels. Also blue, nude, black. By Flexees, $7.95. Flexaire bra, $2.50.

Below, center. Meg wears pantie girdle. Elasticized rayon satin panels and leno (nylon, rayon, elastic) sides. Removable contour crotch. Nude, white, blue. By Fortuna. $5.95.

Below, right. Bette puts on her face and lets Stardust take care of her figure. Her girdle has leno sides, satin elastic panels. Nude, white. $3.98. Satin bra, $1.25. By Stardust.

For Where to Buy see page 94

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YOUR CHECKED DARLING — *You'll love* this crisp, neat looking checked cotton darling. *Just feel* how its MAGIC DIRNDL waistline with 12 rows of elastic hugs and slims your waist. See the full, billowing skirt, outlined with felt ric-rac and colorful flowers—all washable. *Admire* the Peter Pan collar of expensive white pique — with the felt ric-rac treatment it makes a neckline so becoming to you. High-count cotton gives you *complete satisfaction* in washing. Black, brown, or red checks. Misses' sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Junior sizes: 9, 11, 13, 15, 17. **Only 3.98**

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FROM THE MOVIES

BIG CITY — Don't Blame Me: **King Cole (Capitol).

This one came out after we made up last month's list of recordings of the song; but Nat recorded it two or three years ago, and it sounds more relaxed and sincere than some of his more recent things. (But don't get us wrong, we love *Nature Boy!*)

DATE WITH JUDY — Judaline: *Johnnie Johnston (M-G-M); Ray McKinley (Victor); George Paxton (M-G-M); Pied Pipers (Capitol).

MELODY TIME — Blue Shadows on the Trail: *Gene Autry (Columbia).

At last, a record of *Blue Shadows* by someone who sounds as if he's been west of Boston!

TWO GUYS FROM TEXAS —Every Day I Love You and Hankerin': *Dick Haymes (Decca). I Don't Care If It Rains All Night and At The Rodeo: Guy Lombardo (Decca).

WHIPLASH — Just For Now: *Helen Forrest (M-G-M); *Frank Sinatra (Columbia); Ink Spots (Decca).

If you can remember when Helen Forrest sang with Harry James—or a little farther back, with Benny Goodman—you'll like this romantic side, one of her best, with lush Harold Mooney string backgrounds. Helen sounds more like her old self again.

HOT JAZZ

DIZZY GILLESPIE —Ool-Ya-Koo (Victor).

Dizzy's most complicated lyric since *Oopapada* and *Oop-Bop-Sh-Bam* . . . they should give away a glossary with each copy. Other side, *Good Bait,* has more music, less comedy.

TONI HARPER—**Candy Store Blues (Columbia).

Toni, nine years old, sings the blues as if she'd really lived. Don't miss this!

STAN HASSELGARD—**Swedish Pastry (Capitol).

Can you imagine Bing hiring Frankie to sing in his new picture? That's how it seemed when Benny Goodman recently hired clarinetist Hasselgard, a young, 6 ft. 3 in., blond Swede who came over here last year to study journalism. Benny heard him at a jam session in Hollywood, hired him on the spot. On this disc he's with Red Norvo and other stars. Look out, Benny, you're building your biggest rival since Artie Shaw!

WOODY HERMAN—*Keen and Peachy (Columbia).

ART TATUM — **Smoke Gets in Your Eyes (Victor).

CLAUDE THORNHILL —*Anthropology (Columbia).

(*Continued from page 84*)

I, for one, certainly hate to see them leave Hollywood.

When they decided to make the move Bing mused, "But won't you hate to leave all your friends here, Dix?"

"What friends?" asked Dixie. "I've got three." One is a girlhood chum she knew back in Chicago, another's Alice Ross, who used to be Sue Carol's secretary, and the third is Sue herself. But Sue and Alan Ladd live so far away on their Hidden Valley Ranch, Dixie seldom sees her any more. With the boys away at school and a smaller house on her hands, Dixie hopes to enjoy the club life she loves right at Pebble Beach, and Bing can ride his ambition to be California State amateur champ some day.

"I'll still be a golf widow," said Dixie, "but at least I can see the Old Man pass by on the fairway now and then!"

rocking-chair set . . .

Dixie told me about the recent trip to New York she took with Bing. The original idea was a jaunt for laughs and a gay holiday around the big town. "Know where Bing checked us in?" she grinned. "The Garden City Hotel, way out on a golf course on Long Island. Three old ladies were sitting on the front porch, knitting. 'You ought to make friends with them, they look like fun,' Bing said. The nerve of that guy!"

Dixie lasted ten days, instead of the month she planned. The golf madness had Bing. She saw him only between caddies. "I'll see you in California," she said at last, hopping a plane home.

I asked her if she played. "Bing bought me the loveliest set of matched clubs years ago," she said. "They've been all over—from Bermuda to Hawaii, the best-traveled set of clubs in Hollywood, maybe, and they're still in cellophane!" Her size-up of golf is: "What point is there in hitting a ball and then walking ten miles to get it?"

At home Bing's always on the dot for dinner when he says he'll be, and he eats anything, hot or cold, with an appetite built for a horse, having no picky preferences whatever and usually keeping in touch with his double dozen interests on the phone right through the meal, which drives Dixie nuts. I discovered a lot of things that afternoon from Dixie that I didn't know about Bing.

For instance, Bing really spends a lot of money on his clothes; they're all expensive and not so very funny-looking. "Just on him, they look that way," Dixie thinks. The only thing she's never dared buy for him are pajamas. Any color is okay. Bing's so color-blind he won't know the difference anyway.

Another thing about old father Crosby. "He's an early riser," said Dixie, "like President Truman." The Crosbys (except on their recent step-out nights) fold up always at ten, eight o'clock at the ranch, and Bing's up with the birds.

"That doesn't sound like an ex-musician to me," I told Dix.

"That's why he's an '*ex*-musician,' she said. "He always hated night work."

Dixie also surprised me, revealing that Bing likes to take long walks alone, just like Garbo. "He doesn't take 'em with me, though," she added. "I agree with Jimmy Van Heusen (Bing's songwriter pal) that 'walking's corny.'"

As we talked I admired the beautiful heavy gold ring set with diamonds, top and bottom, that highlighted Dixie Crosby's expressive hands. She slipped it off. "Bing got it for me in Paris, and this bracelet watch to match," indicating another gold bauble on her wrist.

"I'd call that fairly thoughtful," I remarked.

"Bing's not forgetful," laughed Dixie. "Not any more. You know what I used to do? When we were first married, Bing just couldn't remember our anniversary. I fixed that. When he forgot, I went down to the most expensive jewelry shop I could find and bought myself an anniversary present that wasn't cheap. Bing learned fast."

We went into the vagaries of husbands further then, and I learned more secrets about Dixie's. "He never has the faintest idea what I'm wearing," she said. "Take today. He sprang the news we were off to the races tomorrow. Neither Bing nor I took in Santa Anita this year; he's cooling off on horse racing a little. This is our first look at Hollywood Park.

"Anyway, when Bing gave me that news, I said, 'Okay, but I'll have to beat it to the beauty parlor.' He said, 'What for?'

"'You big, blue-eyed dope,' I told him, 'for my hair, of course, if I'm going to be seen out in public!'

"'Nuts,' he came back. 'Just put it up in a beret and let's go.' Imagine—after eighteen years married to me you'd think he'd know better. To make it worse, he said, 'Who do you think's going to look at your hair, anyway?'"

"Can't you get Bing's goat now and then?" I wanted to know.

"Easy," said Dixie, "although usually I don't plan it that way. You know at the *Emperor Waltz* première, I was crazy about the picture, and halfway through I told Bing so.

"'No kidding?' he purred, pleased.

"'It's swell,' I told him. 'You know I can't wait to see if those pups turn out to be thoroughbreds.' He gave me a low look. 'You aren't interested in how the story turns out or—maybe what happens to me?'

"'Nope,' I said without thinking. 'I'm interested in the dogs.'

"'Well, catch you!' said Bing. You know, I think he was a little hurt. Why, there's the lord and master now—himself and in person!"

surprise for the master . . .

And so it was—Bing peeking around the corner. He looked startled enough to see me, but Bing always looks startled a little bit. "Hi, Hopper," he said. "What's going on here, anyway?"

"An interview—and with pictures," said Dixie slowly to let it soak in.

"I don't believe it," stated Bing (and Dixie winked *I told you*). "What did you give her—that Wampas Baby Star shot back in 1929?"

"Uh-uh, my new look," said Dixie. "Hedda—get a load of Bing's."

I'd already had a flaming eyeful of Crosby's splendor. Maroon slacks, a tablecloth red-check shirt, beige tweed jacket, wide straw hat with a flowered band.

"Sort of quiet, don't you think?" said Bing.

"Is anything quiet in this house?" asked Dixie.

Well, maybe by now you get the idea. That's the Crosbys. Dixie and Bing and "the Knotheads" too, as Bing calls the kids. They're my favorite Hollywood family, and long may they wave! I'd like to see more of them, myself, and I'm certainly not alone there. So would several million other people. Until now there's been something missing in the Crosby picture, and maybe now you know what—one of the cutest, cleverest and swellest of Hollywood wives. With her boys practically ready for the draft, I'm hoping Dixie will have time soon to meet the people even more and let the people meet her. Take it from me, they're in for a treat if they've never known Mrs. Bing Crosby.

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FOR WHERE TO BUY
see page 94

BEDTIME STORY . . . After a romantic date, sentimental nightie! Meg, on bed, wears diaphonous nylon Tricot with transparent net bodice, net straps. By Blue Swan.

June, with mirror, wonders how he liked her. She dotes on black slips under date dresses, wears well-cut crepe with fitted lace top. Also white, tea rose. By Miss Swank. $3.98.

Jill muffles a yawn in a swoony satin nightie with shirred bodice. Square neck is edged with ribboned eyelet, plus imported French lace. Pink or blue. By Shirley Ray. $7.95.

Ginger hangs up her undies wearing a lacy yellow slip with dreamy full skirt. Lace net bodice, and deep lace net flounce. Ice pink, black, white. By Milray-Florette. $1.99.

Ginger likes half-slips under suits, so she's just sudsed her cute new one for tomorrow. Rayon crepe, with deep ruffle to flare out her full skirt. White, pink. By Miss Swank. $4.98.

Bette is another who loves the swish of lace under full skirts. Her slip has a ruffle V of lace in back; a lace bodice and a V-midriff in front. Pink, blue, white. By DuBenay. $5.98.

MY BROTHER IS A FAKE

(Continued from page 38)

with the horses. That was because they all got away by jumping over a passing freight train. But you only had to look at his face to know that he not only believed the tall story he was telling, he was living it all over again. And, besides, he had what was left of the lasso to prove it—about a foot and a half of frayed shoelace!

I think that Bob is especially fortunate in that he had a background of three kinds of American life before he was in his middle teens. He was born and spent his early childhood in the middle-sized town of Bridgeport, Connecticut. His later schooling and boyhood came in the big city—New York. And, in between, he learned what farm living was at our grandmother's place in Delaware.

In Bridgeport he learned a lot of things, including the fact that it is comparatively easy for a boy to get drowned, killed by a car or lost within easy walking distance of home.

To get drowned, all you have to do is decide to go fishing off the pier along about March when the water is still icy cold. You take your little eight-year-old brother, Jack, after promising your mother you'll make sure he doesn't fall in. Of course, you are only ten yourself, but ten is big stuff. Ten can sail a line way out into the river. Ten can stand right on the edge of the pier—and ten can slip!

The water is so cold that your body is just one congealed pucker when you come to the surface screaming. It's so cold you can't even think of being frightened; you can only think of getting out. And that screaming you are doing is automatic, just to keep your lungs from freezing. Somehow other boys appear on the pier, miraculously. The sleeves of two overcoats are knotted together and this is the rescue line that finally helps you clamber to safety. And when you get home you can't understand your mother being so horrified. You kept your word, didn't you? Jack didn't fall in, did he?

that look . . .

I read an article about Bob only the other day. "He has a sad, sometimes even a drawn look, as if strange, deep thoughts are always with him," it said. Well, we all know about that woebegone look at home. In fact, it was called to our attention by a doctor when Bob was nine!

He was hit by a car, one day, and knocked unconscious and carried into the house. He came to, while the doctor was examining him. He wanted to get up but the doctor held him down with one hand.

"I can't let this boy up, Mrs. Mitchum," he said. "I can't find any fractures or contusions—but that face of his, that expression! It shows clearly that something is wrong."

"Oh, *that?*" exclaimed my mother. "Oh, bless your heart, doctor, *all* my children look that way!"

That's the same woebegone look that my grandmother got when she sent Bob down to the cellar one day to get some preserved peaches and he stumbled onto the wine barrel instead. Or when he decided that smoking corn silk was sissy stuff and experimented with dried slivers of pea pods. Or when he tried to defend his little brother Jack against a big kid. He got knocked down and got up again. He got knocked down again and got back up. Four more times he was knocked down before he was completely out.

"Why, oh why, didn't you stay down when you saw you had no chance?" we

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asked when he was brought home. "Why get up again and again until you are cut to pieces?"

He didn't answer at that moment. He didn't answer until we were occupied with something else and then his answer was to sneak out of the house, hunt up that bully—and get knocked out again!

This kept up for two more meetings with that tough kid; then Bob won! Not the fight. But his dogged persistence made the bully nervous. He figured this long-faced boy would never stop. He called a truce and promised to lay off little Jack from then on.

If you caught Bob in *Out of the Past*, you will remember those scenes with Rhonda Fleming in which he is very skeptical about her good faith; the sort of squinty glint shooting out of his eyes when he is listening to her lie to him. The moment I saw this I recalled the time that look was born. Bob was hardly out of the toddler stage.

There was a then-desolate region in Bridgeport known as "The Eagle's Nest" and Bob decided that a place with a name like that should have eagles. He looked all day for them and by night searching parties were looking for *him*. He was tired and disgusted when they found him, and always after that, whenever anyone mentioned "The Eagle's Nest," a squint of distrust would show up on his face.

Oh, I could write a book. Which reminds me that Bob Mitchum is probably the only man in the world who is "twice bookish." This goes back to when the bar-bell fad hit American boydom. All of his friends successfully solicited their parents for money with which to buy those muscle-builders—the long bars on which additional weights can be attached as one's strength develops. Naturally, the kids all started bragging to Bob about how powerful they were getting; the intimation being that Bob would be a weakling by contrast. It was a frightening prospect and Bob ran to his mother.

"Mom, do you have money to get me a set of bar-bells?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Maybe later."

"How much later?"

"A few months, perhaps."

Bob sat down and started thinking. His face, naturally long and sad, got longer and sadder. Then his eyes widened and, as mother tells it, she knew he had hit on something. She was right!

a book a day . . .

Bob's bar-bell consisted of two big suitcases which he dragged out of a wardrobe, and a pole which he inserted through the handles, so that the suitcases hung from both ends. The weights? Books. Know anything that will make a suitcase heavier? He started by half filling them and worked up to the point where he could hoist them stuffed solid.

Many a man has become intelligent reading good literature but Bob is the only one I know who also got physically stronger!

Bob doesn't like to fly. He can't give any reason for it. Yet, it may be funny, but I can go back and touch three or four places in his life where such a dislike might have been born. The first time we lived in a high apartment house and he got dizzy looking down to the street from the window. Or the great money-making scheme when he and Jack got a job in New York delivering groceries. That could have done it.

Their boss paid them very little, the understanding being they would make it up in tips. But you can't get a tip unless you deliver personally and in too many apartment houses the superintendent insisted that they send their packages up

(*Continued on page 95*)

LETTER FROM THE FASHION EDITOR

Dear you:

For all we know, you may be reading this sprawled lazily in a vacation hammock—a shady tree overhead and a long cool glass of lemonade in your hand. Or perhaps you're toasting on the beach. But as far as we're concerned—it's fall.

For the past month we've been looking at fall fashions—the bright wools, cute corduroy's gay plaids, tricky new shoes—all sorts of fashion excitement which will be ready for you when the football season opens and both you and the weather suddenly turn brisk.

This issue we're giving you an advance peek at what you'll be wearing after Labor Day. We kick off with the darling suit dress Jeanne Cagney wears on page 77. We chose it because we think it's a honey of a style which would be becoming to practically anyone—and also because it was picked as a winner by the Minx Modes Board of Review.

The Minx Modes people make those darling junior clothes which come from Saint Louis and they're smart enough to let girls like you help do the designing. Their idea is that the girls who wear the clothes should be the ones to decide what the clothes should look like. So twice a year they invite a group of career and college girls to come to Saint Louis and look over the fashions they're considering making—*before* they make them.

The gals gather from all over the country, and form the Minx Modes Board of Review. They sit down with pencil and paper, and watch the parade of proposed Minx Modes fashions for the coming season. Then the voting begins. They vote anonymously on each model—whether they love it, like it just so-so, or turn thumbs down.

After the votes are counted, the dresses which get a rave from two-thirds of the judges are manufactured and turn up in your favorite store just when you want them. The rest are scrapped. You'll hardly be surprised to learn that the olive green suit Jeanne Cagney wears was one of the numbers that wowed the Board of Review—natch.

We think it's a honey for this in-between season, because it's cool enough to keep you comfortable during some of those hot days we get in September—and yet it's autumn-y enough to look like next season. Besides, it does such nice things for your figure.

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Gabardine suit-dress with pointed peplum, worn by Jeanne Cagney in the full color photograph (page 77) about $16.95.

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New York, N. Y.—*Saks-34th,* 34th St. & Broadway, Junior Miss Dept., Second Floor
San Antonio, Texas—*Frost Brothers,* 217 E. Houston St., Junior Deb Dept., Second Floor.

Bustle suit-dress with striped skirt (page 78)

Kansas City, Mo.—*John Taylor Dry Goods Co.,* 1036 Main St.
Los Angeles, Calif.—*Judds Specialty Shop,* Westwood Village—and all other Judds Specialty Shops throughout California
New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's,* 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Misses' Sports Dresses, Third Floor
Rochester, N. Y.—*B. Forman Co.,* 46 S. Clinton Ave.

Cocoa colored suit with black braid frogs (page 79)

New York, N. Y.—*Stern's,* 41 West 42nd St., Junior Shop, Third Floor
Washington, D. C.—*Woodward & Lothrop,* 10th & G Sts., Teen Age Apparel, Fourth Floor, North Bldg.

LOUIS HEEL pump (page 80)

New York, N. Y.—*Mary Lewis,* 746 5th Ave., Shoe Dept., Second Floor

SIDESWEPT STRAP, jutting heel cuff pump (page 80)

Dunkirk, N. Y.—*Park Shoe Store*

HIGH SCALLOPED heel cuff pump (page 80)

Tulsa, Oklahoma—*Vande vers,* 14 E. 5th St.

SILVER EDGED straps, platform pump (page 80)

Cleveland, Ohio—*The Higbee Co.,* Public Square, Women's Shoe Dept., Third Floor

LATTICE BACK, double strapped pump (page 82)

Cincinnati, Ohio—*The John Shillito Co.,* 7th and Race Sts.

HAND SEWN MOCCASIN, TOUCH OF GOLD suede-finish ballerina flat (page 82) also RED WRAP-AROUND anklet platform pump (page 85)

Baltimore, Md.—*Mary Jane Shoe Store,* 38 W. Lexington St.
Chicago, Ill.—*Mary Jane Shoe Store,* 9030 Commercial Ave.
Detroit, Mich.—*Mary Jane Shoe Store,* 1051 Woodward Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Mary Jane Shoe Store,* 1009 Market St.

SUEDE GILLIE with wedge heel (page 82)

New York, N. Y.—*Franklin Simon,* 5th Ave. & 38th St., Shoe Dept.

RED CALF BOW, wedge heel pump (page 82)

Rochester, N. Y.—*B. Forman Co.,* 46 S. Clinton Ave., Collegienne Shoes, Third Floor

HIGH-RIDING TONGUE wedge heel pump (page 82)

Order by mail from: *Vicki of Boston,* 89 Beach St., Boston, Mass.

RED COLT leather ballerina flat (page 82)

New York, N. Y.—*Mary Lewis,* 746 5th Ave., Shoe Dept., Second Floor

CRISS-CROSS ankle strap wedge pump (page 85)

New York, N. Y.—*Mary Lewis,* 746 5th Ave., Shoe Dept., Second Floor

TWO STRAPS flat shoe with buckle closing (page 85)

Pittsburgh, Pa.—*Rosenbaum Co.,* Penn Ave. & 6th St., Shoes, Third Floor

Jill's twin hearts pantie girdle and bra (page 86)

New York, N. Y.—*Blackton Fifth Avenue*

June's black girdle with plaid panel and matching bra (page 86)

New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's,* 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Corset Dept., Second Floor

Ginger's pale lemon girdle and matching bra (page 86)

New York, N. Y.—*Saks-34th,* 34th St. & Broadway, Foundation Garments, Fifth Floor

Meg's pantie girdle with contour crotch (page 86)

New York, N. Y.—*Blackton Fifth Avenue*

Bette's leno and satin elastic girdle and matching bra (page 86)

New York, N. Y.—*Gimbels,* 33rd St. & Avenue of the Americas, Downstairs Underwear Dept.

June's black slip with lace top (page 90)

New York, N. Y.—*Stern's,* 41 West 42nd St., Lingerie Dept., Second Floor

Jill's nightie with shirred bodice (page 90)

New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's,* 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Underwear, Second Floor

Ginger's yellow slip with full skirt, lace net bodice (page 90)

At: *Darling Shops* throughout the country

Ginger's half-slip with deep hem ruffle (page 90)

Chicago, Ill.—*Madigan Brothers,* 4030 Madison St.

Bette's V-midriff slip with ruffle V of lace in back (page 90)

New York, N. Y.—*Oppenheim, Collins,* 33 W. 34th St., Lingerie Dept., First Floor

How to Order Modern Screen Fashions

(1) *Buy in person from stores listed.*
(2) *Order by mail from stores listed.*
(3) *Write Connie Bartel, Modern Screen, Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.—for store in your vicinity.*

(Continued from page 92)
in the dumbwaiter from the cellar below.

At first Bob tried painting the word TIP in large letters on a milk bottle which he sent up with every delivery. But it would just come back empty. So his next move was to go up with the packages himself—even if this meant climbing into the tiny dumbwaiter compartment, crouching in an uncomfortable ball, and having Jack hoist him. This worked out a little better, but, unfortunately, he was often too heavy for little Jack to handle, and getting off the ground was a trick. One day Jack had him up about even with the first floor when he couldn't hold on to the rope any longer. Down came Bob, groceries and dumbwaiter in a crash landing; just one goulash mess at the bottom of the shaft. That ended *that* enterprise!

I think that my favorite memory of Bob is when he was still in grammar school and decided that American meals needed pepping up. One day when he got home from school to learn (via a note on the mantelpiece) that mother and I were out shopping, he realized his great chance had come. He'd make supper for the family.

We saw his achievement spread out on the dining room table as soon as we got in. For a few seconds it looked great—that is, if you will admit tired women will eat anything if they don't have to cook it themselves. There seemed to be two courses: big thick sandwiches—and something addled-looking in plates. The sandwiches, it developed, contained ham sliced a quarter inch thick on an even thicker base of horseradish sauce. In the plates were eggs and bananas scrambled together!

tasty dish . . .

He couldn't understand why we sat down and howled—until he took a bite of one of his ham and horseradish specials. Then *he* howled and ran for the water cooler!

It was in the writing end of entertainment that Bob was first interested. He was barely out of high school and I was in the first throes of a vaudeville career when he took to making up little songs and "patter" for my routine. His way of writing was quite unorthodox. He would get a small stub of pencil, stick it into his pocket, and then go lie on the beach all day. By nightfall, the song or playlet, whichever it was he was creating, was all formed in his mind. Taking out his pencil stub he would write steadily until it was finished.

Well, all these assorted facts are the little odds and ends of Bob Mitchum that nobody seems to have been able to stuff into the stories that have appeared about him so far. Somebody once did write that he was caught stealing as a little boy. But they forgot to add that he was stealing a rose for his mother! Somebody else mentioned that he was a failure in his first business attempt in Long Beach—parking cars. They didn't dig deeply enough. He wasn't a failure. He quit because, as he said, "Aw, parking cars is about as interesting as shuffling cards, and can you imagine doing that all day long?"

Not long ago I went to see a preview of Bob's new picture, *Blood on the Moon*. He has quite a fight scene in it and while it was going on I heard someone in the seat ahead of me say, "Look at those padded shoulders of his!"

I couldn't help leaning over and saying, "I beg your pardon but Mr. Mitchum has a 28 inch waist, a 45 inch chest and his shoulders are a good two feet across!"

See what I mean? You've got to have all the details to know the man.

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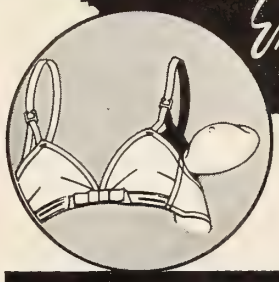
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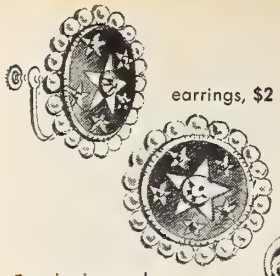
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MR. GRANT BUILDS A DREAM

(*Continued from page 64*)

Drake, the actress, she's returning from—"

"From a triumph as the star of *Deep Are The Roots* on the London stage!" Cary finished the sentence in a rush, and added, thoughtfully, "Attractive girl. I saw her in the play; I thought she was wonderful."

"Would you like to meet—?" But Merle never finished the question, because Cary jumped in:

"Do you know her?"

Merle said she did, and a few minutes later, Cary Grant and Betsy Drake were face to face with the open door of an introduction between them.

He said, "Care to dance?"

She nodded her soft firm chin, and melted into his arms. The two of them became a single gliding figure on the dance floor, as music consumed the world around them. . . .

Six months later, the scene is Stage 12 at the RKO Studio in Hollywood. Two dressing rooms stand side by side. The name on one says, "Betty Drake"; the name on the other is "Cary Grant." On the Bulletin Board, the name of the picture is, *Every Girl Should Be Married.*

The male star of the picture is Cary Grant, and his leading lady—on and off the screen—is Betsy Drake.

This is how it happened. . . .

After they finished their dance aboard the Queen Mary, they turned and wandered out on deck. The wind touched her hair, as they moved across to lean against the rail and watch the lights from portholes make a phosphorescent garden bloom below them in the water.

"Tell me about yourself," Cary said.

"I was born in Paris," she began. . . .

Betsy Drake was the first of three children born to Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Drake, then residents of Paris, where Mr. Drake operated an American travel agency, and dabbled in writing on the side.

Her father's writing is the only talent clue to be found in the Drake family. His book, *Mr. Aladdin,* is in the bookstalls now.

"When I was six years old, the family came back to America—" She told how her mother and father had been divorced, with Betsy stringing along with her father.

Her paternal grandfather had founded the Drake Hotel System in this country, and her father went back to work for the chain. This meant that they moved often, lived in hotels, and Betsy's education was broken up.

At last, bored with school and burning with ambition, Betsy quit the educational merry-go-round, and went to New York to go on the stage.

As it happens to so many, it happened to Betsy Drake. No jobs.

She turned to the next best thing she knew, and landed a job modeling. Hers was one of the faces you have seen in your magazines and catalogues. "I was a Conover girl," she told Cary.

"But I didn't like it. I modeled for fashions in Vogue and also for the Sears, Roebuck Catalogue. I was the face on the farmhouse floor."

Eventually, Betsy found herself an agent. His first try landed her a place as an understudy in *Only the Heart,* a Broadway play that turned out to be Only A Flop. She never once went on the stage, because the play didn't last long enough for anyone to get sick.

Her second try at the New York Stage was again as an understudy. This time to Eva LeGallienne, who was starring in the Broadway opus, *Therese,* with Victor Jory and Dame May Whitty. That one flopped, too, and without giving Betsy a break before the footlights.

Foot-loose and fancy-free once again, Betsy fell back on her agent's ingenuity, and that worthy came up with a screen test for Hal Wallis in Hollywood. Wallis signed her for a year, so Betsy moved bag and baggage to California's glamor capital, with high hopes for a screen career.

But when she appeared at the studio, trouble began. They wanted to go all out for glamor on a remake job, changing the natural Betsy Drake into the usual Hollywood type, trimming her eyebrows, painting bigger lips on an already generous



"He's going to try and fix it!"

mouth, putting her hair on top of her head instead of letting it flow in a soft frame around her wide eyes. She said no. They wanted to change her name, and she said no again. "I don't want you to change my name, even if it does sound like the name of a cow." She sat idle for one solid year, and the only thing she did was have the measles. Then, soured on Hollywood, tired, disgusted, and homesick for the sidewalks of New York, she packed her bags again, and headed east.

Once more her shoe-leather took a beating as she made the rounds to all stage producers looking for a part in a play. Finally, she was called to read for the starring role in *Deep Are the Roots*, and was signed to play the lead for the London Company.

She was a smash in the British Isles. That was last year, and the play ran from February to September.

On the deck of the Queen Mary, leaning against the rail, Betsy told all this to Cary Grant.

It was a delightful evening, and they became fast friends aboard the Queen Mary during the all-too-short crossing. They saw each other a few times in New York, then Cary headed for his own bailiwick in Hollywood.

Now here is where the rumor hens of Hollywood began to hatch their chicks. They said that the minute Cary arrived in Hollywood, he began heating up the long distance wires to Betsy in New York. "He calls her every night," they clucked.

betsy goes west . . .

The studio says that, in three weeks, Betsy came to Hollywood of her own will.

In any case, Betsy came to Hollywood. And after she arrived and installed herself in a modest apartment, she called Cary.

The next day Cary took Betsy's hand in his hot widdle fist and marched her over to RKO to meet that studio's big production boss, who was then Dore Schary.

He probably said something like, "This is the girl I've been telling you about," and proceeded to do a good selling job, because Schary promptly ordered a screen test made then and there in his office. And the capper was that Schary himself made the test with her.

The test scene was with Betsy standing in the middle of Dore's office telling him about her career. She is scared stiff and keeps backing away across the room until she backs right into the fireplace and singes her derrière.

The test was so convincing that Schary, when he saw it, said, "Fine; she's great, sign her up to a contract."

That's where Mr. Grant threw in another two cents' worth. "You can sign half of her, Dore, the other half goes to Selznick."

Dore settled for half, and once again Cary took Betsy's hand in his hot widdle fist and led her over to meet David O. Selznick.

The Selznick test was equally successful and found Betsy's "name like a cow" on a second dotted line.

Now here's where the gossipers took a hand again. They claimed romance between Cary and Betsy—and they also spread it around that Cary had a financial interest in Betsy's contract, which Cary tells me "just ain't so!"

Grant's only proviso in the deal was that he could borrow Betsy for any independent production he might want to make, which is a clause in her two contracts, and everybody is happy as sin about the whole thing.

Then it just happened that Cary was going to make a picture entitled *Every Girl Should Be Married.* And Don Hartman, who already had Cary as the star, suggested that it might be a fine idea to



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cast Betsy Drake as the feminine lead, and Hartman suited the action to the thought.

Hence, on Stage 12 at RKO, you will find two dressing rooms, side by side, with the names Cary Grant and Betsy Drake on the two doors.

That's the way I found them when I went over to get the straight dope on this story.

I looked for Cary around the set and they told me he was in the dressing room.

"You'll find a changed man—this is a new Grant," they said. "He's the new personality boy of Stage 12." This was a little strange. Cary's usual deportment around a picture set is quiet, business-like, a bit preoccupied until he gets into rehearsal, or a take, then he's a ball of fire. When the shot is over, he goes over and sits down quietly and waits for his next turn before the cameras.

But before long, I could see what they meant. He was all over the set, laughing, joking, being entertaining.

Then, after I had succeeded in slowing him down to a walk and was talking to Betsy alone, he came back from a quick scene and poked his head in the door with a grin saying, "Don't tell Erskine anything he shouldn't know."

Betsy Drake is definitely Cary's type. She is quiet, unassuming, honest and straightforward. Her conversation runs to intellectual subject matter. Yet she is an "off-beat" character, a pixie with a wonderful sense of humor. She is not, and never will be, a production line beauty, molded to the Hollywood type.

Neither of them will discuss marriage, or romance, but they go to the Farmers Market and shop through it hand in hand looking for cottage cheese salads.

In the picture *Every Girl Should Marry*, Betsy plays the part of a small town girl who shocks all her friends with an entirely new philosophy of "how to get a man."

She is a salesgirl in the baby section of a department store, and one day a baby doctor (Cary Grant) enters to buy a pair of booties for a baby he has delivered.

The girl looks him over, sells him the booties and then says to herself, "There's the man I'm going to marry." Putting her plan to work, she courts him, sends him gifts, calls him up, and, in the end, gets him.

Hollywood says the picture is prophetic, that Betsy Drake will get Cary Grant off the screen as well as in the picture. I didn't see any signs of a struggle either way.

When I asked him about the reason for helping an unknown girl to stardom in Hollywood, he said something straight from the shoulder.

"Erskine, you know, as well as I do, that anybody needs a helping hand in Hollywood. Nobody makes it alone. So I help this girl get started. I'm a business man; it's a good investment. RKO and Selznick can make her a star, and will. Then I can borrow her for my own independent pictures. What's wrong with that?"

I couldn't argue with that reasoning. How can she miss being a star with two big studios behind her, and starring in her first picture opposite Grant?

As I started to leave them, I mentioned the picture again. "You know," I said, "with the title of this picture and the rumors about your own romance all over town, the studio will probably wind up by having you two married right after the picture is released."

Cary glanced up quickly, grinned, and said, "Not a bad idea!"

HOLLYWOOD'S STRANGEST ROMANCE

(*Continued from page 51*)

Take a trip around the town to the places Guy and Gail go; talk to the people who greet them there. Take Kings, where the kids like to go for sea food and where they have an upstairs table in a dark corner every time they come. They have been going there for two and a half years and their favorite waiter is Marty. He has seen them happy and he has seen them sad. He has brought them everything from Oysters Rockefeller to hot dogs. What does Marty think?

"Married," he says. "That's what I think. In the time I've known them, he has always been sweet to her. He is still sweet. But now he doesn't jump, know what I mean?"

Is that his only reason?

"No, other things too," he goes on. "Used to be they'd both order the same thing. Now they order what each likes. And then, like a lot of married couples, they share each other's dishes, know what I mean? Besides, they mix a lot of business in with the meal now. They go over their picture lines, criticize each other on how they do them, all that stuff."

Over at the Sportsman's Lodge, which is in the valley, Richard, the maitre d', doesn't agree with the above. He points to the table where Guy and Gail like to sit. It's in a sort of niche and overlooks not only the rest of the dining room, but a romantic waterfall and miniature lake outside.

"No, they're not married," he claims. "They come for dinner and they stay till they close the place. Is that marriage? If she has no appetite he gets worried and keeps ordering different dishes until she eats. Is that marriage? They talk to each other all night without words. Is that marriage?"

A couple of weeks ago, when the Tallyho Club threw a press party for the opening of a new duo piano team, Guy and Gail showed up early and stayed late. After they left, there was a sharp division of opinion. Nick, the maitre d', led the not-married faction. "They're too devoted," said Nick, admitting to being a happily married man himself.

But Ted Kaye, one of the pianists, held they were newlyweds. He reported that Gail and Guy requested he play "Falling In Love With Love," and that, he claimed, is a favorite with newlyweds.

And so it goes, from Charlie Foy who says, "No, they're not married. They have too much fun," to Peg O'Cleary who runs "Talk O' The Town" and says, "Of course they're married. He's always worried someone is going to spill a drink on her dress."

Not long ago, Guy and Gail spent an afternoon at Jimmie Fidler's pool. After they left, Jimmie was heard to comment, "I have never been convinced that those two are not already married."

Pressed for reasons, Jimmie couldn't give any definite ones. It was just the way they acted all afternoon, he said. Then he rubbed his chin reflectively and let it go at that.

You would suppose that since both Gail and Guy are seen with other partners when a quarrel is reported between them, they must surely not be married. For

instance, Guy's been noted at Kings with Judy Clark (but not at the same table!) and Gail's had dates with many of the eligibles who'd like to rate steady with her. But the next thing you know the two will be seen together again.

Yet, they are due to be separated. By the time you read this, they will be.

Guy should be in the East working in summer stock, with appearances scheduled on the straw hat circuit around Philadelphia and on Cape Cod. One of the plays he has been rehearsing is *John Loves Mary.* Since no eastern trip is planned by Gail—not so far, at any rate—they won't be together again until Guy returns to make *When A Man's A Man* with Rory Calhoun, well into the fall.

One thing is certain. Guy is taking his career very seriously. He told a friend the other day, "You can always get married, but my work has to be done right now.

"My getting a break on the screen was a kind of freak," he said. "The public liked me immediately, although I'm no shakes as an actor. Therefore, I'm going to have to work hard and make as much money as I can before I'm out—which could happen tomorrow."

Maybe this is the real Guy; the small-town boy with a streak of conservatism in him that motivates careful consideration of every step in his career.

That may be it. But in the meanwhile there are all sorts of guesses. One of the most cynical explanations of the romance was delivered a few days ago by a studio-wise veteran who was hiding from the sun in a cocktail bar.

"That Guy Madison-Gail Russell deal?" he said. "You know what that's all about? It's just a duplication of *Who is going to play Scarlett O'Hara!*

"Why it was David Selznick who kept the country in a tizzy wondering who was going to play Scarlett," he pointed out. "Now he's doing the same thing in a personal way, with one of his most valuable stars, Guy Madison. Who will be Mrs. Madison? Much talk. Much publicity. Same deal."

"Yes, but is this fair to Gail Russell?" a listener wanted to know.

There was a snort. "It's all to her benefit, too, isn't it? Who will marry Gail? Same deal again."

"Well, who?"

But the wise bird didn't answer. His eye had been caught by something dancing around on the bar—a sort of tiny, flickering circle. He wanted to know what it was, and someone said it was probably a beam of sunshine reflected horizontally by the rear-view mirror of a parked automobile. The cynic shuddered, and slunk away deeper into the darkness. And that's where most of Hollywood finds itself about Guy and Gail—in the dark.

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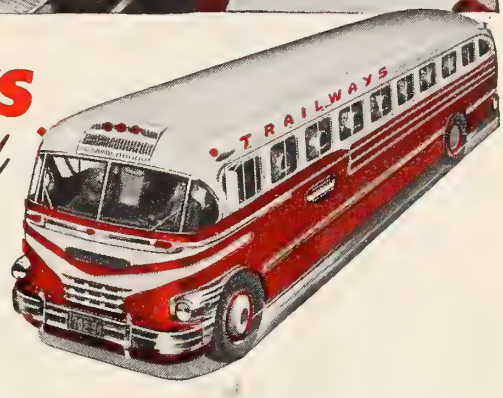
Lots of things must have happened to you this summer——more than getting a suntan or growing older. We'd love to hear about it all, but we're a movie magazine, and our pet subject is the stars. Did you happen to meet one, and did he invite you to dine at Ciro's? Well, we guess we know the answer to that. We're sure, though, that something amusing did happen to you. Write to us about it. A true, short and snappy "I Saw It Happen" anecdote is what we want. And we'll pay $5 for every one we use! Send your contribution to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.



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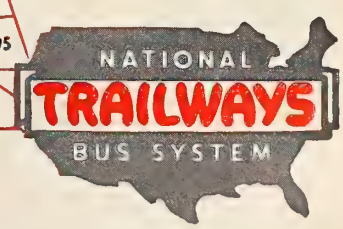
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SHIRLEY FROHLICH
director
GLORIA LAMPERT
associate

THERE WAS A GIRL . . .

(*Continued from page 72*)

They got me out in time—but, *just about!* And while I never blamed Guido, I never cared much from then on for boys who were *too* polite.

After I recovered I went to my great-grandmother's room to tell her what happened. It was necessary that I tell her because nobody else seemed able to communicate with her. She was so old she could not understand anyone except very young children. We spoke across a hundred years of time almost—she was 102 and I was three and a half!

Everyone said they could not figure out what she was talking about, but she made perfect sense to me. I loved her house which I thought most funny, with peaks on it like the mountains all around, and I was crazy about the walls in her room which were covered with dozens of pictures; scenes of peasant girls laughing, playing, and working. I would go to the wall and pose like those girls.

In Italy, children do not start school as a rule until they are six. But when I was five I had already learned to read at home, so I entered the first grade. (I continued to be a very good student until I was eleven, and then something happened. For some reason I suddenly took on a taste for playing and going to the movies and giving advice to other girls!)

I was about eight when I went to my first costume party and you can see me in what I wore—the dress of a Hungarian csardas dancer. Those are my mother's pearls around my neck and my left wrist. The costume was made by a dressmaker in town who specialized in fancy attire for parties. The pose is by me, with a good deal of coaching by the photographer.

actresses are made . . .

The fact that I am in a costume picture at the age of eight does not indicate in any way that I already was thinking of the stage and screen as a career. A love for drama was not something that was in me from the start. No one in our family had ever been an actor or actress (although my mother had had early training as a concert pianist and my father didn't seem to mind losing money investing in syndicates to bring opera companies to our town).

Later on in school I was given a part in a "serial" stage play—with still no idea of the stage as a life work. There is a picture of the play you may notice; I am on the right with dark polka-dot dress and white apron, standing with one leg crossed in front of the other. We used to give this play every January 6th, St. Nicholo Day—which is the same as Christmas here. I was lucky that I grew very fast while the play was rehearsing and was not suitable for the original part planned for me. In that case I would have had to be the dog whom you see in the foreground, with my face always covered!

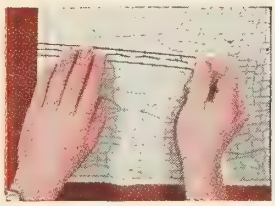
Oh, yes, two things more come to me as I look at this picture. I see I am wearing bangs, and I hated them! And I see I have lost all my blondness.

During these school days it might be interesting to note that we children were all learning what our elders called (but only in private) "fresh history." It seems that a gentleman by the name of Mussolini was in charge of things and he had all the old history books rewritten. In the new ones, all of Italy's long story seemed to revolve around one event—Mussolini's march on Rome! Also, as a consequence of Mr. Mussolini's ideas, we children all had to wear uniforms and do



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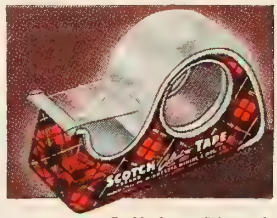
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a great deal of formation marching. I marched and marched and marched in school, and I had a sneaking hunch that one fine day Mr. Mussolini was planning some more fresh history and would order us to march all the way to Rome again. We were so far north, as I saw by the map, and Rome so far south, that I wondered whether he would permit us to go at least half way by train.

But one march on Rome in a century was enough and the order for the second one never came. I continued in school and when I was thirteen I was attending high school in Como and wondering why the boys didn't look at me very much. Not that I cared the least bit, as I kept on telling my friends. It just annoyed me that I would have to help pass notes in school, from boy to girl and from girl to boy—and not one note for me! That certainly gave me a very low opinion of boys in general and I decided that maybe my father was right. I would study Aristotle and Plato and all the other Greeks and become a great philosopher! And then when any boy tried to give me a note I would tear it up in a thousand pieces.

That's the picture of me about the time I made this decision—the one where I'm standing next to my mother, and she is in a dark jacket and scarf around her neck to match, and I'm in a white middy.

As it turned out, I didn't take up philosophy too seriously. I compromised between that and youthful romance by becoming a tomboy for a while. This meant being late for school often, riding my bicycle like mad through town, rowing a boat on the lake and generally spending a lot of time alone.

Along about this period I found a great friend and made an enemy, all at once. The enemy was my mathematics teacher at school. Mathematics was something I didn't catch very easily; it took a lot of explaining. When this teacher, an old man who was quick to lose his temper, didn't bother to help me much I got very bitter. It didn't improve matters when he heard that I referred to him as "Patatina" or "Small Potato" because he had a nose that looked like one.

end of a tomboy . . .

But my new friend made up for him. Her name was Itala and she worked as a secretary. Itala was a young lady already, almost nineteen, and I admired her so much that being a tomboy gradually lost its charm for me. I decided that growing up to be a woman was perhaps not so bad.

Shortly after this a strange thing happened. My mother told me I was to spend Christmas vacation with relatives in Rome, leaving her and my father behind in Como. I could not understand why I should leave them at such a time and she did not explain. The real reason was that my father had had a bad heart attack and the doctors were gloomy about his chances of recovery. Holding my father and me together was the closest of bonds; I adored him, and my mother thought me too young to stay home and watch the suffering of his last days.

Today, my mother in Italy has another heart patient on her hands, her own mother. It is these two that you see together reading a letter which I sent them after reaching the United States.

I was about fourteen when I got to Rome. To know its effects on me you will have to imagine an American girl from say, Bloomington, Illinois, or Helena, Montana, or Macon, Georgia, being suddenly shipped overnight to live in New York. It was bewildering at first; so many different people, so much activity and color to the daily life, so many new things to see and wonder about! And

then, quite by chance, I met a girl who mentioned very casually that she was a student at the Italian Motion Picture Academy. I was intrigued; I saw a chance to continue my schooling without having to face mathematics again.

I entered the school, but shortly afterward came word that my father had died, and I forgot all about the movies. I took the first train home and helped my mother prepare for the funeral. Until the hour we buried my father not a tear passed my eyes. When we got home after the services I went to bed and slept for two days!

At my mother's suggestion, I returned to Rome and continued my course at the motion picture academy. Some of my girl classmates are in the dormitory scene shown here and taken from one of my pictures.

All the girls who attended the school wore a sort of uniform when on the outside. It was grayish-blue in color and what you would call here a smock. It may not sound too smart but, nevertheless, we were all quite proud of it. We were sure we would all be famous some day. That may be why three of us got excited one afternoon when we were riding a bus to school and noticed a distinguished-looking gentleman eyeing us.

"I'm sure he is a big producer," whispered one of the girls. "We have impressed him and he is thinking of putting us in one of his shows."

The other girl and I laughed at this but we hadn't gone a few blocks further before this man approached and bowed to each of us in turn.

an offer from the "producer" . . .

"If I am not presuming, young ladies," he began, "may I state that I admire you all very much?"

We shivered in anticipation as we nodded and let him know he wasn't presuming and he could talk on, if he liked.

"Fine!" he cried out heartily. "Then without further preliminaries, I wish to make an interesting offer to you. Are you interested in an offer?"

We nodded again.

"I thought about it the minute I saw your smocks," he said. "I would like for all of you to become barladies at my saloon."

From that day on we used to put smocks over our smocks when in the street!

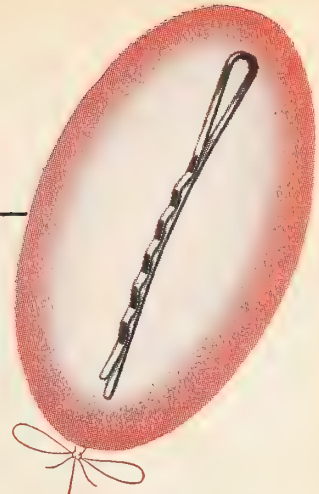
At the end of my first year in the academy, when it seemed reasonable to believe that there was a career ahead of me, I was suddenly dismissed by the school heads! They simply told me that I possessed little talent and was wasting their time and mine. And that was that! I packed up and went back to my relatives —and there I found my mother. She had come to Rome for a week's visit.

At the end of the week I was ready to return to Como when my mother suggested it would only be polite if I called at the school to make my goodbyes. And that is when my life took a movie-plot twist. Just as we were entering the school, a director and producer (who were looking for a feminine lead for their picture) were walking out, quite dissatisfied with the candidates they had seen. They stopped me and asked if I was a student. I said I was an ex-student. They, in turn, corrected me. I was probably more than an ex-student, they said. I was their new star. They only wished to see some tests of me before making a final decision.

That's the way it happened. In ten years in Italy I made 32 pictures and here I have made *Miracle of the Bells, Paradine Case* and now, *Weep No More*. Thus the world has lost a good barlady or philosophy teacher—the latter not so good probably.

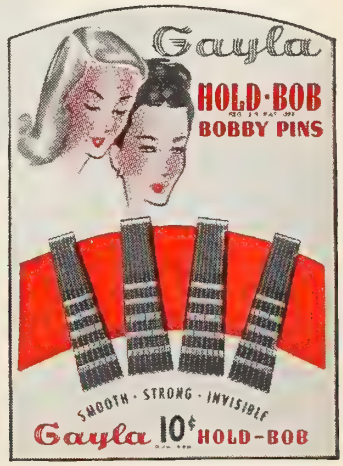
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THE CASE OF THE GULLIBLE BRIDE

(*Continued from page 67*)

regardless of theories to the contrary, some of them do like to think for themselves. They just don't often get the chance.

Lana's not an ill-tempered, huffy girl. At the opening of the Midget Car Races (the enterprise Bob Topping brought to England) the Mayor of Fulham introduced her as "Laura Taylor," which might have infuriated a real prima donna. Lana laughed, said her proper name nicely, and proceeded to be attentive to the Mayor all evening. She also smiled, waved, and generally acted charming in an attempt to please the 50,000 spectators who'd shown up.

She didn't get any credit for these gestures, and maybe she didn't deserve any. Being a pleasant human being doesn't rate medals. But she didn't deserve the riding she got, either. She didn't deserve to have various papers report that the only thing she'd said in approximately two weeks was, "I love the English country. The grass and trees are so wonderfully green." At that, she might have said worse.

Some of the misunderstandings abroad were obviously due to differences in psychology on the two sides of the ocean. There's less hero-worship of celebrities there. In England, furthermore, a newspaper is a strictly utilitarian machine—four crammed pages, and just so many paragraphs and so much time to devote to the doing of various big names. For this reason, the bitterness of English newsmen who feel their time has been wasted is extreme.

In any case, the sarcasm of the newspapers—and this goes for New York, as well as London—was certainly not echoed by the average citizen. Outside her hotel in the Strand, Lana's fans lined the street and cheered. It was almost as though they knew she'd had a rough time, and felt she was a good kid who meant well. It was almost as though they'd said, "We're all human; don't let it get you, Lana."

HOW LONG CAN YOU STAY GREAT?

(*Continued from page 63*)

casting, hiring and firing, even re-writing the script—all the while she was working in *It Had to Be You* with Cornel Wilde. No wonder the critics observed acidly that Ginger Rogers "huffed and puffed" through that ill fated effort. She was slaving away Sundays and evenings — even between takes.

Ginger tripped starry-eyed up to the altar in the very first scenes of *It Had to Be You,* an innocent, girlish bride of eighteen. She shouldn't have done it. Ginger's not the only star who clings to her youth, though.

Joan Crawford suffers agonies every time anyone whispers that she's past forty, yet life started all over again for Crawford at that very "fatal" age with her best dramatic job, *Mildred Pierce,* with her only Oscar. She's a better actress—and a more valuable one—today than she's ever been. Yet her vanished girlhood can make her life miserable, at the very time when she should be revelling in the sweets of a distinguished Hollywood career she's earned the hard way.

Greer Garson's balk against playing a mother of grown children in *Mrs. Miniver* is a classic example of the folly of making

a fight against maturity. In spite of herself, *Mrs. Miniver* made Greer Hollywood's "first lady."

Or take Greta Garbo, who, last year was offered the leading part in *Emperor Waltz*, opposite Bing Crosby.

"No," she gloomed, "I look too old."

"Wait," said Paramount execs. "We'll give you any cameraman you choose, any director you name to make a test. It will be shot behind closed doors. Not a soul will ever see it but you. If you don't like what you see, it will be destroyed."

She shook her divine head.

"You know Bing and like him," they argued further. "You saw Ingrid Bergman play with him and make a hit in *Bells of St. Mary's.*"

"I could never look young like Ingrid Bergman," vetoed Garbo.

Garbo is the greatest star in the history of Hollywood. She's still a superfine actress. But she can't see through the shadows of the years.

On the other hand, take a quick gander at the hardy perennials in Hollywood's garden of stars, the ones with the solid sense to realize that everybody has birthdays and that the number is strictly a case of who cares. Eighteen years ago Ginger Rogers got her Hollywood start in *Young Man of Manhattan* starring a French actress, Claudette Colbert. Claudette's been starring since. Being frank, Claudette announced the other day, "I'll be forty-five soon. I'm going to quit acting and direct." That's her choice and ten to one she'll be terrific.

let the years roll by . . .

Irene Dunne is in her late forties and absolutely unconcerned about it. She didn't feel one puny pang about having grown-up kids in *Life With Father*, or *I Remember Mama*. Myrna Loy started out playing the perfect siren, back in the silents. She's been the perfect sweetheart, the perfect wife, the perfect mother in natural succession as the years rolled by.

Barbara Stanwyck says, "I'm forty" and refuses to touch out the silver in her hair. And Marlene Dietrich, who was once a ballyhooed glamor queen, is today the most down-to-earth lady in Hollywood. The misery and suffering she saw, and the great satisfaction she collected from comforting GIs during the war, made her a new and more wonderful woman.

Marlene has no calendar complex left. When her daughter, Maria, learned she was to become a mother, Dietrich was shouting the news to the rooftops. "The day I become a grandmother will be the happiest day of my life," she said.

There are reasons why the difference of a few seasons brew career complexes in the outlooks of some Hollywood stars. For one, stars in the spotlight who marry younger men—even if only slightly younger—acquire almost immediately a very thin skin when it comes to acting their ages.

Joan Crawford, Greer Garson, Norma Shearer—all of these are or have been teamed up for better or worse with juniors. They're among the edgiest stars about growing old on celluloid. Norma even dropped out of pictures, although she could call her shots at M-G-M, where she's a big stockholder.

Ginger Rogers is eight years older than her husband, Jack Briggs—but what of it? They've been happy as larks all the time, and Ginger in person could pass for a woman of thirty any day in the week. Her figure's as streamlined as it ever was, there aren't any wrinkles in her cute face, she's a working Christian Scientist by religion and looks on the sunny side of life.

Privately, she's in Heaven when she's in threadbare Levis up on the 4-R (Rogers' Rogue River Ranch) and it's no pose. Which makes it seem all the more silly that a straight shooting girl like her should fall

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for that same perpetual-youth come-on.

As one producer puts it, "Ginger looks at a script and says, 'Oh, but I can't play *this*. The girl's twenty-two. We'll have to make her twenty-four!'"

She's claimed in public many a time, "I'm not ashamed of being over thirty-five," and few people who know her think she is—off the screen, that is. It's just that habit some stars contract, of looking back on their good old days and trying to stay the same. Ginger has plenty of good old days to look back on. The Astaire-Rogers years, for instance.

There never has been a team with such charm, rhythm (and box office) as Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire.

One reason Ginger finally split up with Fred was because of that cocky yen of hers to lean on nobody. She experimented next with comedy, and the experiment worked. In the hands of a couple of smart guys, Garson Kanin and George Stevens, who knew what she had and what to do with it, Ginger proved herself a terrific comedienne. *Bachelor Mother* couldn't have been cuter. *Vivacious Lady* and *Stage Door* were swell. Then Ginger sailed into *Kitty Foyle* and true Hollywood greatness.

No star ever merited a bigger build-up than Ginger Rogers did as "the white collar girl." After *Kitty Foyle,* she was the idol of millions of working girls everywhere. She couldn't have been sitting prettier. But her Oscar honor made her determine to be more of a lady on the screen.

Ginger didn't want to be the working girl any more; she wanted to be the boss. Pretty soon she chose *Lady in the Dark,* a *tour de force* written for Gertrude Lawrence on Broadway. It made money because all pictures made money then, but her success was a grand illusion. She lost a healthy hunk of her loyal Rogers rooters. She gained back some with *The Major and The Minor* which was good Rogers fare, cute and funny. Playing a 12-year-old brat briefly wasn't playing a character for keeps. Ginger's scenes in pigtails were wonderful fun but audiences knew she was only kidding, of course. She wasn't actually asking her fans to believe she was half her age, as she has been lately.

Ginger's slide started before *The Magnificent Doll.* It started in *Heartbreak,* a French re-make and one of those farces the French can pull off perfectly and Hollywood falls flat on its face with. But Ginger picked it for herself. Still that was nothing to the career boner she pulled trying to play Dolly Madison in the White

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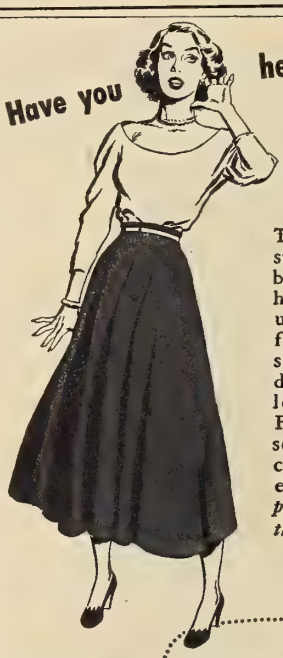
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I SAW IT HAPPEN



At one of my dancing recitals, when I was quite young, I was surprised to find that the new accompanist on the piano was a lovely, raven-haired teen-ager. She asked me to call her Moneta. The audience was completely captivated by her poise and refinement, as well as by her wonderful talent as a pianist. "Isn't she beautiful?" I said to a friend. "She should be a movie star." Moneta overheard me and whispered, "Thanks, Baby-Face, I think you are cute, too." Neither I nor the audience there that night was very much surprised when my pianist became one of the most well-known stars—Linda Darnell.

Jo Anne Pennington
Dallas, Texas

House, in the film *The Magnificent Doll.*

Her friends warned her against it, but the more advice she got, the deafer Ginger turned.

Magnificent Doll was terrible, of course. Ginger's speeches were long and dull, she miscast herself and the fans wouldn't accept her. But she still says, "I don't care."

With that attitude, the future doesn't look good for Ginger. It's okay for any star to yearn for better things, but she's got to have perspective enough to admit her mistakes and correct them.

Ginger won't run back—not yet. She says she wants another *Kitty Foyle,* but *Kitty Foyle* wasn't an all-Rogers production. She was only the star. If she'd stick to that modest status, there still isn't an actress in town to give her a race in her particular, popular bracket. There isn't another "Ginger Rogers type" on the horizon; there isn't another All-American girl, there isn't as charming and cute a comedienne when she has the right story. None of those middle-distance disguises like lens screens and makeup masks are needed to put Ginger Rogers in shape. All she has to do is step in front of a camera in the hands of a producer who'll tell *her*—instead of her telling him.

Will she? Who knows? Ginger won't say anything. She's still giving interviews through written questionnaires and getting a bad press. She's still censoring all stills, ducking candid cameras. But if she'd forget her pride and holler "Help," Ginger Rogers could be greater than ever.

new lease on life . . .

Life can begin at forty, or, having begun long ago, can take on a new lease. Look at Loretta Young, with thirty years of picture making behind her, winning her first Oscar this year. And the good-looking, graying guy who teamed with her in the Academy spotlight last February, Ronald Colman—why, as a spindly unknown brat, Loretta played in his starring picture, *The Rescue,* back in the silent days.

Age for age's sake—is it so awful, really? Listen—there was a wonderful actress, a few years ago, who thought maybe she was through after a long and distinguished life of acting. When she couldn't get any jobs, she smiled philosophically, collected her modest life's savings, and decided to open a ham-and-egg café joint in Paris, France, right down from the Ritz, figuring she'd have her old Hollywood pals dropping by to patronize her.

But before her boat sailed, a wise Hollywood scenarist, Frances Marion, wrote a picture role especially for her and then got this from the studio, "Sign up an old woman to star—are you crazy?"

"Let me try her, and I'll pay for the test," said Frances.

Well, not too many seasons after that, the same studio staged an Anniversary Testimonial Banquet for this same old lady which was the greatest single tribute any Hollywood actress ever received. All newsreels and press wires covered the event and it was broadcast far and wide with the late Will Rogers running the show. Why not? She was just the box-office champ of Hollywood, that's all, the most beloved movie star all over the world. She was just Marie Dressler.

Studios can slip up, too, you see, and Hollywood wise men make gosh-awful wrong guesses. But so can stars—like Ginger Rogers.

How long can you stay great in Hollywood? Well, the old gag still goes around that "a star is just as good as her last picture." I think a better one is, "she's as good as her *next* picture." I, and thousands of good friends who miss Ginger's sparkle and bounce on the screen say this: "We miss you, we want you—act for us, but act your age!"

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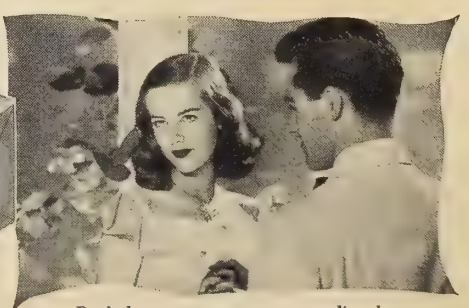
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THEY WANT TO GET MARRIED

(*Continued from page 75*)

invitation and got the surprise of her lif The hero proved to be a slender, hand some youth of twenty-two. He had ur usual poise and a keen sense of humo His voice was gentle, but charged wi quiet authority. Within a few weeks sh had custody of all of his medals; and h had a batch of her photographs, loving inscribed.

They shunned publicity; stayed cle of night clubs; and, chaperoned by Wanda parents, took outings in the mountain where they hunted and fished for diver sion. Legend has it that their favori hangout in town was an ice-cream parlo That Murphy denies. He loathes ice crear

Soon the pair was being described "America's most romantic sweethearts Wanda was likened to a dewy mornin rose, Audie was pictured as modesty per sonified.

Actually Audie is about as shy as hand-grenade with the fuse lit. By natu he is an idealist; but experience has force him to be a realist. The war gave him tough, cynical vision which is in consta conflict with an innately warm heart. H mind is sensitive; his temper, quick. H jumps to conclusions and acts on impuls Often he later regrets his action.

"I'm afraid to put my dukes down le I get hit where it hurts," he once told m And that is a vital aspect of his characte

He has true modesty; but is capable more indignation than Leo Durocher argu ing with an umpire. Being direct an sincere himself, the false warmth of mo Hollywood gatherings irritates and em barrasses him. He avoids them whenev he can. So in some quarters he is thoug to be anti-social. He talks little becaus he has little to say. Since a lack of sub ject matter is considered no valid excus for keeping quiet in filmland, his attitud is mistaken for shyness.

His face is marked by a wistful sadne which makes older women want to moth him and younger ones regard him as "th kid brother I would like to have."

Wanda is more gregarious. She like people in general and believes tha mingling with them socially is important t both her and Audie's careers. On th point, they often violently disagree. Th average party Murphy attends with re luctance and misgivings.

"I dislike the back-slapping and throat cutting that usually go on at these soci affairs," Audie explains. "I don't drin I don't particularly care about dancin



critic's corner

The best that can be said for *Song Of My Heart* is that it has actors in it; and except for Sir Cedric Hardwicke as a Grand Duke and Mikhail Rasumny as a servant, most of them look as though they might profit better by some other line of work.
Otis Guernsey, Jr., The Herald Tribune

Along with Mr. Cantor and Miss Davis, *If You Knew Susie* has Master Bobby Driscoll, aged 8. He's about the best argument I know for the passage of a federal child-labor amendment.
John McCarten, The New Yorker

hate to waste an evening prattling nonense. So I'm bored stiff at these events. Then there's always the chance of running into trouble."

At one party, Wanda wanted to dance; Audie did not feel like it. A slight tiff ensued. And Lawrence Tierney gallantly interceded in Wanda's behalf.

"Get away," said Audie in a deadly, quiet voice. "Get away from us in a hurry." Tierney suddenly decided he had business elsewhere.

Except for her fine dramatic talent, Wanda is a normal, wholesome girl with freckles on her face and an occasional run in her stockings. She dwells in a modest Burbank home with her parents, who concentrate on remaining normal beings. Her father still plies his trade as a carpenter. Her mother is active in community club work. Wanda helps with the domestic chores. Most of the money she makes is being salted away for the future.

Audie lives alone in a ramshackle apartment for which he pays $37 a month. Situated on a busy street corner, it is as noisy as a machine shop. For decorations, the place has Wanda's picture, a row of cowboy boots, several lurid paintings inherited from a former roommate, and a German sniper's rifle with which Audie was severely wounded.

Though he does much of his own cooking, Murphy can not abide housework in general. So his apartment is usually strewn with old newspapers, unopened mail, clothes, and an assortment of empty tin cans. When a wave of energy strikes him, he sets to with a vengeance and labors until the small hours of the morning to get his quarters ship-shape.

In the gym . . .

For a long while he had no room at all. He slept on a cot in Terry Hunt's gymnasium. Henry Morgan, the radio comedian, told me of the matter. He was highly indignant because the nation's top hero had had to sleep in a gym.

I investigated the case and found that Audie enjoyed his quarters. The stacked cots reminded him of army barracks. And he liked the company of the men who hung around the gym.

"Besides," said he, "there's a principle involved. If I pay $125 for an apartment, the next man will have to do the same. And maybe he can't afford it."

At that time, Audie was working in *Beyond Glory*. His salary was over $200 weekly. But he was helping support three brothers and sisters whom he had removed from an orphanage directly after his army discharge. Also, he was buying them a house. So during his Hollywood sojourn Audie has never had much cash.

He spends what he has freely. Too generous for his own good, he likes to entertain his friends at expensive restaurants; and he's a soft touch for any parasite that puts the bite on him. When he gives presents, they are usually costly. He is mortally afraid that they will be unworthy of the person for whom they are intended. Typically, he once spent the bulk of his last twenty dollars buying an orchid for Wanda.

So it is only partially true that a lack of money has prevented their long-expected marriage. They could have pooled their finances and lived comfortably enough. But this Murphy refuses to do. He intends wearing the pants in the family. And if he has a wife, he's going to support her. By that, he does not mean merely supplying the bread and butter. He wants to give her everything her heart desires. Wanda would settle for far less.

When they first met, she was virtually an unknown young actress who had done several small parts in pictures. Audie was under contract to James Cagney. No

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great rift lay between their careers. The discussed marriage. Everyone took the engagement for granted; but they neve got around to actually tying the old kn

Then, as the little Mexican girl wh gave Robert Montgomery a bad time *Ride The Pink Horse*, Wanda zoomed in prominence overnight. Paramount quick ly shoved her into the feminine lead *Now and Forever* and followed it wi another starring role in *Tatlock's Millio* She was on her way. Every studio town wanted to borrow her. She w finally loaned for the part opposite Tyro Power in *Prince of Foxes.*

Already, critics are hailing her as t acting find of the year. Her career assured. She has both the talent and t opportunity to attain top stardom and hold it. But can she hold Audie? I thi not, unless he reaches a professional su cess equal to hers. There's that pri again.

For the past year, Audie has been li ing largely on promises. He has be mentioned for a dozen pictures and on appeared in two. His name has be generously bandied about for publici purposes; so the public has been giv the impression that he's worked far mo than he has.

He has the ability. John Farrow, wh directed him in *Beyond Glory*, tells r that Audie possesses as much innate ac ing talent as any beginner with whc he has ever worked. That includes Al Ladd. Audie is very good at dialects; a in mimicry he can top Wanda.

At first Audie was not overly enthus astic about the movies as a career. I hit Hollywood on a chance invitation fro James Cagney, and when offered an ac ing contract, he took it. The professio he figured, was as good as any other.

Not until he met Wanda and start thinking of marriage did he begin pus ing himself. Then he found out that of the glad-handing and back-slapping had received did not add up to a job. I was offered several bit parts which wou have given him little money and exper ence. But his name would have provid the pictures with a lot of publicity. Aud turned them down. He resents having h war record exploited to sell films.

He turned to writing. For the past s months he has been industriously settin down his service experiences. The sto has good commercial possibilities both a book and as a picture. It may be t solution to the financial problem of ma riage.

Meanwhile, his film prospects loo brighter. He is due to play the lead *Bad Boy*, which goes into production early fall. The yarn, dealing with t reformation of a juvenile delinquent, right down his alley. And the pictu

ay easily do for him what *Ride The Pink* *rse* did for Wanda.
But that would settle only the career ubles. As two youngsters in this con-sed and turbulent modern world, they ust iron out mental and emotional dif-ences before they can live in harmony. hen Audie was discharged from the my, he was classified as 50% disabled ysically. An old wound occasionally ins him. He still has violent headaches d nosebleeds as hangovers from shell ncussion. A nervous stomach often uses him to bend double in the middle meals. Nightmares haunt his sleep. ooding about the dead comrades and e horrors of combat, he sometimes falls o black moods during which he does t want to talk to anyone—even his sest friends.
Wanda tries hard to understand his con-ion and make allowances for it. But w can she really see what lies in his art and soul? At about the time she s playing *Snow White* in a little thea-in Florida, Audie was charging over ody, fireswept hills in Europe. On one casion, he was forced to lie in a hole th two dead Germans beneath him and dead pal on top. How can one explain the home-folks what such experiences to a man's mind?
Audie's three closest friends in Holly-od are Al Foster, Volney Peavyhouse, d Earl McCaskill. Al, a Cherokee In-n, works as a garage mechanic. Volney, ex-army pilot who flew 35 perilous ssions during the war, is attending a otography school. Earl, an ex-police-n who was crippled by a criminal's gun, ns a filling station.

nda's the extrovert . . .

Audie's fondness for these people is ared by Wanda, but she nevertheless is ually happy with a movie crowd. She's e extrovert.
Both Audie and Wanda are stubborn army mules. After a spat, they will go out eating their hearts out for several ys before either gives in enough to call e other up on the phone and straighten e matter out.
This they do in long conferences which ually wind up in Audie's car. They cuse, deny, admit, discuss, and finally d up with their arms around one an-er. It never fails. Neither gives a hoot out any other person. And that's the g and short of it.
In a moment of calmness, Murphy says, here's nothing wrong between us that rriage wouldn't fix up."
And that point Hendrix couldn't argue th him.
What do *you* think?



hat's hollywood!

Victor Mature was telling about a feminine admirer who cornered him in a hotel lobby. "Was she good-looking?" asked a friend with anticipation in his voice.
"She was so ugly," said Mature, "that I can just visualize a Peeping Tom reaching in and pulling down her window shade."
from "Hollywood Merry-Go-Round" by Andrew Hecht

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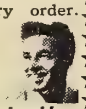
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FUN HOUSE

(*Continued from page 49*)

identify rare furniture markings, tell pine from oak, and real wormholes from those bored with an awl a few weeks ago. In the early days of their marriage, she used to stand happily in the doorway while a delivery man tugged a table into the house. Richard would take a fast look at it and exhale sadly.

"That was made in Grand Rapids," he'd say, "only yesterday."

"But Richard—"

"Honey, it'll have to go back. Unless you want apples growing out of it this spring."

They have kept most of the furniture bought for their first house, adding only what has been necessary for their new and larger home, a fact which points to a future lived among furniture that will become part of their lives. This is perhaps the only instance in which Dick is satisfied with the status quo of his home. He has a penchant for changing things and when he buys a house, the place is no longer safe. He rips out walls, adds windows and removes doors with astounding rapidity. Their current bedroom was originally three rooms, now made into one huge one, with June's tiny dressing room at one end. Dick discovered that the door to the den, when open, took away wall space, so he split the door down the center, put brass hinges across the break, and the door now folds neatly in half, and into a corner, leaving room along the wall for a chair.

it's jake with dick . . .

For her part, June has recently chosen and to Dick's complete satisfaction, the long coffee table for the front room, two mammoth chairs in dark green, a very old and handsome gateleg table, and the upholstery material, a striking glazed chintz, for the endless couch that runs the length of the living room wall. Mimicking Dick's inventive turn of mind, she bought a portable captain's desk and had it remade to unfold into a backgammon board. This turned out to be an unhappy thought. They have played only once, because the playing pieces do not fit into the board.

But, says June, the board looks very nice anyway.

Comfort is the keynote of the entire house, and despite the quiet elegance of the rooms, there isn't a thing you can't put your feet on, with the exception of the aforesaid glazed chintz. The colors are warm and comfortable, the living room and den walls are a restful green topped by bleached oak beams. The bedroom follows the color scheme of the one in the previous house, a deep pink, except that the walls this time are done in a quilted paper of white with a trace of pink, and the carpeting is the same pink as the material set into the wardrobe doors and the leather top of June's circular desk. The fireplace in the bedroom is of white marble, with striking silver andirons, and the lamps are beautifully worked silver with white or pink shades. The living room floor is covered almost wall to wall with a handsome, hand-woven oval rug, whose colors are predominantly brown and green. The dining room's low ceiling and walls are papered in a cozy print of chartreuse and green, and beige and dark green cottage drapes hang at the deep-silled windows. A priceless cabinet stands at one end of the room, tastefully decorated with rare old china, and three round tables are used for dinner parties.

There was a piano in the living room. Until the night June looked fondly at her

husband and said, "Honey, you study your script, and I shall play." June plays the piano in a rather aching fashion, and the next night found Dick studying his script in the big chair next to the spot where the piano had been.

The purchase of house linens has always been a favorite pastime of Mrs. Powell's. On one unhappy day she ordered a stack of things running from doilies to bathmats, all with the same monogram to be worked on each piece. The bill was staggering, and cowed by the total figure, she kept the news from Dick as long as possible. He, poor man, eventually was informed of the expenditure, but he acquiesced gracefully.

All of the Powell linens are white. There has never been a tinted towel in the house, a fact that may be connected with June's addiction to cleanliness. The kitchen is pure white, so are the dishtowels and most of the china. All bedlinens or face towels are snow white, marked only by the inevitable monogram in pale colors.

June and Dick have worked together with considerable harmony in appointing their house, despite a few stumbling blocks. The living room, extremely large, was most difficult to furnish, but it finally has been completed and the Powells spend most of their time there now. Dick has a plan hanging fire to install one of his model ships on the wall over the fireplace, surrounding it with a shadow-box picture frame and lining the background with green cloth to contrast with the bleached oak.

There is a powder room on the first floor, just off the entrance hall, that is the bane of June's life. It is not only truly elegant, but is lined entirely with mirrors, items which June considers more or less horrible. It is a quirk unusual in actresses, indicative of an astounding lack of conceit.

latest find . . .

Her most recent acquisition for the house, a ping-pong table, was made without consulting Dick. She'd yearned two years for one, and finally she drove to a sporting goods store and made the purchase, inquiring when it could be delivered.

"Tomorrow morning," said the salesman.

June looked crushed. "I did want to play this afternoon," she said. "Maybe you could put it in my car?"

"What kind is it?"

"A Cadillac sedan. You could tie it on the roof."

He smiled. "In that case, Mrs. Powell, your car wouldn't have a roof."

She looked so crestfallen that he couldn't bear it. He disappeared and returned minutes later, much happier. "The owner of the store says he will have it delivered immediately—on top of his station wagon."

And so June drove home, followed by a huge table over a station wagon, and played table tennis all afternoon. When Dick came home she was sitting demurely in the den.

"Go out in the patio," she said meekly, "and see what you see."

He was back in a minute, peeling off his coat. "Come on, I'll play you a game before dinner."

She brightened. "You mean you're not mad?"

"Of course not, smudgepot. It's just what I've always wanted."

She followed him, wondering why she hadn't bought one in 1946. And now the table sits on the brick patio, and discombobulates the entire scheme of things, inasmuch as the lawn furniture has necessarily been piled in corners to make room for the sports equipment.

Listed among June's accomplishments is her exceptional ability to iron beautifully, a talent learned in her New York days when she struggled with each individual ruffle. She has taught Teru, her Japanese maid, to

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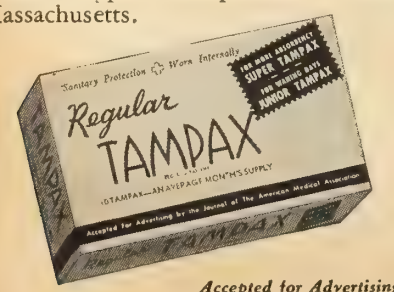
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iron equally well, and one day she decided to investigate the washing department, more out of curiosity than ambition. She opened the pantry closet that houses the washing machine and eyed the white monster with uncertainty. She read the directions, poked an armful of clothes into the machine, and blithely disregarded instructions to add a half cup of soap by pouring in a whole box of soapchips. After all, according to Allyson, nothing can be too clean.

She was upstairs ten minutes later when she heard an uproar from the direction of the kitchen. Casey and Pat, the two miniature poodles, were yipping and bouncing about in great agitation, and June flew downstairs to investigate. The pantry floor was covered knee-high with glittering soapsuds, in the middle of which were the dogs, having the time of their lives. After considerable skidding, June rescued them from the flood and was confronted by her husband.

"What on earth—" began Dick.

"I guess," said June sheepishly, "I forgot to close something on the washing machine."

"Possibly the door," suggested Powell.

After a year of this sort of thing, the house is gradually changing its original appearance of formal reserve. A stranger might not notice it, but if you know the Powells, the house seems to smile at you as you turn into the driveway.

I HATED MYSELF . . .

(Continued from page 58)

make it any the less deadly. It isn't just the business of whether you act the same to your old friends or pamper yourself with luxuries and the like. It is far more important than that. *It is a threat to your whole usefulness;* and since real happiness is bound up in being honestly useful, it concerns happiness as well.

The idea is this: I am a young man who has worked hard most of his life, and the best thing I can bring to my present business of acting is the honest experience and reactions of such a fellow. As such, I stand a chance of being effective in entertainment because as such I will be believed and accepted by the people before whom I appear. The second I stop being that fellow and start being a Special Person, I start killing the most valuable thing any man has, his own identity.

Hollywood has a thousand little traps to fit you into the system, and he who refuses to fit lives an uncomfortable life. You go to a restaurant where people are waiting for tables. You are content to join them. No good. There is a little flurry in the group and a waiter comes through.

"If you will come with me, Mr. Lancaster, we will have a table."

You start to say, "That's all right. I can wait . . ." and you realize that everyone is looking at you. A minute ago, when they didn't recognize you, you were one of them. Now you are something apart. Whatever you do, you're going to seem a phony. There is nothing left to do but follow the waiter.

At the studio you walk onto the set and one of the set hands straightens up with a start when he sees you.

"I'll get your chair for you right away," he announces.

You stop him. "I can get my chair," you tell him. "I appreciate your kindness, but it isn't necessary."

He looks at you, his whole attitude one of defeat as you go ahead and get it yourself. The rest of the day you can feel

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him staring and you know that all you have done is thrown a monkey wrench into Hollywood's well-oiled gears.

The worst of it is that the same system extends away from Hollywood, too, in those places where professional people are accustomed to gather. Once, in New York, I had an appointment for a magazine interview at a swanky east side club. You know the club. The host is famous. He's always either barring someone from entering or handing someone else a valuable gift. He did both with me inside of five minutes.

I arrived there a few minutes before the appointment wearing what I generally wear: white shirt, blue suit, dark shoes. The haughty doorman not only made no move to open the door for me, but stood so I couldn't open it. I told him I was due inside. He studied a while, and then grudgingly admitted me. Inside I had to go through it all over again with the captain of waiters. His decision was that I might sit at the bar—but no more.

Inasmuch as I was to be interviewed by a lady, it seemed to me more fitting to get a table. Ignoring the captain I made for a corner of the dining room. Out of the side of my eye, I saw the captain straighten up angrily and start for me.

Now up to that minute I was getting what you might say the average American gets—the snub-off. And, oddly enough, though I was sore, I was also getting a bang out of it. Maybe all the coddling I had been receiving in Hollywood had built up an anger. Who knows? I waited for that captain to get to me with almost joyful anticipation. Maybe we would do battle. Maybe I'd turn yellow and make for the bar like a whipped dog. But it was not to be.

the captain turns . . .

One of the bus boys must have recognized me because I caught a flash of him grabbing the captain's arm and heard a fast, whispered exchange between them. As I reached the table someone was already pushing a chair under me. Directly in front of me the captain appeared, performing a transformation of character that belonged on the stage; he was calling me by name. Before I could catch up to the new status of things, a bottle of champagne, compliments of the host, was set on the table. It was all over, my little moment of average-man-treatment. The lard was being slapped on again.

Perhaps, if I didn't have an ambition to produce pictures, I would not take all this so seriously. I am not sure. But I do want to produce pictures and, as far as I am concerned, the better pictures from now on will be those that depict both people and situation faithfully. How will I ever be able to know what is true and what is false in my own life if my way through it is always so greased that I never rub against a rough corner or see an honest face?

In *Kiss The Blood Off My Hands* there are a lot of sequences in which I drive a truck but my features are not recognizable because the action takes place in shadowy night scenes. As is the custom, a double was put on to take my place in these shots. I kicked.

"But why do you want to drive the truck?" asked the producer. "Nobody will know it's you."

I tried to explain that since I was supposed to be a truck driver I wanted to *feel* like one. They let me do it, but I doubt very much whether I convinced anyone.

A good illustration of what I mean is a picture on the screens of the country's theaters today—and not too many people are seeing that picture. About a year ago, I was called by a major studio and asked to play opposite one of the industry's top



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actresses. I took the script home and reported by telephone the next day that I would rather not play the part. They asked me if I would come over and explain my objections.

When I walked into the office of the head of the studio I found a half dozen of his top men seated around him. I knew that they were assembled for only one purpose: to overawe me.

They had years of experience among them—a total of more than a hundred years in aggregate. Nevertheless, I went over the script, page by page, and told them why I didn't like it. My objection was simple. I didn't find the man I was supposed to play believable.

When I was finished they started in on me. They pointed out that I was setting up my own immature judgment against the judgment of a group of men who had made some of the most important pictures in history. They tore my argument apart technically. They even won, you might say. Except that I still refused. The picture was made and it proved to be an awful bust. Now I don't for a moment take this as an indication that I am a genius. I said no in the producer's office for the same reason that people are saying no when the picture plays their neighborhood theater. I just didn't like the guy I had to play. Neither do the people who see him on the screen.

why couldn't they see? . . .

What worries me is, why didn't the producers see it as well? When did they lose their appetite and appreciation for truth and where did they pick up the false values which made them think they had something worthwhile? I think I know. It starts with superficialities that appear at first to be harmless features of Hollywood living but grow to be deep-rooted snares that hold one back from realism.

"Aw, you're hipped on the subject, Burt," said a friend of mine just the other day.

Maybe. But I have a deep hunch I am right. Soon after I began to feel this way, I did something that some people thought odd. I asked the studio for a little space where I could put the horizontal bars on which I used to do my act. I also sent for my old vaudeville partner, Nick Cravatte, to work out with me. We go through our routine almost daily. Swinging on those bars does something for me. Sometimes in the middle of a session, I realize that for minutes I have forgotten all about Hollywood; again I have been just a guy who happens to be an acrobat and is busy doing his work. It's a wonderful feeling.

not mr., but buddy . . .

Once, in this mood, I noticed that spots of rust were beginning to appear on some of the shackles that hold the apparatus firm. Without thinking, I walked down to the shops in the studio and asked a fellow if I could have a little lead paint. He looked at me casually and said, "Come back after a while, buddy. I'm too busy to bother now."

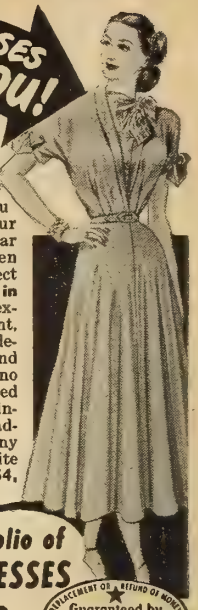
"Okay," I said and turned away. I had gone about a dozen steps before I remembered that he had called me "buddy" and realized that, not only had he failed to recognize me as one of the studio stars —*I had forgotten* about it myself!

Maybe you won't understand, but somehow that was a really great moment for me!

Because I *know* the world is not a place where everybody is supposed to take special pains to be nice to Burt Lancaster. And if I can hold that thought, Hollywood notwithstanding, I won't have to hate myself any more, and my trouble will be over.

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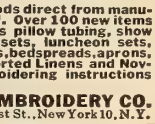
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MY FAVORITE HOLLYWOOD DESIGNERS

(Continued from page 45)

and material, but beyond that, he brooks no interference.

Howard Greer, who's an equally outspoken fellow (he can afford to be: his customers include Irene Dunne, Deanna Durbin and Rita Hayworth) claims that Paris fashions are over-rated. "The legend that Paris is the style capital of the world is kept alive by a lot of snobbish buyers and frustrated women's fashion writers who like to make trips abroad," he says sternly.

Next to women's fashion writers, Greer disapproves of women fashion designers. "They're too egocentric; they design things that would flatter themselves. They're not objective—"

He also informed me that Joan Crawford can't wear tight skirts, Greer Garson can't be talked out of anything once she's made up her mind, and Claudette Colbert always starts off with a lot of brave new ideas, and ends up with a Peter Pan collar.

"But that's okay," Greer says. "In Peter Pan collars she looks good."

He—Greer—and Adrian have been established for years; so has Irene, who's not only head designer at M-G-M, but also runs her own place away from the studio. She likes to outfit Esther Williams ("*Such* a figure!"), Katharine Hepburn and Judy Garland.

Marusia and Madame Genia are newer to the designing scene, and they both think Paris fashions are nice—but not for American women. Too complicated, they say. Genia once had her own salon in Paris, and she should know.

The story connected with Marusia's start in business is amazing. She's married to Don Wilson, the Jack Benny announcer, and two years ago, the whole Benny gang was supposed to take a trip to Hawaii. Marusia designed herself a wardrobe. The trip was called off. Result: frustration. So Marusia gave a small fashion show for her friends. We came, we stared, we tried to tear the things right off her back.

"You ought to be designing professionally!" somebody said with awe, and Marusia smiled sweetly, and proceeded to do just that.

I recently looked on while Paulette Goddard bought a Sunset-satin, off-the-shoulder job from Marusia, who specializes in rather low-cut gowns, complete with built-in bras. "Social security," she calls the hidden supports.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



While waiting on line to get into a broadcasting studio, I noticed a man with long hair who looked like he was badly in need of a haircut. Since my father is a barber, I remarked to my friends that people like him could put my Dad out of business. The man overheard me and said he was sorry. Later, in the studio, I was shocked to learn that the victim of my joke was Ray Milland. He had let his hair grow long for a movie he was making.

Ann Venuto,
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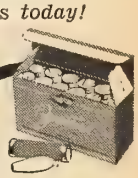
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Marusia serves her customers champagne over ice, demands only one fitting, and has been known to glare coldly at stars who complain they'd be afraid to wear her revealing finery.

"Madame," she says, on occasions like these, "you will never have an embarrassing moment in one of my creations."

All five of these designers have two shows a year. In May (for fall and winter things); in December (for spring and summer). Adrian uses ten models (he has six regulars all year round) and Irene, Genia and Greer each uses five. Marusia does her own modeling—all of it.

Genia's clothes are most expensive—they start at $350—but she justifies this by saying they never go out of style. She'll fix you a basic daytime or evening dress that you can wear ten different ways, by tricking it up with a scarf, a belt, a pin. Ingrid Bergman's been heard to say, "Genia designs a dress so it is a perfect setting for a woman. Men notice the woman, not the dress."

Genia uses dolls for miniature models; there's a Bergman doll, an Ida Lupino doll, etc. (Howard Greer likes this system, too.)

Irene (and Greer and Adrian) use sketches, and Irene also has individual muslin "forms" or "dummies" with the exact dimensions of the star she's designing for.

Marusia, who's practically a one-woman-band, designs her own fabrics, embroiders the samples, and then sends them to Italy where the material's made up and dyed.

None of the designers likes to name any special dress he or she considers his "best," but Greer has a weakness for Shirley Temple's wedding-gown; Irene remembers fondly a Dietrich wardrobe—Dietrich was going to Europe with it, and it was designed for "a woman in love"—and as far as Adrian's concerned, it wasn't Loretta Young's *acting* that won the Oscar this year, it was his emerald green dress!

The stylists all state emphatically that the stars have no designing ability whatever. "Acting and dress-making," Greer states, "are two different professions."

Stars are often difficult. There was the lady—she has a reputation for too many flowers and feathers anyhow—who came into Madame Genia's last month, and got sloe-eyed over a cocoa taffeta gown. "I'll take that," she said, "if you'll put plenty of embroidery on the skirt."

Madame Genia held a hand to her head. "Oh no," she said.

"Unless you put embroidery on the dress," said the star, "you won't have me for a customer."

Madame Genia smiled politely. "Then I'm sorry, Miss X," she said. "I won't have you for a customer."

Which reminds me of Howard Greer's caustic observance about the same star. "If somebody didn't watch her," he says, "she'd wear three hats at a time."



that's hollywood!

It had to happen to him, of all people. Laraine Day tells about the telegram received by the suspicious wife of a producer who had gone to New York to look over the shows.

"Having wonderful time," said the telegram, "wish you were her."

from "Hollywood Merry-Go-Round" by Andrew Hecht

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"I'M GOING TO MARRY TY!"

(Continued from page 57)

get a one-piece bathing suit with an attached skirt? Surely, no one had such a monstrosity in stock any more. No need to have worried, though. One telegram to mother in Mexico, and by return mail, a black woolen suit with lace trimmings and hip-pockets arrived. Paris fashion 1924. Strictly Clara Bow type.

Our next and rather unpleasant preparation consisted of getting a series of shots and vaccinations. Typhus. Tetanus. Smallpox. But it's all over now.

Ty, Jim Denton (Ty's friend and 20th Century-Fox publicist) and I will leave Chicago, make two stops (in Newfoundland and the Azores), and then land in Lisbon. Mother will fly to Lisbon from Mexico City and meet us at the airport. So will Ariadna, my sister, who is coming from Switzerland. My brothers, Gerry and Eddie, also wanted to join us, but Gerry will have to attend to his import-export business in Mexico, and Eddie, who's only 16, can't stay away from school long enough.

We'll all drive to a small hotel about 20 kilometers outside Lisbon. In 1939 Ty was there. He described it so well, I feel I already know the place. We'll stay two days. Ty and Jim, who always accompanies Ty on his trips, will drive to Madrid in Ty's new convertible which has already been shipped to Portugal.

Mother, Ariadna and I will fly directly to Tangiers, where my sister is going to be married to Ellio Rikki, the well-known engineer and yachtsman. Ellio, who is half Spanish and half Italian, and Ariadna will make their home in Rome, although Ellio's family is living in Tangiers.

date in madrid . . .

A week later, mother, Ellio, Ariadna and I will fly to Madrid to meet Ty and Jim, and continue our journey together.

Our next stop will be Valencia. There we'll put the car on board ship and take a cruise to Ivetza, a small island on the west coast of Spain. Next, on to Majorca where, Ty says, the bull fights, music and aroma of orange blossoms are equalled nowhere in the world. After spending three or four days on the island, we'll take a ship to Barcelona.

Throughout Spain, Ty will be the guide, since Spain is one of the few European countries I've never seen, but always dreamed about and wanted to visit. I speak the language and have studied their customs. But you don't really know any country until you've lived in it.

As soon as we cross the border into France, Ty and I will change places, and I'll be guide.

Our first French stop will be St. Paul, a picturesque little town not far from the Mediterranean. I have a very special reason for wanting to show it to Ty.

Ariadna and I went there last year. I remember the sunny day when we took a walk through the town. Narrow, cobblestone streets. Iron gates. Small, ancient-looking balconies. Overhanging roofs. Flower-boxes on the windows. An atmosphere of leisure and content.

We came to an old house, with rusty iron gates, and painted shutters. Crouched low to the ground, it was huddled against the mountain skirts. There was something strange and mysterious about it.

"I've got to go inside, Ariadna," I said, as we stopped in front of the wooden door hung on two rusty hinges.

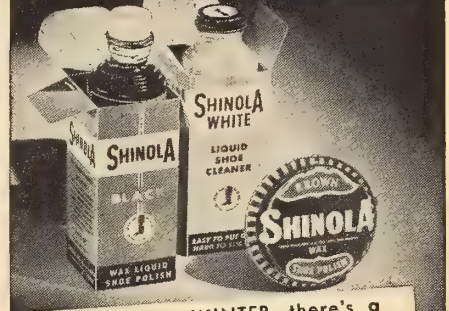
"Oh, no," she gulped, "you can't do that, Linda." But while she waited outside, frightened and protesting, I slowly

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opened the door, then closed it again quietly, for fear of attracting attention. I don't really know what had come over me, breaking into a strange house, but I couldn't resist.

It was almost dark in the hallway. But through the window on the far side, the garden glowed and the trees were afire with sunshine in the sleepy, vine-covered patio. I could hear the splashing of a fountain.

Tiptoeing past the door on my right, I ascended the winding stone stairway. On the second floor was another door—partly open. Still on my toes, I pushed the door open all the way.

Suddenly, my heart stopped beating.

Facing the door, in a grandfather's chair, sat a lean, dry woman with ancient eyes, looking as though she'd lived there for a hundred years. Her expression was grave, almost to a point of sorrow. She couldn't have weighed more than sixty pounds.

I don't really have an explanation for my strange behavior, but when she opened her lips to say something, I screamed and ran downstairs. I don't know what she wanted to tell me, but her lips moved as though she meant "wait," in French.

Once outside the house, I grasped Ariadna's arm and we headed back to our hotel as fast as we could.

"You'll be all right tomorrow, Linda," Ariadna said. But the next morning she wouldn't go back to the old house with me, and I didn't dare to go alone and to find out who the woman was and what she was doing in that lonesome house all by herself.

I've told Ty about it. I've spoken to him about the mixture of curiosity and fear that drew me back to the house. He has promised to take me.

After St. Paul, we will go to Portofino, a small Italian fishing village on the tip of the peninsula between Genoa and Rapallo. It's a beautiful spot, quiet and restful. The hotels, there are only two, are built in the same style as the buildings the fishermen live in. Two or three stories high. Painted in pastels. In Portofino, automobiles, tourists and running water are practically unheard of.

Eventually my father will meet us in Rome. Henry King, the director of *Prince of Foxes*, will also be there to discuss with Ty the final preparations for the picture.

But Rome will be only the beginning for Ty and me. Once more we will pack our suitcases for the most important journey of our life. The exact date of the departure depends on the shooting schedule of the picture. If it starts immediately after we get to Rome, we'll have to wait three or four months. If we have an extra two weeks, we'll leave immediately.

Our destination—Florence.

Our purpose—marriage!

We hope to have the ceremony held in the chapel of my old school, Paggio Imperiali, a little church on top of a hill overlooking the city. From the square in front of the church entrance, you can look down on Florence and the beautiful river Arno.

I always knew that if I'd ever get married, this would be the place I'd choose.

Both Ty and I are Catholic. According to California law, his divorce from Annabella won't be final until January. But according to the law of the Catholic Church, Ty has never been legally married, because Annabella was divorced previously. The Catholic Church doesn't recognize divorces. This being the case, we hope we'll be allowed to go ahead with our plans. (If something goes wrong, we will of course have to wait until Ty's divorce from Annabella becomes final, and we'll most likely be married in the States, in February.)

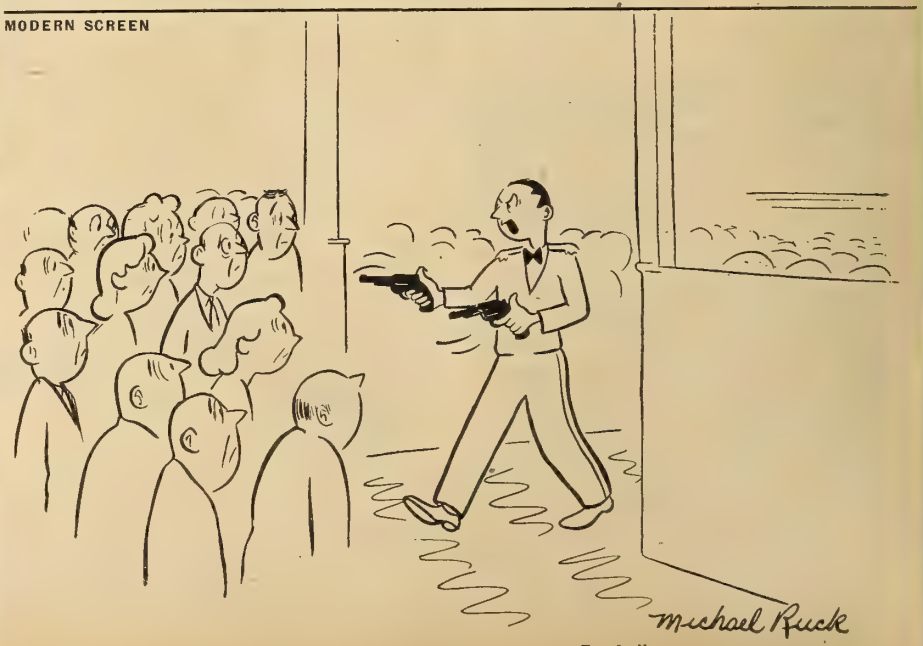
We want our marriage very quiet. No expensive trousseau. No champagne. No crowds. Our only guests will be my parents, my sister Ariadna and her husband, and Jim Denton.

I shall wear a simple white dress, the mantilla my mother wore at her wedding, and my grandmother and great-grandmother wore to theirs. My only jewelry will be a golden brooch, the Lady of Guadalupe, the patron saint of Mexico. Last Christmas I gave Ty a little medal of the Lady of Guadalupe also. He has worn this on a chain around his neck ever since.

We are hoping to honeymoon in Switzerland. When we do get back to California, we want a home. And a family, of course. I shall give up my career as an actress, and stick to painting and sculpturing—and trying to make Ty happy. We feel our private lives have been in the spotlight too long already.

All we want to be from then on is just Mr. and Mrs. Tyrone Power of Beverly Hills, California.

MODERN SCREEN



"When I say *Back* . . . I mean *Back!*"

Is your make-up fair to your EYES?

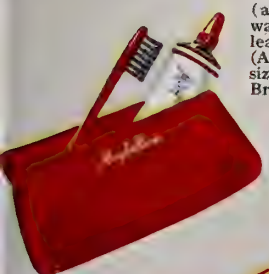
You use lipstick, of course—and for that very reason your eyes need added allure. Perhaps you've never realized (until just this moment) that neglected eyes appear pale and drab in contrast with made-up lips. Now see how easily *Maybelline* glorifies the eyes and restores color balance.

With a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline Mascara, lashes look naturally darker, longer and more luxuriant. The soft, smooth Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil accents brows gracefully, making them much more expressive.

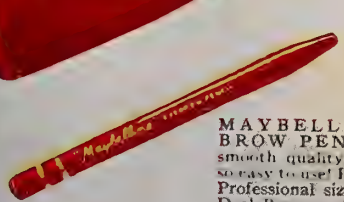
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OCTOBER, 1948

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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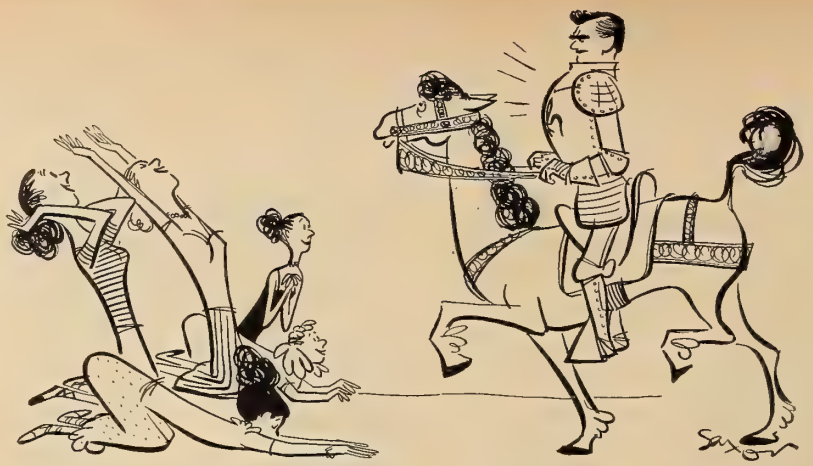


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To our Readers

IT'S NOT THAT we dislike Clark Gable. There's every reason to believe he's a very good guy. Even plays a handy game of golf. It's this business about the women—the way they fall before him like broken lilies. To them he's apparently Don Juan and Lancelot and King Arthur combined. There are five ladies we can mention (and we do on page 38) who've given themselves to the Gable cause. As we said, the man's all right—but he certainly makes it tough for the rest of us!

COME TO THINK of it, Cornel Wilde doesn't have it so bad, either. Lately, he's been spending time convincing his gorgeous wife, Pat Knight, that she's awake. They're co-starring for the first time in *The Lovers,* and Pat's in a daze. She'd been dreaming of this for ten years. But the dream-state doesn't show. If you don't believe us, you can see for yourself on page 56.

PICTURE IT—a blue velvet night, soft breezes, the smell of alfalfa. We did more than picture it (on page 34); we climbed into our dungarees and went along on a hayride in the San Fernando Valley. The whole idea belonged to Reba and Bonnie Churchill (teen-age columnists who knew about these square-dance parties in the Valley). But the night . . . that belonged to us.

WHICH REMINDS US of MODERN SCREEN's writers. We don't exactly keep them in chains (ask a few), but we take a sort of proud, benevolent interest in them. We've discovered, for example, that they've cornered the radio networks. Hedda Hopper (page 28); Louella Parsons (page 6); Dorothy Kilgallen (page 14); George Fisher (page 60); Erskine Johnson (page 48)—each one has a room with a mike . . .

ERSKINE EVEN DECIDED he'd write a magazine story in soap-opera form. It's called "Evie's Other Husband." The man is Van Johnson. The question is, are the Johnsons happy? The answers, as best a good reporter could learn 'em, are on page 48.

Faith Baldwin writes a down-to-earth story of Young Love's Castle-in-the-Air!

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This is **JASON**—Say! Look who's *Holden* Peggy now!

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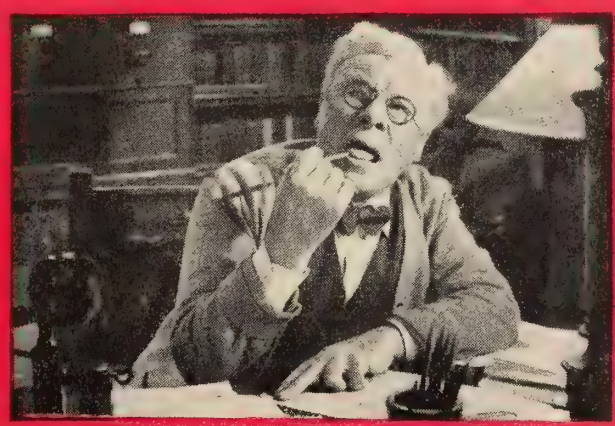
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Color by TECHNICOLOR

Directed and written for the screen by
GEORGE SEATON

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LOUELLA PARSONS' Good news



Louella Parsons returned with her husband, Dr. Harry Martin, on the S. S. America, after a European vacation. Louella visited her Hollywood friends now making movies in England, France and Italy, was feted at many parties.

■ Judy Garland is a sick, sick girl again, so ill her doctors say she must remain off the screen for months. When you stop to think what a round apple-cheeked child she was just a few years ago, these recurring collapses are just heart-breaking.

Ginger Rogers was rushed in to replace Judy in *The Barkleys of Broadway*, with Fred Astaire. It is too bad that it took this serious illness of Judy's to accomplish it—but reuniting Ginger and Fred, the best dance team we have ever had on the screen—is something to shout about.

When Fred first heard his former dance queen was about to sign as his co-star, he kicked up his heels, plenty. Not that he doesn't want to make a picture with Ginger—but he thought this might take the edge off an "independent" movie they are contracted for in which they share in the profits.

But when he was offered another "dancing lady" (who shall be nameless) Fred gave in—in a hurry. He considers her the most "undancing" star of the screen.

* * *

Let's face it. Everyone on the inside in Hollywood knew things had not been going well between the Rex Harrisons for months!

But how that girl, Lilli Palmer, came through when Rex Harrison was in the spotlight during the investigation into Carole Landis' suicide! Rex had discovered the tragedy. Carole's maid said he was a frequent diner at the house.

Lilli, who had been in New York for weeks, caught the first plane back to Hollywood to be with her husband and to deny that they had been having any domestic trouble.

She went up in everyone's estimation one hundred per cent and her loyalty and devotion has not cost her a single movie fan.

Her voice was trembling, but determined, a few hours after her arrival when she said to the reporters swarming around their Mandeville Canyon home, "My place is by the side



George Murphy, Jane Wyman and Eddie Bracken at NBC's "Let's Talk Hollywood" show. Jane has moved into a new home with Maureen and Michael. It's larger (old one was cramped) gives her more privacy.



Marie Wilson, Ken Murray and a cast member celebrated the seventh year of *Ken Murray's Blackouts* with a huge cake. The birthday show was 3223rd performance! Marie and Ken are only original members left.



Spike Jones took his new bride, Helen Grayco, to Paul Draper's opening at Slapsie Maxie's. Spike was formerly married to Patricia Ann Middleton. They have a daughter, Linda Lee, 7. Helen sings with Spike's band.



Hedy Lamarr shared a Stork Club table with Bea Lillie (star of Broadway smash, *Inside U.S.A.*) and Robert Lantz. Hedy, who'll make *Samson and Delilah* for DeMille, says she and John Loder won't reconcile.

of my husband. If he returns to England, I shall go with him. If he stays here, I shall remain—naturally."

There was not one word about her own career—or whether it would be best for her to stay in Hollywood where she is off to a good start. Her only thought was about Rex and their child.

* * *

Howard Duff has it bad for Ava Gardner and goes into a minor decline every time she steps out with someone else. This boy can really light up a torch when he sets his heart to it.

Not long ago when Ava was "out" when Howard called, he rang up all their friends begging them to use their influence with her.

"What's he doing? Trying to get elected?" cracked Ava when she heard about it.

* * *

Frank Sinatra said a sweet thing to a 16-year-old would-be glamor girl who was embarrassed almost to tears because her father called to escort her home from a party at nine p.m.!

"Don't you worry, honey," said Frankie. "In just a few years I'll be picking up my little girl at nine o'clock and believe me, she's coming home at that time."

The occasion was a party at the home of Henry Ginsberg, popular executive at Paramount. Henry had planned to have only grown-ups for dinner, but when his 19-year-old son heard that songwriters Jimmy van Heusen ("But Beautiful") and Jimmy McHugh ("I Can't Give You Anything But Love") PLUS Sinatra were to be among the guests, it turned into a bobby-sox fiesta.

Young Ginsberg trouped in with 20 'teenagers who immediately plunked van Heusen at the piano in the living room and McHugh at the piano in the den and had Frankie running between them for hours.

When Betty Hutton showed up—it became a Tin Pan Alley dream!

POP! POP! POP!
EVERYBODY LOVES
Manley's
Hi Pop
POPCORN

IT'S HOT



IT'S FRESH



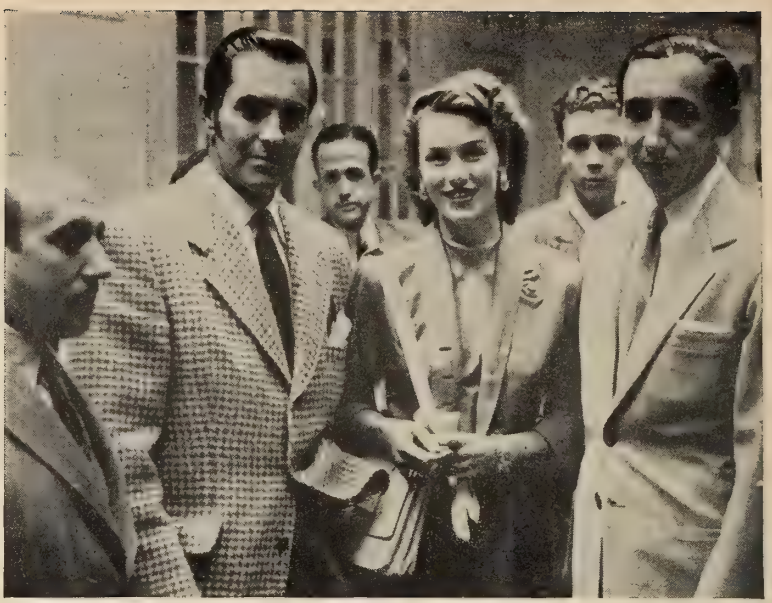
IT'S DELICIOUS





Get hot, fresh, delicious Hi Pop Popcorn anywhere—the Nation's popular food confection. Served from sparkling Manley Popcorn Machines at your movie theatre and variety store or wherever good popcorn is sold. Ask your food store for Hi Pop in the red and white candy cane package. Make your own popcorn at home. Remember—Hi Pop is the same fine corn movie shows feature.

INSIST ON
Manley's Hi Pop
IN THE CANDY STRIPED PACKAGE



Enroute to Italy for work on a movie, Ty Power and Linda Christian stop off at Madrid. Because his divorce decree from Annabella doesn't become final until January, studio execs have asked them to put off proposed marriage in Europe.

Good news

Only discord of the whole musical evening was when the fore-mentioned baby siren was hauled home to meet the curfew deadline. Said Frankie to the host, at closing time, "This is the first time I've sung for my dinner in years!"

* * *

Prettiest party of the summer was hosted by Dinah Shore and George Montgomery in their garden just before Dinah took off for London.

All the girls were invited to wear Spanish-type clothes—so most of them showed up in off-the-shoulder peasant blouses and bright skirts of every hue in the rainbow.

A big, fat moon came up at just the proper time to illuminate the gleaming dinner table, almost bowed down with red and white blossoms, and the shadowy figures of guitar players strolling around the grounds.

Alan Ladd, who ate three helpings of the hot Spanish food, was yelling for Susie to bring water to put out the fire. Alan is the envy of every actor (and actress) in town. That boy can really EAT and without putting on a pound. T'aint right, somehow.

His leading lady, Donna Reed, one of the real beauties of this town, looked like a dream in all-white, very form-fitting, and the newly skinny Anne Baxter gave her a run for top beauty honors in an electric blue skirt and matching blouse.

All the gals sported their new short haircuts—including the hostess. Dinah's whole personality has changed with her new perky hair-cut. Says she feels "sassy," too.

The Montgomerys do a charming thing for their departing guests. They have big bouquets of flowers picked from the garden and present all couples with armsful of posies just before they drive off.

* * *

I still have a few movie star memories from my trip abroad I want to tell you about:

Rita Hayworth looked like a baby Camille lying on a chaise longue in the patio at the delightful cocktail party Freddie Brisson (Ros Russell's husband) gave in my honor in Cannes.

Rita, just out of the French hospital after a serious siege of anemia, was still taking medicine and her doctors had told her to take it easy.

She looked dreamy with her hair now so dark it is almost brown and wearing one of the low-cut sports dresses.

The surrounding scenery was out of this world, but I am sure the Frenchmen paying such ardent court around Rita's chaise longue behaving like love-smitten Armands, saw nothing but la Hayworth.

I might add that Rita has made up her last year's feud with the French press. She even went so far being sweet as to give a Siamese cat to one of the Paris reporters for his little daughter.

No, indeed—you hear no criticism of la belle Rita in la Belle France these days!

If you ask me—you can forget those rumors that she has any intention of trying to effect a reconciliation with Orson Welles. *That* is over and done with.

* * *

Ingrid Bergman, never known as a "clothes horse," had a most embarrassing moment in Paris until Schiaparelli, world-famed designer,

HEAR IT!

CHEER IT!



COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR!

DENNIS MORGAN · JACK CARSON

WAHOO! HOW THOSE DUDE-RANCH ROMEOS MAKE WOO-WOO!

TWO GUYS FROM TEXAS

Just LOOK at these song hits! Everybody's singing em'!

"EVERY DAY I LOVE YOU A LITTLE BIT MORE"

"HANKERIN'"

"MUSIC IN THE LAND"

"I DON'T CARE IF IT RAINS ALL NIGHT"

"AT THE RODEO"

"I NEVER MET A TEXAN"

"I WANT TO BE A COWBOY IN THE MOVIES"



and DOROTHY MALONE · PENNY EDWARDS

Screen Play by I. A. L. Diamond and Allen Boretz
Suggested by a Play by Robert Sloane and Louis Pelletier
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DIRECTED BY DAVID BUTLER · PRODUCED BY ALEX GOTTLIEB



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★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

Good news



Host John Garfield chats with Beatrice Pearson at a Hollywood party in her honor. Beatrice is debuting in *Tucker's People* starring Garfield.



Leaving soon for London where he'll make *Britannia Mews*, Van Heflin and his wife dine at Stork.

came to her rescue, in the nick of time.

Bergman had flown over from London to attend a big charity affair at the Eiffel Tower. She was told it was strictly an outdoor event—so she showed up with only a suit.

When she arrived in Paris and found it to be one of the dressiest occasions of the brilliant social season—she didn't know what to do.

"If I do not show up," Ingrid wailed to me over the 'phone, "they will say I do not have the interest of the poor French children at heart. If I do appear, they will say 'That Bergman—she has never known how to dress.' And I do not have time to have a gown fitted."

But when Schiaparelli heard of her plight, she sent her post-haste the most divine white gown you have ever put your eyes on and, believe it or not, the fit was so perfect you would have sworn it was poured on Ingrid.

She was the hit of the event, so cute with her speech in French with that slight Swedish accent!

Later on, I sat next to Ingrid at the party given by Edith and William Goetz of the film colony. She said to me, "Please, please, Louella—say that there is no truth in the cruel rumors that my husband and I are separating. I am expecting him to join me as soon as possible. He wanted to fly. But I want him to take the boat because I fear for his safety."

Does that sound like trouble? Not to me.

* * *

The next week, in London, the Goetzes gave a wonderful party in honor of Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone, Phil Harris and Marilyn Maxwell, who absolutely wowed the conservative British when their show opened at the Palladium.

While we were still in the theater, Alice Faye rushed up and threw her arms around my neck saying, "I'm so homesick. Isn't it awful when everything is so exciting here?" Talk about modesty—that girl is ready to let Phil Harris take the bows for the family for the rest of their lives.

When Alice was introduced to the audience they stamped and cheered but she just re-



It's lovely Loretta's grandest role since her Academy Award performance as "The Farmer's Daughter"

Rebel bride of a man she'd never kissed! Pledged to share his home... but not privileged to claim his love! Until one day ... one fateful day ... along came a Tall, Dark Stranger!

DORE SCHARY *presents*

LORETTA YOUNG • WILLIAM HOLDEN
ROBERT MITCHUM

in

Rachel and the Stranger

Produced by RICHARD H. BERGER
Directed by NORMAN FOSTER
Screenplay by WALDO SALT

RKO RADIO PICTURES





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NEW PURSE-STYLE KURLASH

Men's eyes follow your eyes—when they're large, lovely, alluring!

Such eye-appeal is yours in sixty seconds with KURLASH, the patented eyelash curler—glamour secret of Hollywood stars! Gently, KURLASH upcurves your lashes against a soft rubber cushion, makes them look longer, thicker, twice as glamourous!

New PURSE-STYLE KURLASH is handy as your lipstick. Folds into smart, flexible plastic case, for use anywhere, any time! At all cosmetic counters $1.25
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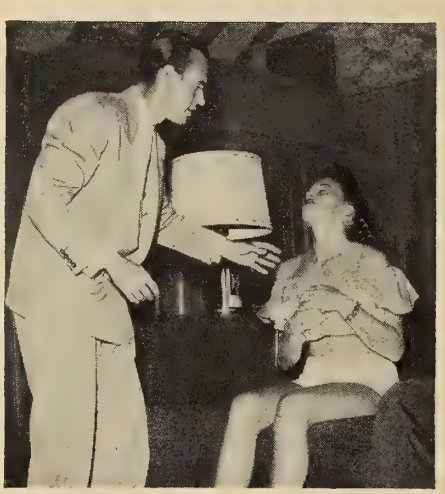
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

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Good news



Jack Carson threw a party at his Sherman Oaks home and invited hypnotist Fred Schneider to put his guests to sleep. Willing guests were Michael O'Shea and wife Virginia Mayo.



Best subject was Janis Paige, who sang and rocked her arms when told she had a baby in them. Carson tried to hypnotize Janis, failed.



With Schneider's help, Jack managed to get his pal Dennis Morgan into the pool. Carson hoped hypnotist would cure him of insomnia.

fused to go up on the stage and take a bow.

Close down in the front row I spotted Dana Andrews and his attractive wife. Dana was literally mobbed every time he appeared on the streets and I can say the same for Joe Cotten.

Funny thing—at home, the fans do not always recognize Joe. But the British seem to spot him ten blocks away.

* * *

And now I might add the topper which concerns the antics of Orson Welles—who else?

Cannes will never stop talking about his "swim" in Le Loupe River in his birthday suit, surprising the astonished natives out of their wits and embarrassing friends unfortunate enough to be along on this bit of authentic "exhibitionism."

When I left Europe, he was holidaying in Capri with his fiancée, the beautiful Italian Lea Padovani. In Rome, 'tis said, he is very jealous of his sweetheart and has a minor fit if she is out of his sight.

* * *

Audie Murphy is back from that junket to France, but just before he took off I asked him, "When are you going to marry Wanda Hendrix?" He said, "We have to get engaged, first." And that's that. I think the real reason those kids don't take the plunge is that Audie feels he can't support her in movie-star style. Our most-decorated war hero doesn't make a big salary. He is as proud as Lucifer, but I think little Wanda is really in love with him and I hope the kids get together.

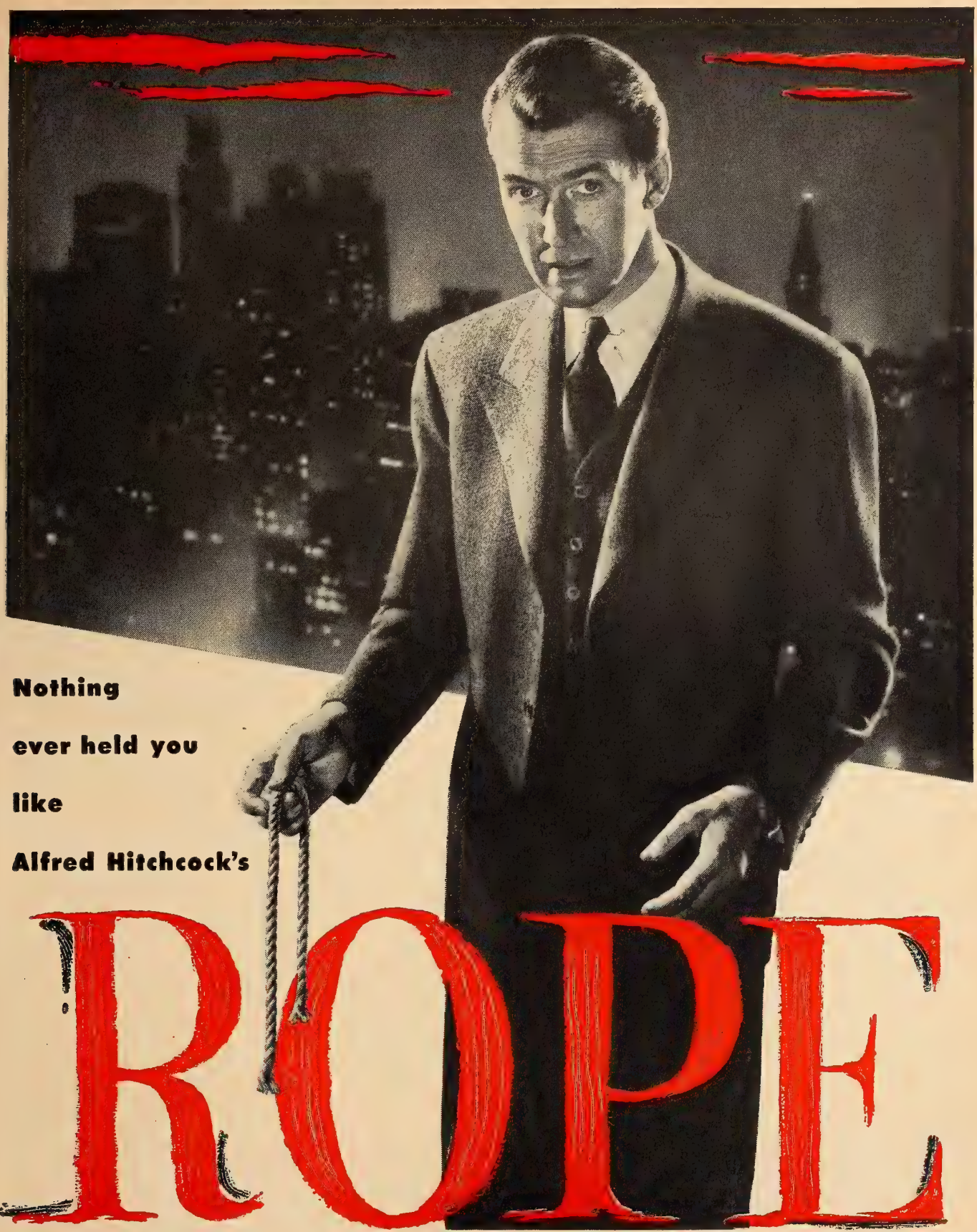
* * *

Don't say I said so, but Clark Gable and Marilyn Maxwell had a bit of a flirtation on the boat going to London. But once Clark arrived in France he had eyes for only Dolly O'Brien, the glamorous socialite, who makes no bones about being a grandmother. Clark is really crazy about Dolly, as I've said several times before. But whether or not Mr. Gable will ever get married again is a great big question mark.

* * *

Dennis Morgan tells me he's not kicking up his heels about making more *Two Guys* pictures with Jack Carson. Certainly they have been successful at the box-office—but frankly, I wouldn't blame Dennis and Jack if they did feel they had made enough of them. Well, a long time ago, two big stars, Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen, got into the same kind of teaming rut—and when they separated they were never as successful.

Incidentally, Dennis has been working so hard he still hasn't found time to furnish completely his beautiful but enormous home near the Rose Bowl in Pasadena.



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IN COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.

STARRING **JAMES STEWART** WITH JOHN DALL FARLEY GRANGER SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE CONSTANCE COLLIER AND JOAN CHANDLER

Screen Play by Arthur Laurents • From the Play by Patrick Hamilton • Director of Photography, Joseph Valentine, A.S.C.

A TRANSATLANTIC PICTURES PRODUCTION

dorothy kilgallen

selects "a foreign affair"





Congresswoman Jean Arthur, investigating GI "morale" in Germany, discovers Army Captain John Lund "fraternizing" with night club fraulein Marlene Dietrich.

■ Once in a wonderful while, some Hollywood genius achieves the perfect combination of wit, plot, sentiment and Americana that comes out of the cinema oven as a brilliant confection of entertainment.

Frank Capra has done it. George Stevens has done it. So has Preston Sturges.

In the enchanting Paramount concoction called *A Foreign Affair,* Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder do it with the flourish of master chefs.

Their theme is post-war Berlin and a Congressional committee assigned to investigate the "morale" (here a synonym for morals) of the American troops stationed in Germany—which sounds like a stuffy basis for a story but turns out to be wonderful fun. Its treatment is lighthearted, yet not without heart. It is full of jokes, but full of truths, too. It contains an admirable mixture of imaginative fiction and good eyewitness reporting. The result is a terrific piece of entertainment from the first laugh—when Jean Arthur is shown looking remarkably like a rather well-known blonde ex-Congresswoman who shall be nameless because everyone will think of her instantly anyway—to the final boff when Marlene Dietrich exits to what one may assume to be a fate considerably better than death at the hands of five GI's.

Ex-GI's will roar with appreciative laughter at the predicaments of the principals in *A Foreign Affair,* which Army-wise, must have a loud ring of authenticity. The soldier sitting next to me when I saw it was coming apart at the seams.

The film is remarkable not only for the quality of its dialogue but for its atmosphere of authenticity. The shots of Berlin —real ones, not studio sets or miniatures— are as fascinating and appalling as any post V-E Day newsreels. It is amazing that their starkness could be mixed successfully with comedy, but Brackett and Wilder, those old celluloid alchemists, do it with a sure pair of hands.

And the actors hired to assist them in the unfolding of a deft screenplay must have made the directing chore a pleasure. John (Ah, Girls!) Lund, in a new brunette and be-mustached guise, is as ruggedly sexy as Gable, but younger and smoother around the acting edges. Jean Arthur is her customary bright, raucous-voiced, enchanting self, and Marlene Dietrich gives every appearance of enjoying herself hugely in the most suitable role she has had for a decade. Playing an amorous fraulein with a sharp eye for nylons, she gives a genuine characterization and gets her laughs with the fine timing of a burlesque comic.

There aren't many like this one. See it!

THE DRIVE!
40,000 hooves thundering across the vast plains and mighty rivers of a sprawling continent!

IN 25 YEARS- ONLY THREE!

"COVERED WAGON"

"CIMARRON"

AND NOW—

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"RED RIVER"

THE RAILROAD!
Pouring across the tracks, the herd reaches the farthest frontier of civilization!

THE AMBUSH!
Bullet against flaming arrow as blood-mad savages ride the ring of death!

THE FEUD!
Vengeance . . . exploding in the fury of a desperate fight to the finish . . . bringing new glory to a great new star— Montgomery Clift!

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HOWARD HAWKS' **"RED RIVER"**

starring JOHN WAYNE · MONTGOMERY CLIFT · WALTER BRENNAN · JOANNE DRU

With HARRY CAREY, Sr. · COLEEN GRAY · JOHN IRELAND · NOAH BEERY, Jr. · HARRY CAREY, Jr. · PAUL FIX

From the Saturday Evening Post story, "The Chisholm Trail", by Borden Chase

Screenplay by Borden Chase and Charles Schnee

Executive Producer, CHARLES K. FELDMAN · DIRECTED AND PRODUCED BY HOWARD HAWKS · RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

Movie reviews

by Jean Kinkead



Brooding over his father's death which he has solemnly vowed to avenge, Hamlet denounces his mother, the Queen, for having married her husband's brother (also his murderer) in haste.



Ophelia, now spurned by the once-adoring Hamlet, is ultimately driven insane by the death of her father (accidentally stabbed by Hamlet). Wandering aimlessly into a stream, she drowns.



Her brother Laertes blames Hamlet for the deaths of his kinsmen. Egged on by the King, he challenges the unhappy Prince to a duel in which Hamlet shall die by both sword and poison.

HAMLET

Laurence Olivier's majestic *Hamlet* is no mere photographed stage play. It is swift-moving, action-packed cinema, so beautifully directed and produced that one is scarcely aware that on screen it is the Thirteenth Century. Somehow, the time is now; the centuries-old problems, immediate and urgent. Shakespeare's four-hour tragedy has been edited and cut so that it emerges as a two-and-a-half-hour movie. Many of its more obscure passages and obsolete words have been changed and miraculously, this has heightened one's interest in the story without in any way sacrificing the poetry and grandeur of the original lines.

The story, familiar to every high-school student, is briefly this: Prince Hamlet of Denmark (Laurence Olivier) is grieving terribly over his father's death, and is even more sick at heart that his mother has married his father's brother, Claudius, when King Hamlet has been dead but a few weeks. The ghost of King Hamlet has been appearing nightly to the castle guards, and one night the distraught young prince stands watch to see whether his father's restless spirit brings a message. A message it brings, and a grisly one.

Seems that King Hamlet did not die of natural causes but was foully murdered by Claudius that the latter might gain both the throne and Denmark's fair Queen Gertrude (Eileen Herlie) for himself. Hamlet's ghost bids young Hamlet to avenge this hideous crime, and to that end the Prince now dedicates himself.

He accomplishes (*Continued on page 18*)

UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL presents

. . . THE GAL WHO Invented LOVE!

One Touch of Venus

Starring

ROBERT WALKER

AVA GARDNER

DICK HAYMES



with

EVE ARDEN * OLGA SAN JUAN * TOM CONWAY

Screenplay by Harry Kurnitz & Frank Tashlin · Based on the Musical Play · Music by Kurt Weill · Book by S. J. Perelman & Ogden Nash · Lyrics by Ogden Nash

Directed by WILLIAM A. SEITER

Produced by LESTER COWAN

A Gripping Tale



DeLong Bob Pins hold your hair as firmly as a thriller holds your attention . . . The Stronger Grip DeLong boasts about is no mere slogan dreamed-up by ad-writers . . . It's a fact as cold and hard as the high-carbon steel that goes into these quality bob pins . . . Try them and see how much better DeLong Bob Pins stay in your hair, how much longer they keep their strength and springy action . . . You'll never go back to the wishy-washy kind of bob pin that's in your hair one minute and in your lap the next. Always remember—

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Won't Slip Out



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BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SNAPS PINS SANITARY BELTS

his aim at frightful cost. He mistakingly murders Polonius (Felix Aylmer), the father of his beloved Ophelia (Jean Simmons). Ophelia loses her mind. He sees his mother die by her own hand, accidentally kills his friend Laertes (Terence Morgan), and eventually dies himself.

This wholesale slaughter as seen in a stage play is rarely moving or effective. Here it is both. You will walk out of the theater feeling shattered, yet strangely uplifted. Olivier's *Hamlet* is really quite a thing!

The acting is uniformly fine. Laurence Olivier is a sensitive Hamlet, with an excellent flair for humor. Eighteen-year-old Jean Simmons is a beautiful and tear-evoking Ophelia. Norman Wooland, in his first major role, is perfect as Horatio, the wise and steadfast friend, and Eileen Herlie is a strong and lovely Queen Gertrude. This is a history-making film, full of new visual and oral devices, but what is more important—it is superlative entertainment.—*Univ.-Int.*

THE ILLEGALS

Meyer Levin, a young American writer, wrote, produced and directed this moving semi-documentary film about displaced Jews on their perilous way to Palestine. Not a member of the cast is a professional actor, not a penny was expended on expensive sets. Consequently, the film is neither polished nor slick. It is merely the heart-breakingly accurate picture-story of a brave, long-suffering people told with the poignance of understatement.

Mika and Sara Wilner—played by Yankel Mikalowitch and Tereska Torres (Mrs. Meyer Levin)—are young Polish Jews who want more than anything else to have their expected child born in Palestine. Via the new Jewish underground railway, the Brayha, they make their arduous way to a secret port in Italy, thence by Haganah ship across the Mediterranean to Israel. Their separation and reunion is the film's personal story, but the big drama, of course, involves a whole people.

The movie was photographed along the route actually taken by displaced Jews, and the people one sees being herded like swine into freight cars are not Hollywood extras, but human beings whose filth and terror are all too real. The tired old man falling in the snow almost at journey's end, the frightened girl in childbirth in the stifling hold of the Haganah ship, the patient little boy with his crust of bread, these are our fellow men experiencing the indignities of the lowest animals.

The Illegals (as these homeless people are known to the British Tommies) is a crude film. It pulls no punches. It isn't pretty or pleasant. Neither has it a happy ending. But we should all see it, with our hearts as well as our eyes, and having seen it, perhaps some of us will be moved to do something about it. Produced by Meyer Levin for Americans for Haganah.—*20th-Fox.*

THE BABE RUTH STORY

Adapted from Bob Considine's book of the same name and painstakingly produced by Roy Del Ruth, this is a heart-warming tribute to baseball's beloved Sultan of Swat.

The Babe Ruth Story goes way back to 1906 when George Herman Ruth, a potential juvenile delinquent, was jack of all trades in his father's saloon. Bitterly unhappy, George left his father and, of his own volition, went with his kind-eyed, soft-spoken friend—Brother Matthias—to a Baltimore orphanage—St. Mary's Industrial School for Boys. Sustained by the Brother's faith in him, the high-spirited youngster grew up on the right side of the law, learned the tailoring trade well, but spent every free second on the baseball diamond. With the help of Brother Matthias, he got his first job—pitching for the Baltimore Orioles.

The Babe's career is followed faithfully, as he moved from the Orioles to the Red Sox to the Yankees, and eventually—as a paunchy slugger in his forties—to the Braves. The film's last scenes show him slugging for his life in New York's French Hospital.

Although the Bambino's gay days have been white-washed considerably, and there is no mention whatever of his stormy first marriage, Baseball's bad boy, as shown here, is still no angel. There's one sequence in which he turns up at the Children's Hospital on Christmas



The Illegals: Accurate picture-story of displaced Polish Jews on their perilous way to Palestine.

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THE QUEEN'S PHYSICIAN
by Edgar Maas
The handsome doctor knew at a glance that the lovely and seductive Queen Caroline was suffering from an ailment which only ardent passion could cure!

ANNIE JORDAN
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Vivid, romantic story of a girl who fought hard for happiness — then tossed it all away in a desperate bid for *the only love she could NOT have!*

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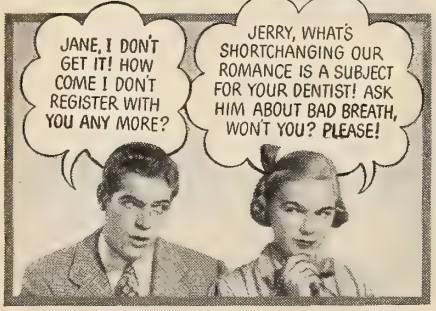
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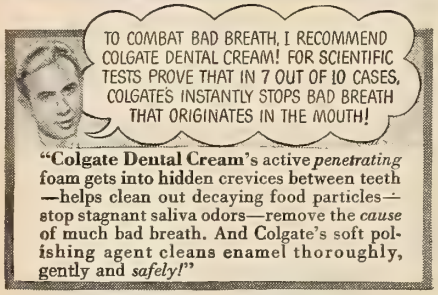
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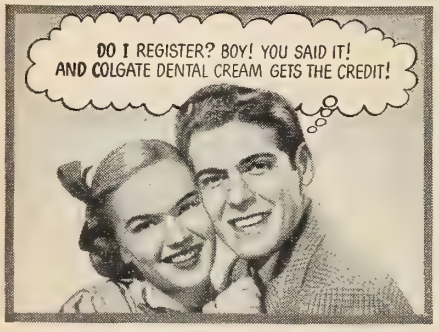






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Eve, a very plastered Santa Claus, and another shows him cutting up in a Follies dressing room. These colorful bits give depth and meaning to a story that might easily have been over-sentimentalized. All the cherished anecdotes are here, lots of good old songs, wonderful nostalgia. It's a baseball fan's dream picture and solid entertainment for us bench-warmers who don't know a base-hit from a hole-in-one.

The story isn't perfect. Bill Bendix as the teen-age Ruth is pretty unbelievable, and a few of the hospital scenes are just too corny. However, Bendix's portrait of Ruth is a warm, humorous and sympathetic one. Claire Trevor is adequate as his wife. Charles Bickford does a fine, restrained job as Brother Matthias and Fred Lightner, as Yankee manager Miller Huggins, is just plain magnificent.—*Mono.*

EMBRACEABLE YOU

This is a maudlin little concoction about two kids—Dane Clark and Geraldine Brooks —who are living on borrowed time.

Seems that Eddie Novoc (that's Dane), a young hoodlum, is about to drive an unsavory-looking chap named Sig Kelch (Richard Rober) home from an evening of gambling—and murder. The car plunges forward suddenly and, to Eddie's horror, it knocks down a girl. (That's Geraldine.) Kelch won't let Eddie stop to see how badly she's hurt, but the thing preys on Novoc's mind, and when he finds an account in the paper he goes to see the girl, Marie Willens, in the hospital.

The newspaper story had said that the girl had a brother in Milwaukee, and Eddie pretends he's a friend of the brother's. When Marie tells Ferris (Wallace Ford), the detective in charge of her case, about her visitor she confides that she's just a bit puzzled for she has no brother in Milwaukee. She had fibbed to the newspaper reporters so that she wouldn't appear to be a waif with neither kith nor kin. Ferris immediately suspects that Eddie is the hit-and-run driver and when he learns from Marie's doctor (Douglas Kennedy) that Marie has a blood clot in her bloodstream which means certain death within a few weeks, he decides on a course of action.

He tells Eddie that he knows he's guilty, but that he won't pull him in for a while, and he orders him to make Marie happy for the rest of her short life.

Eddie sells his car to get some cash, rents a plush apartment for the bewildered Marie who has no idea that she is doomed. When he runs out of money, he blackmails Kelch to the tune of $1,000. Eventually, of course, Marie

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Want to save money? Don't buy MODERN SCREEN—get it for nothing! Get three issues free! November, December and January copies are waiting to be mailed to the first 500 of you who answer the Questionnaire below. The thing is—we want to write about the stars you want to read about. What could be simpler? What could be smarter than being among the first 500 on our mailing list?

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our October issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

Why Can't They Stay Married? by Hedda Hopper ☐
Bloopface and the Babe (Judy Garland) ☐
Let's Have A Hayride! ☐
The Gable Women by Dorothy Kilgallen ☐
Love Is So Terrific! (Jane Powell) ☐
She Was A Good Girl (Rita Hayworth) ☐
This Is My Best by Cobina Wright ☐
"Evie's Other Husband" (Van Johnson) ☐
Fabulous Honeymoon (Karin Booth) ☐
Guy Madison: In Person ☐
"It's Not A Dream, Darling" (Cornel Wilde-Pat Knight) ☐
Intimate View (Errol Flynn) ☐
Fighting Lady (Laraine Day) ☐
End Of A Mystery (Bob Walker) ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What MALE star do you like least?.....

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Embraceable You: Dane Clark and Geraldine Brooks live, love excitingly on borrowed time.

and Eddie fall desperately in love, and when Marie learns that she has just a week or two left to live, she begs him to marry her. Kelch shows up on their wedding day intent on putting Eddie out of the way—and there is excitement and gunplay. Is there a wedding? That we're not going to tell.

The story, obviously, is pretty preposterous. However, it manages to generate a lot of excitement, and furthermore it's quite a tear-jerker. That will appeal to the ladies, and for the guys, there's Geraldine Brooks, who is really worth seeing.—*War.*

THE BLACK ARROW

This is Fifteenth Century England right after the War of the Roses. (The war between the House of York and the House of Lancaster.) Sir Richard Shelton, a Yorkist, returns victoriously to Tunstall Castle to learn that his father is dead—murdered in cold blood by their neighbor, Lancastrian John Sedley—and that his uncle, Sir Daniel Brackley, is now in charge. Sir Richard can hardly believe his ears, for in spite of political differences, Sedley and Richard's father were always good friends. At length Uncle Dan convinces Sir Richard that the amazing news is true indeed, and he also tells him that the wicked man's daughter, Joanna (Janet Blair) has been made a ward of the crown and placed in Dan's custody.

Sir Richard is prepared to hate the girl—flesh and blood of his father's murderer—but she is very beautiful, and he falls for her instead. Joanna reveals to Richard that Uncle Dan is his father's murderer, not Sedley; and that her pa—whom everyone thinks has been executed—is hiding out in the forest with a band of loyal followers. The young lovers try to take to the woods in search of dad and almost lose their lives in the attempt. Dauntless Sir Richard risks his neck several more times before he and his gal finally get together.

This is spotty entertainment. It's fine when one is watching Edgar Buchanan as Lawless, the Lancastrian archer who so accurately dispatches black arrows with their rhyming messages. He is hearty and invigorating. However, Louis Hayward—who is constantly referred to as "the boy"—is a bit mature for Stevenson's dashing young Sir Richard. Janet Blair of the

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The Black Arrow: In 15th-Century England, Louis Hayward falls for his uncle's ward, Janet Blair.

divine figure and flair for light comedy is a fish out of water as the sappy, eyelash-batting Joanna.

Too bad that this costume film (adapted from Robert Louis Stevenson's book of the same name) comes out simultaneously with *Hamlet.* The comparison is fairly odious.—*Col.*

PITFALL

This is a thriller with more than the usual impact because its characters are ordinary people like you and me. You'll find here no monsters or mobsters—just a plain guy, his pretty wife and their freckled-faced little boy. They look like the sort of family the song-writers love—Molly and me. That sort of thing. But they wind up in a tabloid murder case. Why? Because of the Pitfall—Lizabeth Scott.

The morning the trouble begins, John Forbes (Dick Powell) is complaining to his wife Sue (Jane Wyatt) about the deadly monotony of their lives. He's weary of the insurance business, wants to do something wild and wonderful like sailing to the South Seas. He leaves home a perfect set-up for any kind of adventure, and when he gets to his office the adventure is waiting.

Mac MacDonald, a private detective employed by the insurance company to check up on claims, tells John that he has discovered some of the loot Embezzler Bill Smiley (Byron Barr) bought with embezzled funds; and he gives John the address of Mona Stevens, Smiley's girl. Smiley having been bonded by John's firm, it's John's job to recover what goods he can. He finds Mona to be a singularly disturbing gal—reckless, beautiful, utterly unorthodox in her approach to life. John goes off the deep end completely, can't stay away from her. Where does it all end, and who kills whom? Go see for yourself.

This is a tense, sophisticated job—all the more terrifying because it could happen to *you.* Dick Powell is excellent, equally at ease in the film's funny and dramatic moments. Jane Wyatt is wholly believable as the wise and attractive Sue. Lizabeth Scott is more poised and even more beautiful than she's been in her previous films. But the sock performance



Pitfall: Seductress Liz Scott lures family man Dick Powell. Raymond Burr provides chills.

of the movie is Raymond Burr's. This hulking guy is as chill-making in his own way as Richard Widmark—and that's really big-time.

Don't miss this one. It's a honey.—*U.A.*

THE EYES OF TEXAS

Good once more triumphs over evil and that dauntless Roy Rogers squeaks through still another hair-raising adventure. In this true-to-formula Western, Roy is a U. S. Marshal who tracks down two old baddies—flint-eyed attorney Hattie Waters (Nana Bryant) and her current sucker, Vic Rabin (Roy Barcroft). This is the story:

At Thad Cameron's camp for war-orphanned boys, word is received that Thad's (Francis Ford) favorite nephew Frank—believed dead in Anzio—is alive and headed for home. Thad's lawyer, Hattie Waters, is attending to the details of Frank's homecoming, and when Thad goes to her office to talk things over she persuades him to make a new will leaving half of his considerable fortune to his camp and half to Frank.

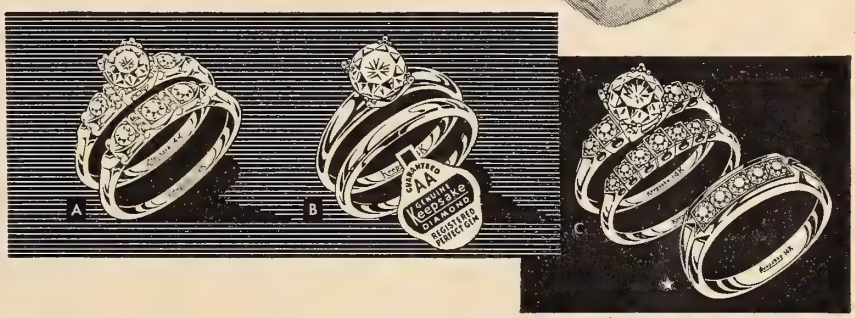
On his way home from her office, Thad is killed (right before our eyes) presumably by wolves. U. S. Marshal Roy Rogers isn't satisfied that wolves caused the death, and when he discovers an injured dog near the spot where the body was found, he suspects someone of deliberately setting wild dogs on poor Thad. Later, when a sharp-looking character blows into town purporting to be old Thad's nephew Frank—well, our Roy just knows something's up.

His seach for evidence leads him into grave danger countless times, also—on the pleasant side—into the office of Dr. Cookie Bullfincher (Andy Devine) where he meets up with pretty Penny Thatcher (Lynne Roberts), Cookie's nurse. There's a satisfactory conclusion with a minimum of mush, which will delight the kids, if not their big sisters.

The scenes of Roy in the saddle and of Roy's horse Trigger making friends with the wild dog are the best in the picture. The songs are easy listening, especially the screwy one, "Graveyard Filler of the West" sung by the Sons of the Pioneers. For the most part though, this is

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The Eyes Of Texas: Murder by wild dogs in this latest Roy Rogers film with Andy Devine.

pretty predictable stuff, and it seems too bad that there is so much unnecessary violence inasmuch as thousands of impressionable youngsters will see it. Sure, they'll eat it up—but is that good?—*Rep.*

THAT LADY IN ERMINE

This was Ernst Lubitsch's last film, and it's unfortunate that his name—which used to be almost a money-back guarantee of quality—is connected with this weak and silly business. Loaded with talented people like Betty Grable, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Cesar Romero, filmed in heavenly Technicolor, this should be something special, but—thanks to an atrocious script—it is an unmitigated disappointment.

Betty Grable plays a dual role. She is not only Angelina, an Italian countess, in the year 1861, but also Francesca—Angelina's great-great-great grandmother who saved the Bergamo Castle from the Hungarians 300 years before. Angelina's portrait comes to life at midnight every night, and this barefoot minx in the ermine coat bolluxes things up nicely for her great-great-great granddaughter. By day the Countess Francesca, recent bride of Mario (Cesar Romero) who is off with his troops, keeps a handsome Hungarian colonel (Doug Fairbanks) at arm's length; but by night Angelina comes out of her frame, pretends that she is Francesca and makes violent love to him. The poor infatuated colonel is mighty confused, as is the audience by the time this long nonsensical affair draws to its ridiculous conclusion.

Betty Grable sings a couple of poor songs adequately, dances unspectacularly and hardly shows her legs at all. Her particular brand of verve is completely lost here. Cesar Romero struggles valiantly, but is pulled under by the weight of his lines. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who looks more and more like his stunning dad, is wasted in his stupid role. Designed, no doubt, as escape cinema, this one's just a ponderous mistake.—*20th-Fox.*

MOONRISE

Here is another youthful killer for whose plight the audience is supposed to bleed. This time it's Danny Hawkins, hammily played by Dane Clark. Danny's father was hanged for killing a doctor whose negligence contributed to his wife's death, and Danny has grown up branded as a murderer's son, taunted ceaselessly by his contemporaries.

One night, there's a particularly bitter fight, and Danny, beside himself with fury, heaves a rock at Jerry Sykes, his enemy of long-standing, killing him instantly. On the heels of this bit of brutality, he borrows his friend's car and, driving seventy or eighty miles an hour, cracks up, nearly finishing himself and the three kids with him. A few reels later, Danny hurtles from a moving ferris wheel to escape The Law, and shortly thereafter all but chokes the life out of Billy, the village idiot—well played by Henry Morgan.

About here one's pity for Danny runs out. One cannot help but compare this cowardly, violent young man with Bowie (Farley Granger) the youthful criminal in *The Twisted Road* who is essentially gentle, essentially fine. There is nothing fine about Danny, even though the incredible ending attempts to give him a heart of gold.

Gail Russell, as Danny's girl Gilly, is the film's bright spot. She's lovely to look at and her under-playing is exquisite relief from Clark's heavy-handed emoting. Ethel Barrymore, strong-faced and with that wonderful, unforgettable voice, is excellent in her too-brief appearance as Danny's grandmother. Allyn Joslyn is splendid as the sheriff, and Rex Ingram is just right as Danny's old crony.

Pictures like *Moonrise*, and there are a lot of them, are a little like the gory third page of a tabloid. They carry you along with the swiftness of their pace, with their cheap sensationalism, but they send you home feeling just a bit dirty. Producer Frank Borzage can do better than this.—*Rep.*

SORRY, WRONG NUMBER

This celebrated radio drama by Lucille Fletcher has been sucessfully converted into a full-length movie, and while it has lost some of its heart-stopping force in transition, it is still a thoroughly terrifying business.

It is the story of one evening in the life of Leona Stevenson (Barbara Stanwyck), bedridden with a heart condition. As the picture opens she is trying to reach her husband's office to learn why he hasn't come home for dinner. The operator tells her repeatedly that there is no answer, but while she is stubbornly holding on to the receiver she intercepts a horrible telephone conversation. Two men are plotting a murder which is to take place that night at 11:15. *Her* murder.

Leona tries unsuccessfully to trace the call, then frantically calls the police who tell her that with so little to go on, there is, of course, nothing they can do. All alone in the big shadowy townhouse, Leona's nervousness mounts every second. Distraught by her husband's failure to appear, completely unnerved by the phone conversation she has overheard,

(*Continued on page 116*)



That Lady In Ermine: Betty Grable plays dual role, confuses love-struck Doug Fairbanks, Jr.



Moonrise: As a murderer's son, Dane Clark leads bitter life, brightened by Gail Russell.

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BEFORE GOD AND MAN

an open letter to Lilli Palmer



Lilli stands by Rex as he faces reporters in Carole Landis suicide case.

Dear Lilli Palmer:

Some people say that in Hollywood there is no simple, human decency. They hold that the town lives by the law of the jungle; that its individuals are selfish—guided only by savage ambitions and desires. They find plenty of examples to support their argument.

But you, Lilli Palmer, are proof that it's not wholly so.

When your husband, Rex Harrison, was dragged into the limelight after the death of his friend, Carole Landis, you and he were a continent apart. The inevitable rumors had already been spread . . . reports that you and he had decided to go your separate ways. But in this time of crisis in the life of the man you had sworn to stand by "for better for worse," you didn't hesitate. You went to his side when he needed you most.

It would have been easy for you to judge, to place blame, to harbor a hurt in your heart. Easier still, you could have stayed aloof, taking no chances with your own brightly-hopeful career.

You knew what the cynics would say. They'd see your act of devotion as something arranged to place your husband, a great new box-office magnet, in a better light. They'd speak of you as a woman without pride, returning for appearances' sake to a man whose love you'd been unable to hold.

But you ignored the poisoned tongues. To you, as a woman of character, there was no question of what to do. In the memorable words which Louella Parsons quotes elsewhere in this issue, you said simply, "My place is by the side of my husband."

You honored a vow made before God and man. You remembered your promise—"for better for worse"—when things were worst.

You're an honest woman, Lilli Palmer, and courageous, too.

Wade H. Nichols

EDITOR



"I shouldn't ever be married," Orson Welles told Hedda, while he and Rita Hayworth were still man-and-wife. Rita finally agreed—after three hectic years with her genius.



This picture of John Payne and Gloria De Haven at the Stork Club was snapped just following their latest reconciliation. At present, John is saying they should never part.

why can't

Has Hollywood re-written the vows to read, "until we change our minds"? Hedda explains those Humpty-Dumpty movie homes—and why they fall!

by hedda hopper

■ "I shouldn't ever be married, Hedda," a famous young man once told me gloomily, knitting his heavy black brows. "I'm not the husband type. I'm an artist. When I work I actually forget I have a wife."

At that time, he was not only married, but the father of a baby girl. At that time, his wife had just walked out on him, unable to take his wild genius any more. She came back and he produced a picture with her, and it started all over again. Then again it stopped. He's chasing his dreams in Rome, as I write, and she's in Paris, having a nervous breakdown. The baby's in Hollywood, in care of a nurse. And Orson Welles, that irresistible, irresponsible rascal, and Rita Hayworth, are divorced, their home smashed to bits for the second time.

"I've made a jackass of myself, Hedda," another tortured young man told me bitterly, calling me at home from his bed in a hospital. "I can see how cruel I've been, how I've hurt my wife. She's too good for me, but if she'll just have me back I'll make all this right to her."

"See that you do," I told him, and maybe he has. He's signed over everything he owns to his wife and baby. He's doing everything he can to control a temper made touchy by illness. His sweet little partner called me just the other day. She'd just visited Mark Stevens on location and Annelle said, "Things couldn't be better, Hedda. We're more in love than ever. I'm going right back to Colorado to be with him. We're so happy . . ."

I was at Le Papillon Café in New York a few weeks ago and I ran into another charming fellow I know. "Have a cocktail with me," he invited, smiling pleasantly, as he knows how to smile. I accepted and, after the first sip, he said, "You've never liked me." I'm frank; I admitted he was right on that. "But," argued this sophisticated young man pleasantly, "you're a great friend of my wife's, and I want you to consider. You don't think Gene would come back to me after a year's separation, plan another baby by me unless—well, unless I had a few good points, do you?"

"No," I granted, "I don't." (*Continued on page 30*)

they stay married?

The break-up that shocked Hollywood was the Reagans' (below with Maureen, 7). Jane's career, Ronnie's outside activities were blamed.



why can't they stay married?



The name of Lana Turner figured briefly in the Sinatra split last December, but Frank soon came to his senses, "made it up" to Nancy. The new Sinatra baby has further cemented their marriage.



Pride was the trouble-maker in the Tierney-Cassini household. Gene was a high-salaried star; Oleg, a struggling designer. But love won out, and instead of divorce, they're expecting another child soon.



Ultra-conservative Ray Millands have had their ups and downs, too. During *The Lost Weekend,* nervous temperament threatened their security. But deep affection and a mature outlook saved them.

(*Continued from page 28*) Later I talked to Gene Tierney, and changed my opinion still further. Those three conversations, those three scenes (and more like them) flashed through my mind the other day as vivid as Technicolor and twice as real. The reason was: I'd opened a letter on my desk.

It was from a puzzled young wife in the Midwest. I've been reading a lot of others like it from all over, lately. But this one uncannily posed my own disturbed thoughts in print, and I want to spell it out right here, to bring into the open something I've



Mark Stevens' torrid whirl with Hedy Lamarr was quickly and publicly repented. He, Annelle and Mark, Jr., are together again.

been meaning to mention for many months.

"Dear Hedda," she wrote. "Is nothing sacred in Hollywood? What's this silly New Look that marriage is wearing out there? Have they rewritten the vows to read: 'until we change our minds,' instead of 'until death do us part'? Can't these too-rich, too-famous couples make up their minds? Can't they stop picking daisy petals with domesticity and divorce? 'Yes we're married; no, we're not'? We know divorce back here, and we're used to that. Hollywood divorces, of course, are famous —or maybe infamous is the word. But this 'yes-no-here-we-go' business is too confusing for a country gal. I'm curious—and maybe you can set me straight. Has Hollywood marriage turned into a quick-change act?"

Well, I know just what she means and how she feels about Hollywood's domestic ins and outs.

Patchwork marriages, I'm tempted to tag them sometimes. On the surface, it seems all that holds some wishy-washy homes together is a helping of glamor glue, or some not-so-Scotch tape, which is to say—too much money and too little sense. Sometimes the Humpty-Dumpty homes of Hollywood, tumbling and cracking and patching together again, loom as downright disgusting.

We've had more hot-and-cold couples this season than Mr. Anthony could handle in a week of Sundays. John Payne and Gloria DeHaven, for instance, whirling in and out of each other's arms like adagio dancers. A model marriage of solid citizens, like Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman, teeter-tottering throughout suspenseful months, with tickets to Las Vegas and return tickets (*Continued on page 86*)

Bloopface and the babe



by "jimmie" garland

For us, her sister opened a window on a childhood world that glowed with magic, a world of funny faces and silly games and cotton candy, a Judy Garland you never knew before . . .

■ There's a spot in *Easter Parade* where I let out such a yip, it's a wonder they didn't run me in for disturbing the peace. What probably saved me was that everybody else was whoopin' and hollerin' too. Only to them it was merely a riot. To us Garlands, it was all mixed up with old family stuff.

At one point in the picture, Judy and Fred Astaire are walking down the street, and she wants to prove she's as good whistle-bait as the next one, so he drops behind and tells her to show him. At first nothing happens, then all of a sudden, surprise! The heads start turning, and you get the close-up of Judy pulling this face. The Bloopface, we used to call it. A little thing Judy stitched up one afternoon . . .

We were three kids in the back seat of the car. Nothing much on our minds. "Let's see who can make the most horrible face," said Susie.

Her contribution and mine are gone with the wind. But we both wound up hysterical over Judy, sitting there with her eyes crossed and her cheeks ballooned and the tongue-tip sticking out, sober as a judge. It was always like that. Judy could fracture Susie and me, playing it straight.

Just then the signals change, Daddy pulls up, and quick as a wink Judy has her face through the window. Folks in the next car do a bug-eyed double-take, but by the time Mother turns round to see what goes, our little pet's snoozing peacefully in her corner. Anyhow, that's when the Bloopface started, and for years we used it to scare people in cars. Then we grew up and forgot it, till Judy pulled it out for this scene in *Easter Parade*.

That's *one* thing I like about my sister. Judy can no more help being funny than breathing. She'll look at you out of those mournful big eyes, describe a session at the dentist's where she *really* suffers, and have you rolling on the floor. Her comedy sense is something you have to be born with, and she'd rather play one clown than sixty-nine glamor dolls. She'll go out of her way to make herself look idiotic.

The day she reported to Wardrobe for the tramp routine in *Easter Parade*, they trotted out this form-fitting tailored jacket. "What's that for?"

"The tramp number. Of course it'll have to be torn up and dirtied, but at least it'll fit you."

Judy wafted it away. "Let's see what you've got in men's coats, size 40."

She and Fred were supposed to be dressed alike. He's not exactly the torn-and-tattered type, and he wasn't quite sure how far Judy'd want to go, so he'd try something on and ask: "D'you think it's too much?"

One day comes a double knock on his dressing-room door, and there stands a vision. Baggy trousers, oversize coat, crumpled silk hat on top of a fright wig, two front teeth blacked out. "Think it's too much?" asks Judy, and he falls apart.

That's after they'd been working together a while. Before they (*Continued on page 108*)



Chill night, full moon—and a hayride for Dick Moore, Reba Churchill, Farley Granger, Gerry Brooks, Doug Dick and Martha Hyers.

let's have a



hayride!

by reba and bonnie churchill





■ It was a perfect night for a hayride. A cool ocean breeze was drifting in through the canyons. Riding along on the fresh wind was the smell of newly-mowed alfalfa. And riding along in a newly-rented team and wagon were we, feeling slick, by cracky!

The evening was cool, crisp and completely romantic. The fellas were sharing their jackets with their dates, and the girls would shiver a little and nestle closer.

Occasionally a motorist would pass by and honk his horn and wave. The car's lights would flash across the wagon. You could catch a glimpse of Gerry Brooks resting her head on Farley Granger's shoulder . . . Douglas Dick holding hands with Martha Hyers . . . Then, the car would pass by, and it would be dark and quiet again.

We felt we were miles from Hollywood. Yet, we could still see the giant searchlights from some premiére piercing the sky. Looking westward, the mountains were silhouetted against the heavens, and the stars appeared very close.

The way this party had come about was interesting. We—Reba and Bonnie, that's us—write a movie column for the San Fernando Valley Times (and other papers) and we go around to studios to pick up news.

The commissary at RKO is always *meaty* (or fruitful, if you'd rather) and this particular day, we were lunching with Martha Hyers and Johnny Sands. The talk turned to the North Hollywood Playground, where the Dosey-Do Club has weekly square dances, and suddenly the idea hit us, right between swallows of malt. Before we were through, we'd planned a moonlight hayride, a square dance, and a barbecue supper.

Then we dialed some of our favorite people. "How would you like to go on a hayride?" we helloed.

Right away, Lon McCallister said he'd come. So did Coleen Townsend, and Jerome Courtland, and Terry Moore, and Johnny Sands, and Mary Hatcher, and Richard Long and Dickie Moore and Farley Granger. . . .

Which is a lovely way to begin a hayride. As we rode, we (*Continued on page 37*)



Ride's over, so hungry hayseeds storm Redwood Village Restaurant for spareribs. They're Martha, Jerry Courtland, Terry Moore, Johnny Sands, Mary Hatcher, Richard Long and Bonnie Churchill.



Doug Dick took a ribbing—along with his spareribs—for his flaming red-gold hair (dyed for his role in *Rope*). (Below) Dick Long showed Johnny, Mary and Bonnie his pet table stunt.



hayride

Final stop: Dosey-do Club's square dance. Caller Dave Gray (at mike) chants: "Gals join hands, form a star; fellas clap hands where they are."



Terry had to stand on her toes to form her half of the arch with Jerry, while Bonnie and Dick "dived for the oyster." T. and J. were the only accomplished square dancers; others learned fast.



Doug and Jerry had Terry surrounded here, in a ring-around-the-rosy play. Jerry and Terry, his date, are taking courses at U. of Calif. They do same tests and homework as other collegians, but study on studio lot.

(*Continued from page 35*) serenaded driver Shorty Haden with everything from "Working on the Railroad" to "Waltz Me Around Again Willie."

The repertoire also included a request number from Geraldine Brooks.

"Hey gang," she called, "it's Farley's birthday. Let's dedicate our next number to him."

"Shy guy," Dick Moore said. "Why didn't you tell us?"

"When you get up in years (23 you know) you don't like to mention such things. And besides," Far grinned, "do you call that noise singing?"

Later Mary Hatcher did some of the songs she sang on Broadway in *Oklahoma!* and it was all quite perfect. That is, it was until Shorty made that right-hand turn. The singing abruptly stopped. We had deserted the main road and were clumping down an unpaved lane, the team unsuccessfully trying to dodge the holes and rocks strewn in their path.

The wagon rocked from side to side, and Farley staggered to his feet, tapped Shorty on the shoulder and moaned, "Stop the wagon. We're getting sea sick." This from an ex-Navy man!

Shorty, who could go along with a gag, turned the team around and (*Continued on page 104*)

photos by bert parry



Lon and Coleen Townsend liked simple steps. She's making *Chicken Every Sunday* and taking mail courses at Brigham Young U. Lon has started new pic, *The Big Cat.*



Farley and Gerry Brooks (in *Embraceable You*) added a boogie beat of their own. Pencil-thin moustache he's grown for *The Enchanted* inspired Lon McCallister to crack: "My good man, it makes you look *hours* older!"



A couple of beat square dancers were Dick Moore and authoress Reba. After four months' paralysis in Army veterans' hospital, Dick's well again and is co-producing (with William Lasky) *Feathered Fury.*

the gable women

Gay, charming, beautiful—these are the current crop of Gable women. But can any of them lure Clark into marriage?



Virginia Grey, who's lasted longest of Gable's women, has the temperament of a saint.

by dorothy kilgallen



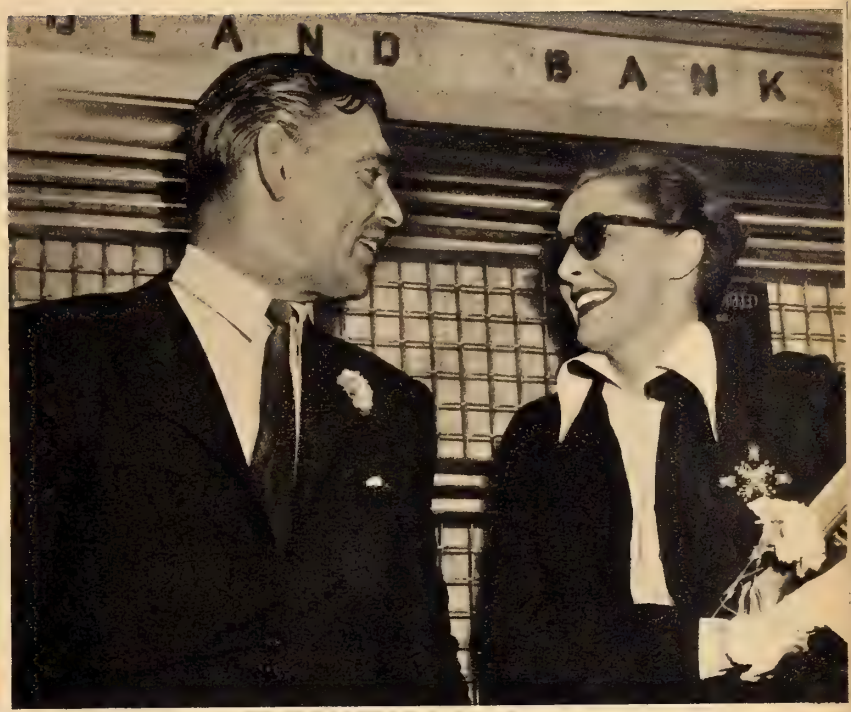
Dolly O'Brien, 4-times married and grandmother of 5, is intensely feminine and witty. Clark, a poor boy who worked his way to the top, was impressed with her social standing. She's Kilgallen's choice as "most likely to succeed."



Iris Bynum (above with Bob Hope) is at the bottom of the list at this writing, but is likely to zoom without notice. Their romance blows hot and cold.



Anita Colby, who has pep and personality and is liked by everyone, is "only a pal." Their dates, though very much publicized, are strictly for laughs.



Newest entry in Gable's life is Nancy Hawks, ex-wife of Howard Hawks. Gossips were agog when she spent 3½ hours kissing Clark off to Europe. But it was a vain try at delaying sailing so a friend could make the boat.

■ A day before he boarded the Queen Mary to join urbane and fascinating Dolly O'Brien in what a considerable portion of New York society was predicting would be a European honeymoon, Clark Gable told a male friend:

"Take it from me—no matter what you hear, I'll never get married again."

There was no implication in this that he had given up romance, of course, and immediately subsequent events proved that anyone who assumed he was eliminating love from his life was a victim of groundless pessimism.

Twenty-four hours later, Manhattan ship news reporters issued the surprising intelligence that it had taken him three hours and thirty-two minutes to kiss elegant divorcee "Slim" Hawks goodbye before the liner pulled away from the pier—and waterfront photographers turned in glistening-eyed pictures of Gable and Mrs. Hawks to prove it.

That was a Friday.

It was too late for some editors to kill Saturday color-section photographs showing Gable hovering with his dynamo smile over beautiful Anita Colby.

The public that studies the amorous vagaries of motion picture stars was left to pay its money and take its choice. The King of Rampant Masculinity had done his bit to give them plenty of choice.

For in the background of what appeared to be an interesting romantic quadrangle—in the chatter at Romanoff's and the notebooks of the gossip columnists —there loomed a pair of lush Gable-struck beauties, either one of whom might be considered, if they will excuse the expression, a dark horse.

There was blonde Virginia Grey, the girl with the perfect disposition. There was also voluptuous Iris Bynum, the girl with the obvious-to-the-naked-eye allure.

They, with Slim and Dolly and Anita, comprise the Gable Women. At the moment of going to press this is how they shape up on the Gable "dope sheet":

Dolly O'Brien—Most Likely To Succeed, if anyone can.

Slim Hawks—Out of Nowhere, a Big Surprise. Could be a mutual gag.

Anita Colby—A Great Friendship. Lots of laughs, not much heat.

Virginia Grey—The Longest Lasting, and always in the running.

Iris Bynum—Blows Hot (Very Hot) And Cold. At the bottom of the list (*Continued on page 97*)


love is so terrific!

It's a kind of feeling---makes Tom want to whistle, makes Jane want to sing. They don't know if it's real, they only know--- it's wonderful!

■ They'd been going steady for a while. Tommy Batten would call for her in his broken-down car, and usually, they'd pray their way over to the Kappa Sig fraternity house. Sometimes, when there was a dance on, the boys at the house would have the cokes lined up, and the pretzels, and the piles of phonograph records. Maybe, they'd set lighted candles around, and that was it—the date, the night.

She'd be wearing Tommy's fraternity pin, and in the candlelight it would gleam, and in the candlelight they'd drift into each other's arms, wishing the music could last forever . . .

But that was a year ago. This year Jane returned Tommy's fraternity pin. They were sitting around talking about their futures when it happened.

"Do you ever think about going out with other fellows?" Tommy had asked.

Jane hadn't thought about it. But she started then, and when she held the pin at arm's length they were both ready to fall apart.

"I only meant—" said Tommy.

"You don't have to explain," said Jane.

But it wasn't the end that night. It was only a new way of looking at things. They're both still at the beginning of their careers. Tommy, who's 22, has just been graduated from USC, and is trying to get into television. Jane, who's 19, has been studying hard for her first complete operetta, *The Student Prince,* which she'll do at the Greek Theater. Her latest movie is *A Date With Judy;* (*Continued on next page*)

High in the sky above Los Angeles, Jane Powell and Tommy Batten get a panoramic view of the city. They're on the roof of Griffith Park's famed planetarium. On clear days you can see the M-G-M studios 20 miles away.





On their way to the beach they stop off at Wil Wright's, a fancy ice cream parlor on the Sunset Strip. Wil's has become a local hangout for Jane (of *A Date With Judy*) and for the rest of the younger set.

love is so terrific!



Jane had never been in a motor boat before, so Tommy rented one for a spin on the Santa Monica Bay. Later, they found a playground in a nearby park—went on the swings, tried out the see-saw!



That day they went to the Clyde Beatty Circus held in downtown Los Angeles. Jane couldn't take her eyes off this day-old Shetland pony—tried holding it in her arms, but it squirmed free, ran to Mom.

photos by don ornitz



(*Continued from page 41*) They both finally agreed that marriage was something they'd better not talk about. There were so many other things to get settled, and they were young and they should be free. And somehow, after the fraternity pin episode, they were a little gayer. They relaxed.

Now, about once a week, Tommy comes over to Jane's house, and they plan their evening. Sometimes, it's dancing at the Cocoanut Grove—rhumba-ing is their specialty. Sometimes, they go to the Blackouts (Ken Murray's variety show). They like to dine in small, out of the way restaurants—the Little Gypsy, the Bublichki—both on the Sunset Strip. They like moonlight cruises.

Daytime dates are lazy and long and full of salted peanuts. Picnics at Griffith Park, visits to the Zoo, hours beside Jane's tiny pool in her backyard.

They sit in the deck chairs and talk about silly things. Question: Will a toad swim? "Of course," from Jane. "Not at all," from Tommy. They hunt for a toad and place him gently in the water and it swims. They talk about the circus sideshow they saw—what sort of rubber is in the India rubber man, what happens to the sword when it's swallowed. And then they wander up to the house and watch the carpenters and the plasterers pulling it apart and putting it together. Mr. Powell's idea is to make more living space—a bigger dining room, a bigger kitchen, another bedroom—and Jane is getting a soda bar with a million taps for the playroom.

Time passes easily, and too quickly, and memories begin to form. The other day, for instance, Jane went to the door and found Tommy standing there, a little paper carton in his hands, his eyes resembling a St. Bernard's.

"Present for you," he said, and turned on his heel.

"Well, don't run away," said Jane, following him. She followed him down to the pool. There, he set the carton down and opened it. Three small goldfish blinked their eyes. Tommy dumped them unceremoniously into the pool.

"Keep you company when I'm not here," he said.

The goldfish died in two days. The chlorine in the water overpowered them.

And Jane was sad. "Oh, that crazy Tommy," she thought. And then, with a smile, she softly repeated, "Oh, that crazy boy."



Dinner at the Little Gypsy, a small Hungarian restaurant with plenty of atmosphere. George Justus, the headwaiter, always pays special attention to young guests like Jane and Tommy.



Romantic violin music is provided at the Little Gypsy by Jack Scholl. Tommy and Jane love to go out dancing, but they're not night club fans. Jane's been to Ciro's only once—for the Photographers' Ball last year.

End of a perfect date. Tommy and Jane watch the sunset from the Santa Monica Palisades. Next stop: Jane's home in North Hollywood.





She's Rita Hayworth now, but her father still remembers the dark-haired girl she was, the Cansino girl, dancing with a rose in her hair . . .

she was a good girl...



by eduardo cansino

■ "Rockabye Baby" sounded like very queer music indeed for a Spanish dance. I stopped in the middle of my act at the 125th Street Theater in upper Manhattan and tried to fake something to that funny rhythm. Then the conductor popped up in the orchestra pit before me and yelled right out before everybody,

"Hey, Cansino—it's a girl!"

They'd rushed the good news in to him from the office telephone. He knew it before I did. That's why the band had stopped gypsy music and swung into a cradle refrain.

Then I *really* danced—right off the stage, into the wings and all the way down to the hospital!

That's how I first heard of a certain young lady known as Rita Hayworth. I was one of the first guys to see her and, you can bet, fall in love with her. But then, I had a certain advantage. You see—I'm her dad.

We didn't call her Rita Hayworth then. We christened her Margarita Carmen (after her two grandmothers) Cansino. The Cansino was, of course, after me—Eduardo Cansino, from Seville, Spain.

I know a pretty señorita when I see one, and when I saw my first born in her mama's arms my grin could have lighted up Madison Square Garden. She was dainty and rosy, with close black curls all over her cute head. I thought our Margarita was the prettiest girl in the world, and I haven't changed my opinion on that in 29 years. I also thought, with a thrill that maybe only a member of a theatrical family like the Cansinos could feel, "She'll be a great and beautiful star some day." *(Continued on page 100)*

This is my Best



"I hate ginghams," says Donna Reed, who wears them constantly in *The Life of Monty Stratten.* That's why, off-screen, Donna loves the exquisite tailoring of this wool gabardine suit.



Ida Lupino lives high in the mountains and finds pedal pushers go perfectly with a mountain top. They're practical for gardening, plastering, or receiving her friends for luncheon.

■ No matter what the designers decree or the studios advocate for wear on the screen, our Hollywood glamor girls have very decided preferences in clothes they want for their personal wardrobes.

Just listen to them:

"I hate slacks!" says Dorothy Lamour.

"I wouldn't wear anything else but slacks if I could," emphatically states Doris Day.

"I adore colorful prints and casual house dresses," declares Virginia Grey.

"I can't stand gingham dresses," insists Donna Reed.

"Love those Levis!" shouts Betty Hutton.

With all these decided tastes, we decided to find out just what the stars like the best—and why.

Last month we listened to the designers in filmland air their opinions, so this time, in answer to all the fan letters, we picked up our pencil, notebook and cameraman and set out to get the lowdown from the stars themselves.

First we tackled Donna Reed and discovered that her preference for suits of all descriptions was influenced a great deal by the roles she plays on the screen.

"I never get a chance to dress up on the screen," Donna explained. "I always play the helpful wife, the help-mate, the little woman who is doomed (*Continued on page 80*)

When those movie queens pick their favorite clothes, it's strictly a case of one woman's pleat being another woman's poison!



Dorothy Lamour (of *Lulu Belle*) shuns anything that resembles a sarong for her personal wardrobe. Favorite outfit is embroidered cocktail suit designed by Jean Louis.

by Cobina Wright

photos by bert parry



"Slacks, slacks, slacks," votes Doris Day, now in *My Dream Is Yours*. She'd wear 'em all the time, if she could. Her pets are these white sharkskins, which go well with either splashy jackets or striped blazers.





Hollywood's real life soap opera asks: Is Van happily married to his pal's ex-wife? But over the answer hangs a veil of secrecy . . .

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

Evie's other Husband

■ One morning five years ago, I tuned in my radio to hear a syrup-voiced announcer drooling against an organ background. He wanted to know whether Helen Hossenpfeffer would get married? Get divorced? Or get a new French Poodle?

This morning, I tuned in again to find that poor Helen is still in the same highly confused state. Radio's soap operas squeeze the last kernel of corn to a dry powder.

Now, Hollywood has its own, real-life soap opera, and the eager ears of our town flap anxiously toward each new chapter of "Evie's Other Husband."

Evie is, of course, Evie (Mrs. Van) Johnson. Before that she was Evie (Mrs. Keenan) Wynn. Once upon a time she was just "Evie." But that's where the story starts and there are a couple of things you should know before we get into that.

First, the studio is not talking (really) about Van and Evie.

Second, Van and Evie are not talking about Van and Evie.

Third, those are the (*Continued on page 89*)



photos by hans knopf

Karin Booth, as a little girl, must have had her
dreams... but they never approached anything like this,
this honeymoon on a moon-bathed sea.

Fabulous Honeymoon

By Christopher Kane

■ The co-pilot had plunked himself down in the seat next to hers, and was talking. "There's a chimp in the Central Park Zoo," he said, "he's so smart he spits water at the people."

And if this wasn't insanity, she thought to herself, what was? Flying from Hollywood to Palm Beach to be married to a man, and she so nervous she could hardly remember his face, and this maniac was breathing down her neck about a zoo in the city of New York.

One week ago, she'd got the telegram in Allan's lyric, simple prose. "Will you marry me?" it said, and it seemed a tremendously logical question. She was lucky in a lot of ways. The studio was pleasant about a leave of absence; there was this dressmaker, Madeleine, who could sew like a dream if you gave her the wisp of an idea; and every time she, Karin, looked at her wrist, she saw the heavy gold bracelet dangling from it, engraved in Allan's handwriting, saying, "Darling, don't forget."

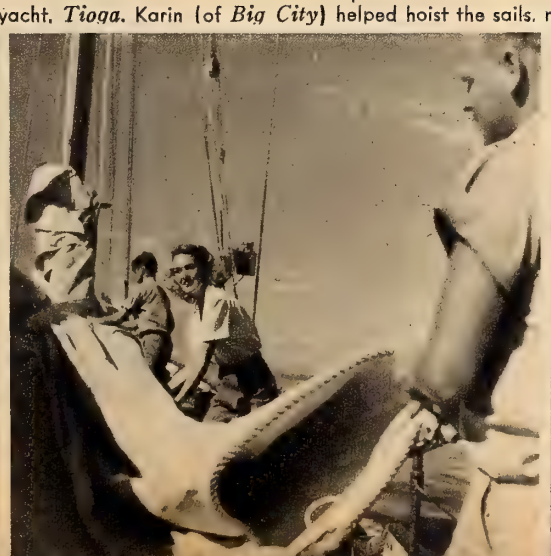
It wasn't a warning she needed; she never forgot anything, she never forgot she'd been little Junie Hoffman. Little Junie Hoffman, and how she grew. Maybe she'd write a book, full of unglamorous reminiscences.

There wasn't anything very glamorous about the whole Hoffman family, when you came right down to it. Good, pleasant people they were, but not fancy, ever.

Till she was eight, Junie and the folks lived in Minneapolis. Junie had a younger sister, Jenis, and an older brother, Francis. Call him Francis, though, and he acted as if nobody's said anything. He hated the name. Fritzi, he finally got tagged, and it's stuck to this day, even though he's (*Continued on page 64*)

The Allan Carlisles honeymooned aboard the yacht, *Tioga*. Karin (of *Big City*) helped hoist the sails, manned the galley when the steward quit.







GUY MADISON

IN PERSON

He didn't get a degree at Princeton; he only got a booking. But Madison doesn't need a sheepskin to know he made the grade!

BY FLORENCE EPSTEIN

■ Especially in the summer, Princeton University is a beautiful place—acres of green lawn, tall trees thick with foliage; stately, Gothic buildings; music drifting out of open dorm windows. It's old and serene and full of wisdom. And one hot night last July it was brimming over with bobby-soxers.

Right at the edge of the campus is the McCarter Theater. That night, Guy Madison was appearing there in the comedy *John Loves Mary*. All the seats in the house (1080) were sold out.

But for a while it had seemed as if there'd be no play at all.

Along about three in the afternoon the leading lady lost her voice. They sprayed her throat; they patted her on the head; they pleaded with her larynx, and finally, they sent her to the hospital.

Guy put in a hurry call to Deer Lake, New Jersey, where he'd acted the week before, and his former leading lady, Virginia Gilbert, rushed right over.

"This is Virginia," Guy said to the cast. And ten minutes later the curtain went up.

When it came down after the last act, the kids in the audience set up a shrieking that made the stone theater rock. Guy took five bows, and then he held out his quivering arms. "Please," he said. "No more." Someone had to come out from the wings, and lead him backstage.

The way it is at the McCarter Theater—a couple of guys from show business, Harold Kennedy (he acts) and Herbert Kenwith (he directs) leased the place from Princeton for 14 weeks. They brought their own company along (the Princeton Drama Festival) and scripts of 14 plays. The set-up is strictly professional. You can't sweep the stage in the morning and expect a walk-on part at night. You need a union card and the dust from Broadway on your shoes before Mr. Kennedy or Mr. Kenwith'll even look at you.

Every week another Hollywood star comes down and takes the lead. Joan Caulfield and John Payne appeared in *The Voice* (*Continued on page 54*)

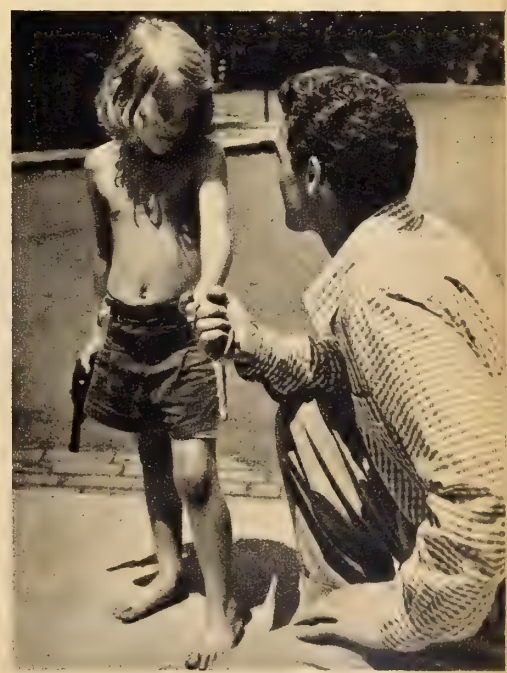


Summer session was on when Guy played at Princeton's McCarter Theater. Here, he walks with typically-dressed student. "This place sure is built!" Guy remarked later.





Rehearsal on campus. Director Kenwith (center) found Guy eager to learn. Here, Frank Maxwell, Madison, and other members of the *John Loves Mary* cast go over lines. After he finished run, Guy went down to Texas for the première of *Texas, Brooklyn and Heaven.*



Out for a stroll. Guy met Lee (above). "Are you going to murder me?" she asked. Guy said, "You don't have a worry in the world."



Guy starred in a radio show broadcast from a Trenton, N. J., dep't. store. 700 kids mobbed him!



Director Kenwith and Guy check receipts at the box-office. Opening night was a sell-out—1,080 stubs.

(*Continued from page 52*) *Of The Turtle.*

Lucille Ball, who feels like putting a gun to the head of every wise-cracking dame she ever played, went soft in *Dream Girl.* And Larry Parks tried out a new piece called *A Free Hand.*

The stars like the feel of acting before a live audience. They can do the sort of roles Hollywood won't let them try, and they learn a lot.

At the beginning, for instance, Guy Madison would speak his lines, drop out of character, and wait around for the next cue with a smile on his face. The audience thought it was cute. The cast was slightly annoyed. All-day rehearsals broke Guy of the habit. Naturally, he's the better for it.

Some people think summer-theater work is a cinch. After all, it's mostly in the country, and if an actor isn't in the mood he can bury himself in a haystack. Actually, summer work is a grind. You have to be a "quick-study" (learn your part in a hurry and never forget it), and you have to keep cool, because there's usually no air-conditioning in the theater, not even in Princeton. (The lemonade concession is a gold mine.)

But the heat on the stage doesn't bother Guy. "It relaxes you," he says with a grin. "And the way your weight drops off, you can eat anything you want."

Ask him how he likes the idea of walking on a set without tripping over one of Mr. Selznick's cameras—and Guy'll tell you he loves it. Then he'll smile and strike a pose, "Lady," he'll say, "how's this for emoting?"



Backstage, Guy Madison makes up for his role as returned vet. Last year Guy was at La Jolla Playhouse.



Showtime: Virginia Gilbert, Ruth Harker, Bob Noe hear how Harold Kennedy (on knees) saved Guy's life. (Opp. pg.) Love scene.



A couple of kids dreaming the old dream . . . their names in lights, together . . . Cornel Wilde and Patricia Knight . . . And then Cornel whispering softly to Pat, "Oh, darling, darling, it's come true . . ."

BY IDA ZEITLIN

It's not a dream, darling



Wildes meet the fans outside Lucey's restaurant.

■ They were about to shoot the first scene of *The Lovers*. The lights were set, the cameras ready, the stand-ins had left, the principals were on.

The young man turned from the filing cabinet—and here was this blonde vision in lavender linen. His eyes melted. "Why, it's *you,* darling. . . ."

His eyes weren't supposed to melt, and the line is one you'll never hear from him in the picture. Him? That was Cornel Wilde, his heart in high because the blonde vision was Patricia Knight, his wife.

"Excuse it," he grinned. "This is an historic moment."

Historic was too dull a word for it. To Pat and Cornel, this was a symphony by Strauss, a Bendel bonnet, a Shakespeare sonnet, the tops. The culmination of dreams. Once a boy of 22 and a girl of 17 fell in love, deeply and well. Next to each other, they loved acting best. Battering their heads against Broadway and Hollywood, they felt the bruises less because all the time they were building



Elated over their co-starring film, *The Lovers,* Cornel watches Pat in her dressing room as she prepares for solo scene.

their own particular kind of shimmering castle in Spain.

Their favorite castle was the one with the marquee whose lights spelled their names together—PATRICIA KNIGHT and CORNEL WILDE.

"Oh, darling—do you think it'll ever happen?"

"We'll make it happen."

You must know the story up to now: The long bitter struggle, the hand-to-mouth living, the hopes that dawned and died, the crashing disappointments. Personal heartbreak on top of professional grief. The two children they lost before birth, and Pat's slow journey back to recovery. But through the bleak pattern, one bright thread that never tarnished—their love for each other. If love flies out the window when poverty enters the door, the Wildes never knew it. Every hard knock drew them closer together. Often enough they had only their love to warm and comfort them, but it served. . . .

Then the lifting of the clouds. Wendy was happily born. Cornel broke through in *A Song to Remember.* Now Pat could have settled back on a silken cushion—only silken cushions weren't the answer for Pat. Millions of girls want to act. Thousands try and give up, for any dozens of reasons. A few never give up. They can't. They're driven by the same need for self-expression that drives an artist to paint or a scientist to explore the universe. Tell them not to act, and you're practically telling them not to breathe. Pat was one of the few.

Her faith in Cornel as an actor had sustained him through the discouraging years. His faith in her as an actress was equally staunch. When 20th Century-Fox signed her, they were like a couple of kids. Hauled their pet dream out of the mothballs and watched it glitter.

"Maybe *now* it'll happen!"

"Now it can't miss!"

"Oh, darling," breathed Pat, "it would be too perfect. But even if they don't cast us (*Continued on page 104*)



Barbara and Bob (of *One Touch of Venus*) say they'll have "millions of kids." Reports that Babs' father objected to Bob are false.

end of a mystery

Because of Barbara, he's a strange, brooding man no longer. Because of her, life for Bob Walker has a sweet, fresh flavor all over again . . .

By JACK WADE

(Last June, we featured a piece called "The Mystery of Bob Walker." We told you how Bob, who'd gone to the top overnight, had suddenly walked out on his career, had turned into a moody recluse. Hollywood was baffled. But almost as suddenly as it happened, the mystery has had a happy solution. Here's how.)

■ Book One of Bob Walker's life has just snapped shut, bringing to an end the phase of his career that saw him as a strange, even haunting figure on the Hollywood scene, after his divorce from Jennifer Jones.

Book Two begins right now.

The Bob who has been floundering about, professionally as well as romantically, is no more. The new Bob is the one who decided that life has a sweet flavor after all when he met brunette and vivacious Barbara Ford, daughter of the famous director, John Ford.

The new Bob (and it had to be a new one; the old disinterested, apathetic Bob could never have swung it) is the one who conducted so whirlwind a courtship of Barbara, and so quick a marriage (after several false starts) that jarred movie columnists found themselves stealing each other's favorite clichés in the confusion to hide the fact that they didn't quite know what was going on.

But they can be consoled by the fact that neither did Bob and Barbara, most of the time. Their first idea had been to be married July 3rd at the Isthmus on Catalina Island. There was a reason for (*Continued on page 95*)

photos by Bert Parry



Bob and Barbara (daughter of director John Ford) were married at Beverly Hills Club, July 9. Only attendants were Nancy Guild, Jim Henaghan.

After a six-week honeymoon in their new Early-American style ranch home in Pacific Palisades (below), Bob will start *About Lyddy Thomas.*



fighting lady

She used to be "Sweet Laraine" Day, the most untemperamental girl in pictures.. But a lady can turn into a tigress!

By George Fisher

■ Fireworks? That's too mild a term for what went on during the shooting of Laraine Day's new and wonderful film, *My Dear Secretary*.

This was war: A fantastic feud between a beautiful star and her producer. Their temperaments clashed so explosively that the whole affair sounded more like a supercharged battle film than incidental by-play occurring in the course of turning out an uproarious comedy.

Producer Harry M. Popkin fired the first salvo. He discharged Director Charles Martin—two days before the picture was scheduled to start. No one knows exactly what happened—except the two principals involved—and they aren't talking. In any event, Popkin, in a huff, ordered Martin off the lot.

Now Martin had written the screenplay, and having him chosen as director had pleased Laraine mightily. Thus, when Producer Popkin called Laraine on the telephone that night and blandly asked her to approve another director, the second front opened.

Then and there, Laraine refused in ringing tones to approve any change in directors. Finally, before midnight, Popkin's attorneys, Laraine's attorneys and Martin's legal eagle got in a huddle and ironed out this first difficulty—and Mr. M. was again set to direct the picture.

The first day on the set, leading man Kirk Douglas, comedian Keenan Wynn and Director Martin were beaming and shaking hands and wishing each other luck. Laraine's dressing room looked like a florist's shop. Keenan showed Laraine and co-star Helen Walker a card from Evie and Van Johnson—which said simply, "Good luck." Evie, of course, is Keenan's ex-wife—which prompted Laraine, a fast girl with (*Continued on page 110*)



Director Charles Martin, Kirk Douglas and Laraine in a rare moment of peace on *My Dear Secretary* set. After a friendly start, Laraine gave her associates a rough time.



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DELRICH is SEALED IN...
Naturally Tastes Better, Fresher!



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"Are you, too, fussy about flavor? Wait 'til you taste creamy, golden Delrich with all its delicious, rich goodness . . . mmm! (The delicate flavor is *sealed in*—so Delrich naturally tastes better, fresher.) Yes, try them all and you, too, will say that Delrich is the very finest!"

See how Delrich turns golden inside sealed bag! An original Delrich discovery! No mixing bowl mess. No mold needed. And it's so easy to make neat quarters or patties for the table.

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After All—"THE TASTE TELLS"

THE CUDAHY PACKING CO., CHICAGO, ILL.



M.S. brings you the inside story of Errol Flynn—a man everybody talks about, a man few people really know . . .



Intimate View

by CARL SCHROEDER

■ Short time back, a fellow named Errol Flynn bought a mink coat for a lady named Nora. She is his wife.

Now, this fellow dislikes formal presentations which require pat and tried expressions of thanks. Consequently, he simply spread the coat out on his bed.

They were going to a party later. This gave him the opportunity to maneuver Nora into going into the bedroom alone. They were sitting quietly in the living room when Errol assumed a pained expression and inquired, "Why is it, my sweet, that you never get around to putting the studs and cuff links in my dress shirt? Other wives always do at least that much for their ever-loving husbands."

Nora looked up in amazement.

"Why," she exclaimed, "I've always thought you liked to have your things left alone. All you had to do was ask me."

"Huh!"

Nora promptly went into the bedroom. She was back in less than a minute, her face red. She threw herself on the davenport in tight-lipped silence.

Flynn pretended to be nonplussed. "What," he said, "seems to be the matter?"

"What's the *matter?*" she stormed. "Imagine *you* asking me that! Why, there's another woman's coat in there on your bed, you . . . you . . . !!"

"Well," said Flynn reasonably, "why don't you just wear it, honey? She'll never know."

Errol Flynn has been the target of more unfounded gossip than any guy you can think of. And knowing how the most innocent anecdotes about him—like the one (*Continued on page 114*)

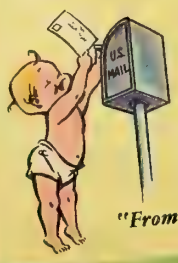
"On Velvet" with Carnation Milk

Little lady with a future...

Just count the blessings a friendly fortune is waiting to shower upon her! Sturdy body, happy disposition, beautiful teeth, good digestion...*all* can be hers. And much of the credit will go to the Carnation Milk in her formula.

Doctors prescribe Carnation Milk for babies because it is safe, digestible, and nourishing...with plenty of pure crystalline vitamin D_3, to help build strong bones and sound teeth. So *many* doctors prescribe Carnation! Nation-wide surveys indicate that *no other brand* of evaporated milk is so widely used in infant feeding.

Ask your doctor about a Carnation formula for *your* baby. The milk *every* doctor knows...that's Carnation!



WRITE for "Your Contented Baby"—36 pages of helpful suggestions on baby care. Also, ask for the "Velvet Blend Book" of milk-rich recipes for all the family. Both are free. Address Dept. X-10, Carnation Company, Oconomowoc, Wis., or Los Angeles 36, Calif.

"From Contented Cows"



THE MILK EVERY DOCTOR KNOWS

FABULOUS HONEYMOON

(*Continued from page 51*)

married and the father of three children.

The year she was eight, Junie's father bought her a bike. She hadn't asked for it, but he figured she needed one; all the other neighborhood kids were bike-owners.

She was halfway down the hill on which they lived, before she realized she didn't know how to ride. It's a talent she picked up in an awful hurry.

The family moved around some. They were in Portland, Maine, and in Canada, until Jenis got rheumatic fever, and one of the doctors said California was the ticket. They hit Los Feliz Hills, in California—it's sort of a suburb of Los Angeles, as almost everything in California is.

Junie finished high school there, and decided to go to Canada to college. It was something her father wanted; his family was all in Canada. She was walking down a Los Feliz street one afternoon, mulling the situation over, when this apparently drunken driver pulled his car to a screeching stop in the middle of the street, and came tearing over to her. "I'm a photographer," he said. "Here's my card. I'd like you to model for me."

"I'm going to college," Junie said.

"Look," said the man. "I can't talk. My car's in the middle of the street—"

Well, the fact is she never got to college. The even stranger fact is that within one week, she had a Paramount contract on the strength of some picture or other that some person or other had seen in some paper or other.

"So quickly," she said to her mother, unbelieving. And her mother, who wasn't quite sure how to take any of it, shook her head.

It wasn't much of a Paramount contract, really. Junie hung around about six months or a year, and they didn't give her any starring parts, so she left.

"Starring parts?" people say to her today. "You expected starring parts?"

"Well," she says demurely. "Up until then, I was such a whirlwind of a success."

She was too impatient, there was no question of it, and she realizes it herself. She'd been a little spoiled, she had a lot to learn. But being the good-natured kid she was made so many people like her you can't really figure that retribution ever caught up. She went from good to better.

There was Lucille Ryman, who took her to Metro, and got her a contract there.

One year at M-G-M, and no heavy dra-

(*Continued on page 75*)

Ann Miller—

currently dancing her way through M-G-M's *Easter Parade,* models a blazing corduroy jacket and skirt we think will be a sure wow with *your* public. Regard, if you please—the chin-chin collar—high and hugging, double-buttoned—and with that smart New York look you can't miss. View the back—full, flared—and a wonderful foil for the slim skirt. As for the skirt—we think there's something super-sophisticated about a slim one, for a change. This one has a trouser pleat, two pockets. And naturally you can mix and match the jacket and skirt with other clothes, too.

Your choice of red, grey, dark green, maple or rust. Skirt, $7.95. Jacket, $10.95. Sizes 12 to 18. By Art-Mor. American Knit Gloves.

Corduroy ballet shoes with crepe soles by Prima Ballerina, $4.95.

For WHERE TO BUY, see page 82.

modern screen fashions



for where to buy these modern screen fashions see page 82



"Here come the boys..."

. . . on the double, we bet, because where is the male who doesn't go for a girl in a sweater and skirt? Girl on the left teams a bright plaid bustle skirt (see small photo)—with a long-sleeved flat turtle neck sweater. Plaid skirt comes in green, royal or red, in wool and rayon. About $5.95. By Derby.

■ Girl on right wears a corduroy skirt, smoothly flared in front, dreamily full in back (see small photo)—with short-sleeved notched collar sweater. Skirt comes in royal, red, grey, dark green, beige or brown. About $8.95. By Junior Vues. Wool sweaters in blue, pink, grey, yellow, red, pine green, aqua, brown. $4.98 each. Both sweaters by Shepherd.




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fashion-genius colors for the smartest matching lips and fingertips in all the world!
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the completely new-style longer lipstick!
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Such a versatile garment! —a practical breakfast-timer that's also a lovely tea-timer. LINIT* is versatile too—the ideal starch for men's shirts, bed and table things, curtains, lingerie . . . LINIT makes cottons look and feel like linen, keeps them resistant to muss and soil. Ask your grocer for LINIT.



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your letters . . .

ONLY PITY FOR LANA?

Dear Editor. I am writing this after reading "Watch Your Step, Lana" in the August issue.

The story implied Miss Turner's "friends" were persecuting her in print, that she did everything to please the press, be kind, generous and thoughtful to these "friends," only to have them stab her in the back. Personally, I consider Miss Turner's latest marriage, in fact her whole career, one of the biggest shows of exhibitionism ever staged. It only succeeded in making her look more unflatteringly conspicuous, and very stupid. Those who must continuously make a bid for attention deserve nothing more than pity.

Mrs. W. J. Smith, Oakmont, Pa.

"LANA WAS WONDERFUL"

Dear Editor: Recently I saw Mr. and Mrs. Bob Topping at the Casa Carioca Nite Club in Garmisch, Germany, where she was making a personal appearance for occupation troops on vacation. It is my belief that Lana is in love with Mr. Topping and therefore I want to wish them all the luck in the world. I am writing this letter as I would appreciate your telling Lana and Bob that I sincerely want to thank them both for coming into the U.S. occupied zone and entertaining the troops. Lana was wonderful and Mr. Topping was a great guy. Please thank them for this average GI.

Sid Bricks, Brooklyn, N. Y. (home)

SORRY, WRONG PICTURE!

Dear Editor: Re: your story, "The Ten Greatest Gable Stories," in the July issue: In the caption under the picture showing Gable with his Oscar, you say he got the award for *Gone With The Wind*. Actually he received it for *It Happened One Night*.

Sylvia Rosenwartz, Bronx, N. Y.

ANYBODY WANNA FIGHT?

Dear Editor: Why doesn't Elizabeth Taylor wise up? She is very pretty, and she knows it, but I think Jane Powell beats her in looks and personality and figure any day. I used to love Liz when she was younger, but at 16, she acts and dresses as though she were 24. Just because she's a star, it doesn't mean she's Marie Antoinette. Let her be a sweet girl, like she was before. Please!

Pat Bauer, Trenton, N. J.

THOSE NOTHING TO WEAR BLUES

. . . and I haven't a thing to wear." How often have you heard a girl wail that little classic? How often have you moaned it yourself? That old "nothing to wear" routine gets to sound like a broken record whenever girls get together. Why? To hear the gals tell it, you'd think their closets boasted nothing more than a row of naked hangers and a pair of old galoshes.

Yet they're usually the very same girls who spend their lunch hours prowling around the stores; spend all day Saturday shopping; and never come home on payday without an armful of packages. How come?

We've sat in on many a feminine gab-fest on fashion, and along with the general chorus of no-clothes complaints, we've also heard a lot of other laments that seem to us to hold the key to the mystery. Listen closely, and you'll see what we mean:

"MY COAT WON'T GO WITH IT . . ." Susie just blew her bankroll on a dress-up date number that ought to wow the stag line. And what's Susie doing? Putting on her warpaint and getting ready to panic the people? No. Believe it or not, she's hanging her dress back in the closet—because she has no coat to wear over it.

Now, mind you, Susie has a coat—and a very nice one. It's black, it's well cut, its lines say nice things about Susie. But it's slim. And Susie's new dress has a skirt a mile wide. Point: slim coat—full skirt—no go.

"WHAT'LL I USE FOR SHOES? . . ." Marilyn came home last payday all aglow with a new green velveteen suit. It's a knockout with snug, tiny-waisted jacket, silver buttons and a full skirt. It's *the* suit to show off Marilyn's petite figure and beautiful red hair. But . . .! What's Marilyn going to do for shoes? She spent so much on the suit she can't possibly afford new shoes until the next time she collects her pay check. And now that she's home in front of the mirror, she sees that all of her shoes are much too low-heeled to set off the suit.

The skirt, naturally, has the new longer length—and it looks perfectly gosh-awful with low heels. (Not that *some* low heels don't look wonderful with a long skirt. But not on a tiny girl. The petite type definitely needs high heels to carry off a long, full skirt.) So now Marilyn has to wait two fuming weeks before she can wear her new pet. Point: Heel height must go with skirt length—or you've got a flop on your hands.

"I CAN'T MATCH THE COLOR . . ." Bettina really shouldn't be surprised. What does she expect when she buys a handbag in a pistachio green? It's true the bag is handsome. It's a big shoulder-strap job in a really swanky calf. But where is Bettina going to find something else—scarf, hat, gloves—to match?

If Bettina were the type to stick to one basic background color—black, say—or brown, or navy blue—she'd be all set. Her pistachio bag would make a wonderful accent against any of these. But our Bettina is a pushover for unusual color. She already owns a shocking pink blouse, a turquoise skirt, and a red coat—all hanging idly in her closet in perfect condition, all swearing at each other, and all perfectly unusable. Now her new bag will take its place with the rest of the rainbow—because she can never get anything to go with anything else. Point: The most delicious color is pure calamity—if you can't mate it with something else.

"IT WAS SUCH A BARGAIN . . ." Ava's right. It was a bargain—in a sense. $10.95—knocked down from $22.95. Big saving. But of course Ava wears a size 12, and the bargain happened to be a 14. Then too, Ava looks best in high necks—and this job had a neckline down to here. That let Ava in for plenty of bra trouble—and even when she had bought a new plunging neckline bra, it still wasn't flattering. On top of that, the bargain was jersey—a fabric Ava always swore was too clinging for her. But—of course it was a bargain. Or was it? Point: No bargain is worth a single red cent—if you can't wear it.

. . . CATCH ON? If you're continually being caught short on occasions when you want to look your very best, it probably isn't because you haven't enough clothes—but because you haven't enough clothes that were meant for each other.

The only way out is to make sure that every single thing you buy is right in color, silhouette and type for something else you already own. Once you've got your clothes keeping steady company with each other, you're ready, willing and fashion-able for whatever comes up!

and

you'll

never

walk

alone



Velvet step

SHOES

"feminine to the tip of your toes"

For these reasonably priced shoes, write for the name of your dealer

PETERS SHOES COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS



"looks like a good team..."

The football team looks like a winner . . .
and so will you in a trim top and skirt

Printed calico blouse in green, blue, red, brown. $5.95. Velveteen skirt in green, blue, red, brown, black. $8.95.
By Alice Stuart.

Two-tone shirt in raylaine flannel. Green brown, black, with ivory contrast. $7.95.
Matching skirt. $7.95.
By Freshy.



Wool worsted jersey with gold centered leather buttons. Red, grey, cinnamon, brown, black. Blouse $5.98. Skirt, $7.98. By Rojay.

Gabardine jumper in royal, green, luggage, dark grey, black. $7.98. Turtle neck blouse in wool worsted jersey. $5.98. By Loomtogs.

Very tricky slim skirt with zigzag buttons on one side. Black, brown, dark green, grey rayon. By Century Sportswear. $7.95. Shepherd sweater, $2.98.

Pins by Dona.
American Knit gloves.
Belt by Criterion.

for where to buy these modern screen fashions see pages 82 and 83



"... and then he said..."



Bet he said he likes plaids—especially on you! Far left, junior one-piece dress in bright plaid with appealing little velvet bow at collar. It's a wool blend in red-grey-blue; green-tan-red; or grey-yellow-red plaid. Junior sizes 9-15. By Meadowbrook Jrs. About $7.95.

Left, ruffled white broadcloth blouse with jeweled buttons. By Judy Kent. $4.98. Side pocket skirt, with leather belt through slits. Grey or tan glen plaid, in wool and rayon mix. By Rudley Sportswear, $4.99.

Striped turtle neck sweater in all-wool worsted. Grey with wine, pink, blue or black stripes. Yellow with grey stripes. Beige with green or brown stripes. Also solid colors. By Garland Knitting Mills, $5.98. Wool worsted jersey skirt with all-around unpressed pleats. Grey, oatmeal, royal, dark green or black. By Madison Sportswear, $8.95. Criterion belt, $5.

for where to buy these modern screen fashions see pages 82-83.



what is so rare as a

half-size suit?

■ But here's a trimming, slimming beauty—with v-pockets, jeweled buttons, and shoulder pleats to give a graceful line to the bosom. Grey, brown, green or purple. Sizes 12½-22½. By Queen Make in Tegra rayon. At Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn. Jordan Marsh, Boston. Carson, Pirie Scott, Chicago. J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles. Woodward & Lothrop, Washington.

For additional store information see page 83

FABULOUS HONEYMOON

(Continued from page 64)

matics scheduled for Miss Booth—by then she was Karin Booth—so she left again.

She went to Warners, made a test. Lucille Ryman got hold of the test and trotted it back to Metro, and Karin was re-signed at Metro—to a much better contract.

The next year, she made *Unfinished Dance.*

All the ballet dancing she'd ever done, she could have swallowed like an aspirin, but brazenly, she asked for the part.

Joe Pasternak, a kindly gentleman who hates to dash anyone's hopes to pieces, interviewed her gently. "My dear child," he said. "We start this picture in six months. And for the other dancer, we have Cyd Charisse, who's a great artist."

"In six months," Karin said, "you'll see."

She studied until she could have dropped; she studied until her mind was one jumble of *entrechats,* and *tour de jambes,* and *glissades,* and *pirouettes;* she studied until she could make her muscles obey her, and imitate, if not achieve, art. She wasn't a wonderful dancer at the end of six months, but she could convince you that she was, and that was what counted.

All her good breaks came together, as it happened. Two pictures—*Unfinished Dance* and *Big City*—and Allan.

brief encounter . . .

She'd met Allan years before, briefly at a party. In '41, it was, right at the beginning of the war. The party was in Beverly Hills; a man named Jay Carlisle was throwing it. Karin went because her date took her, Allan went because Jay Carlisle was his brother. They looked at each other, nothing happened, and they left it that way.

Then last year, they met again. For some reason, it was all different. For some reason, they went dancing every night, and they ate at a restaurant out at the beach, where the place was so small you almost had to order squab instead of chicken, and the stars hung so low over the sand they brushed your hair as you passed.

Neither Karin nor Allan is much of a gabber. Eventually, Allan said, "Well, I have to go to Florida on business," and they said goodbye, and off he went.

His telegram of proposal came later.

June 1st, they were married at the home of the Byron Ramsings, in Palm Beach, on a street called Emerald Lane. The bride wore a grey, raw silk suit, the friend who gave her away just barely showed up in time, and it was a lovely wedding.

The honeymoon trip was going to be made on Allan's yacht, the *Tioga,* so they didn't have to worry about tickets, reservations, suitcases or flat tires. (All they had to worry about, it developed, was seasickness, lightning storms in the middle of the ocean, and various stewards who were either drunk or crazy.)

After the wedding, Karin and Allan took stock. "We have a nice cocktail shaker," she said. "It's a present from Mrs. So-and-So."

"But I just won a cocktail shaker," he said. "For that such and such race, with the *Tioga.*"

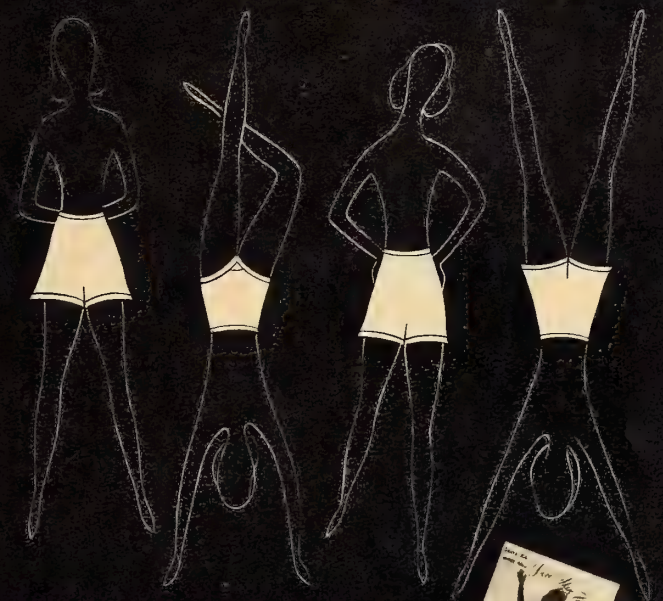
"Umm," she said.

"Umm," he said.

They were silent. "You know," he said, finally, "that's a great way to start off a marriage. A yacht, and two cocktail shakers."

The next day, they left for the Bahamas. They cruised around for a couple of months, stopped at Cat Cay, picked up some of the special gold dollars people on

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Rings enlarged to show detail *Trade Mark Reg.

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that island gamble with (Karin's going to have a belt made of them), bought Karin a madras skirt, in Nassau, traveled up the Eastern seaboard to New York.

Somewhere along the line, Allan fished a diamond wedding ring out of a box, and handed it to his wife. She'd wanted a plain gold one, but he happened to feel she deserved diamonds, and that was that.

Now she wears both of them at once. "It looks kind of funny," he says occasionally, but he doesn't put any conviction into his voice.

She's planning to buy a wedding ring for him, even though he steadfastly refuses to wear one. "I don't like rings," he tells her.

"You'll be mad about this one," she says.

Life on the *Tioga* was pretty astonishing to Karin. She'd never been on a boat before in her life, and she was frightened for a while. "What if I'm sick," she'd wail, "and disgrace myself?"

"Don't worry about it," Allan would say serenely. Serenity is one of the most noticeable things about the man. He sits there at the wheel of his boat, his face tan and his eyes bright blue, the way the eyes of people who've lived a good deal on the sea sometimes get, and if he knows what it is to be troubled, you couldn't guess it.

Conceivably, he knows what it is to be troubled. He was studying music in Vienna when the second World War broke out; he'd lived abroad for years. Much of his life, many of his friends were there. But he's got this quiet, unneurotic quality of peace about him; being married to him, Karin says, is pure, simple heaven.

Anyhow, she *didn't* disgrace herself on the boat; she learned to help with the sails, she learned to steer a little, and the days flew.

The dream-like quality of the voyage was broken only by a succession of stewards. There was one—he was so perfect everyone called him "Meadows"—and the only trouble with *him* was he got seasick every time the boat began to rock, so he gave up the ocean, and the Carlisles.

water, water, everywhere . . .

There was another—he couldn't stand to see an open whisky bottle. Once a bottle was broken into, that poor fellow didn't rest easy until it was drunk up. He drank up several of the best bottles around the place before he left.

There was the steward who had the habit of cocking his head sort of thoughtfully, when Allan or Karin was giving instructions. "Yes," he would say, from time to time, "I suppose that will be all right."

Finally, there was the fellow who got the idea Allan and Karin loved jellied consomme. Every lunch for a solid three weeks, he served them jellied consomme. They'd go shopping when the boat docked, buy dozens of cans of tomato juice, and leave them strategically placed around the galley. The steward didn't bat an eye. One morning, in desperation, Karin approached him. "Please," she said, "this noon, might we have tomato juice?"

He smiled at her sweetly, and for lunch, they had tomato juice and jellied consomme.

Right now, they're without a steward, and suffering no pain. There are two cabin boys, everybody pitches in, and nobody's gone hungry yet.

They stopped a few days in New York at the Ambassador Hotel, saw several shows. Kind of a bang-up end to the honeymoon, complete with nightclubs and fancy clothes.

Karin has to get back to the Coast soon, for a new picture, and this one ought to tell the tale. With two solid hits behind her, a good picture now could make her a great big star. As for Allan, he's willing to go along and watch. Whatever the girl wants is okay with him.

new faces



ROBERT ARTHUR *was a disc jockey for a radio station in his home-town, Aberdeen, Wash., when he decided to chuck radio for a chance at Hollywood. He hitchhiked all the way from Aberdeen and got a job a month after he arrived. His 20th Century-Fox build-up began with* Green Grass of Wyoming *and you'll soon be seeing him with Gregory Peck in* Yellow Sky. *Bob was 23 on June 18. He's 5′ 9″ tall and weighs 135 lbs.; has blue eyes and brown hair.*



MONTGOMERY CLIFT *whom you discovered in* The Search *and* Red River, *is a talented Broadway veteran of 10 hit plays. His stage career began at the age of 13, and he's appeared since in* Our Town, Skin of Our Teeth, *with Martha Scott, and* There Shall Be No Night, *with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. Montgomery was born in Omaha, Nebraska, in October, 1920. He's 5′ 11″, weighs 160 lbs., and is unmarried. He's under contract to Howard Hawks and his next picture will be* The Heiress.



SCOTT BRADY, *who scored a hit with fans in* Canon City, *was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on September 13, 1924, and is Lawrence Tierney's brother. Later the Tierneys moved to Westchester, where Scott attended St. Michael's High School. When he was discharged from the Navy in 1945, he enrolled in the Bliss-Hayden Dramatic School, under the GI Bill of Rights and ten months later was discovered by a scout! Scott's 6′ 2″ tall, weighs 180 lbs., and is an excellent swimmer, boxer and rider. Unmarried.*



LOIS BUTLER, *who won the title role in Eagle-Lion's* Mickey *without any previous acting experience, is 16 years old and a sophomore at John Marshall High School. She's only 5 feet high and weighs 97 pounds. She was born February 13, 1932, in Indianapolis, Ind. Lois has a singing range of three octaves, from G to G above high C, and has sung with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra. Her favorite sports are volley and basketball, horseback riding, skating—and bread-baking.*



"HI, HAYHEAD!" . . . *that* was the uncomplimentary way Don greeted me the night of the hayride party. Believe me, that was the last straw! I made up my mind *then* to do something about my dull-looking, unmanageable hair.



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FROM THE MOVIES

EMPEROR WALTZ—Friendly Mountains: Sammy Kaye (Victor).

LADY IN ERMINE—This is the Moment: *Jo Stafford (Capitol); Dinah Shore (Columbia).

If parentage means anything, this song has success in its blood. Music is by London-born Frederick Hollander, who wrote the musical score for the picture that brought Marlene Dietrich to Hollywood (*Blue Angel*), and lyrics are by Leo Robin, who won an Academy Award in 1938 for *Thanks for the Memory*. Strawberry-blonde Jo Stafford sounds better with every record.

MIDNIGHT WALTZ — Every Time: Jean Sablon (Victor).

NORTHWEST STAMPEDE—Lazy Stream: Wayne King (Victor).

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES—Love That Boy: Dinah Shore (Columbia); *Johnny Mercer and the Pied Pipers (Capitol).

ROMANCE ON THE HIGH SEAS—Run, Run, Run and The Tourist Trade: *Charioteers (Columbia).

Remember the Cuban scene, when singer-dancer Avon Long gave the grim facts about the tourist racket? And the calypso warning to run, run, run when you see a pretty wo*mun*? Both these cute novelties were recorded by the Charioteers during a trip to England—which means they have real instrumental backgrounds, since there's no recording ban in Britain!

TWO GUYS FROM TEXAS — Hankering: *Gordon MacRae (Capitol); Tex Beneke (Victor); Harry James (Columbia). I Don't Care If It Rains All Night: *Tex Beneke (Victor); *Johnny Mercer, (Capitol); Harry James (Columbia). There's Music in the Land: Art Mooney (M-G-M); Vaughn Monroe (Victor). Every Day I Love You (Just a Little Bit More): *Jo Stafford (Capitol); Vaughn Monroe (Victor); Mindy Carson (Musicraft). I Wanna Be a Cowboy in the Movies: *Korn Kobblers (M-G-M); Beatrice Kay (Columbia).

WHIPLASH—Just For Now: *Connie Haines (Signature); *Frank Sinatra (Columbia); Andy Russell (Capitol).

ALBUMS

BING CROSBY — *Crosby Classics, Volume II (Columbia).

Recorded back in the early thirties, when Bing's baritone was closer to a tenor, these eight tunes (including Temptation, Moonstruck and Ghost of a Chance) still make good listening.

DUKE ELLINGTON—**Mood Ellington (Columbia).

Eight original tunes recorded late in 1947. This album should dispel rumors that the Duke is slipping.

SONGS TO REMEMBER—*Lorry Raine (Coast).

Nice singing by a lovely 22-year-old redhead from Detroit, who started on records and radio with Mark Warnow. It's good to hear a revival of that great song I'll Remember April. Lorry should be in pictures soon.

LETTER FROM THE FASHION EDITOR

Dear You:

Think Louella Parsons does a lot of party-going? You should have seen the Fashion Department in the last couple of weeks!

This is the season when all the designers and manufacturers put out the red carpet, pop the champagne corks, and parade their winter collections for the fashion press. To give you an idea in one single week there were 132—count 'em—132 parties scheduled.

We didn't make quite **all** of them, but we lunched, brunched and dined at the St. Regis, Ritz-Carlton, St. Moritz, Waldorf and practically every other glamorous spot in town—took notes on dozens of swoony fashions—met lots of exciting people. We had ourselves a time, period.

To give you a mere hint—the Barbizon slip people threw a huge cocktail party for Marsha Hunt, Albert Drake, Faye Emerson and a couple of hundred other people . . . and then hosted the entire group at the theater to see the play of their choice. (We chose Faye Emerson and Louis Calhern in "The Play's the Thing.")

Oleg Cassini had a cocktail party in his sophisticated new salon, and we somehow found ourselves visualizing Gene Tierney in everyone of the dramatic evening gowns he showed—wonder why?

One of the cleverest fashion shindigs was put on jointly by jewelry, scarf, glove and belt designers. They gave a very swanky party at the Pierre, and then sprang a surprise in the form of a movie screen on which a moving pen skillfully sketched fashion figures—a la the out-of-the-inkwell cartoons. Then a beauteous model stepped from behind the screen, wearing the fashion sketched, and demonstrated the miracles which could be performed on it with accessory switches.

Naturally, we can't describe all of our giddy doings—that would take pages. But we can tell you that the pick of the fashions we saw will be turning up in forthcoming issues for you to wear.

After all, the whole point of our partying is to snag the cutest fashions—the fastest—just for you.

Connie Bartel

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to wear housedresses throughout all the reels. That's why I hate ginghams. They represent drudgery to me.

"My favorites are suits. Cocktail suits, dinner suits, and my 'very special' is an all-service suit of light wool gabardine with a black skirt and a flaming red hip-length coat. I call it my 'cheerer-upper.' I always feel comfortable and well dressed in it and it really gives me a lift—the color, I mean."

In *It's a Wonderful Life* and now, again, in *The Life of Monty Stratton,* Donna has to wear house dresses, but she can at least go back and forth from the studio, exquisitely tailored.

Dorothy Lamour likes suits, too, but she goes in for very elegant ones. Her pet is a svelte formal suit with an embroidered coat and a gracefully draped skirt which designer Jean Louis did for her before she started to work in her current film, *Lulu Belle.*

Dottie hates slacks because she thinks they are so unbecoming to the feminine figure. She prefers flowing lines and rich materials. Anything reminding her of a sarong will be tossed right out the window.

Doris Day, on the other hand, is a big slacks champion.

"Brother, if anything ruffles me, it's ruffles. I can't stand these frilly things and, if the studio would let me, I'd wear slacks in pictures," says Doris, who is now in *My Dream Is Yours.*

"Maybe it's the tomboy in me, but I don't think anything is more comfortable and looks nicer than a beautifully tailored pair of white slacks. You can wear a bright coat or a colorful striped blazer and believe me, it's a pick-up. I loathe dressing up, and perhaps that's why I love California; I don't have to. I don't own a hat and don't intend to. Those gals who want to get all frilled up and lunch at Romanoff's can have it. It's the casual life for me."

Ruth Warwick is "plaid-happy." Her mother was Annie Laurie Scott, which may account for it. Anyway, she loves to wear plaids, preferably red, black and white ones. More than that, she even uses the same plaid material and pattern for her luncheon cloths, napkins and patio drapes as she does for her clothes.

Another gal who goes for household materials is Virginia Grey. When Virginia, who is currently in *So This Is New York,* saw the design that Barbara Barondess MacLean had made for the fittings for Ojai Valley Inn, she told Barbara, "I want to look like that chair!"

So Barbara whipped up a peasant skirt of the gay and colorful print, combined it with a Valley Green crepe blouse. Ginny says, "I feel like a tea-cozy."

Ida Lupino's pet is a pair of pedal pushers of blue and chartreuse. It isn't just because she likes to bicycle. Ida lives way up on a mountain top and she says that pedal pushers go with a mountain top—they're free and breezy.

Ida's anathema is a beaded dress. For one of her first Hollywood parties she spent two weeks' salary on a creation of bugle beads. "It served its purpose when it came to making an entrance, but the exit was a nightmare. A 'friend' of mine said, 'Darling, you look ravishing, but there's a loose thread there at your shoulder.' She pulled it and I literally unraveled all over the party. My hostess was still picking up bugle beads around the house two days later. Since then I've felt about a beaded dress the way I feel about the electric chair."

Joan Bennett likes hostess gowns and Irene Dunne prefers dresses and suits of the utmost simplicity.

But the most rugged individualist of them all is Betty Hutton.

"No matter what Paris says," declares Betty, "I'm not going to clutter up my life with bustles or hobble skirts. I like to dress appropriately for any occasion outside, but when I'm home, let me slip into a pair of Levis and live!"

While most of the stars we talked to, Donna Reed, Doris Day, Ruth Warwick, etc., all seemed to like red or various shades of red, it's the one color Hutton can't stand in her clothes.

"You know why?" she asked. "When I first went to New York to sing with a band, the orchestra leader, who didn't know clothes from a lead sheet, thought I should make my first appearance in a flaming red dress. I guess he didn't have much confidence in my voice. I didn't either, so I wore a red dress and I was so frightened and nervous I laid an egg. Since that day I really see red when they show me anything to wear in that color."



how to buy modern screen fashions

If there's anything the Modern Screen Fashion Department dotes on, it's letters from you requesting the fashions we feature. We get a distinct thrill out of each and every "where can I buy?" letter you send us, and nothing makes us happier than knowing that you have walked into a store, and have bought, worn, and loved an M. S. Fashion.

However, sometimes we worry that you have to wait too long for the fashions you request. If you're anything like us, you want a dress when you want it—practically immediately.

In order to speed up your receiving the M. S. Fashions you want, here are a few tips on how to buy:—

buy in person:

Go to the store in your city listed in the Where to Buy Directory, and **be sure** to go directly to the proper department and floor, which are also listed.

To save even more time, take along the Modern Screen photo of the fashion you want. If you haven't the page from the magazine, be sure to tell the sales girl you saw it in Modern Screen.

If no store in your city is listed, write to Connie Bartel for name of one.

buy by mail:

Order by Check from any store listed, whether in your city or not.
Order by Money Order from any store listed, whether in your city or not.
Order by C. O. D. from any store listed, whether in your city or not.

how not to buy:

Please don't send checks, money orders, or C. O. D.'s direct to Modern Screen.

We're not equipped to handle them, and they only delay your order.

Write us for store in your city—or any other information, and we'll respond promptly. But don't send us actual **payment**—that should go only to stores.

Thanks for your cooperation—and here's to your receiving your M. S. Fashions but quickly!

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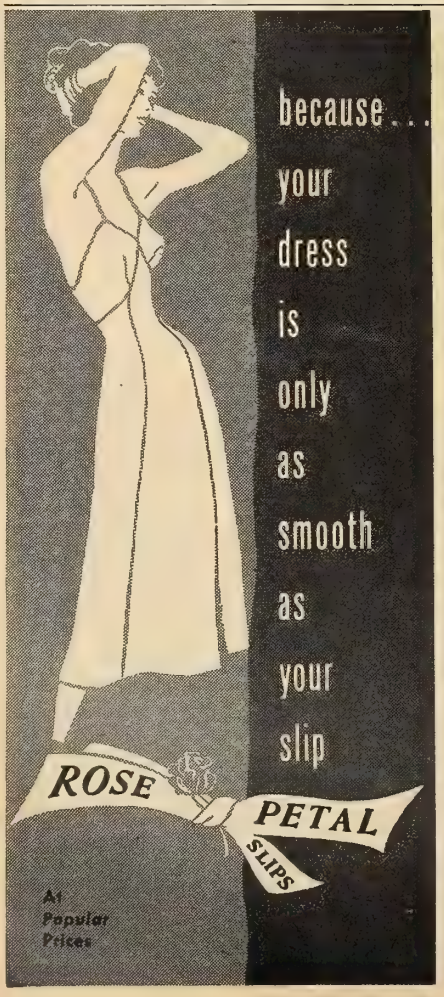
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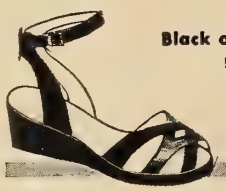
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Corduroy jacket with chin-chin collar and matching skirt worn by Ann Miller in the full color photograph (page 65)

Los Angeles, Calif.—*The May Co.*, Broadway & 8th St. (Jacket only)
Madison, Wis.—*Harry S. Manchester, Inc.*, 2 E. Miffin St., Thrift Center, Second Floor
New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's*, 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Misses Sportswear, Third Floor
Oklahoma City, Okla.—*Kerr's, Inc.*, 312 W. Main St., Budget Sportswear Dept.
Washington, D. C.—*Woodward & Lothrop*, 10th & G Sts., Sportswear, Third Floor, North Bldg.

Ballet shoes worn in color photo (page 65)

New York, N. Y.—*Best & Co.*, 51st St. & Fifth Ave.

Plaid bustle skirt (page 66)

Detroit, Mich.—*Crowley, Milner Co.*, Gratiot Ave., High School Shop, Fourth Floor
Hartford, Conn.—*Sage, Allen & Co.*, 900 Main St., Teen Shop
New York, N. Y.—*Oppenheim Collins*, 33 W. 34th St., Teen Dept., Balcony
Pittsburgh, Pa.—*Joseph Horne Co.*, Pennsylvania Ave., High School Shop, Third Floor

Flat turtle neck sweater worn with bustle skirt (page 66)

Pittsburgh, Pa.—*Frank & Seder*, 5th Ave. & Smithfield St.
St. Louis, Mo.—*Sonnenfeld's*, 610-18 Washington Ave., Accessory Dept., Main Floor

Corduroy skirt with flare front, full back (page 66)

Boston, Mass.—*Filene's*, Washington St.
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Strawbridge & Clothier*, 8th & Market Sts., Junior Miss Sportswear, Third Floor
Washington, D. C.—*Woodward & Lothrop*, 10th & G Sts., Junior Miss, Fourth Floor

Short-sleeved, notched collar sweater worn with corduroy skirt (page 66)

Omaha, Neb.—*Fred & Clark Haas*, 205 S. 16th St., Sportswear Dept., First Floor
St. Louis, Mo.—*Sonnenfeld's*, 610-18 Washington St., Accessory Dept., Main Floor

Printed Calico blouse (page 70)

Denver, Colo.—*Denver Dry Goods Co.*, 16th & California Sts., Sports Shop, Second Floor
Los Angeles, Calif.—*J. W. Robinson Co.*, 7th & Grand Sts., Blouse Dept., Street Floor
New York, N. Y.—*McCreery's*, 34th St. & 5th Ave., College Shop, Fourth Floor
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Strawbridge & Clothier*, Market & 8th Sts., Separates Shop, Third Floor

Two-tone shirt, matching skirt (page 70)

Write to: Freshy Sportswear, 1410 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

Wool worsted jersey top with leather buttons, matching skirt (page 71)

Buffalo, N. Y.—*J. N. Adam Co.*, 383 Main St., Sportswear Dept., Fourth Floor
New York, N. Y.—*Oppenheim Collins*, 33 W. 34th St., Sport Shop, Third Floor

Gabardine jumper and turtle neck blouse (page 71)

Boston, Mass.—*Filene's*, Washington St., Sportswear Dept., Fourth Floor
Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Martin's*, 501 Fulton St., College Shop, Casual, Fifth Floor
Louisville, Ky.—*Zellner's*
New York, N. Y.—*Gimbel's*, 33rd St. & Ave. of the Americas, College Shop, Third Floor

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

Rayon skirt with zig-zag buttons (page 71)
Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Loeser's,* 484 Fulton St., Sportswear, Second Floor
Miami, Fla.—*Hartley's,* Sportswear, Main Floor
New York, N. Y.—*Gimbels,* 33rd St. & Ave. of the Americas, College Shop, Third Floor
St. Louis, Mo.—*Libson Shops*

Sweater worn with skirt (page 71)
St. Louis, Mo.—*Sonnenfeld's,* 610-18 Washington St., Accessory Dept., Main Floor
Waukegan, Ill.—*Hein's,* Sportswear Dept., Second Floor

One piece plaid dress with velvet bow at collar (page 72)
Boston, Mass.—*Conrad & Co.,* 19 Winter St., Downstairs
Chicago, Ill.—*Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.,* State, Madison & Monroe Sts., Downstairs
Cleveland, Ohio—*The Halle Bros. Co.,* 1228 Euclid Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Gimbels,* 9th & Market Sts.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—*Kaufmann's,* 5th Ave & Smithfield St., Downstairs
St. Louis, Mo.—*Famous-Barr Co.,* Locust, Olive & 6th Sts., Teentown, Downstairs

Ruffled broadcloth blouse with jeweled buttons (page 72)
Chicago, Ill.—*Goldblatt's,* 333 S. State St.
Milwaukee, Wis.—*Gimbels,* 101 Wisconsin Ave., Hi School Shop, Third Floor
New York, N. Y.—*Saks-34th,* 34th St. & Broadway, Teen Dept., Second Floor
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Lit Brothers,* Market & 8th Sts., Teen Shop, Third Floor
Phoenix, Ariz.—*Diamond's,* Washington at 2nd St., The Teen Town Shop, Second Floor

Glen Plaid skirt with side pockets, worn with ruffled blouse (page 72)
St. Louis, Mo.—*Salle Ann Shops*

Striped turtle neck sweater and jersey skirt with unpressed pleats (page 73)
Boston, Mass.—*Filene's,* Washington St., Sportswear Dept., Fourth Floor
Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Abraham & Straus,* 420 Fulton St., Sportswear, Second Floor, Central Bldg.
Buffalo, N. Y.—*Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co.,* 398 Main St.
San Francisco, Calif.—*Macy's,* Stockton & O'Farrell Sts., Sportswear Dept., Second Floor

Half-size suit with V pockets and jeweled buttons (page 74)
Boston, Mass.—*Jordan Marsh Co.,* Washington & Avon Sts., Misses Thriftmode Dept., Fourth Floor
Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Abraham & Straus,* 420 Fulton St., Daytime Dresses, Second Floor
Chicago, Ill.—*Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.,* State, Madison & Monroe Sts., Daytime Dresses, Second Floor.
Los Angeles, Calif.—*J. W. Robinson Co.,* 7th & Grand Sts., California Patio Shop, Fourth Floor
Washington, D. C.—*Woodward & Lothrop,* 10th & G Sts., Inexpensive Dresses, Third Floor

How to Order Modern Screen Fashions

(1) *Buy in person from stores listed.*
(2) *Order by mail from stores listed.*
(3) *Write Connie Bartel, Modern Screen, Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.—for store in your vicinity.*

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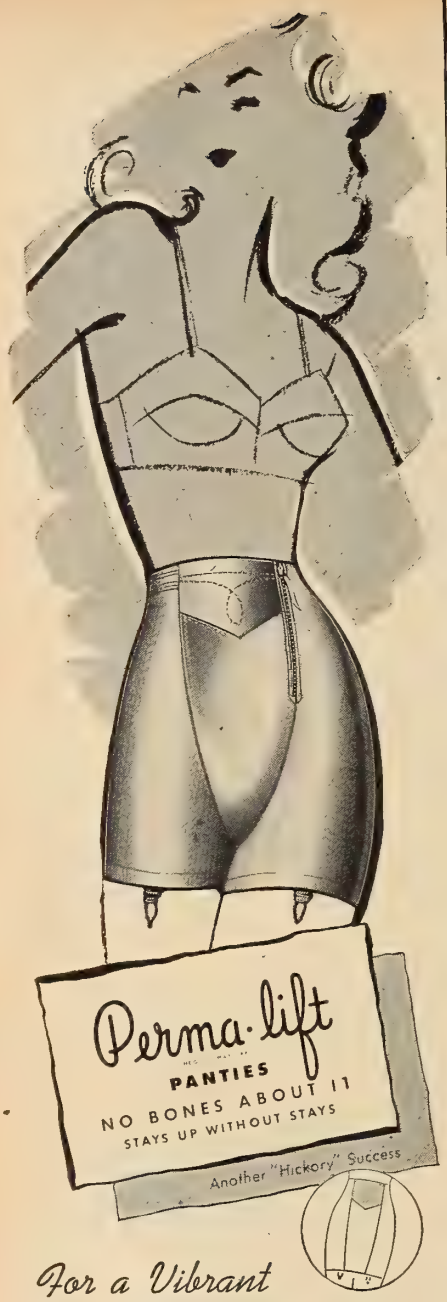
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the fans



SHIRLEY FROHLICH
director
GLORIA LAMPERT
associate

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION

Ideas, Inc. Our request for club ideas has brought a slew of swell responses and we're going to pass them right along to you: Barbara Wright of L.A. has the simplest and easiest plan in the world for adding small change to your treasury. She says go out into the pantry or kitchen and collect those deposit bottles! The folks'll be happy to have them cleared away—and you can add those nickels to the club's worthwhile activity or snap fund. You'll be surprised how those five-cent pieces add up! . . . Urban "Red" Jones (Jimmy Lloyd Club) calls on all club prexies to put out a fan club "Who's Who" (like our own "Who's Who In Hollywood") with one page devoted to each club honorary. Each club supplies copy, snap and its share of expense . . . Phyllis Pritchard writes that when her honorary, Joan Caulfield, mails out a requested photo to a fan, there's a sticker pasted on the back that says, "Join the Joan Caulfield Fan Club" and gives the name and address of the prexy. It's tripled membership in less than a year! . . . Lee Garber's Mel Torme Club has a special way of attracting attention of movie-mag editors when clubbers request stories about Mel. Club artist Joan Cavaretta makes miniature facsimile editions of each magazine solicited, with the name of the magazine, Mel's picture, the mag's trade mark, price, etc., on the cover. It's very appealing and bound to get attention. For disk jockeys, Joan has made a tiny paper record in a petite jacket of its own. They're cute souvenirs. (It takes a little imagination and lots of lovin' care to dream up these ideas.) . . . Dale Dunham of Concord, Calif., suggests a White Elephant Sale. Everybody brings something they have no use for, but which may be very useful to someone else. You can put nominal prices on the items or sell them at auction. All money is added to club treasury. For a more ambitious club, Dale suggests a puppet show or a carnival. By permission of the authorities, use a vacant lot and set up your tents or stalls—a candy and soft drink stand, of course, and a fortune teller! If you can, a "house of horrors" and a vaudeville tent . . . Here's a wonderful game for club meetings, from Doris Burton of Richmond, Va.: either an individual or team of clubbers acts out a scene in pantomime, using props which happen to be in the room. The others try to guess the movie the scene is taken from—and the stars . . . Finally, Loretta Verbin of Jack Carson's club has a painless way of reminding clubbers to renew membership. Instead of notifying them coldly "to pay up, or get out," Loretta has mimeographed a cute cartoon that says pleasantly, "For another fun-packed year, rejoin. . . ."

Thanks to you clubbers who submitted your pet ideas. Winners above each receive a year's subscription to MODERN SCREEN!

Trouble Clinic: For years, studios who've objected to fan clubs have been yelling "Racket!" So here's a solution from a famous MSFCA club prexy: "If the studios were smart they would whip up fan club organizations right in the studio with some authority on them who would not be afraid to bounce harmful fans out on their ear. Then they could work in conjunction with the fan magazines and this way there could not be quite as much racketeering and trouble." What do you think? Are fan clubs rackets? What's your solution?

Louise Warnes, prexy of Jim Brown's Buddies, says, "How about more plugs for new clubs with new stars as honoraries?" Okay, Louise, here's a batch of new favorites for whom we've got promising young clubs. For info on how to join them, drop us a card: Elizabeth Taylor, Gary Stevens, Ron Randall, Jane Powell, Art Mooney, Daryl Hickman, Nina Foch, Graham Covert, Vanessa Brown, Kirk Douglas, Gene Nelson, David Street, Rand Brooks, Martha Vickers, and Richard Widmark.

New Prizes! We're putting new glamor in our Trophy Contest prizes! Starting this month, we'll give away Helena Rubinstein's Lipstick Four-Casts to the winners of the "This Is My Best" Contest (best stories and/or poems printed in your club journals). The Rubinstein Four-Cast is a handsome plastic case containing the four most becoming shades of lipstick for your type, so before we mail out your prize (if you're a winner!) we'll quiz you on your hair-coloring. Then, you'll have the four lipsticks you need to wear with your most flattering costume colors! It's the New Look in lipsticks, and it's as chi-chi as the name Helena Rubinstein implies! Of course, we've still got our old favorites, too, and from your letters, we know you love 'em! For the club artist, there's TANGEE's beautiful Trip-Kit, the smartest thing for travel, and just loaded with those superfine Tangee products—astringent, powder base, rouge, etc., also comb and mirror, to keep you looking like a movie star even on the bumpiest bus. And for you expert editors, we've got those wonderful EBERHARD FABER Harmatone Pen and Pencil Sets. Handsome, smooth, they write like a dream! Finally, for the camera bugs, there are free subscriptions to DELL magazines, and DELL Pocket Books! (Suitable prizes substituted for male winners, as always!)

8TH SEMI-ANNUAL TROPHY CUP CONTEST
(2nd Lap)

Best Journals: 500 points. League 1. Nelson Eddy *Golden Notes* (Nicholin). League 2. (tied) *Reagan Record. Jive* (Bob Crosby). *Shirley's* (Temple) *Scoops. Golden Comet* (Jeanette MacDonald). *Musical Notes.* League 3. (tied) *Burt Lancaster* journal. *Data on Dick* (Conte). (Joe) *Cotten Chronicle.* (Helen) *Geraldites. Kamera on Kirk* (Douglas). **Best Editing:** 250 points. League 1. Janie Hamilton, Bill Boyd *R. H. News.* League 2. Betty Petrie, Club Friendship journal. League 3. Audrey Cushing, *Atomic* (Bob) *Atcher.* **Best covers:** 250 points. League 1. Nelson Eddy Music Club journal (Mottola). League 2. Alan Ladd (Bellino) journal. League 3. (tied) Keese-Roberts journal. *Swing and Sway Times* (Sammy Kaye). **Best Art Work:** 150 points. Eugenia Holland, Desi Arnez (Stilts) journal. **This Is My Best:** 100 points. Ruth Kellman, Editorial, Ralph Lewis journal. Georgia Eustice, "Typically Hollywood," Ralph Lewis journal. Dee Fling, "A Tribute," *Reagan Record.* Rosemarie Chaney, "Hold Fast Your Dreams," Cotton Chronicle. Anita Dobres, "Young America At The Movies," Alan Ladd journal (Pearl). Guen Griffith, "Graduation," *Hi-Lites* (Club Friendship journal). **Membership Increases:** 100 points. League 1. Bill Boyd Club. League 2. Dennis Morgan Club. League 3. Bobby Breen Club. **Most Worthwhile Activities:** 250 points. League 1. Nelson Eddy (Mottola) Club (donated $35 to Cancer Fund in honor of Nelson's birthday). League 2. Jeanette MacDonald (Riley) (gave $30 to Children's Village for Jeanette's birthday). League 3 (tied) Herb Fields Club (donated $15 to Jewish Relief Fund). Sinatra Club (Alfino) (collected baby clothing for French War Orphans). **Candid Camera Contest:** (First prize 100 points, others 50.) Marlyn Sclater, Roddy McDowall Club. Geraldine Schultz, Gene Autry Club. Ron de Armond, Charles Korvin Club. Virginia Pink, Bobby Beers Club. Kathy Campbell, Darryl Hickman Club. Dory Gehrke Nelson Eddy (Mottola) Club. **Best Correspondents:** 50 points. League 1. Nancy Bryan, Bill Boyd Club. League 2. Rita and Jo Mottola, Rise Stevens Club. League 3. Shirley Warren, Garry Stevens Club.

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WHY CAN'T THEY STAY MARRIED?

(Continued from page 31)

back, confusing everyone, including themselves and their bewildered children, until Jane decided to call it quits for keeps. June Haver and her trumpeteer, Jimmy Zito, calling it off before it ever started, and then when it did start, calling it off again.

How do they get that way? There are always stories behind the stories you read—and some of them, believe me, are lulus. For instance, the on-again, off-again marriage of Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles.

The second act of that bizarre domestic drama opened right before Orson directed Rita in *The Lady From Shanghai*, and it ended right after the last scene was shot. I stood on that set and watched that patch-up in action. I saw Orson mopping up the stage floor with his beautiful wife in a high-tension, super-melodramatic scene—which was just what Rita craved, by the way. I call that connubial comeback, "The Eighty-Thousand Dollar Makeup—or Columbia Capers." It had everything in it except what a true reconciliation needs, which is humility, sincerity and love.

Rita should have known better. Heaven knows, she'd had plenty of the one-time Boy Genius the first time. As he says, Orson "forgot" constantly that he had a wife, when anything else was on his mile-a-minute mind. Politicking, saving the world, making speeches, plotting sensational broadcasts, writing plays and scripts, acting, promoting, flying off here and there at the drop of an overnight bag. Orson's not exactly a cozy kid to have around the house. That's why Rita left him in the first place; she never knew, with his astral existence, whether he'd be coming in for dinner when she was having breakfast, or vice versa.

So they split. Rita handled her career and home twice as easily without Orson's jitters, and had time, too, for the gaiety she loves. Orson joined old Mercury Theater pals on Broadway, launched a stage musical, *Around the World in 80 Days*—and lost his shirt when, owing to its fabulous production costs, it flopped like a flounder. Part of the shirt—in fact $80,000 of it—belonged to a big shot at Columbia Pictures. And the estranged Mrs. Welles is Columbia's biggest box-office star. Right then the machinery of a marriage makeup began to turn.

rita plays the game . . .

Here's what happened: The big-shot wanted his loan to Orson back, had a promise tied to it that Orson would make him a picture. Orson had to come through. Also, Rita's Columbia contract was about to expire, and Columbia wanted it renewed. How about Rita? Well, she was already a big success as a musical star, but she longed for finer things, yearned to be a dramatic, artistic actress. Add those factors up and what do you get? A second try at marriage on an artificial basis—one that should never have happened.

I'll cut it short. Orson came back to Hollywood with a picture script. He went out to Rita's. He's a salesman. When he left, Rita's head was spinning. At last she was to be a dramatic star, directed by the Genius, himself. Orson rewrote the script in eight days, building Rita a starring part. Rita signed a new seven-year contract with Columbia. Orson moved back in Rita's house; they were "together again." But were they? Yep, for six months—while the picture lasted.

But Orson hadn't changed, hadn't any intention of changing. Anyway, a few days after I walked off that set, Rita told me in a dead-tired, emotionless voice, "Orson and I are through, Hedda. Forever. I can't take it any longer." Whatever made her think she could?

Now they're divorced and she's legally Rita Cansino again. Who collected the hits in that second inning? Orson? Rita? I haven't seen *Lady From Shanghai*, but I hear it's pretty weird. It's doubtful if it will add to Orson Welles' stature or prove Rita another Bernhardt, so they'll both wind up with errors. Who got his money back—also his meal-ticket star? That's right, the Columbia big-shot.

Now, that's a pretty special Hollywood return engagement—but they're all special, that's the point. Hollywood has what it takes to blow a familiar domestic crisis into quicker flame. I'm thinking of Mark Stevens' marriage mixup.

A year or so ago in these very pages of Modern Screen I picked Mark as the most promising young star of the year. He'd proved himself loaded with talent, authority, and ambition. One of his best assets was his young wife, Annelle. First time I met her, I said, "There's a girl with her head set right on her shoulders." She'd come to Hollywood to get in pictures herself. She'd tossed that over pronto the minute she said "I do." She was expecting a baby. They were living in a tiny guest-house apartment in the hills near Pickfair, victims of the housing shortage. Mark was sick, racked with pain. He'd already been in hospitals numberless times to have his back, injured in boyhood, repaired. And Annelle had nursed him, dressed his wounds, ministered to his moods (which ranged in Mark from sky-high elation to bottomless despair, as his frustrations drummed on his nerves). There were picture chances he was too sick to grab, there was cramped living, a pregnant wife. That was the setup—and both Mark and Annelle were young.

I spotted Mark at once as an explosive character. His life story backed me up. Mark had blown his top consistently throughout his wandering young career, he'd been a problem child, a runaway, a rebel. He never thought he'd get married, he told me. "I've always been mean to women," he admitted frankly. But still, I sensed character and guts in him.

Now Mark Stevens is a small-town boy and there are millions like him all over, yearning for the Big League, its fame and its fruits. Only, when he got his at last,



that's hollywood!

Members of the movie industry get a chance to attend previews and are usually put on the spot when asked for their opinions. After a preview a producer cornered Oscar Levant and inquired, "How did you like my picture?"

"I didn't like it," said Levant frankly.

"Who do you think you are, not to like it?" recoiled the producer.

"Who do I have to be, not to like it?" asked Levant.

from "Hollywood Merry-Go-Round" by Andrew Hecht

Mark couldn't use them. Annelle soon had her baby, but Mark was left with his frustrations. That's when he lost his head, decided to have this fling he thought he rated.

Unfortunately, Hedy Lamarr swam entrancingly in view at the psychological moment and Hedy was fancy-free, having split with her husband, John Loder. Three children or not, Hedy must have someone to pay court and flatter her. That the great and glamorous Lamarr would make eyes at him was the most fatal flattery to Mark Stevens in his mood. So off the beam he went, leaving home and Annelle for a flirtation that Hedy's husband, John, summed up the best I've heard. "It's quite all right, my dear," observed John drily, "but aren't you making yourself rather ridiculous?" No more than Mark was. The difference was he came to, fast, and realized in a hospital bed with his bad back acting up again what a fool he'd been. That's when he called me and made the vows he's kept, so far. As I said, Mark has signed over every cent he owns to Annelle and Mark Richard, their baby boy. I hope he never crosses us up again—or rather, crosses up himself and his family.

Now let me turn to another case. I said I'd never been the president of Oleg Cassini's fan club. Oleg's grandfather was the Czar's ambassador to Washington. He's an aristocrat, touchy, proud, and easy to misunderstand.

Gene has always been madly in love with her fiery little count. She followed him around from camp to camp during the war, just like any war wife. And Oleg did do the right things, I had to admit. He dropped his title, became a U. S. A. citizen, enlisted when trouble began and won his way up to a lieutenant's bars. Frankly, I've always thought he was inconsiderate of Gene. He had so many fist fights and hot-tempered scuffles in public, and they embarrassed her so much. But that wasn't what split them up. Pride did that.

pride and prejudice . . .

From the start of their marriage, Gene was a successful star. Oleg was an unsuccessful dress designer. Gene has told me, "Our trouble was just as much my fault as Oleg's. I had my work, I was making a big salary. Oleg had only his pride. But I love him and I want the world to know it." Gene told me that after they'd reconciled, after, I firmly believe, both knew they were more in love than ever. Two months after their makeup, Gene found she'd have a second baby, which she's expecting soon. I wish her and Oleg Cassini all the luck in the world.

But no matter how I feel about Oleg, there's another boy I haven't changed my opinion of yet, and he'll have to show me before I will. I mean John Payne, whose shaky child-bride marriage with Gloria De Haven will be wagging Heaven knows which way by the time this sees print. At the present, John is saying, "I love my wife and my children and we all love each other and we should never, never part," or words to that effect. And little Gloria is saying nothing. John has always thought he was God's gift to the screen. I think he's a spoiled, over-conceited boy all wrapped up in himself and happy being unhappy—like a character in a Russian novel.

I used to see John sitting and scowling in Hollywood's night clubs back when he was married to Anne Shirley. "For Heaven's sake," I told him one night to his long, sad face, "if you're that bored with it all, why don't you go home? Why sit here and torture yourself?"

"Anne likes it," sighed Payne. I've seen him sulking the same lackadaisical way lately, with—and without—his bride. Truth is, John doesn't know what he wants, and hasn't for years. He thought he wanted a



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home and had one for a while with Anne and their baby. He made a picture with Claudette Colbert and came up with a good acting performance. Then he wanted a serious dramatic career. Claudette brought that on. No picture Colbert makes is a failure and her smart French mind figured the way to get a performance out of John Payne, cast with her in *Remember the Day.* She flattered the socks off him. She built up his ego until he came through with a real job, the best of his life. He's considered himself a great thespian since, which I'm sorry to say he's not. Neither is pretty little Gloria De Haven.

Gloria's a child of separation and a child of the theater. Her mother and father, the Carter De Havens, were always splitting up and coming back together again—which has nothing to do with Gloria, except that the background is familiar. M-G-M signed her purely on her famous stage name and her looks. She got a build-up far beyond her talents. When Gloria said in one separation spell that she was going to leave John and return to her career, people asked, "What career?"

One gnawing misery that colors John's yes-and-no home life is a very big mistake he made at the studio which made him a star. Johnny had an iron-clad contract with 20th Century-Fox, at $4000 a week for four more years. But the accumulated ego of many Hollywood years wouldn't let him accept the fact that new faces with new voices—say, like Dick Haymes—were getting the parts he figured he should be having. When he was offered a screen job beneath what he considered his dramatic dignity he stalked into Darryl Zanuck's office and asked for his release.

To his stunned surprise, Zanuck grabbed his offer like a fielder grabs a pop fly. He was out. A few days later John came back in. "I made a mistake," he began.

"Maybe you did," Zanuck told him, "but we didn't."

I could go on forever with case histories of Hollywood's switch marriages, bright one minute, blacked-out the next. Stars act like children of the rich in their domestic dipsy-doos; they lose perspective and tie their private lives too often to the erratic kites of their public careers. They magnify the real importance of this hit, of that flop, lose their heads over success or over an honor and forget what's really important to their lives—their existence as persons.

oscar, the home-wrecker . . .

I don't think Jane Wyman would ever have let a wonderful guy like Ronald Reagan slip out of her life—even temporarily—if she hadn't been nominated for an Academy Award. Jane's a cute, smart little girl with considerable talent. She came up from nowhere and struck the greatest fortune a girl can have—a home, beautiful babies, an adoring, distinguished husband, and career enough. I'll never forget the night she showed me her first mink coat, a beauty that cost $5,000, if it cost a penny. She couldn't stop stroking its soft surface. "Isn't it beautiful, Hedda? Aren't I lucky? Isn't Ronnie wonderful to buy it for me? I don't deserve it," she said.

Jane was thrilled then with everything: her home, Ronnie, the kids, her friends. She took her picture career in stride, running it in second place, where it should be with a lucky girl like that.

Now the home's sold. Jane sold it when Ronnie moved out. Ronnie, who was so wonderful all those years, is complained about publicly in her divorce suit as having bored Jane with his Screen Actors Guild activities. Jane came out in print with the silliest statement I ever expected to hear from a star—that she, a wife, couldn't stand Ronald's constructive brilliance—when it's his very activities that guarantee her salary and the career she now prizes so highly! Why, you'd think a wife would be busting with pride that her guy was that smart!

But there go your realities in a fog of sudden fame. Now all Jane wants out of life is more fame. She just missed the Oscar in *The Yearling.* Trying to rate it in *Johnny Belinda* was what snapped her home ties. Forgotten are her safe anchors in life, her husband and the confused kids, whom faithful Ronnie still takes care of as "sitter" at Jane's Malibu place, when she has to run off to a radio show or a personal appearance.

She may come to her senses, of course, as another star up from nowhere, Frank Sinatra, did, when the accumulated power of mass hysteria sent him spinning in pursuit of Lana Turner. He's made it up to Nancy by now and I, for one, am very glad indeed that Frank's popularity has quieted down a bit. I know he's simply crazy about his new daughter, Christina, and kicks himself every time he thinks of his strange interlude, because he's told me so. But Frank had the basic character to face facts and choose right. Others around this town have, too.

Ray Milland and his marvellous Mel, for instance, have had their ups and downs under pressure. When Ray was making *The Lost Weekend* and earning his Oscar, he brought his creative nervousness and irritations into his home. But Mel is one of the most understanding women in the world. When Ray realized he was miserable without her and begged forgiveness, it was there. A deep affection, cemented by years of marriage and their son, an older and better-balanced outlook on life, memories of the tough times they'd shared—in short, maturity—enabled them to work out a solution, and save what was so important to them both.

I'm not dismayed too much when younger stars grope and grapple awkwardly with their happiness. Maybe it's to be expected of kids like June Haver and Jimmy Zito, Mark and Annelle, dizzied by too sudden fame. But when I witness the same wobbly wedding-waltzes going on with experienced couples like the Reagans, Greer Garson and Richard Ney, Rita and Orson, I hang my head. I don't even want to look. There's no real excuse, even in Hollywood.

Because, even in Hollywood, people can live together if they have the stuff—faith in each other and love—as well as they can in Podunk, where the same domestic discords grate every day, only you don't hear about them. Hundreds of happy star homes I can name prove that.

So—it isn't the World War's aftermath, or flying discs, or the threat of television that agitates Hollywood's patchwork homes. It's just people—nine times out of ten—who've lost their good sense to glamor and forgotten this elementary fact of adult life:

That marriage is one act which doesn't thrive on Hollywood's overemphasized "I." The magic pronoun that still turns the trick is "we."

WE PINE FOR YOU

Ah, Indian summer—we love it. We wait for it all year round. And we wait for something else, too—your "I Saw It Happen" letters. Really. We sit here with $5 bills falling out of our pockets, just pining for your anecdotes. You know what we want. True, short and amusing incidents about you and a movie star. We'll pay $5 for every one we use. Make us happy. Make yourselves happy. Fish for your underwater pen—and write to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, New York.

EVIE'S OTHER HUSBAND

(Continued from page 49)

only ones who are not talking about Van and Evie, except Keenan. The rest of Hollywood is having plenty to say. And the strong winds of gossip blow all sorts of questions around these parts.

"Will they get a divorce?"

"Will they stay married?"

"Why doesn't anybody see pictures of them with the baby?"

"What's the matter with Van's studio? His publicity is terrible!"

No matter how thin you slice it, Van Johnson has been in trouble since the day he took his best friend's wife unto himself to love, cherish, and buy knick-knacks for.

And now it's about time to go back and pick up the thread of the beginning of Hollywood's leading soap opera.

The story starts in New York, with three people walking around through show business, arm in arm. They were pals.

The dark-haired guy on the left was Keenan Wynn, son of the famous comedian, Ed Wynn, a headliner on Broadway.

The girl in the middle was Evie, sharing her smiles and her doughnuts equally with the dark man on the left and the big blonde baby-faced boy on her right . . . a Broadway chorus-boy, Van Johnson.

These "Three Musketeers" had great fun on the main stem, living high when the shows were running, splitting pennies when they weren't. Taking snapshots in Central Park and sipping malts at Schrafft's brought them closer together until finally, as usually happens. Evie had to decide between the two of them and take one.

The one she took was Keenan Wynn, but the marriage didn't break up the threesome. It was left for Hollywood to do that.

Van Johnson was the first to get the siren call from the Glamor Capital of the World.

The radio soap operas would have made a big thing out of that parting, with Evie dissolved in tears and a strong handshake saying volumes between the two men. Well, Evie did get a bit dewy-eyed over Van's leaving New York, and there was the strong handshake between Keenan and Van, and then the train pulled out of Grand Central.

In Hollywood, Van went first to Warner Brothers, where the egg he laid would have done justice to a fair-sized ostrich. It wasn't Van's fault. He just didn't click.

He wrote big fat letters back to his two best friends in New York. He bragged about the California sunshine, and the

JUNE ALLYSON SAYS . . .

"Do you ever think how lucky we are in this country? Oh, yes, we may complain about prices and conditions, but all we have to do is read the foreign news to make us realize that our troubles are smaller than we think. And one of the best things about our American system is that we provide, right in each community, *Red Feather services for the health, recreation and welfare of all. There are more than 1,100 Community Chests in the U.S.A. Give generously this year—give enough for the child care, and the nursing services, the youth activities and the social work. The Red Feather needs your contribution. Someday, perhaps, you may need its help."*

Madeleine Swenson's smile wins a passport to a bright new world !





Madeleine Swenson, French War Bride, was a Paris manicurist when an American soldier fell in love with her smile. Two years later, she was one of France's most popular cover girls . . . and on her way to Mason City, Iowa, to marry her soldier fiance, Warren Swenson. Madeleine's chance at cover-girl fame came after Warren returned to the U.S. and began sending her packages which contained, in her words, "always your wonderful Pepsodent." "So I thank Pepsodent today for my big chance," Madeleine says. "Always now, my smile is a Pepsodent Smile!"

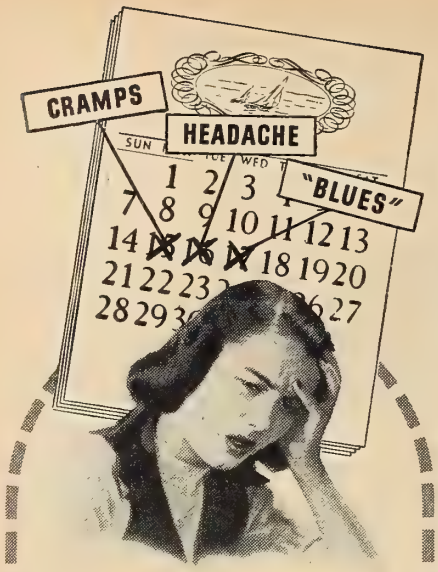
The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!



ANOTHER FINE LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCT

Madeleine Swenson knows it, people all over America agree—the smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile! Pepsodent with Irium is their 3-to-1 favorite for brighter smiles.

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste—families from coast to coast recently compared delicious New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said New Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried. *For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!*



"DULL" DAYS CAN BE GAY DAYS

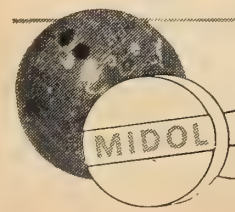
MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"

"What a difference Midol makes"





RELIEVES CRAMPS
EASES HEADACHE
CHASES "BLUES"

picture business. Then, he let his hair down and told them how much he missed Broadway and the stage, and them . . . mostly them.

In New York, Evie and Keenan read Van's letters and said, "Poor Van, he should have stayed in New York," and Evie cried another little tear and Keenan shook his head, knowingly. Then they both sat down and wrote Van a letter, telling him to "Buck up, Old Pal, things are tough all over."

But just three chapters later in our little soapsuds drama, Van moved his freckled grin from Warner Brothers' Studio over to the M-G-M lot, and things started happening.

M-G-M used him for decoration in a couple of musical pictures, and bobby-soxers over the nation hailed their new king! Overnight, Van Johnson was changed from a nobody to a somebody . . . a somebody with B-O, standing for "Box-Office."

He had more scream-appeal than a strawberry-float, and the M-G-M officials all joined hands and danced around in a circle, singing. "Goody, Goody, Now We'll Make A Profit," to the tune of "I Got Rhythm."

Evie and Keenan wired Van their congratulations when he was chosen "Chief Pull" with the bobby-soxers. Then, I guess, they wrote and told him how much they missed him in New York. Before long, just as Van was right on top, they came out of the New York heat into the Hollywood heat.

The reason for their coming was to give Keenan a chance to make a screen test at M-G-M. The way I get it, they thought that Keenan was going to be a hot comic (which anybody will admit he is), and they wanted to see if he'd go all right on the screen. If the test turned out okay, the offer, they say, was to be $3,000 per. (That's per week, that is!)

The Wynns moved into the Beverly Wilshire, with the swimming pool out back, and told M-G-M they had landed. The appointment was made, the test was made, and Keenan waited for the verdict. A morning or two later the phone rang and the studio said, "Come on out, Keenan. We want to talk."

Evie hinted out loud that she hoped that "what they wanted to talk was 'turkey,' at three G's per," picked up her towel, flicked Keenan a kiss and headed for the pool.

At the studio, they told Keenan that the test was pretty fair, but not quite what they had 'suspected.'

"No three-grand grade, I take it," said Keenan.

"No, but we'll offer you $350," they countered, and Mr. Wynn said "yes" by putting his name in the small space over the dots. Then he returned to the Beverly Wilshire, Evie, and the pool.

"I know," greeted Evie, "the test was terrific and you signed for the three thousand per week . . . Whoopee!"

"The test," said Keenan, "was fair, and I signed for three-fifty per week."

With which Evie pushed Keenan in the pool.

I've often wondered why.

I forgot to mention a couple of things, and where the radio dramas would have devoted most of the two years to them, I'm devoting the most of a couple of lines. The two things were Ned and Tracy. Ned and Tracy are boys, age six and four, respectively, and they are the sons of Keenan and Evie. Now they're in the drama if we need 'em.

Along about the end of each chapter of a soap opera, they take time out to recap all that has gone before and bring you up to date.

At this point we have the Three Musketeers in Hollywood, Evie and Keenan married, with two sons, Ned and Tracy, aged six and four, respectively, and Keenan has a job at $350 per week at M-G-M.

The third Musketeer, Van Johnson, is the idol of the bobby-soxers, and the salvation of the M-G-M treasury. His weekly stipend hits a healthy four figures, which means he knows where his next meal is coming from.

So much for the recap.

The next chapter is a heart-wringer.

Van Johnson is hurt in an automobile accident. You may remember. More sympathy spilled through the mails to Van in Hollywood, than is spent on the starving millions all over the world today.

When they patched him up, he went to live with the Keenan Wynns for a period of recuperation. Van was "their best friend" and they took care of him. Everybody knew it and considered it wonderful



"Let's go to the drive-in theater—they're showing a punk movie."

that Van had good friends like that to take care of him. The friendship was publicized all over the country. True friendship was something grand in Hollywood.

Now listen for the organ mood music backgrounding the tragic scenes.

One day in 1946 a small cloud passed over the Hollywood scene, and its shadow touched the Three Musketeers.

I don't know what was said, but the soap-opera writers would put down the dialogue something like this:

NARRATOR: It is evening . . . we are in the Wynn parlor . . . Keenan is sitting reading the paper and Evie is just sitting. She looks at him restlessly, then suddenly, she speaks . . .

EVIE: Uh, Keenan.

KEEN: Hunh?

EVIE: I was just thinking . . .

KEEN: Uhhunh.

EVIE: Are you listening?

KEEN: Yes, dear.

EVIE: I said . . . uh . . . I was just thinking.

KEEN: Uhhunh.

EVIE: Keenan Wynn! Put that paper down and listen to me.

KEEN: Huh? Oh . . . Yes, dear . . . it's down.

EVIE: Well, fold it!

KEEN: Okay . . . (SOUND OF PAPER) . . there . . . Now, what's on your mind?

EVIE: Well . . . uh . . . We can talk like sensible people, can't we?

KEEN: Why, I don't know . . . but I'll try. What is it now, the gas bill, or did I drop cigar ashes on the fl—

EVIE: NO! It's not that . . . uh . . . Oh, you're not making it any easier for me!

KEEN: Making what any easier, honey? What is it? Spill it.

EVIE: Keenan, I want my freedom.

KEEN: Freedom? Why, what do you m—?

EVIE: I mean, I want a divorce . . . I'm in love with somebody else.

KEEN: Honey, you can't mean that! Why, we've been . . .

EVIE: I know . . . we've been married for seven years . . . and now . . .

KEEN: And now you're . . . oh, no, Evie . . . wh—who is it?

EVIE: Van!

KEEN: Van Johnson? My BEST FRIEND!

And right there, you would get a music bridge and the drooling announcer with the syrupy voice would ask you seventeen silly questions about how you thought the whole thing would turn out. Then he would sell you enough soap to cleanse the world, and fade out begging and browbeating you into tuning in tomorrow for the outcome . . . as though you would miss it for anything short of going down to one of those audience participation shows where you could win an electric kitchen, a free permanent and a second honeymoon under Niagara Falls.

Well, that's the way it turned out.

can't we be friends? . . .

On January 24th in 1947, Keenan and Evie were divorced in Juarez, Mexico, and just 23½ hours later, Evie married Van Johnson in the same little Mexican village and Keenan was the first to congratulate them.

And such a storm as broke from the announcement of that marriage hasn't been seen in this hemisphere since before this century. Immediately, a written wave of protest hit the studio. Eight million or more letters flooded the mails asking embarrassing questions about why the baby-faced, be-freckled idol of the teen-agers had married his best friend's wife.

Everyone had known about the friendship and thought it was wonderful. Now



CYD CHARISSE, FEATURED IN METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S TECHNICOLOR MUSICAL "WORDS AND MUSIC"

Cyd Charisse changed my whole life



I was but definitely a lonely heart.

UNTIL: ONE DAY I READ

"Want to attract a man?" says Cyd Charisse. "Soft hands are a kind of love-spell. What hand care do I use? Oh, I always use Jergens Lotion."

So I started to use Jergens, too.



AND NOW—a man all my own, saying my hands are so soft . . . saying he loves me.

It's true—Jergens is for even softer, smoother hands today, thanks to recent research. Actually—2 skin-care ingredients many doctors swear by are both in today's Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). And no oiliness; no sticky feeling. See why the Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1.



Used by More Women than Any Other Hand Care in the World

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use Jergens Lotion

Mmmm . . .
Look at these



Two blocks of sterling inlaid at back of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks make this silverplate finer, different . . . stay lovelier longer. Fifty-two piece set $68.50 with chest. (No Federal Tax.) *All patterns made in the U. S. A.*



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Youth
Danish Princess
Lovely Lady

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Romayne Cahoon, charming Pan American World Airways stewardess, uses Glover's 3-Way Medicinal Treatment for lovely highlights!

Yes, in 36 minutes your hair can look lovelier! Fresh lustre and radiance, natural color tone and glamour—these are yours with Glover's 3-Way Medicinal Treatment—quickly, in your own home! Ask for Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo, Glover's Hair Dress at Drug or Cosmetic counters — or mail Coupon today for sampler.



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Send *free* Sampler Package in plain wrapper by return mail—Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo, Glover's Imperial Hair Dress in 3 hermetically-sealed bottles — with *free* booklet. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packaging and postage.

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everyone heard about the marriage and thought it was horrible, disgraceful, disgusting, and other disagreeable things.

Within the next week, hundreds of reports came in from theatres throughout the country playing Van Johnson pictures. Box-office, they said, had slumped to nothing and then disappeared. Customers protested, and stayed away in droves.

Even blasé Hollywood lifted an eyebrow in surprise.

The studio publicity department sat and floundered and said less than nothing. But they must have called Van and told him to keep his trap shut, or words to that effect, because he and Evie weren't talking to anyone.

Evie has a reputation in Hollywood for living rather high. Van went right out and bought a $125,000 house, formerly owned by Cedric Gibbons, M-G-M art director, and they moved in, taking the two boys, Ned and Tracy, with them.

Hollywood tongues wagged a little over the set-up because even though Van's salary hits four figures per week, he really doesn't keep much when deductions are deducted. There were rumors of his having borrowed on his salary to meet his new obligations. As often happens, some gossipers had them separating before they'd been married a week.

But time went on, and the main headache of the Johnson household and Van's studio was the fall in box-office take on his pictures.

M-G-M tried a new tack. They put Van in two dramatic roles: He did the press agent for Spencer Tracy in *State of the Union,* and turned in a good job. He played an Army sergeant under Gable in *Command Decision,* which, at this writing, has not been released.

This was a move in the right direction for Van and the studio. They seemed to realize that their baby-faced boy had lost his bobby-soxers, and so they were shooting for a different audience. Meanwhile they said nothing more about the marriage of Van and Evie.

blessed event . . .

But somebody upped and announced that Evie was "expecting," and the soap opera started all over again. Hollywood's Secret Marriage was on the conversational front page once more with the birth of Schuyler Van Johnson, January 6, 1948.

The birth of a baby in a star's home is news in our town. The press wanted to take pictures; the fan magazines wanted layouts for a spread on "The Van Johnsons In Their Happy Little Love Nest," with pictures of the baby, and of Van playing father.

Van said "No!"

The studio said, "No!"

The people said, "What's up, what goes?"

—and then started their rumors again.

They were sure that now the baby was born, Van and Evie would separate. But they didn't, and Van went on to make a picture with June Allyson, titled, *The Bride Goes Wild.* It was a return to the old type for Van, and it let the box-office records stay intact.

Keenan continues on his merry way, riding his motorcycle, smoking his cigar, dating a different girl every night he goes out, and finding time between other commitments to appear in little-theater plays.

He was among the first to congratulate Van and Evie on the birth of Schuyler Van Johnson, and he continues to be a frequent visitor at their house . . . to see them, and to see his two youngsters, Ned and Tracy.

When Van and Evie decided to take a Honolulu vacation for a couple of weeks, recently, Keenan went over to sit with the kids. But something happened to the vacation. The Johnsons sailed to Hawaii, all right, but when they arrived, they stayed right with the ship and came right back home.

The gossip train rolled on that one. They blamed the return on everything from a final scrap between Van and Evie, on down to Van's getting seasick. But they came back home, thanked Keenan for sitting up with the kids, and things went on as usual.

Now comes the time for the end of our little soap opera, titled, "Evie's Other Husband." And here's the way it sums up, from the way I see it.

Granted that Evie's other husband was her first husband's best friend. They write songs about that sort of thing, and the friendship, after all, doesn't seem to be broken. Keenan has played the gallant, if jilted, gentleman throughout. He has never had a bitter word to say, which takes care of his side of the story. He still goes to the house to see Van and Evie and his kids.

But what about Van and Evie? Are they happy? Or miserable?

A neighbor says, "You can't always tell, but from all I see, I'd say they're as happy as any newlyweds anywhere. They're generally laughing and singing when I see them out in their patio. And Van's a mighty proud father. He takes little Schuyler out for a sunbath and keeps turning the baby over like a pancake. It looks like a mighty happy family to me."

A tradesman came back from the Johnsons' with this report: "I don't know, but Van looked like a sorehead to me. That guy's got something on his mind, and whatever it is, it ain't good."

Then from a different slant, are they completely content behind their wall of secrecy, and just because of that secrecy have become victims of vicious gossip?

A close friend said to me at a cocktail party, "Erskine, you should lay the whole thing wide open. Those kids are as happy and contented as larks—I know. I've known them both for years. Why don't people let them alone! Vicious gossip has ruined more than one otherwise happy marriage in Hollywood. Look what loose tongues did to Ronnie and Jane. I think it's a crime."

But I had only to walk across that room to hear, "I think there's something mighty peculiar about Van and Evie's marriage. If everything's jake between them, why don't they go out more together? And why all this secrecy? Somebody's trying to cover up. I'll bet it doesn't last another six months."

And what about the studio? What do they have to say? "Of course Van and Evie Johnson are happy. Why shouldn't

I SAW IT HAPPEN



While standing around in the lounge of the Racquet Club in Palm Springs, my attention was attracted by a strikingly beautiful woman. Everyone in my party wondered who she was. I turned to the man standing next to me. "Who is that gorgeous girl?" I asked him. "She's my wife," he proudly replied. "You're indeed a lucky fellow," I said, "and what is your name?" He smiled down at me as though I were a child and answered, "Cornel Wilde, honey."

Mrs. Morton Phillips
Eau Claire, Wisconsin

they be? They've got a new home, a fine baby. Evie is a good wife and a wonderful girl, and Van's successful in pictures. What more could you ask as proof of their happiness?"

But a source claiming to be "on the inside" says, "If you ask me, the studio has told them they have to keep up a front on their marriage to save Van's career. His box-office has fallen off. That's enough reason to keep up a front, isn't it?"

Now what about the most important reaction of all? What about the fans? They don't have the facts, except that Van is married and a father. But they know how they feel about that. Here's what one lady wrote to me: "I never had much respect for Hollywood, and now I have none. What kind of a town is it that sanctions the business of a man taking his best friend's wife?"

But there were more letters like this one from a young lady of twenty: "I am no bobby-soxer anymore, but I am a fan of Van Johnson's. I resent every word said or printed against Van and Evie. Why not face it? Love does some funny things. Maybe Evie should have married Van in the first place! I have every sympathy for Keenan, but I believe Van and Evie deserve to be left alone to be happy in their own way. I, for one, wish them the best of everything, and I'd like to choke the people who are making their lives miserable with whispered slander."

It's a cinch that here is one case where headlines dealt a body blow to a Hollywood career. Ordinarily, those headlines, no matter what they say, are a boost to a star's success. Headlines never hurt Charlie Chaplin, Errol Flynn, Laraine Day or Kay Francis, that's for sure. Not so with Van . . . he may never recover completely from that first announcement of his wedding in Mexico.

And what about the studio? They have kept that wall of secrecy about this marriage. It is customary to invite the press and fan magazines up to the house and let them take pictures and ask questions like crazy. In this case, the studio publicity department took one picture of Van and Evie and the baby . . . then they passed that picture out to the press.

If Van and Evie are happy and contented, then the studio is making a mistake in not releasing complete stories on them, letting the whole thing blow over like other Hollywood stories have.

Under the present method of handling, all tongues are set to gossip over the least little tidbit, Van and Evie are stifled under a hush-hush blanket, and all ears are eagerly waiting for the next exciting chapter in Hollywood's real-life soap opera "Evie's Other Husband."

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Robert Alda was spotted by some people waiting outside a broadcasting studio, and soon there was quite a crowd around him. Everyone insisted on getting his autograph and he was very nice about it, but there was one young boy in the crowd who'd gotten his autograph four times and was asking for another. Robert Alda turned laughingly to him and said, "If you get my autograph five times, you can turn it in for one of Cary Grant's!"

Jean Freeman
Columbus, Ohio

For the skin that doesn't like **heavy** foundation

Here is a *different* foundation cream—specially designed to take powder smoothly and lastingly—without "coating" your face!



Greaseless powder base! No oily feel—No "coated" look! Sheerer, more natural!

It's so *easy* to have make-up look softer and more becoming! Before powdering, smooth on a thin film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Feather-light! Greaseless! Leaves no oily shine—no "stifled" feeling. Can't streak or discolor. "Pond's Vanishing Cream is *perfect* for powder base," says Lady Daphne Straight.



"Before make-up" facial—so quick! This glamorizing 1-Minute Mask

"Re-style" your complexion with Pond's Vanishing Cream smoothed on for a 1-Minute Mask! Cover face, except eyes, with a cloak of the cream. After one minute, tissue off. "Keratolytic" action of the cream loosens clinging dirt and dead skin flakes. Dissolves them off! Your skin looks clearer, softer. Make-up stays smooth all evening!



The Lady Daphne Straight —"I always save 60 seconds for a beauty 'lift' with a 1-Minute Mask before I go out," says this beautiful English peeress. "Right away, my skin looks brighter, so much smoother!"

You can't shut your ears...



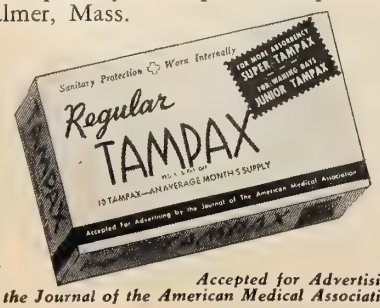
to the chorus of praise about Tampax!

"Marvelous" to the enthusiastic type, "sensible" to the practical-minded and "dainty" to the fastidious—whatever the point of view—the praise of Tampax grew louder as its users mounted in numbers to the present *millions*. Tampax discards all belts, pins and external pads for monthly sanitary protection! Is it any wonder it's popular?

An invention of a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent cotton compressed in easy-to-use applicators. It is worn internally—and when in place *it can neither be seen nor felt*. No bulkiness. No chafing. No "ends" to show under smooth-fitting skirts. Odor cannot form.

Tampax is quick to change. Disposal no trouble (only 1/15 the size of external pad). Something else women appreciate—there's no need to remove Tampax before taking bath.... The many-sided advantages of Tampax help keep up your morale on the difficult days. Buy it at drug stores or notion counters. Three absorbencies — Regular, Super, Junior. Average month's supply slips into purse; economy box holds 4 times this quantity. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



Lois Butler, Eagle-Lion star, has lovely young-American-girl look with light makeup.

naturally young and pretty

by Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

■ Of course you want to be a glamor girl; perhaps you even see yourself as a type of femme fatale! Oh, sure, we know—mother says "no" as though she means it when you show a little daring with the lipstick. Very frustrating. You're perfectly right in trying to be as charming and attractive as possible and mother is completely sound in objecting to an over-sophisticated paint job simply because it isn't artistically right for you. A makeup expert in New York or Hollywood would tell you the same thing: Freshly-scrubbed and shining-maned youth is so lovely to see that you should use only the lightest little touches of lipstick and powder when you're early-teen-ish.

Mother is very likely to relent if she sees that you have artistic sense enough to choose a lipstick in one of the new soft pink shades, along with a lipstick brush with which to follow the natural outline of your lips.

Your nail polish should be a pretty, natural pink too—leave those dark and daring shades for your 30-year-old aunt.

A light dusting of powder is fine, especially over the shiny spots. Always *press* your powder on with a clean puff or fresh ball of cotton and then remove the excess with a powder brush.

For the next year or two, concentrate on the good health, bathing and hair-brushing that will give you the spic-and-span look that is the very basis of beauty. That will *also* show your mother you're old enough for real makeup!

Carol Carter, Beauty Editor
MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE, P. O. Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.

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END OF A MYSTERY

(*Continued from page 59*)

picking this date. As Barbara explained to Bob, it was the 28th wedding anniversary of her mother and father. All was arranged and it was a closely guarded family secret until, as family secrets will, it leaked out, and it was a pretty sure bet that when Bob and Barbara got to the Isthmus of Catalina, that end of the island would be about the worst place in Southern California for a quiet wedding.

But by this time the two of them had come to realize that their plan-making had been a bit love-muddled for other reasons:

1. Since Bob was due to start a new picture at M-G-M there could be no honeymoon trip if they married immediately.
2. Rennick, the decorator, wouldn't be through with the new Pacific Palisades home Bob has purchased for at least a month to six weeks.
3. The only other place they could live was Bob's Beverly Hills apartment, but in that case they would have to share it with a bachelor friend of Bob's, who wished them all the luck in the world, but was darned if he would go out house-hunting.
4. Their best friends, Dick and Joanne Haymes, could not attend together because Dick was in New York.
5. Barbara, with a world of clothes to assemble, wasn't ready anyway.

So they decided to wait a few months.

If only they had told the world the truth there would not have been those days of wild guessing and even wilder conjecturing on the part of the newspaper reporters, who seemed column-bent to predict another "miss-out" for Bob. But it's not Bob's way to court the press and Barbara was too steeped in plans to think of it. And when reporters phoned Barbara, when Bob was present, she didn't know what to say.

"We just thought we'd go together a little while longer," she ventured.

press puts on pressure . . .

That brought on a flying barrage of questions from the always skeptical journalists which snowed her under and away from the telephone permanently.

Her mother, Mrs. Mary Ford, was a little more informative. "They're just two kids who have fallen in love, and haven't taken time to think about other matters," she said. "They have lots of things to work out."

Well, what worked out was that Barbara couldn't stand the incessant ringing of her telephone as friend after friend (and some people who are just paid to find out about these matters) called for complete reports on what was going on. *When* would they get married? Where? Why had they cancelled the Catalina wedding?

It was too much. Barbara made a sudden decision. Bob agreed. It was so sudden that even her own mother didn't know about it and had departed for a Catalina week-end only a few hours before. Barbara got hold of her friend, Nancy Guild, and Nancy's husband, Charles Russell. Bob reached his ever-faithful pal, Jim Henaghan. Inside of a few hours, arrangements had been made and the two were married at the Beverly Hills Club.

"Well!" said those of Bob's friends who felt that they should have been let in on the arrangements.

"Good!" said those of his friends who were so tickled he had found an answer to his problems that they had no time to feel disgruntled about being kept in the

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OH! my aching leg!

AH! how the muscle pain eases with ABSORBINE JR.

dark until the whole thing was settled and all over with.

Yes, Bob has found an answer. He has told it to his folks, to the heads of his studio (and were they glad to see a smiling Bob, instead of a long-faced, sober one, for a change!) and, of course, to Barbara, when, on a week-end trip aboard her father's yacht, *The Araner,* he put into words what had, so far, been only a strangely happy beating of his formerly aching heart.

The whole story of Bob and Barbara was foreshadowed when he first made up his mind about her a few months ago, and the best guess as to where this happened places it in the home of a mutual friend, Dorothy Miles, publicist at 20th Century-Fox Studios. (That is, Dorothy knew both Bob and Barbara, but they didn't know each other.) It seems that Barbara, who frequently visits at the Dick Haymes home, heard Dick talk about Bob when the two men were working in *One Touch of Venus.* Later on Barbara, idly talking to Dorothy, observed that Bob sounded interesting. Now change the scene and we find Dorothy just happening to ask Bob if he's ever met Barbara. She learns that he has, but that it was just one of those fleeting introductions, so typical of Hollywood parties.

a solid "click" . . .

Whether Dorothy knew she was starting something is anyone's guess—Dorothy won't tell you—but it is a fact that she invited each one to drop in at a little affair she was giving. Barbara came, and came alone in her own car. Bob came alone in his car. They left separately, too, but each with plenty to think about. Because, between their arrival and departure they had been a solid pair, a "click" that had been evident to everyone else in the room.

It happens that way sometimes—even in Hollywood.

Bob had seen a girl who was a revelation to him; a vivid, dark beauty; petite, trim, essentially feminine in every way, yet with a mind as sharp and clear as anything he had ever encountered. As he warmed to the animation of her, Bob may have felt a growing conviction that here was good medicine for him, here was one who could help widen his interests and maintain a living pace that would preclude any sinkings into the despondencies that have reportedly been dogging his life and threatening to mess up his career. At any rate, that was the way Bob had acted; as if he sensed such a girl was all too rare for Hollywood; not just a pretty little somebody with a mental horizon circumscribed by such matters as clothes, jewelry and gad-abouting, but a pretty little somebody who gave every evidence of knowing that a full life consists of much more than all those pleasant but superficial things.

Barbara had seen a man she had heard a great deal about from his friends—and who lived up to their best reports. Behind his light kidding and in the general exchange of their banter, she detected heart, compassion and, perhaps, a little disillusionment with Hollywood. With it—and all the more effective because she, as well as everyone else, knew what he had been through—was an easy, mellow attitude towards life in general and his adversities in particular that drew her strongly to him.

Once before there had been a romance in Barbara's life—a short-lived one with an older man. Because of the difference in their ages, among other things, her family had disapproved, and she had come to see it their way. This time she felt that her father and mother would second her choice. She was right. Mary and John Ford like Bob very much. Their approval is a pretty good testimonial for Bob. John Ford knows men. He has done nothing but handle men for the best part of his life. For that matter, he knows women; and that Barbara has not only been a daughter to her father, but a companion as well, is as great a compliment as any that could be paid her. Barbara Ford is everything you'd expect John Ford's daughter to be.

That was the beginning of the new Walker story. It will continue now, but half-hidden from the world, in a secluded avocado grove in Pacific Palisades where stands a California ranch-house on a sloping three acres, bounded by a white-washed corral fence. The house, surmounted by a shake roof and towered over by an enormous oak, reaches wide arms out to anyone who comes up the dusty road to the gate. The Santa Monica hills hide the ocean from it, but, in turn they have furnished a curling ridge of land that forms as warm and cozy a pocket as any home site has ever had—even in the State of California.

There is no pool, but there are stables, and a stream, and the avocados are growing like sure-fire prize-winners all over the property.

Inside the house all the ceilings are heavy beamed and the decoration is Early American to match. Pine, cherry, and maple furniture, brass and pewter ornamentation and accessories, early dishware—that's what Barbara had the decorator install. The living-room fireplace is a walk-in; the one in the master bedroom, where Rennick has set up a huge canopy bed, is only slightly smaller and set in a corner.

As movie-colony houses go, it is far from pretentious, but it is comfortable and, more than that, it has an air of solidity about it. It's *there,* and for Bob, who has long needed an anchor, it represents an uncertain future turned into a prospect of long happiness.

There remain only two more figures who must be considered as a result of this marriage and Barbara has met them both: Bob's two sons, Bobbie and Michael, whose custody he divides with Jennifer. They were very much in the picture throughout the events leading up to the marriage—in fact they were to have attended the first planned wedding in Catalina. Only the suddenness of the decision prevented their being brought to the Beverly Hills Club ceremony.

one of the boys . . .

It is a pretty sure bet that the boys, whose liking for Barbara is already evident, are going to be even more enthusiastic after they go to sea with her on *The Araner.* (Incidentally, John Ford insists his 110-foot ship is a ketch, not yacht—whatever a ketch is.) Wait till they see Barbara hook and land a swordfish bigger than she is—as she has a number of times off Acapulco, Mexico. If that doesn't win their respect, she is ready to don her jaunty blue denims, take the wheel and show the boys how to make a 110-foot yacht—beg pardon, ketch—do figure-eights on the waters of the blue Pacific.

The girl Bob Walker has married is a personality in her own right, easily capable of re-shaping a man's life and making it count, where before it had missed. It is quite possible that she has already performed this little miracle—the miracle that women have so often done before. A few days after the marriage someone asked Bob how he felt. His answer was full of enthusiasm and right to the point.

"Like a new man."

What else could any man ask for as he gets away to a fresh start in life?

THE GABLE WOMEN

(*Continued from page 39*)

momentarily, but is very likely to zoom.

They make an intriguing quintette. Any producer who could capture their personalities and biographical sketches on celluloid would have a screenplay as bright, brittle and in some scenes as acid as anything ever tossed off by Clare Booth Luce. Any hostess who could gather them all around one dinner table would be giving the Party Of The Year. And although they seem to be widely different types, in aggregate they prove two things:

1—Clark's eyesight is still in fine shape.

2—He-men like good-natured women.

To millions of feminine minds all over the world, and to comparable numbers of surprisingly unresentful men, Clark Gable more than any other public figure symbolizes supercharged virility. Sinatra fans may come and go, Robert Taylor's profile may seem the prettiest thing in the world for a season or two, and there will always be garden-club members who worship Nelson Eddy; but Gable owns the largest discernible supply of the magnetism described as animal, and few women breathe with souls so dead who never to themselves have said "Wow!" when that 18-cylinder look of bold insinuation was magnified on the neighborhood movie screen.

It may be reassuring to these myriad females to know that Gable's sex appeal is not a matter of greasepaint and cinema magic. He has approximately the same effect on Glamor Gertie at ten paces as he has on Fannie the Fan who is separated from him by the measureless distance between Hollywood and the topmost row of the Music Hall balcony.

A case in point is Dolly O'Brien—full moniker: Dolly Hylan Heminway Fleischman O'Brien Dorelis—who has had a full quota of romance, millions, popularity and glamor in her half century of uninhibited living but who, despite her sophistication, can't seem to get That Gable Something from under her skin.

Dolly might be described as a mature Southampton Helen of Troy. She is intensely feminine, witty, socially glossy, and rather like Ina Claire in appearance. Her clothes are always superbly chic in an expensive, understated way that no Hollywood producer would accept as authentic in a wealthy society matron; her light hair is short and crisply waved, her smile warm as a tropical sun. The jewelry she wears invariably seems to be set in next year's



that's hollywood!

Two starlets were talking about a third. "She married an actor," said one. "And a swell guy, too."

"What?" exclaimed the other. "That's bigamy!"

And Laurence Olivier tells that when Robert Morley heard that a young girl of his acquaintance was about to marry a well-known actor, he observed, "She might do worse. But for the life of me I can't think how!"

from "Hollywood Merry-Go-Round" by Andrew Hecht

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designs, as if she wouldn't be caught in last season's diamonds, but she never looks blatantly "dressed up."

She is four-times married, five times a grandmother, but her wealth of experience seems to have touched her only lightly. She is built like a figurine; her manner is gayer than a debutante's.

Clark's friends figure that her charm for him is compounded of all these obvious assets plus the not-to-be-underestimated fillip of her social position. Protocol and blue books often have an exotic fascination for graduates of the school of hard knocks. Clark is one of these. He came from a poor family, sweated in oil fields, hopped freight trains and spent nights of his youth in flea-bag hotels; he will never get over being impressed by women who know more than he does about finger bowls and footmen and crepe de Chine sheets.

Dolly's life story is a real cinema saga—give it to Bette Davis or Joan Crawford and the audiences would say, "Good picture—but what a plot! All that couldn't happen to one woman!"

Her first husband, Louis Marshall Heminway—rich, of course, and the father of her two sons—died a few years after their marriage. Her next husband was Julius Fleischman, the multi-millionaire yeast king, who married her knowing she did not love him but wanting her at all costs. She lived the life of utmost luxury until she fell madly in love with J. Jay O'Brien, a professional dancer and gentleman jockey, and asked Fleischman to release her from their union. He did—giving her $5,000,000 as a farewell settlement.

Soon after she married O'Brien, Fleischman died. If she had waited just a little while, her fortune would have been $50,000,000.

a few millions, more or less . . .

But Dolly never seemed to miss the extra millions. She and O'Brien lived in what appeared to be bliss until his death in 1940, and after a period of mourning she began to be linked with other men—always famous, wealthy, interesting or all three. Jimmy Walker, gadabout Mayor of New York, was one of them. Jimmy Cromwell, once married to Doris Duke, was another. Handsome socialite Ronald Balcom, ex-husband of Millicent Rogers (who, incidentally, had a brief whing-ding with Gable) was a third on the list.

Then Dolly met Clark. Perhaps because she had the gift of camaraderie, which he prizes in women, they clicked instantly. He adores women who are amusing, who like to tell—or at least listen to—a bawdy joke, who will drink with him and stay up late and laugh a lot. He likes women to be good-tempered, easy-going, anything but neurotic or demanding.

Dolly filled the bill. Before long they were haunting hideaways to keep the seriousness of their romance from hitting the newspapers, but when they arrived in New York simultaneously and checked into the same hotel, even a cooperative management couldn't keep the secret from breaking into excited print. From then on no restaurant was dim enough to hide the fact that they were holding hands.

But Clark—just like in the movies—had a rival. He was Jose Dorelis, a smooth Bulgarian perfume-manufacturer in his forties who wore a monocle in his left eye and could top Clark at that old non-American custom, hand-kissing.

What happened was the thing that could not possibly have happened in the movies: Clark lost.

In the middle of what everyone thought was his big romance with Dolly, she married Dorelis. And to her intimate friends she offered an explanation completely foreign to the Gable legend:

topping
our list of stars
for **november**
lana turner on the
cover of
modern screen
on sale
october 8

Clark was a wonderful guy, she said. But Jose! Ah!—he was so much more romantic!

It did not seem to occur to her that calling Dorelis more romantic than Clark Gable put him several notches above Superman.

However, Superman lasted only a little over a year. Dolly filed for a friendly divorce, they exchanged extravagant compliments, and she flew back to Gable's muscular arms.

When she decided to go to Europe this season, Clark decided to take a boat trip, too. There was every indication that he was not going to France just to see the Louvre.

But the experts who had it all doped out that he was sailing to pay court to the fabulous Dolly were completely thrown by the cosiness of the scene when he appeared at the Cunard-White Star pier with Nancy "Slim" Hawks on his arm and proceeded to enact a loving farewell.

Slim is the much-publicized "best-dressed woman" who most of Hollywood thought was going to marry Leland Hayward when his divorce from Margaret Sullavan became final. Her unabashed fondness for Gable in the last hours of his New York stay threw the wisies into complete confusion.

And what of Anita Colby, Hollywood's most glamorous executive? The fans were asking that one, because of all the Gable dates, she has received the most publicity.

Anita is one of those girls everybody likes. It seems inconceivable that a girl could have pep, personality and perfect features and still be liked by women as well as sighed over by men, but Anita has been doing the trick for years and shows no sign of losing her grip. She is as smart as the well-known steel trap, ambitious as a girl can be, and successful—a combination that generally produces spectacular unpopularity. But her sense of humor, her hearty laugh, her lack of cattiness and her obvious good character have made it possible for her to stay friends with glamor girls, big executives and casual beaux, without anyone resenting her beauty or her steady climb up the movieland ladder.

His intimates are convinced that if ever Gable had a platonic love, this is it. He loves taking Anita to parties, because she is so pretty and such a good sport, and she loves going with him because he's a good sport, too. He's also Gable and every other girl in the place is gnawing her nails in envy and the attendant publicity is very good for a girl who's out to get ahead in the world. But nobody thinks it will end in marriage. They believe Anita's religious convictions would preclude her marrying a man who had two previous wives still living, and they believe anyway that the romance has never reached the point where

it was that serious. It was always more in the newspapers than in the heart.

Some months ago it was rumored that Clark and Iris Bynum had eloped, and he called her up to kid about it. This was, in a way, a natural reaction, because their relationship, while close, has never been particularly sentimental or likely to wind up at a lily-banked altar.

Iris is a black-haired Texas beauty with a widow-peaked forehead, spectacular topography, long lacquered fingernails and an avid look. Her sultry brand of appeal has been appreciated by such connoisseurs of torridity as Tony Martin and George Raft, to give her the highest possible kudos, and it is obvious to the most naïve observer that when she and Clark share an evening at the Racquet Club in Palm Springs, it's dynamite meeting T.N.T.

Their love story has had its ups and downs, and the last time they parted Iris expressed herself rather loudly on the subject of Clark's off-hand treatment of the women in his life—particularly her.

"I'm tired of running when he calls up," she said, in a who-does-he-think-he-is-Clark-Gable tone of voice. "No more!"

The betting among the Hollywood and Vine bookmakers, however, was that a phone call and the right tone of voice from El Gable would right matters with Iris.

A complete contrast to Iris is Virginia Grey, the girl who has lasted longest in the Gable story. Most students of his biography think she was his first love after Carole Lombard's death, and he has continued to turn to her for warmth, solace and adventure. She is an actress, in films and on the stage, although for the most part her stage work has consisted of nothing more exciting than summer stock, and those who know her say she not only looks like an angel but has the temperament of a saint. Of all the women in his life, she, obviously, loves him the most, however he feels about her, for whenever he tires of a new love, or quarrels with a wild love, she takes him back. She is always waiting. She has never been known to reproach him or criticize him. She is simply there.

She has been quoted as saying:

"Whatever happens, he always comes back to me."

A mutual friend of hers and Clark's said with amazement:

"I've never seen anything like it. He has his other girl friends, his other romances, and she never objects, doesn't say a word. When he calls her, she runs to him like a little girl."

And there's the big question mark.

Who will get Gable, of all his women—the sweet one, the one who's a pal, the sultry one, the experienced one or the unexpected one?

Maybe even Gable doesn't know the answer to that.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



A while ago, I moved into a strange neighborhood where I didn't know anyone. While shopping in Beverly Hills one day I spied Judy Garland and rushed up to get her autograph because I knew I'd never see her again. When I got home I saw a familiar looking person standing in front of the house across the street. It was Judy Garland—almost my next door neighbor!

Mary Lee Scamahorn
Los Angeles, Calif.

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SHE WAS A GOOD GIRL

(Continued from page 44)

I like to think back a few years later . . . and see a little girl, three years old, standing in front of a dressing-room mirror backstage, primping and scattering her aunt's makeup all over the place. I danced professionally with my sister then. Her costumes were never safe when Margarita was around.

Sometimes, right before our orchestra cue, my sister would cry out desperately, "My lipstick, my earrings, my comb, my castanets—they're gone again! Where's that Margarita?" And she'd run out and rescue them just in time, but not without a struggle. Because even then you couldn't get a pretty costume off Rita without a battle. Even then, she knew when she looked wonderful. She was super-feminine from the start.

Much has happened to my Margarita—many wonderful things. She is a beautiful woman now—and a famous star. That's what she always wanted to be and what we always wanted her to be, too. That was her heritage.

born to dance . . .

We Cansinos come from Seville, the city almost all Spanish entertainers call home. Dancers, singers, actors, opera stars, matadors, toreadors, even strolling gypsies spring from there. I don't know why that is. But there are Seville families who have been theatrical for generations beyond memory. In our clan there are three generations of dancers that we know of. My father was a dancer (and a bull-fighter, too). My mother danced, my brothers, my sisters, my nephews, nieces, cousins, sons and daughters dance today. I married an American dancer—whose maiden name—Hayworth—Rita took when she became a Hollywood actress. Rita's blood is Irish-English on that side of the house. But Irish, English, Spanish, or what—it was all a stream of talent. Rita was literally born to entertain. From the start, I caught myself sizing her up critically with a dancing master's eye, watching for every trait of talent and temperament.

When Rita was a baby, we lived near Central Park in New York, and Mrs. Cansino liked to take Rita and her brother, Eduardo, Jr., there for fresh air and a stroll in the sun. One day, two huge stallions broke loose from a carnival and thundered wildly down the path straight for her. There was just time for my wife to snatch Rita and Ed away from their hooves and throw them against a stone wall that bordered the walk. That day the two-year-old Rita missed death by inches and my wife was ill for a week from the shock. Not Rita, though. Although her head was bumped badly by the stone wall, she didn't cry. Instead, she scrambled up and toddled after the wild horses, crying, "Pretty horsies!"

When I heard of the narrow escape I was frightened, of course—but pleased, too. Margarita had courage. More important—even at that age she had an eye for color and drama. That was good for a future dancer to have.

I was touring road-show and vaudeville circuits constantly when Rita was a baby—all over the United States. Often I was gone for months at a time. I took Rita on tour with me once when she was only four years old and again when she was six. We traveled from coast to coast. We rattled here and there on jerky night trains, slept in theatrical hotels, lived the irregular, rugged life of show people. Some of my friends thought I was crazy to take a little girl out on a long tour like that. But I reasoned, "She can't learn too young." As a result, she was a seasoned trouper by the time she was seven years old—although she had never set foot on a stage.

When Rita was still a small girl we moved to California, where I opened a dancing school. It was a Cansino family enterprise. My wife took care of the business. I taught, and all my children, nephews and nieces, were pupils. I put Rita in every class in my school. I figured she could never do any dance too many times. Right after her public-school classes she always came running straight to my dancing school. She didn't have time to play with the other kids in the neighborhood. Sometimes, we'd all go, family fashion, down to the beach for a swim and as an extra treat take in the Venice Fun Pier, which Rita adored. But mostly it was dance, dance, dance for Margarita—learn, learn, learn. And always far in the back of the class. Not that she wasn't good enough for the front. But her old man was the teacher and Rita couldn't shine in his classes without causing trouble! Rita understood.

I knew she was good, but I didn't know what Rita thought about herself—until her first performance. I didn't see it—but I heard about it, from Rita.

Her public school was putting on a show and they picked Rita to do—of all things—a Japanese dance. She really looked a lot like a little Jap girl then. Her eyes were button-bright, her thick hair shiny black and worn in bangs and a glossy bob. I worked out a Japanese dance for the occasion and rehearsed her. But the day of the show I couldn't get away from school to see Rita. She came home, flushed and happy.

"Well," I asked her, "how did you do?"

"All right," said Rita.

"Just all right?"

"I was good," conceded Rita.

"How good?" I pressed.

Rita came out with it. "I was *very* good," she said.

"That's it!" I said. "Always be *very* good, always be certain you're *very* good. That's the way a star has to be." Confidence—that's essential to any entertainer—and I knew it. Rita's had it all her life from that moment on.

the beginning and the end . . .

Rita handed me a surprise on her first professional appearance. That was on the stage at the Carthay Circle Theater, where the studios held, and still do, many big premières. My school was near the Carthay at the time. We Cansinos often danced in the Franchon & Marco stage prologues the Carthay featured in those days, and we were engaged to do so that week. Including Rita.

Oddly enough, this one was to be my last theatre engagement—and Rita's first. To me then it was like passing on the torch of the family profession to Rita. I taught her the Spanish dance she did for the Fiesta prologue. She danced it with her cousin, Gabriel Cansino. My father, Antonio Cansino, gave Rita an old pair of castanets which had been in the family (I still have them as one of my prized souvenirs of Rita's youth.) My wife sewed the costume. I had no idea before she went on how good she'd be. I knew she knew *how* to be good. But you'd never guess what Margarita could do by her days in school. She was easy-going and relaxed. Rita was not one to

knock herself out in her dad's classes.

That night I sneaked down into the audience between my act and hers and saw the whole thing. Soon I was grinning and shaking my head. "She *is* good," I told myself. "She has real talent. She's a Cansino, all right." Because even in that simple little Spanish dance Rita showed fire, and grace and personality. She and Gabriel got $150 between them for the spot, which was important, because it was the first money she'd ever earned as an entertainer—but even more, she got her first big applause. From that night on—as I look back—I can see that all Rita had eyes for was a career. She thought she was ready right then to turn professional. I didn't—and very soon, because I didn't, I almost broke her heart.

Rita was thirteen at the time of that stage debut. Next to the surprise of her grace and beauty, the biggest eye-opener to me was how grown-up my girl was getting to look. Until that night I had never seen Rita from out in front, sitting in an audience; never seen her lighted, or costumed with lipstick, powder, jewelry and form-fitting gown. When she came on stage, I remember exclaiming to myself, "Why, she's a young woman—and a beauty!" It shows how stage glamor can hypnotize even an old trouper like me.

But Rita was still just a little girl, I thought, when I saw her the next day. In fact, I frowned to myself sadly, she was a *fat* little girl. That was my greatest worry as Rita passed from girlhood to womanhood—her weight. At fourteen, I remember, she weighed 122 pounds. It's hard to realize when you see her trim, tall and perfect figure today—but as a growing girl she was actually chubby.

impatient maiden . . .

Maybe that's why I kept thinking of her as a little girl who ought to stay in school, rather than as Rita saw herself—a young lady, grown up enough and impatient to start a career. Those opposite viewpoints brought some tears to Rita's eyes one day—and they opened mine at the same time.

The depression hit into the success of my dancing school and business was falling off around 1931. I decided to return to the dancing career I'd abandoned to teach. When I was offered an engagement at the Foreign Club, over the Mexican border in Tia Juana, I decided to take it. But I had to have a partner, a young, pretty dancer. In my school was a very talented girl whom Xavier Cugat, an old friend of mine, had sent to me to train. She was from Mexico, and later became famous as a stage and screen star herself. Her name was Margo.

Margo was my prize pupil, a fine dancer, and more mature than Rita. I decided on Margo for my partner and started to make plans for the dance act. One night I announced my decision at home, to my wife. Rita was listening.

Suddenly I heard sobs and I stared in amazement as Rita ran out of the room and slammed the door.

"What's the matter with her?" I asked my wife.

She shrugged. "I have no idea." Neither of us suspected the truth. Rita locked herself in her room and cried most of that evening. But my wife finally wormed the truth out of her. She came out to tell me, "Margarita can't understand how you can be taking anyone else but her for your partner. She's terribly hurt."

I lay awake long that night facing the realization—always hard for a father—that my little girl had grown up. I had been tipped off unmistakably by her tears that she wanted a career—right now. I

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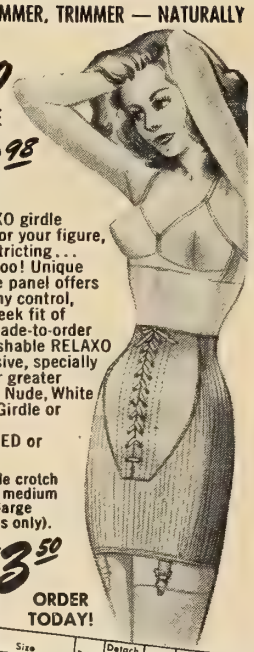
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had been thinking—"There's lots of time yet. She's too young." I knew now I was wrong. Age isn't always measured in years. Rita was ready. What if she did quit school? She was a Cansino and born to dance. Next morning I told her she would be my dance partner. That was the real start of Rita's career.

We practiced for three solid months—four hours in the morning, four hours in the afternoon without let-up. Rita's girlish pounds melted away, her figure slimmed out into the right curves in the right places. I polished every Spanish dance I'd taught her. I put on the finishing touches and made her a professional dancer. Rita was only 15 when we danced at the Foreign Club. In one way, we were a curiosity. People would bring their friends to watch us and have them guess what we were. They'd always say "brother and sister." They couldn't believe we were father and daughter and I suppose a lot of bets were won that way!

Soon we had a better offer and went to Agua Caliente, just below the Border. Agua Caliente was then in its hey-day and the favorite resort for Hollywood producers, directors and stars. Many of my old New York stage friends, now in the movies, looked me up—and all fell for Rita. The big shots of the studios saw her, too—and soon we were commuting between Agua Caliente and Hollywood, making screen tests.

We made six. None was any good. Because the camera saw what I saw, beneath Rita's dance-floor costumes and grown-up grace: she was still a little girl—too young to play the parts they lined up for her. One still makes me laugh to think of it—they tested Rita to play a vampire. At fifteen!

Rita was impatient, but never impulsive. I never saw her get angry or temperamental. She took my advice. She was a good girl, a good daughter. Finally our chance in Hollywood came—not much; only a solo dance for Rita, a few feet in the Fox film, *Dante's Inferno*. But I knew it was a good showcase for Margarita, and I wasn't wrong.

Studio executives raved when they saw the rushes. Rita was in pictures! And she was only 16 years old.

couldn't say "boo" . . .

At the time she was signed, of course, Rita was no actress at all. She could barely say "boo" when it came to speaking lines. But she plunged into drama school and worked as hard as she had at dancing. It was six months before she said one line into the mike—and I'll never forget that first disastrous part. It was just a few lines in a picture, a Warner Baxter picture, *El Gaucho*. The Argentine theme was, naturally, what got Rita the job; and she was a dancer again, but with dialogue. She prepped for her big moment, working like a beaver.

Her call was for seven in the morning. We thought that meant seven at make-up, filming later—but no! Seven was the hour set to shoot pictures and we arrived with no makeup or costume at that fatal hour. What was worse, Rita's scene, with the star, Warner Baxter, was the very first scene of the day. They could do nothing until they filmed that.

It was a terrible morning. While poor Margarita tried to throw on her costume and makeup for the biggest chance of her young life, the assistant director barked angry scoldings over her shoulder every minute. The company waited an hour and a half. By the time Rita did arrive she was so nervous she was in tears. And, of course, too, she blew her precious, well-studied lines sky-high! I doubt if she ever would have got through her first scene without a certain gallantry which I'll always remember on Warner Baxter's part. He saw the terrified, nerve-wracked girl in a spot and after her third blow-up made a terrible one himself. "You see," he laughed, "I can do it, too." That broke the tension and Rita was all right. I'll always believe that Warner blew up on purpose.

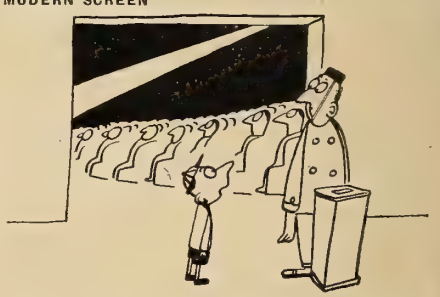
I never felt so sorry for Rita in my life as I did that morning, unless it was a morning several months later when she suffered the greatest heartbreak of her experience—a wound, incidentally, which still gives her a twinge to remember today.

Rita was picked by Winfield Sheehan, Fox's production boss, to play the title role in *Ramona*. She had taken all the tests successfully; the part was hers. She even had her costumes made and fitted, her script memorized. Then, 24 hours before she was due to step on the set, Fox merged with 20th Century and Darryl Zanuck moved into the production seat. He canceled Rita's star job in *Ramona*. Probably he was right; neither my wife nor I thought Margarita was ready to star. Just the same, to Rita it was like seeing the pot of gold at the rainbow's end snatched right away from outstretched fingers. It was a terrible disappointment to a 16-year-old girl with stars in her eyes.

She was heartbroken. She cried all day and into the night—at home—not at the studio; Rita was too proud for that. I told her, "Now listen, honey, that can happen to anybody at any time in show business." For a whole week, I took her to the beach, to picture shows, anywhere to get her mind off the disappointment. But she never forgot. Some years later, when 20th Century-Fox borrowed her to star in *Blood and Sand*, Rita had the satisfaction of being brought back at a big star's salary—many times what her contract paid her then. And she couldn't help gloating a little over that. She's very human, that daughter of mine.

Only a few weeks after *Ramona* was snatched away, Rita's first picture contract ended—and with it Rita's budding career as a Hollywood actress. She fought her way back, the hard way, through Hollywood "horse opera" Westerns, tackling them with the same determination and courage (she'd never ridden a horse in her life until she did for a camera) that she had everything else. Along the way, perhaps I helped some, but mostly

MODERN SCREEN



"May I go in and look for my little sister?"



"Couldn't find her!"

it was Rita who soaked up camera know-how and confidence, and brought her checks home to her mother to bank.

Rita still carries with her to every set the toy monkey doll we gave her for good luck on her first picture part back when she was sixteen. She still loves to gather with our family—all the dozens of dancing cousins—on every birthday and Christmas—for a family fiesta to dance and sing the old Spanish songs and dances. She can still twirl into a flashing *chapanecos* or step with me into a gay side-splitting *jota* while her grandfather strums the guitar. When she made her first visit to Mexico—long after she was a star—and saw her first bullfight, she came back home and acted it out for the whole Cansino family, moving through the action with the grace of a natural-born toreador. She's our girl, still!

In fact, we all have to watch our step or she'll shower us with generosities. During the war I mentioned the need of a record machine for my dance studio. Next day Rita took the one from her own house—which she couldn't replace—and sent it down. I had a two weeks' vacation last Christmas. When I let that slip to Rita, she sent me tickets to Mexico City, which is my favorite place to visit.

Right after Rita's own baby daughter, Rebecca, was born, my wife took seriously ill. Rita left her own hospital bed and insisted on taking over the care of her mother, with the finest doctors obtainable and every medical attention. And when Mrs. Cansino passed on at last, Rita, realizing the depth of all our grief, courageously took over to comfort us all.

Some things are different, of course. Rita's career, for one thing, has grown far beyond any need for my guidance and advice. Rita Hayworth has managers, secretaries, and studio advisers enough. But I'm still the first one she tells her picture plans to, the first to visit her new sets and the one whose opinion she wants first after the picture is previewed.

old home week . . .

The making of Rita's latest film, *The Loves of Carmen,* has been like old home week for us Cansinos—Rita's Uncle Jose dances in one gypsy number; her brother Vernon takes the part of a Spanish dragoon, and I have been choreographer and technical adviser on the Flamenco dances.

Having Rita play Carmen is one of the greatest thrills of my life. It's a part I feel she was destined to play. My mother, you know, was named Carmen—and in fact, like the fictional character, she worked in her youth in a cigarette factory in Seville. So it's a part very close to the Cansino heritage. I deeply hope that my 83-year-old father, Antonio—the head of our family—who went back to Spain this year to die in the land of his birth, will live to see his granddaughter bring Carmen to life.

One Sunday not long ago, little Rebecca came out of her nursery, toddling into the front room. She pattered across to my father, who had not yet left us.

"Aaah, so!" my father beamed happily. "She walks well. Now she must dance. It is time to start her lessons." Rita, her brothers and myself all protested, "She's too young!" But my father snorted angrily, "A Cansino is never too young to learn!"—and believe me, he meant it!

Well, Rebecca's name is not really Cansino—her name is Welles—but the dancing blood is there, because she is Margarita's daughter. I know my father saw her that day—even in her baby dress—as Rita herself must see her at times. Just as I see Rita Hayworth often when I close my eyes—a graceful girl with sparkling eyes and a flashing smile—a Cansino girl, dancing with a rose in her hair.

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LET'S HAVE A HAYRIDE!

(*Continued from page 37*)

headed us all straight back for the stables, without another word.

Once on terra firma, we piled into our cars and headed for the Redwood Village, which was the perfect spot for our back-to-the-farm get-together. It's a quaint place, skirting the main highway and overflowing with rustic atmosphere. There's a funny little brook where you can leave a penny and make a wish. There's also a flagstone patio that boasts a flower-filled fountain and an outdoor fireplace. Host Frank Tomlinson's cheery greeting is best of all. He has an uncanny way of knowing just what hungry hayriders want.

We remember Douglas Dick happily wading into his spare-rib dinner in the best Henry VIII tradition. He would take a few bites of the meat and then pretend to toss the bone over his shoulder. This he did until he got a king-size rib.

"Ah, me proud beauty," he cried, leering at Martha Hyer, and waving the bone in the air, "this brings out the cave man in me."

Striking his best hero pose, Dick Moore protested, "Unhand that woman. And pass the olives."

After dinner, we strolled out into the patio, left our pennies at the brook, and made our wishes. Then we were off to the Hollywood Playground and the dance.

The playground, when we arrived, was crackling with country atmosphere. A split-rail fence criss-crossed one corner. It was laden with weather-beaten saddles, bridles and lariats. A cow's skull, in not-too-healthy condition, sagged against the fence. Bales of hay dotted the dance floor. In the background was a shiny red surrey. The kind that was made for courting.

Lon and Colleen made it to the playground before the rest of us; Terry Moore and Jerome Courtland came in much later.

"They don't call you 'Cautious Courtland' for nothing," we could hear Terry saying. "Honestly, you drive like molasses."

Mona Freeman, listening to the music, was one of the first to take the floor. "Come on, Pops," she said to Pat. "Let's dance."

"Humm," grunted Pat, "thought you said you were beat after dancing all day in *The Heiress*."

Frankly, most of the guests were like ourselves, loaded with enthusiasm, but lacking in the swing-your-partner technique. Only Jerry Courtland ("I'm from Tennessee, ma'am") and Terry Moore were accomplished square dancers. Or at least they didn't have two left feet.

They, coupled with the playground's directors, David Gray and Virginia Pintarell, soon had all fourteen of us sashayin' smartly to the music.

The caller would sing out, "Swing your partners." The fellas would tighten their hold on the girls' waists and start twirling madly.

You could hear the clicking of high heels, and the girls' hair would trail behind and their skirts spin full. It was as colorful as a rainbow.

Everyone looked so competent and content—until the caller changed tunes.

How confused can 16 people get?

"Allemande left with your left hand," came the order.

The music and the caller continued on, but not the gang. Johnny Sands was always searching for the little hand that wasn't there. He constantly seemed to miss Mary Hatcher and wind up with Dickie Moore. "And he isn't my type," moaned Sands.

Richard Long followed Farley Granger's lead and improvised a few jitterbug steps into a number. The three-point landing he glided to was not the finale he'd planned.

But for the rest of us, the dance *was* a wonderful ending to a wonderful evening.

Let's have *another* hayride!

IT'S NOT A DREAM, DARLING

(*Continued from page 57*)

together, at least we'll both be working."

She couldn't have been wronger. They kept her under contract for fifteen months without handing her a lick of work to do—except for tests that were called terrific and led to nothing. It happens often. In Pat's case it was aggravated by the fact that she was Mrs. Cornel Wilde—a fact that seemed to loom larger at the studio than her acting qualifications. Not that it helped her to so much as a walk-on. Nor that she wanted it to. On the contrary. She's a proud girl—too self-respecting an actress to climb on any but her own competent feet.

Yet whatever involved Cornel somehow reached out to involve Pat as well, nullifying the hard-and-fast line she insisted on drawing between Cornel's wife and Pat Knight, professional. Sure, they were dying to work together, but even that receded into the background beside Pat's fierce determination to prove herself. This she was given no chance to do. Twice she asked for her release from Fox, and finally got it. Went out and found herself a new agent. Made a picture for Sol Wurtzel and another at Republic. Tossed her blonde head and figured that, horse operas or no, at least she was working and on her own.

As for Cornel, whatever hurt Pat tore at his nerves, already frayed by overwork. Their brief separation was no separation in the ordinary sense, though Hollywood tried to make it sound like one. Cornel went away and got a perspective on himself. Pat stayed home and did the same. In love for ten years, four weeks were all they could stand apart. . . .

Last winter they went to New York to look for a play, but couldn't find the right one. So Cornel had his leave of absence postponed till fall—by which time they hope the right one may turn up—and reported back to TC-Fox for *Roadhouse*.

Meanwhile it looked as if something were breaking for Pat. The first hint came from Milton Pickman, executive assistant to Harry Cohn at Columbia till he left to go into independent production. Pickman was a good friend of the Wildes. In New York he stopped at the same hotel.

"I've got ideas about you," he told Pat one day. "I caught a test you made—that scene from *Golden Boy*. Got me all steamed up, and I don't steam easy. I may work something out. . . ."

"What is it?" Pat implored.

"Take it easy, honey—it hasn't jelled yet."

Back in California, Pickman phoned one morning just as Pat and Cornel were about to take off for a week end at the Racquet Club. "Hold everything. I'm coming over with a script."

All the way to Palm Springs, Pat held the precious thing in her lap—a screenplay by Sam Fuller called *The Lovers*. Sat down to read it the second they arrived. Turned the last page and handed it to Cornel.

"Like it, baby?"

"You read it, then I'll tell you."

He looked up into the shining green eyes. "You've told me already. . . ."

It was an unusual story, built around the characterization of an unusual girl. The girl's part was a standout. When Cornel finished reading, his eyes were as bright as Pat's. "This is it."

"Look, do me a favor—don't let's talk about it any more now."

He kissed her hair, knowing exactly how she felt. Who should know better? He'd been through it all himself. You can take just so many disappointments. After that, hope's afraid to lift its head.

A few days later, Milton was giving them the deal. He'd taken an option on *The Lovers*. He'd persuaded Helen Deutsch, top writer of such hits as *National Velvet* and *Loves of Carmen*, to read the screenplay and see Pat's *Golden Boy* test. As a rule, Helen would have no part of rewrites. But such was her enthusiasm over Pat and Pat's rightness for the part, that she'd agreed to make an exception here. Milton planned to produce the picture independently. All he needed now was financial backing. With the Deutsch rewrite and the *Golden Boy* footage, he anticipated no problems.

At this point, Cornel was merely a bystander—an ardent bystander on Pat's account, but definitely offstage. His contracts with TC-Fox and Columbia ruled him out of any independent production. In fact, he was beginning to paw the ground about his next and final commitment at Columbia. The deadline was July 12th, and they had no picture ready.

And then Mr. Pickman clapped hand to brow. "What am I *doing?!* This thing is called *The Lovers!*"

He phoned Pat. "Honey, I've got an idea for the leading man. It's up to you to okay him."

"Who?"

"He's no Gable, y'understand."

"Never mind the build-down. Who *is* it?"



that's hollywood!

Yvonne De Carlo tells about the starlet who met another starlet and said, "Darling, you look wonderful. What happened?" . . . Description of a producer's wife, "She's so fat she outnumbers herself two to one." . . . Speaking about a pet hate, Ella Raines hissed, "If they'd cast her as Lady Godiva, the horse would steal the scene!" . . . "I guess it's true that men find beauty in a girl's mind, but it isn't where they start looking," remarks Judy Canova . . . "She looked good enough to eat," says Irving Hoffman. "And boy, *did* she!"

from "Hollywood Merry-Go-Round" by Andrew Hecht

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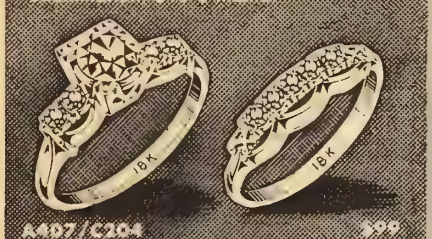
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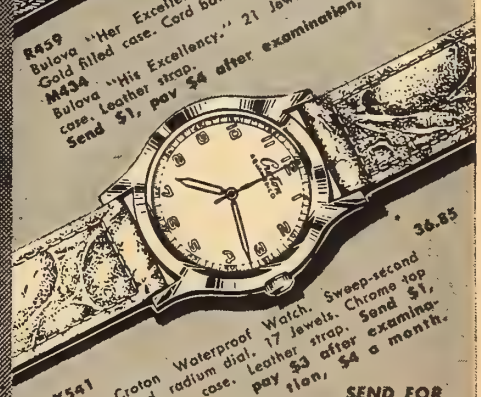
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"Some character name of Cornel Wilde."

Dead silence. Then: "You haven't been out in the sun or something?"

"Could be. Could be the whole thing's a pipedream. . . . Are you in this evening? . . . Okay, lay a plate for Uncle Milton."

Pat and Cornel listened to the pipedream unfold. Columbia had Cornel, but no story. Milton had a story, but no masculine lead. Dovetail the two, and what do you get? Knight and Wilde in a Columbia story called *The Lovers.* True, Pickman's plan had been to produce independently. But this he could be talked out of by the right kind of deal from Columbia.

"Guarantees," said Milton, "I can't give you, but here's what I'll do. Harry Cohn's at the Arizona Biltmore with Sylvan Simon. I'll take the script and Pat's *Golden Boy* test and fly there tonight. If it's no go, I'll be back tomorrow evening. If it looks like they're buying, I'll phone you before twelve."

Came the next evening. No Pickman. Came ten and eleven and twelve. No call. Pat lay awake, too tense for sleep. Cornel lay awake to see if Pat were sleeping. In the morning he produced one dozen excellent reasons why the call hadn't come through, none of which sounded terribly convincing to Pat. Then inspiration hit him. "Maybe the plane crashed!"

"False," said Milton, entering on cue.

They leaped at him. "Why didn't you phone?"

"Took till 1:30 to iron the wrinkles out. Well, kids—we got a deal!"

Then with Pat's lipstick all over his face and his shoulder sore from Cornel's thumping, he gave them the details over bacon and eggs.

silence is golden . . .

"We sat round the pool while Harry and Sylvan read the script. Then I showed them Pat's test and kept my mouth shut. The story, the test, the re-write had to speak for themselves. I could have talked my throat raw without adding a thing. Well, the boys went into a huddle and came out with a wire to New York: WHAT DO YOU THINK OF PAT KNIGHT AND CORNEL WILDE IN PICTURE CALLED THE LOVERS? I sweated it out till the answer came back: RE KNIGHT-WILDE LOVERS GUARANTEE NET OF HALF A MILLION."

An irrepressible squeal broke from Pat: "Then it's set?"

"All but a few details that you don't have to bother your pretty head over."

"Let's celebrate!" said Cornel.

Pat laid a hand on his arm. "Not yet. Not till I see it in black and white."

"But, honey, these contracts take days and weeks to draw up!"

"Even so, let's wait."

That's how it was with Pat through all the preliminaries. Jubilant one minute, scared silly the next. Helen Deutsch was re-writing the script till the last minute. She'd known Cornel at Columbia, she'd never met his wife. In order to study Pat for her characterization, she'd come up to dinner.

"Tell us one scene," they'd beg. "Just one little scene."

She'd describe some bit of action, and they'd be all over the living room playing it, to the delight of their huge poodles who were firmly convinced that the whole thing was being staged for their benefit and knocked themselves out trying to get into the act.

"You know you're crazy, don't you?" Helen would inquire. "That's the scene they'll probably toss out tomorrow."

Not till the contracts were signed, sealed and delivered, did the celebration take place. "What'll we have?"

"Champagne, of course."

"And caviar?" Pat wagged her head "yes."

"And Milton-Pickman-on-toast!"

In a way they did have Milton Pickman on toast. He raised his glass, and offered the first one. "To the lovers," he said, courtly as any cape-slinger. "And to *The Lovers.*"

* * *

"You said when you saw it in black and white, you'd believe it!"

"But there must be *something* wrong. No director, no supporting cast, no announcements . . ."

"These things take time. Relax, honey. Kick up your heels and enjoy yourself. Nothing can spoil it now. We're in!"

Variations of this dialogue went on for the next several weeks. Pat couldn't help herself. The way had been so tough, the goal so long in coming. The dream about to be realized was so dazzling she could hardly look it in the face. "I won't get the jitters," said Pat, getting the jitters. Cornel appointed himself comforter-in-chief. Gay and tender by turns, he knew when she needed his arms around her, when she needed to laugh. He'd take her to dinner and the movies, bring home flowers and perfume and silly little gifts to distract her.

One by one, the pre-production problems were solved. They'd been trying to get Douglas Sirk to direct. Sirk had previous commitments, but *The Lovers* got under his skin, too, and he managed at last to re-juggle his schedule. Columbia decided to test John Baragrey, the bullfighter in *Loves of Carmen,* for the other man.

Pat was to work with Baragrey in the tests. She was ill with nervousness the night before.

"Maybe they won't like me. Maybe I'll be horrible. Maybe they'll fire me."

That was another white night for the Wildes. Next morning Cornel kissed her, whispered "Good luck!" and sent her off alone. Sirk met her on the test stage, noted that her lips were dry and her hand cold as he shook it. If Pat could have read his thoughts, she'd have set them to music. It pleased him that her hands were cold and her lips dry. An actress should be like a race-horse, all tension before the starting signal. A cart-horse Mr. Sirk would have had no use for.

After a couple of rehearsals she calmed down. Now the feel of her personality began to come through, vibrant, compelling. Her terrors vanished. She felt easy

MODERN SCREEN



"Wasn't it terrible? I could hardly sit through it the second time."

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Last summer my family and I were vacationing in California, and we were in Los Angeles seeing the movie High Barbaree. *Behind us there was a girl who kept saying impolite things about the girl star of the show. Things like, "I know I can do better," or "What a drip." Finally, I became so irritated I couldn't resist turning around and saying, "Well, then, why did you come in the first place?" You can imagine my surprise and embarrassment when I discovered that she was no other than June Allyson, the star of the show.*

Celia Wright
Des Moines, Iowa

at home, right—like any workman doing the job he was meant to do.

The following day Cornel went in with her for wardrobe and makeup tests. They were supposed to see the rushes with Sirk and Sylvan Simon, but the fittings took longer than planned, and they came out just in time to run into the whole tribe emerging from the projection room across the way and just about popping with pleasure.

Simon threw his arms around Pat. "You were great! Cornel, better make up your mind that you're just going to support her in this one."

Of course the guy could have lain awake all night without fetching up a line more warming to the cockles of Cornel's heart.

For an extra fillip, and in case there hadn't been commotion enough, Cornel sprained his ankle the day before shooting started!

It turned out all right. A few shots were re-arranged, and Cornel was seated through most of the early shooting. Except for the first scene. In the first scene he turned from the files, and there was the girl paroled in his custody, and he was supposed to say something sensible. Only he couldn't. The impact of Pat sitting there hit him head on. This was the hour, the moment they'd waited for. His eyes melted. "Why, it's *you,* darling," he said. . . .

* * *

Now they've been working together, lunching together, spending all their time together as in the early years of their marriage.

Watching them, you couldn't help being caught up in the glow of their happiness, and your mind raced back through time to a couple of kids with stars in their eyes. . . .

"D'you think it'll ever happen?"

"We'll make it happen!"

And so they did. Not right away. And not all by themselves. Circumstances helped. At first the breaks were all against them. Then suddenly everything fell into place. Pickman's purchase of the story, his interest in Pat, Cornel's being free, the fact that Columbia had nothing else ready for him. It was a matter of timing, so essential in this business. But more essential was the faith and the will and the love of these two. . . .

And the names of two lovers—PATRICIA KNIGHT and CORNEL WILDE—will blaze with equal brilliance from the marquees, exactly as they once blazed on a castle in Spain.



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BLOOPFACE AND THE BABE

(Continued from page 32)

started, she wasn't quite so chipper. Judy has no vanity, and to her Astaire was something fabulous. She'd dreamed about a picture with him, but never really believed it. Of course Gene Kelly has no flies on him either, but Judy was used to him, Gene was like family. Astaire was like someone you read about in a book. Besides, she'd heard all these stories about Astaire—what a perfectionist he was. Not that Judy's ever been afraid of hard work. But it was pretty scary for a girl whose specialty is singing rather than dancing.

"I'm conserving my strength," she told me one day. "They say with Astaire you rehearse eight hours a day. If you sit down, he hates you. If you collapse, he yanks you up by the hair, drapes you over his arm, and waltzes you around again willie, dead or alive. Oh, Jimmie, I'm petrified!"

Well, of course what it all added up to was that no one could have been more considerate than Fred, and the sweeter he was, the more Judy knocked herself out. He'd keep urging her to rest, she'd keep saying she wasn't tired, till it got to be a regular Alphonse and Gaston act. One day she came out with it. "Where's this whip you're supposed to crack?"

He grinned that cute grin of his. "Honest, Judy, I never cracked it over anyone but myself."

Man, woman or child, I don't know anyone more stimulating than Judy. Never will I forget our eight days in New York when nobody knew we were there but the family, and they weren't telling. At 4 o'clock we had no idea of going, at 6 we were on our way. That's how my sister operates when the mood takes her.

the lady is bored . . .

She called me that afternoon. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing."

"Well, come on over, I've got things to say."

I found her in shorts and bandanna. "What's on your mind?"

"I'm bored. Vincente's cutting his picture, and mine doesn't start for two weeks. What can we do?"

"Oh, I don't know. Let's run down to Laguna for a couple of days."

On that Vincente walks in. We tell him our problems. He solves them. "Why don't you go to New York and see the shows?"

Judy sits up like she's shot. "Why don't we? The Chief leaves at 6. We can get the reservations in Jimmie's name. Vincente, you've got to promise not to tell a soul. For once I'm going to New York without publicity."

I said: "You're crazy, we'll never make it."

"Don't be silly, of course we'll make it. Pack up your oldest duds, we'll come by for you at 5."

Mother helped me throw a bunch of junk into grips. The train was moving when Vincente boosted us on and heaved the suitcases after us. We had eight glorious days in New York and saw ten shows, including two matinées. Never once did Judy dress up, never curled her hair, never used a speck of makeup, including lipstick. From the taxi into the theater she'd wear my horn-rimmed reading glasses, which made her practically blind, so I had to lead her. Every so often people would turn and stare, and we'd hold our breath, trying to look extra dumb. Mostly they'd give us that oh-it-can't-be expression and fade. But the last night one woman came up. "Aren't you Judy Garland?" she said, suspiciously.

"Who, me?" The girl was my sister, but the voice was the voice of Miss Duffy. "Gee, that's certanny a thrill, my boy friend's a'ways tellin' me I oughta be in pitchas, oney he thinks I'm more the Jane Russell type."

That's the nearest we ever came to being caught. Next day we were on the train. Judy fixed her hair, made up her face, and bought us each a new outfit in Chicago. The hats looked fine, but the suits needed altering. We arrived in Hollywood, looking real glamorous with our skirts tucked up and our coatsleeves flapping.

Judy's always buying and doing things for the family; she stays close. When we were kids, playing the Orpheum together, she had a funny way of talking about the three of us as if we were one. "Hi, Daddy, bring us some pineapple juice, our throat is thick." In many ways it's not so different now. We always know when Judy's been shopping for herself, because stuff starts coming for Susie or me or Mom or Judaline, my ten-year-old. Only the other day Judaline nearly went out of her mind over a little sealskin hat and muff that Judy sent from Don Loper's.

My youngster thinks her aunt's something pretty special which, believe me, has nothing to do with pictures. In Judaline's heaven there's only room for two stars, Roy Rogers and Trigger, and the greatest of these is Trigger. This tickles Judy. Not long ago she had Judaline out to lunch at the studio, and introduced her to Arthur Freed.

"Like to be in your Aunt Judy's picture?" Mr. Freed asked.

"Any horses?"

"No horses."

"Well, thanks just the same, I wouldn't care for it then."

I think that's one bond between Judy and Judaline. They don't impress easy, they're both direct and honest. Judy can smell a ham a mile away, and calls 'em as she smells 'em. There's her portrait, for instance, never mind who did it, but comes the grand unveiling, followed by a loud silence. Till Judy's voice, slow and dreamy, breaks it: "Who killed Cock Robin?"

I SAW IT HAPPEN



In a recent golf match between Crosby and Hope, Bing was giving Bob a run for his money. In this match all the luck was with Bing. Every shot he'd make would slice or hook into the rough, hit a rock or a tree and come bounding back again into the fairway. Hope stood this for quite a while but it finally got the best of him. Teeing off on the tenth hole, Bing sliced one far out into the rough. It looked like a lost ball. Suddenly, a big pine tree loomed up and sent the ball at a 40 degree angle right back into the middle of the fairway again. That was the one that got Bob. He turned to Bing and said loudly enough for the spectators to hear, "Man, you must have a relative in every tree."

Keith C. Stacy
Spokane, Washington

Since then, for reasons that have nothing to do with art, we've grown quite attached to the picture. Judy refused to have it around, so Mother took it. "After all, it *is* an oil painting."

"If it's oil you crave, Mother, I'll go out and buy you a bucket."

"And the frame's so gorgeous, you can't just throw it away."

First we hung it over the mantel. Then the rains came and made a crack in the entry wall. Mother wouldn't have it fixed till the rains were over, so first thing you saw when you opened the door was this crack.

"Judy's picture would just about cover it," said Susie.

Next time Judy opened the door, there was the picture. "Personally," she said, "I prefer the crack."

In the course of time two things happen. The wall gets fixed. Susie and her GI husband, who've been living with us, move into their own GI home. Susie asks for the picture. "It goes with the colors of my room."

Now Judy tells everyone it's a portrait of Susie. Calls their attention to the likeness. The expression of the eyes. "Wouldn't you know them out of a million for Susie's?" Kids the shirt off this picture—an attitude I find very refreshing. So would you, if you'd seen as many Portraits as I have with a capital P, and how you're supposed to approach them on bended knee and knock the ground with your forehead.

she'll take chocolate . . .

When Judy's not working, she brings Liza down every Wednesday right after her nap. Otherwise the nurse brings her. Liza's a very dainty little girl, with her daddy's huge dark eyes and Judy's mouth, and his lovely high Italian forehead. Looks like a dream and plays like a roughneck with Judaline. Cutest thing is to watch her pick up her skirts and dance when you start singing *Liza*. She's got Judy's rhythm. Also Judy's passion for chocolate. Candy, ice cream or cake, Liza'll take chocolate or know the reason why.

Judaline's always called my mother Nonna. You'd expect the little one to pick up the name from her, but no, Liza's an individualist. "Want to go see Nonna?" Judy asked her one day.

"Yes, I want a banana."

"Here's a banana, now shall we go see Nonna?"

"Go see Grandma," said Liza firmly, and that was that.

Judy's awfully good with the baby. Gives her plenty of rope without letting her get out of hand. One evening Liza was at the dinner table with the rest of us. Started kicking the underside of the table, which made her highchair rock back. Quite a thing, she decided. Judy thinks it's fine for kids to learn their way round in the world, but not at the risk of breaking their necks.

"Liza, stop."

Liza gives her the who'd-you-think-you're-kidding routine, and kicks some more. Judy picks her up, whacks her once on the bottom, and sticks her into Judaline's old crib. A few minutes later the door opens, and there she stands with the halo round her head. "Yiza good. Yiza no bop table." Then she turns on the charm-tap, melting brown eyes and all. "Mommy good. Mommy no bop Yiza." A very logical child.

I've been to lots of parties at Judy's house. I've had lots of fun. But I never have more fun than when Judy and Vincente pop in unexpectedly. Mother fixes a snack and we sit round the fire gabbing. . . .

Like one night they'd been to a show and came in around 11. Judy wanted pan-

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cakes. "Will you make some, Mother?"

"Sure," said Mom, then remembered there wasn't an egg in the house and the stores were closed. So we all pile into the car and drive to Restaurant Row, as they call La Cienega. Mother and I slink round to the back door of one place, and go into a spiel about this sick uncle and you can't let a man die for want of an egg.

The guy didn't say yes and he didn't say no. He said: "Boiled or fried?"

"Pickled," I hear this voice behind me mutter. It was Judy.

"Just eggs," said Mother, very loud and clear. "The way they come from the hen."

We got 'em. Half an hour later we were eating pancakes on a cardtable by the fire. What always happens at these sessions, we get started on the old days, which fascinate Vincente. In fact, he's the one who eggs us on (pardon the expression), though it doesn't take much. I remember one night Judy absently called me H.B.

"Meaning what?" asks Vincente, and we're off. . . .

It was on that long trip to Chicago, which finally landed us at the Oriental and changed us from the Gumms to the Garlands. Mother did most of the driving, and we kids whiled away the time playing silly games.

"I'm S. N.," said Susie, bowing her head and folding her hands together.

"What do you do?"

"Get sung."

That wasn't so tough. We figured her out pretty quickly as *Silent Night.* I was H.B. and I whistled at girls. It took them about eight miles to get *Hiya, Babe.*

"My initials," said Judy, "are E.B.B."

"What do you do?"

"Nothing."

"Then how can we guess who you are?"

"I'm very famous."

We tried everything from Elizabeth Barrett Browning up and down, while our dear little sister kept looking smug and smugger. After forty miles, we got desperate. "Oh all right, who are you?"

"Eric Budge Bullick."

"Who in the name of common sense is Eric Budge Bullick, if we may ask?"

"I made him up."

"You said he was famous."

"He is. I made him up famous."

Those names stuck for years. We still have pictures inscribed by the Duncan Sisters to Silent Night, Hiya Babe and Eric Budge Bullick.

"They should've brained you," says Vincente.

"They did worse than that. Stuffed themselves full of cotton candy right under my nose and wouldn't give me a shred."

We adored that junk. Gorged ourselves every chance we got, till Mother'd call a halt. We never seemed to get enough.

Which reminds me of Liza's last birthday party. Liza was bouncing back and forth like a hostess, informing the world it was "Yiza's party." She took Judaline under her wing, and Judy steered me past the big table with balloons tied to each chair, and round a bend. There stood a cotton-candy machine, and a man to work it.

"So the kids can have all they want," said Judy.

"What kids?"

She grinned. "You and S.N. and Mr. Budge Bullick."

To anyone else it would have been double-talk. To us it was a window that opened on memories we shared and the childhood that glows with magic from a distance. We looked through the window together for a minute, then linked arms and went back to the party without saying a word. There wasn't any need for words. Maybe that's what I like best of all about my sister. Just that she's my sister.

* * *

Editor's Note: Judy Garland was all set to begin work a few weeks ago on another co-starrer with Fred Astaire—M-G-M's The Barkleys of Broadway. *However, Judy's doctor decided she'd better have a three-months' rest before starting* Annie Get Your Gun *early in the fall. Her role in* The Barkleys *was then taken over by Ginger Rogers.*

FIGHTING LADY

(*Continued from page 60*)

a quip, to say: "If my 'ex' ever sent *me* flowers and a good-luck note, I'd doubtless be billed for it at the end of the month."

Everyone laughed. Tension, it appeared, had eased off. At the end of the day, Charley Martin grinned happily. He was already two days ahead of schedule, having accomplished three days' shooting in one day—truly a feat.

The next few days, everything was peaceful. But the false honeymoon was short-lived. Harmony suddenly changed to raucous discord.

It happened just before lunch on the fifth day of shooting. Up in Producer Popkin's office, Laraine's agent, Marty Martin—who also serves as her business adviser and personal representative—requested that Miss Day receive two portable typewriters for posing in publicity stills with the machines. This was granted. Then Martin discovered that the typewriters used in the stills were new electric models—and insisted that Miss Day receive two electrics instead. As it happened, the electrics were not yet in production; one was used in *My Dear Secretary,* but it was a heavily-guarded pilot model and very top-secret.

Popkin was in no position to accede to that request. He pointed out that Miss Day's contract required her to make publicity stills with the typewriters that were available.

Martin insisted. Thereupon Popkin ordered the agent off the set.

Martin stomped out of the office, walked onto the sound stage and whispered something to Laraine, who was just about to begin a scene. Without a word, she walked abruptly out of the scene, went to her dressing room, put on her hat and coat, and strode off the lot with Martin.

Cast, crew and director were bewildered. They chased Laraine. "You can't do this!" they yelled. "You can't leave without an explanation!"

Laraine paused a moment. "Mr. Popkin ordered my agent off the lot," she said icily. "I'm going with him." Then, as she strode through the studio gates, she called over her shoulder: "And furthermore, I'm taking the first plane I can get to New York!"

You can imagine the excitement *that* caused.

But reason prevailed. In a few hours, Laraine's attorney and the Screen Actors Guild convinced her she'd better return. So, along with Agent Martin, return she did—but madder than a wet hen.

The following day, newspaper headlines screamed versions of the story from coast to coast.

During the next few days, conflicting

statements were issued by both sides.

Rumors flew. One had it that Laraine had walked out with the avowed intention of flying East to comfort her beleaguered husband, whose team was wallowing in the National League cellar. Another report had it that Laraine had been promised three days off the picture for a brief trip to New York and that when she hadn't got them, she'd walked.

In the weeks that followed it was small wonder that Laraine wasn't talking for either the studio publicity department or the press. Laraine was unhappy. She saw herself as the center of what she regarded as a merciless plot to blast her out of pictures.

Well, Laraine herself was largely responsible for what happened to her after the walkout. She heatedly told news photographer Ray Scott, who visited the set one day, "I think all newspapermen should be shot." Naturally, that sort of talk can lead only to trouble. And that's exactly where it did lead—to plenty of trouble with the press.

Suddenly, as if a magnet were attracting them, reporters were swarming over the set. Few were permitted to talk to Laraine personally; she had strategically withdrawn into her shell. But they were busily digging up stories about her. And the temperamental star was giving them plenty of material.

Laraine has been quoted as saying that she was so cooperative that she worked until eight and eight-thirty P.M. on many occasions, in order to help Producer Popkin and Director Martin. This, she has said, resulted in the picture's being completed three days ahead of schedule.

Let's look at the record, the actual production reports—certified copies of which are in the files of the Screen Actors Guild. The truth is, Miss Day put in exactly 30 working days. Only once did she work as late as seven o'clock.

Of these 30 working days, Laraine worked fewer than eight hours on 14 days . . . some days as little as one or two hours, after which she was through for the day. For those 30 days, she received $100,000. Not bad.

Producer Popkin acceded to a very out-of-the-ordinary request by placing a Cadillac and chauffeur at Laraine's disposal. The car called for her each morning and brought her home each night. But one day, when her scenes were finished quickly and she was through for the day at two-thirty, her car was missing. The star stalked up to Production Man-

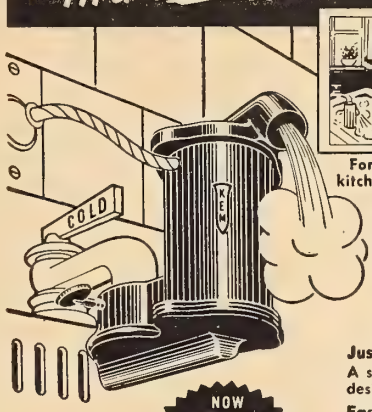
I SAW IT HAPPEN



I was seeing the show A Streetcar Named Desire *and Gregory Peck and his wife were sitting very near me. After the show, when we came out of the theater, the streets were full of melted snow, hail and mud. The mud was so deep you couldn't cross the street and there were no taxis available. Mrs. Peck was wearing evening sandals. Suddenly, Mr. Peck and the red-haired man they were with, stooped and lifted Mrs. Peck under the elbows. All the ladies who were watching, cheered, turned to their escorts and asked to be carried across in the same fashion!*

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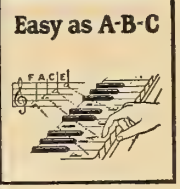
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ager Joseph Nadel and demanded to know why her chauffeur and car were not standing by.

"We didn't know your scenes would be finished so early," Nadel told her. "We sent your car over to the doctor's office to pick up Mr. Popkin's mother."

That was the signal for Laraine to demand that the chauffeur be fired—instantly—for leaving the lot without her permission.

On another occasion, Laraine's scenes were concluded at eleven-thirty one morning—half an hour before the usual break for lunch. She called her stand-in to come along to lunch with her, but the assistant director in charge of set production had other ideas.

"The crew of the picture," he told her politely, "has not yet been dismissed."

"But that does not apply to my stand-in," Laraine replied acidly.

"Oh, yes, your stand-in, too," she was told plainly. "We need her to light your next shots, which take place directly after lunch."

"When I go to lunch my stand-in goes with me, and she'll come back when I return," Laraine snapped. And she proceeded to take the girl with her. Result: the crew was told to lunch until Miss Day decided to return. That incident cost the company $3,000 in overtime.

But that's not all. From that moment on, the assistant director assumed the shape of an ogre in Laraine's eyes. Next day she demanded he be fired. Popkin laughed. And every day for the next ten days she refused to cooperate with him, and each day repeated her demand that he be replaced. Finally, Laraine flatly refused to do a scene if said assistant were at any time in her line of vision. (As this is written he is preparing to file a suit charging Laraine with defamation of character, personal threats, etc.)

diamonds in the kitchen . . .

One day, as Laraine was about to do a scene with Keenan Wynn calling for their "cutting up" in the kitchen, she spotted a jewelry salesman on the set displaying a very large pair of ornate earrings. She called the studio wardrobe woman over and told her she wanted to wear the earrings in the scene. The woman protested that they would look ridiculous with the outfit Laraine was wearing.

Laraine walked off the set and up to Producer Popkin's office. A few minutes later she had the earrings and was permitted to wear them in the scene—in spite of an expert's better judgment.

At still another time Director Martin had a particularly difficult scene to shoot with Laraine and Rudy Vallée. It was a long scene—involving three pages of dialogue. Martin put it through rehearsal after rehearsal. After shooting it once or twice, he still was not satisfied and called for further rehearsal. Finally, after two and a half hours of careful direction, he decided that the scene was ready for the camera. But by now five-fifty-five P.M. had rolled around, and Laraine's quitting time was six o'clock. She looked at her watch and walked off the set leaving Rudy, the director and the crew looking after her in amazement. Next day, the entire morning was required to shoot the scene—which could have been done, in all probability, in a single take the evening before.

Miss Day's demand to have the set closed at all times was denied by the studio. So, on a number of occasions just before a scene was to be shot, she would motion the visitors off and have the set cleared before she would work. Yet, she frequently brought her own friends and their children to visit her on the set.

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Once Director Martin was heard to say: "I don't know what to do with her—I can't argue with her because I have to work with her. Somebody will have to talk turkey to her." This resulted from frequent arguments about how certain scenes should be played—and also caused much rewriting on the set. The studio felt that since Laraine had approved the script in the beginning, she should have stuck by it, rather than demand the many changes after shooting was well under way.

Yet, despite all this temperament, a few days after the picture was completed Director Martin thought it politic to buy a full-page ad in the Hollywood trade papers thanking Laraine Day for her "wonderful cooperation" during the production of the picture.

Producer Popkin sums up the warfare by saying: "I don't think Laraine was at fault as much as the people who advised her." And the producer blamed a lot of the trouble on the failing Brooklyn Dodgers—who, of course, were being managed at that time by Laraine's hubby, Leo Durocher, and were, to loyal Laraine's dismay, floundering at the bottom of the league.

for better, for worse . . .

The complications that beset Miss Day and agent Marty Martin were largely avoidable. Her mistake was in signing for a picture under conditions that were not wholly to her satisfaction. Once she was in for it, she should have made the best of it.

In any event, the picture was completed—and three days ahead of schedule. But as I write this, another explosion has just reverberated: Director Martin is suing Producer Popkin for $7,500. Martin claims that Popkin failed to pay him a promised $2,500 for each of those three days that were saved.

Right or wrong, or in the middle, Producer Popkin now finds himself owner of one of the greatest comedy pictures ever turned out. This is not hearsay; I've seen *My Dear Secretary*, and I know what I'm talking—and still laughing—about.

And Laraine Day? In my opinion she will emerge, on the basis of this performance, as one of the all-time great comediennes. As an indication of that, her severest critic, Mr. Popkin, told me: "I'd still like to sign that girl for another picture—whether she likes Harry Popkin or not!"



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INTIMATE VIEW

(*Continued from page 63*)

above—have sometimes been distorted into lurid sensations, he yearns for publicity about his private life the way he yearns for measles. He has consistently refused to open his home life to the public.

Yet, around the studio, the appearance of members of his family, unannounced, is a familiar thing. Recently, in the middle of the afternoon, Nora rushed onto the set where Flynn was working. She was wearing a stunning evening gown.

"Good heavens!" said Flynn. "Is it dinnertime already? Where *has* the day gone?"

"Of course it isn't dinnertime, darling!" said Nora. "My new gown was just delivered—and I couldn't wait to model it for you."

Sometimes, incidentally, members of the family can be disturbing to an actor's equilibrium. Consider the visit of three-year-old Dierdre Flynn to one of the *Silver River* sets. Flynn, for once, was attired in modern clothes. And right elegant ones, too: dove-gray suit, flowing cravat, gray hat. Daughter Dierdre, who seldom has seen him in anything but a tattered sweater and blue jeans, couldn't contain herself. "Look!" she shouted. "Isn't Daddy pretty!"

But Flynn was scarcely in modern clothes when I stood behind the Technicolor camera crane not long ago and watched them shoot a scene of *Don Juan*. Flynn, who was Don Juan, was seated in a large chair in a baronial hall, looking grim but relaxed.

A rapier blade swung through the air, and—*varrup!*—there was a neat gash in Flynn's costume, just below the neckline.

"Next time," snarled a nasty voice whose owner was just out of my eye-range, "I may cut deeper."

Flynn lifted himself from the chair slowly, his calm expression unchanged.

"Next time," he said to the off-picture threat, "I'll wear more clothes."

Quite a scene, that. It will be a gaspy moment when it reaches the screen. I hung around and watched it being done over and over again as Flynn exposed his jugular vein and the expert on the other end of the rapier lashed out until the sound had just the right vicious quality.

skin they'd love to touch . . .

Afterwards, in his dressing room, as the actor quizzically examined his slashed costume in the mirror, I said, "That was a nice bit of acting." I referred to the casual manner in which he had delivered his lines while the rapier whistled by his Adam's apple.

"I've been conditioned," said Flynn with a thin smile. "Lots of people have taken swipes at my throat in my time—and they weren't just trying to come close."

Yes, there are a number of self-appointed authorities around who have peddled some remarkable fantasy about the actor. For instance, I was told confidentially awhile back that Flynn was "out" at Warner Brothers and that the news would soon be released. While this fascinating fiction was circulating, Errol was in the midst of negotiations for a new contract for fifteen years straight!

("Think of it," he told a friend, "fifteen years! Why, I've been around here almost thirteen already. If I finish out my new deal, they'll be wheeling me on and off the set in a chair!")

Flynn has learned to his sorrow that insatiable Hollywood gossip can make a man exquisitely uncomfortable. A few months ago at a party, some hostess with a violent sense of humor seated Flynn between his fiery former wife, Lili Damita, and Nora. If the purveyors of Hollywood gossip had got hold of that item, they'd have had a field day with it.

Despite any printed reports to the contrary, Errol has never been suspended by his studio, which is something rare among top-flight actors. That is not to say that he hasn't had some bang-up arguments, but these have always been with the bosses—whereas the practice of some prominent figures is to stage quarrels with minor studio employees to establish their importance, while at the same time they're practically shining the shoes of the men in the front office.

An example of Flynn's attitude is seen in an incident which occurred some time ago and involved a director who believed that the only way to get a performance is to dish out abuse to actors—with special emphasis on the extras who can't answer back.

flynn to the rescue . . .

Quietly, Flynn had gone to the great man on several occasions, and told him to lay off. The director managed to curb his temper for a brief period and then began to get rough again.

One day, without warning, Flynn stopped in the middle of a rehearsal, declaring, "I'm walking off this set and I'm not coming back."

A short time later the director, considerably subdued, sought him out and told him, "I'm cured. No more outbursts. It will never, believe me, happen again."

"I believe you," Flynn said. The two shook hands. The director has never broken his word, even when Flynn was not in his pictures.

And some years back, there was a nice little guy who worked on a number of Flynn pictures. But the little guy had a problem. He couldn't leave the bottle alone.

It happened one day that he was to appear in an important scene right after lunch. The time arrived—but not the little guy. After waiting a few minutes, the director sent out an alarm.

In a little while, the offending actor showed up—arm in arm with Flynn. He appeared to be steadying Flynn, who reeked of Old Mountain Dew.

So Flynn got blamed by the director and crew for going on a lunchtime spree, and the little guy emerged from the incident with a saver-of-souls reputation.

What actually happened was this: Flynn had spotted the inebriated character in an off-the-lot restaurant. He'd sobered him up—and then had gargled a straight slug, spilled some liquor on his own clothes and made himself appear the culprit!

Later, he took his young friend aside and said: "My lad, I hope you observed that a so-called big-shot star can get away with something foolish once in a while. But let me assure you that if I have to do anything like this again, you shall suffer a terrible and unspeakable doom."

The lad has been a teetotaler ever since.

Flynn is always on the side of the underdog. He has consistently fought the forces of oppression, wherever they occur. A sentence in a letter he wrote not long ago, in answer to a critical story about him in a foreign newspaper, sums up well his political philosophy: "You can keep a man hungry," Flynn wrote, "you can

work him like the devil—you can even push him around, but you cannot keep him without some hope of the future."

Flynn's a curious mixture of earnestness and high playfulness. To illustrate, there's a hitherto-unpublished story of his clash with Bette Davis several years ago. If the matter had gotten out at the time, it's a cinch the story-factories would soon have built it up into a full-scale saga. Here's what really happened:

Miss Davis did not care much for Mr. Flynn, because he never seemed to look her in the eyes during close-ups, and she is the type who notices that people are either direct or not direct.

What she didn't know was that Flynn, being so much taller than she, had to look down at her—and when he did, his eyelids lowered so that if he looked her squarely in the peepers the camera recorded him with his eyes shut. Accordingly, the cameraman had instructed him to avoid this doped effect by gazing no lower than Bette's hairline.

Try having someone around who just looks at your hairline. Drives you a little nutty. It did Bette.

As a result, Errol got his, but good, during a big scene for *Elizabeth and Essex.*

Flynn marched across a long hall. He stopped before Bette. "And where," said she, "have you been, My Lord Essex?"

"I have been in Ireland, Your Majesty," Flynn replied.

Whereupon Bette lifted one delicate hand, on which there was a ring as big as a roll of wrapped pennies, and smacked Flynn on the jaw—an unpulled punch.

Flynn, completely unprepared, saw several minor constellations. "I excused myself and went to the dressing room," he told me. "I looked at my two heads in the mirror. Something, I said to myself, had to be done. Perhaps I should complain to the director. I discarded that—not manly. I pulled myself together, went over and knocked on the dressing-room door marked MISS DAVIS.

living the part . . .

"A voice called, 'Come in!' I entered and found myself looking at Bette in the mirror. She said, 'I know what you're going to say, and I'm sorry, but I simply cannot do the scene unless I do it as it should be done, even in rehearsal.'

"My mouth opened and I heard myself say, 'I see.' I left her dressing-room"

Later, when the cameras rolled, Flynn marched across the long hall and stopped before the Queen again. She said, "And where have you been, My Lord Essex?"

There was a long wait, "I don't remember," Flynn finally said.

"Cut!"

Flynn went back to try it over. He was seething. It didn't matter that Miss Davis was the queen of the lot—when she cracked his jaw with that ring, he was going to let her have it.

He made the long march again.

"And where have you been, My Lord Essex?"

His eyes blazed. "I have been in Ireland, Your Majesty!"

He doubled his fist as Bette swung. Then it came—her blow grazed his chin like a feather duster.

"Great, wonderful!" beamed the director.

He didn't know how great or wonderful it might have been to have had the lot's top feminine star in the hospital.

But Miss Davis knew how close it had been. She and Mr. Flynn understood each other. And Bette, who is not unreasonable, also appreciated the humor of the thing.

To appreciate the complicated Mr. Flynn one should, obviously, approach the subject with a bit of understanding—and with a good supply of salt to take along with the highly-colored tattle about him.

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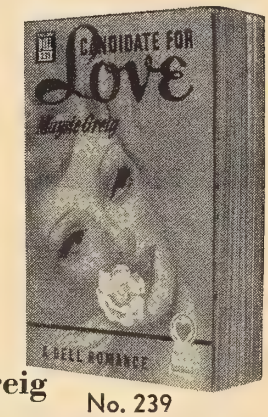


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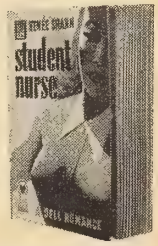
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Sorry, Wrong Number: Terrified Barbara Stanwyck cuts in on call plotting her murder.

(*Continued from page 24*)

she begins making frenzied calls—to her father in Chicago, to her husband's secretary, at length to a hospital where she begs in vain for a nurse to come and stay with her.

Relieving the terrific excitement of the phone call sequences are flashbacks explaining Leona's past as the pampered, neurotic daughter of a drug tycoon, her strange, unhappy marriage to Henry Stevenson (Burt Lancaster) and the innumerable complications which lead to this fateful night.

This is high-pitched drama, with Barbara Stanwyck doing some of the finest acting of her life. Burt Lancaster isn't in top form in the husband role. However, he *is* a dream to look at. Ann Richards is splendid as Sally Hunt. And Harold Vermilyea is outstanding as the little old chemist who very nearly breaks your heart.

For a suspenseful and memorable evening, don't miss *Sorry, Wrong Number.—Para.*

THE WALLS OF JERICHO

Based on Paul Wellman's well-known novel, this is the engrossing story of life in Jericho, Kansas, in the year 1908.

Dave Connors (Cornel Wilde) is an upstanding young county attorney married to Belle, a sharp-tongued alcoholic (Ann Dvorak). His best friend is Tucker Wedge (Kirk Douglas), publisher of the Jericho newspaper, The Clarion, and recently married to Algeria (Linda Darnell), a beautiful and extremely ambitious gal. When Algeria learns that Dave—who is slated for the political big-time—is unhappily married, she makes several unsubtle passes at him, but is consistently rebuffed.

Furious, she makes up her mind to get her own husband into politics, induces Tucker to malign Dave in his newspaper. When The Clarion eventually headlines that local boy makes good, Tucker Wedge is that boy, not Dave. Dave's home-life becomes more and more unbearable, and when he falls in love with a pretty lady lawyer named Julia Norman (Ann Baxter), no one could possibly blame him. No one, that is, but Algeria who turns their wholly respectable relationship into a statewide scandal. There is plenty of drama both in and out of the courtroom before the picture arrives at its happy ending.

Here is really top-flight acting. Cornel Wilde is at his best. Linda Darnell is outstanding as the gorgeous shrew. Ann Baxter plays her part with her special brand of humor and gentleness, and Ann Dvorak is superbly slatternly. The picture's big fault is its talkiness. All too often one grows impatient with the incessant palaver, one wants to get on with it. Granted that Ann Baxter's excellent seven-minute courtroom speech is a remarkable feat of memory, it is nonetheless just too darned long.

Despite its chattiness, this is a better-than-average love story and some fine acting more than compensates for its weaknesses. Go see. *—20th-Fox.*

JOHNNY BELINDA

Here is that rare film: one which—highly-touted for ages before its release—doesn't let you down. A gripping story, distinguished acting and fine photography make *Johnny Belinda* one of this year's movie treats. It is—of course a great personal triumph for Jane Wyman. Cast as a deaf-mute, she is superb in the most demanding of roles. Lew Ayres is fine as the wise and gentle young doctor who takes an interest in her, and Charles Bickford and Agnes Moorehead head an exceptionally able supporting cast.

The story is this: Black MacDonald (Charles Bickford) owns a flour mill which he runs with the help of his sister Aggie (Agnes Moorehead) and his deaf and dumb daughter Belinda (Jane Wyman). Belinda, whose mother

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Johnny Belinda: Doctor Lew Ayres doggedly teaches Jane Wyman the sign language.

died in childbirth, is known as The Dummy and is an object of ridicule in the little Nova Scotia community where she lives—until Dr. Robert Richardson (Lew Ayres) comes to town. He doggedly teaches her the sign language, ignoring the scornful looks of his flirtatious housekeeper, Stella (Jan Sterling), bucking constant discouragement from Belinda's father.

Dr. Richardson, realizing his own limitations, persuades Black to let him take Belinda to Magill University where specialists study her case. After days of examinations, the young Doctor learns that Belinda will never be able to hear or speak. He learns too that she is going to have a baby, the father of which is unknown to anyone but Belinda. All the scandalized townspeople erroneously assume that the doctor is the baby's father and his slim practice disappears entirely.

Stella, still half in love with Dr. Richardson, marries Locky McCormick (Stephen McNally) not knowing that he is the father of the child, and when she discovers it—well, that day is a momentous one for all concerned.

Cheers for Jane Wyman's sensitive portrait of Belinda and for a picture that packs a hard right to the heart.—*Warners.*

I SAW IT HAPPEN



My mother, sister and I were on vacation in Lake Arrowhead. Mother thought she'd give us a treat and take us on a touring boat around the lake. I was enjoying myself immensely, but my sister was bored stiff. All of a sudden my sister jumped up and let go with such a yell that I thought she'd fallen out of the boat. I turned around to see what she was so excited about. Then I knew. Van Johnson was racing through the water on skis and waving gaily to us as he passed!

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BEYOND GLORY (Para.)—*West Pointer Alan Ladd is accused of having caused Tom Neal's death in the war, before he became a cadet. (This thing is told mostly in flashbacks.) Alan loves Neal's widow, Donna Reed. Things look bad—and so does the picture, which is sternly silly.*

DEEP WATERS (20th-Fox)—*Jean Peters, who hates the sea, loves Dana Andrews, a Maine fisherman. Complications! But they solve 'em. While not too believable, this still manages to be fresh and entertaining. With Dean Stockwell, Anne Revere, Cesar Romero.*

DREAM GIRL (Para.)—*A one-woman show with Betty Hutton as the girl who takes refuge from a hum-drum existence in a lurid dream world. Macdonald Carey is the literary critic who turns out to be better for what ails Betty than a corps of psychiatrists. It's lots of fun.*

EASTER PARADE (M-G-M)—*Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, Peter Lawford, Ann Miller, Irving Berlin's tunes, lovely girls and witty lines make this a practically perfect musical. The story's amusing, too, the dancing superb and Charles Walters' direction is bright. Dorothy Kilgallen chose this as her Selection of the Month for August.*

ESCAPE (20th-Fox)—*Based on John Galsworthy's play. Rex Harrison is unjustly imprisoned for the accidental death of a plainclothesman. In jail, his resentment mounts and forces him to escape. He's aided along the way by Peggy Cummins. The climax is tragic, but dramatically satisfying.*

GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY (20th-Fox)—*A folksy little tale that will tug at the heart-strings of old-timers and delight the bobby-sox admirers of Dan Dailey, as well. Barbara Lawrence, Nancy Guild, Charles Winninger, Fay Bainter and a host of old songs keep you smiling through your tears.*

HATTER'S CASTLE (Para.)—*Very sordid and depressing drama of one man's (Robert Newton's) ruthless ambition to be a Somebody in his town. The entire family is sacrificed to his insane drive. Deborah Kerr is the daughter driven to ruin because of fear and James Mason is the sensible doctor who loves her.*



118 Beery, Powell, Selena Royle, **A Date With Judy.**



Lauren Bacall, Edward G. Robinson, **Key Largo.**

HOMECOMING (M-G-M)—*Clark Gable is rough and tender in this story of war-interrupted marriage. Lana Turner, as a nurse, is a bigger interruption than the war. Anne Baxter is Gable's wife and John Hodiak, his old school chum. It's an old story, but you'll shed tears just the same.*

KEY LARGO (Warners)—*Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson act out a war of nerves and gun-play in this old-fashioned gangster thriller brought up-to-date with modern social overtones. Plenty of excitement and good performances by Lauren Bacall, Lionel Barrymore and Claire Trevor.*

LULU BELLE (Col.)—*Dorothy Lamour is a seductive songbird of the gaslight era. Crazed with desire, George Montgomery, Greg McClure, Albert Dekker and Otto Kruger get in a peck of trouble over her. Gad, what drama. Stay home.*

MELODY TIME (RKO)—*Seven fine Disney shorts put together like a vaudeville show. Swell music supplied off-screen by Dennis Day, Frances Langford, Freddie Martin, Ethel Smith, and the Andrews Sisters. Roy Rogers' voice is also present. A delight for everybody.*

MICKEY (Eagle-Lion)—*A warm, homespun tale of a pretty little tomboy who grows up despite herself. Debuting in the title role, 16-year-old Lois Butler is generally enchanting—and sings well. With John Sutton, Bill Goodwin, Irene Hervey, Skippy Homeier, and Leon Taylor. Good fun.*

ROPE (Warners)—*A Hitchcock masterpiece of horror, in Technicolor. Two rich young psychopaths coldly commit murder to prove superiority. James Stewart is professor who suspects then solves the crime. Terrific suspense, new technique, superb acting. Not for the kiddies.*

SO EVIL MY LOVE (Para.)—*The moral disintegration of a beautiful and highly-respected woman who falls under the spell of an almost wholly evil man. Ann Todd's deft acting makes the corruption of the woman (from blackmail to murder!) a hideous thing to watch and Ray Milland is fiendishly attractive.*

SO THIS IS NEW YORK (U. A.)—*Henry Morgan makes his film debut in a hilarious movie about an unromantic husband who takes his wife (Virginia Grey) and her sister (Donna Drake) to New York for one big splash. The girls have inherited $30,000 and it's Henry's job to see they save a little of it to take them back home to South Bend, Ind. Hugh Herbert, Rudy Vallee and Bill Goodwin make his task a tough one.*

STATE OF THE UNION (M-G-M)—*Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn enjoy themselves in a merry satire on the Ship of State that takes a few telling swipes at politics and politicians. Van Johnson's giving the performance of his career as Tracy's leg-man and Angela Lansbury is a powerful newspaper syndicate boss who'd like to manage Tracy's presidential campaign—and Tracy, as well.*

TAP ROOTS (Univ.-Int.)—*Despite some exciting hand-to-hand fights and lovely Technicolor landscapes, this story of Mississippi at the outbreak of the Civil War misses fire. In there pitching but miscast are Susan Hayward, Van Heflin and Boris Karloff. (The latter, with his heavy English accent, plays a pesky redskin!)*

THE DUDE GOES WEST (Monogram)—*An anemic Western, strictly for the less discriminating of horse-opera fiends. Gale Storm, Eddie Albert, Jimmy Gleason, Binnie Barnes, and Gilbert Roland are mixed up in this. They should shoot their agents.*

THE STREET WITH NO NAME (20th-Fox)—*A cops-and-robbers thriller, documentary-style, taken from those fascinating FBI files. Richard Widmark scores as a murderous gang-leader as do Mark Stevens and Lloyd Nolan as G-Men. First-rate of its type.*

THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE (U. A.)—*A brilliantly-acted version of William Saroyan's fascinating play. It all takes place in William Bendix' San Francisco waterfront saloon and among the intriguing characters who wander in and out are James Cagney, Jeanne Cagney, Jimmy Lydon, Wayne Morris and Paul Draper.*

THE VELVET TOUCH (RKO)—*Rosalind Russell plays a hot-headed actress in this murder movie. She's the killer. (This isn't a mystery.) Claire Trevor, Sydney Greenstreet, Leon Ames and Leo Genn are concerned. Excellent acting, needless to say, and a slick production. A bit talky, but swift and entertaining.*

TWO GUYS FROM TEXAS (Warners)—*A very lightweight comedy which brightly recounts the breezy adventures of a pair of hungry night club entertainers, expertly played by Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson. Newcomer Dorothy Malone proves she's here to stay and there are some good songs. Relax and enjoy it.*



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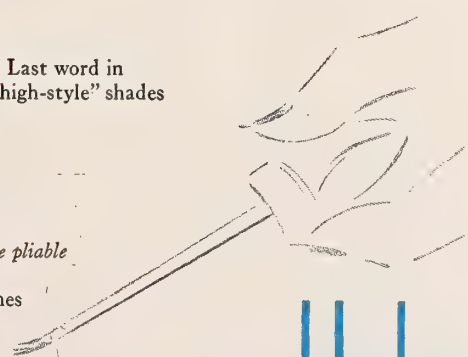
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Modess .... *because*

november 15¢

modern screen

OCT 25 1948
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LANA TURNER:
She Didn't Have a Chance
page 30

A Lovelier Skin is yours with your First Cake of Camay!

You're as lovely as your complexion! And your skin can grow in loveliness with your *first cake* of Camay. Do this! Give up careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay care on scores of women—found most complexions grew softer and smoother with just *one cake* of Camay! Follow the directions on the wrapper for a really lovelier skin!

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The Gaverts have lots of mutual interests besides music. And Paul takes a special interest in Christine's complexion. She'll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!



MRS. PAUL A. GAVERT
the former Christine Lindseth of Grand Rapids, Mich.
bridal portrait painted by Sam[illegible]

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

"Dentists say the IPANA way works!"

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NOVEMBER, 1948

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

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To our Readers

THE WAY Ava Gardner used to scoot around to night clubs you'd have thought she owned half of them and was protecting her investments. Pretty hectic, that life—and if Ava couldn't crawl out of bed in the morning it was because she didn't try. Fun—that's what she liked—men, music. And no work. All the secrets of Ava's past are on page 40. But if you're considering blackmail, stop now—the lady wrote the story herself . . .

PETER LAWFORD'S a better prospect. Lately, Pete's been gazing into more feminine eyes than any optometrist. And the eyes always peer right back. Even babies love Peter. Beautiful babies. We have the names of a few on page 36 . . .

THE GREEKS never had a word for H. D. Hover's parties, so how can we? It takes nineteen days just to carve the turkey, and with all his gorgeous guests around, who wants to eat? H. D. (Herman to his friends) keeps a little list in the backroom of Ciro's. After dark, he unrolls it (the list). If you can rhumba like Carmen Miranda, or look like Diana Lynn, or attract like Rory Calhoun—you're in. Otherwise, you might as well trot down to the corner drug store, because as you will learn on page 48, the people adrift in Herman Hover's pool are there "By Invitation Only" . . .

GIVE US A MINUTE and we'll usually talk about ourselves. We have a fascinating staff we'd like you to meet one by one. This month it's an expectant father (for the third time)—our photographer Bob Beerman. (Bert Parry is our photographer, too—but more about him later.) Bob's a happy sort of guy, maybe because he's been with us for eight years (minus three in the 9th Air Force). Needless to say, he's an excellent cameraman. Once, a while back, he went out to Vera-Ellen's house to shoot her new wardrobe. Vera was detained so Bob sauntered over to his car to check the equipment. When he opened the trunk he discovered that his equipment was in the garage at home. But that was a while ago. In this issue there are some terrific pictures of Joan Crawford's luxurious home. Bob did them. They're on pages 32-35 . . .

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Songs your heart remembers!
"When My Baby Smiles At Me"
"Oui Oui Marie" • "Birth of the Blues"
"Don't Bring Lulu" • "Sweet Georgia Brown" • "In Spain We Say Si Si"

20th CENTURY-FOX

Screen Play by LAMAR TROTTI • Adaptation by Elizabeth Reinhardt • From a Play by George Manker Watters and Arthur Hopkins



Judy (at Mocambo's with Vince Minnelli) has had to stop work temporarily.

Special: Louella's inside story of Judy's troubles

■ *What is really the matter with Judy Garland?* That is the question hurled at me everywhere I go.

All right—let's get at it.

Judy is a nervous and frail little girl who suffers from a sensitiveness almost bordering on neurosis. It is her particular temperament to be either walking on the clouds with excitement or way down in the dumps with worry. The least thing to go wrong leaves her sleepless and shattered.

She has never learned the philosophy of "taking it easy." Last year, when she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown, she got in the habit of taking sleeping pills—too many of them—to get the rest she had to have.

I'm not revealing any secrets in telling you that. It was printed at the time. But for a highly emotional and highly strung girl to completely abandon sedatives, as Judy attempted to do when she realized she was taking too many, puts a terrific strain on the nervous system.

The trouble is, Judy does not take enough time to rest. The minute she starts feeling better she wants to get back to work. She cried like a baby when she learned she was not strong enough to make *The Barkleys of Broadway* with Fred Astaire so soon following *The Pirate* and *Easter Parade*.

"I'm missing the greatest role of my career," she sobbed. With Judy—each role is always the greatest.

Sometimes I believe Judy's frail little form is packed with too much talent for her own good. She is an artist, and I mean ARTIST, at too many things.

She sings wonderfully and dances almost as well. And as for her acting—well, listen to what Joseph Schenck, one of the really big men of our industry and head of 20th Century-Fox (not Judy's studio) has to say.

I sat next to Joe the night we saw *Easter Parade*. He told me, "Judy Garland is one of the great artists of the screen. She can do anything. I consider her as fine an actress as she is a musical comedy star. There is no drama I wouldn't trust her with. She could play such drama as *Seventh Heaven* as sensitively as a Janet Gaynor or a Helen Mencken." And I agree with every word Joe said.

I am happy to tell you as I report the Hollywood news this month that Judy is coming along wonderfully, resting and getting back the bloom of health.

Soon we will have her back on the screen—her long battle with old Devil Nerves behind her and forgotten.

■ The Robert Walker-Barbara Ford marriage was short and sad.

They were married in a whirl of excitement, as reported last month in MODERN SCREEN, and then exactly six weeks later Barbara packed up and went home to her parents, director John Ford and his lovely wife, Mary.

The marriage seemed ill-fated from the start. John Ford is a devoutly religious man and he was none too happy, despite earlier reports to the contrary, at having his adored only daughter marrying a boy who had been divorced. But he was far from being the irate father. He advised Barbara wisely; beyond that he could not go.

When Barbara and Bob were married it was a sad note that her mother and father were not present. The marriage took place in helter-skelter fashion in a Beverly Hills Club with Bob arrayed in a lumberman's shirt and the bride in a sports dress.

It all happened so quickly—the wedding



On Aug. 5th, Ida Lupino married film executive Collier Young at a La Jolla church. They left afterward for honeymoon on Catalina Island.

LOUELLA PARSONS' Good news

cake wasn't ready in time to be cut by the "happy" couple.

There was no time for a honeymoon because Walker was working on *One Touch of Venus.*

Bob's two boys by his marriage to Jennifer Jones were visiting their father at the time.

There were rumors of trouble before the end of the first week.

Let's face it—Walker is a moody, temperamental fellow who seems to make a point of being "difficult." He is completely unpredictable. He believes that the press has no right to comment on his personal life—yet he is continually doing outlandish things (marrying in a lumberman's shirt, for instance) that call for comment.

Ever since his divorce from Jennifer Jones he has been "mixed up." But, good heavens, he isn't the only person in the world to be faced with heartaches. It is the test of maturity and growth to overcome unhappiness, not to wallow in it, or brood forever.

Barbara Ford is a young girl, a non-professional, who has never been married before. She fell madly in love with Bob. But she had neither the experience nor the years to cope with Walker's moodiness.

When she called to tell me their marriage was over she said, "I took all I could."

There is the same old moral back of this break-up. But how can parents make youngsters realize that congenial temperaments, understanding, and sympathy of interests are far more important in making a marriage work than moonlight-and-roses infatuation?

* * *

Marriages may be made in heaven—but romances most certainly can be plotted over a dinner table.

When I was in Europe, my friend Elsa Maxwell told me she was arranging a party for the express purpose of bringing together Rita Hayworth and 37-year-old Ali Khan, son of Aga Khan, one of the world's richest men.

Elsa said, "Rita is just his type and I know he will fall in love with her." The point was, had Rita sufficiently forgotten awesome Orson Welles to fall in love with anyone else?

Apparently she has. At least, news from abroad that Rita was in Madrid, Spain, with Ali made an exclusive newspaper scoop for me.

These splashy romances between beautiful movie stars and international millionaires with chests full of diamonds, rubies and stuff always make interesting reading.

But I'm betting a cookie that this isn't the real thing with Rita. When she returns to Hollywood, Ali—with all his wealth—will probably be just a flattering memory.

* * *

Many, many pretty little girls in Hollywood nursed a bruised heart when Rory Calhoun and Isabelita (who recently changed her name to Lita Baron) were married the other day (*Continued on page 8*)



Ty Power and Linda Christian posed for a street photographer in Rome—and the photographer posed for us! Ty's in Italy to make a movie about the Borgia family. He was noncommital about wedding plans.



After two separations and two reconciliations Gloria De Haven and John Payne (here at Ciro's) are calling it quits. John will be charged with mental cruelty—Gloria wants the screen career he always opposed.

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a dreamy look!
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a look that's nice to look at!
A touch of 'Vaseline' Eyebrow-Eyelash Cream on your eyelids adds a subtle, satiny touch . . . makes eyes look romantically deep and dreamy.



Première of *Julia Misbehaves* at Grauman's Egyptian brought out two members of the cast who were main attractions: Sandi, the trained seal, and Elizabeth Taylor. Liz's new beauty has Hollywood—and Marsh Thompson—astir. On her right is theater manager L. R. Whittemore.

(*Continued from page 7*)

That boy makes hearts thump on and off the screen.

And don't believe for a minute that David Selznick, who holds Rory's contract, tried to break up this romance because it might hurt Calhoun with the debutante fans.

David said, "Why should I try to play Jupiter in the affairs of those kids?"

Good luck, kids.

* * *

Parties in Hollywood these days always have some surprises, but I think the Danny Kayes' party in honor of the William Goetzes topped them all with the old-fashioned square dance. If you think Ginger Rogers, Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne and other glamor belles didn't get into the spirit of the thing—you don't know the irrepressible host.

At the end of the square dance, Danny went into the same routine of songs and patter that made him the idol of London.

The party went on until 4 A.M.—but not for this gal. I had to come home and get ready for a radio show. But I did stay long enough to meet Miss Kaye, the debutante of the house.

Her mother brought the two-year-old down about one A.M. and she looks so like Danny with her mop of red hair and the way she uses her hands, it was really funny. I've never seen such a happy baby. No tears for her, even though you will admit the hour was late for a young lady of two to be receiving guests.

I am very happy that Sylvia and Danny have ironed out their troubles. Once a marriage has broken up, as theirs did, it is seldom possible to take up the threads again. But I believe both Sylvia and Danny have learned a valuable lesson.

Danny is high-strung. He is very nervous when he works because he drives himself so hard. Sylvia is also under nervous pressure because she writes his material. Perhaps they worked too closely—but whatever the cause of the rift last year, they couldn't seem happier than they are now.

* * *

June Allyson and Dick Powell adopted a baby girl right in the teeth of the rumors that all was not well between them. The "trouble" talk started when the Powells announced they were putting up their new home for sale and that Dick was going on a cruise for six months and Junie was staying behind.

But Dick did not sound like they were at the breaking point when he telephoned me about the new "arrival," almost too excited to talk.

"She's two months old, we are naming her Leslie Allyson and she's a dream boat," the new pappy told me. "I can't tell you how happy we are, Louella."

I said, "How come you and Junie decided to sell your brand-new home just after you completed decorating it?"

"We never really liked the place," Dick explained. "It was an emergency buy caused

There was temptation in her helpless silence



...and then torment

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Never has the screen been more fearlessly outspoken. Rarely, if ever, has there been a story of a young girl's betrayal to touch you as will this one. You certainly will want to see it—we urge you to watch for the opening date.



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GOOD NEWS



Joe E. Brown was M.C., Bob Hope was captain of the Comics team, and Lorna Elliott "bat boy" at Sawtelle's Soldiers' Home charity ball-game. Bob's boys beat the screen writers' team.



Peter Lawford and two of his current dates, Gloria McLean and Jane Wyman, at Slapsie Maxie's Jerry Lewis-Dean Martin opening. Gossips insist that Jane's really interested in Lew Ayres, while Liz Taylor's peeved with Pete for bringing another girl to her birthday party.

by the housing shortage. Now we've bought a new lot and will build just the place we really want—complete with nursery."

I can't quite believe that the Powells didn't have their marital difficulties for a moment or two. Still, don't all married couples?

But I am happy to get it straight from him that they are not divorcing and that they are happy now. I know Dick is a good father because he has two children by his former marriage to Joan Blondell, and they love their father very much.

* * *

Personal Opinions: I like Peter Lawford, but I wish he would sit up and not lounge on the end of his spine at café tables and cocktail parties. . . . Shirley Temple has cut her hair very short and it is cute. But I bet she lets it grow back to shoulder length because John Agar likes it better that way, and so do I. . . . Rita Hayworth should stay a redhead. She is so gorgeous in *Loves of Carmen,* she takes your breath away. When I saw her with her brown hair in Europe, she was not nearly so glamorous. . . . Cornel Wilde is irritating his studio co-workers again. He always becomes a little "difficult" when he begins to feel sorry for himself because he's working too hard. . . . Scandal publications printing horrible stories about Hollywood should be run out of business. Don't believe any stories you read referring to stars only by initials or innuendo. If a story won't hold up to using the real names of the people—believe me, the editors are very unsure of their facts! . . . The best-dressed "expectant mother" I have ever seen is Joan Fontaine. Her maternity clothes are chic plus concealing—which, you must admit, takes a bit of doing. I saw her at a dinner party in a champagne satin gown with a matching coat embroidered with small sunflowers in topaz stones on the lapels and pockets. I've never understood why many women feel they should dress drably during one of the happiest times of their lives.

* * *

The tearin', ravin' beauty of Hollywood these days is Elizabeth Taylor. No juvenile actress ever bridged the span between childhood and exciting, full-blown glamor as easily as she. In her case, there just wasn't an awkward age—and I wondered why?

Elizabeth was becomingly modest when I called her a "beauty" right to her face but she did not simper as many 'teen-agers might



RKO PRESENTS

DICK POWELL
JANE GREER

in

Station West

with **AGNES MOOREHEAD · BURL IVES**

TOM POWERS · GORDON OLIVER · STEVE BRODIE

DORE SCHARY in Charge of Production

Produced by **ROBERT SPARKS** · Directed by **SIDNEY LANFIELD**

Screen Play by **FRANK FENTON** and **WINSTON MILLER**

FROM THE ACTION-PACKED PAGES OF THAT FAMOUS **SATURDAY EVENING POST** SERIAL STORY!



Hear Burl Ives as the troubadour of Rock Pass!

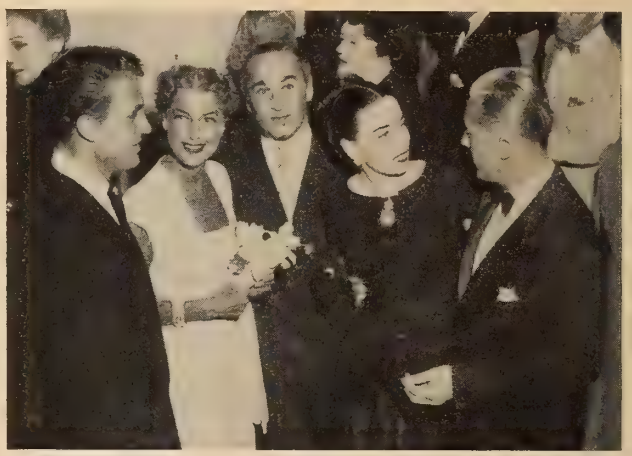
RKO RADIO PICTURES



GOOD NEWS



Audrey Totter and producer Arthur Freed welcome Perry Como to the M-G-M lot at a party in his honor. Perry's working for Leo in *Words and Music,* movie based on career of Rodgers and Hart.



Before her concert in Hollywood Bowl, Jeanette MacDonald was given a good-luck send-off by Robert Stack in his home. (L. to r.) Bob, Jeanette, Wyn Roccamora, Pat Morrison, Gene Raymond.

have done. If you are looking for tips—poise is a great part of her charm.

I asked her for her advice to girls who might not be as fortunate as she and who suffer agonies of self-consciousness in the transition from childhood to young womanhood.

"I believe the greatest way to avoid self-consciousness," she told me in her beautifully-modulated voice, "is not to think about yourself or fuss with your appearance. Once you have groomed yourself as well as possible for a social engagement—forget yourself. Leave your compact and lipstick in your bag. If an unexpected breeze ruffles your hair—leave it alone. Don't dive for a comb.

"Think about other people in the room—boys and girls who may feel as timid as you do—inside. It helps any girl to be the first to speak and try to put others at ease. Don't worry about what you should be saying. Listen to what others have to talk about."

Her beautiful violet-colored eyes, deeply fringed with naturally long black lashes, were serious when she added, "Just simple *kindness* is the most charming quality a girl can develop."

This girl, I can tell you, is as wise as she is lovely.

* * *

Last Minute Flashes: John Payne and Gloria De Haven have called it off for the third and final time. Gloria admits it's "career trouble"—she just can't be happy staying home and being Mrs. Payne, which is what Johnny wanted. Too bad—with their two lovely children the victims of the divorce. . . . Keep your eye on the Greer Garson-millionaire Buddy Fogelson romance. That's really serious. . . . The Bob Mitchums just can't make up their minds whether to try marriage again or call it off. I can't forget what Bob told me when I interviewed him several months ago. He said, "All the time I was broke and struggling, Dorothy was wonderful and stood by me. I couldn't have made the grade without her." Why don't they both remember those days now? How bitter it is that ofttimes when success comes in the window—understanding flies out.

* * *

That's all this month—but I want to say again that I want you readers to keep writing me. When I was traveling in Europe I was very impressed with the popularity of MODERN SCREEN in many foreign countries. Everywhere I went, it seems, people told me they read my monthly column in this magazine and enjoyed it.

Tips on whom you like to hear about help me keep the interest going, I hope—and I sincerely appreciate your letters. Keep sending them.

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COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

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in

The Loves of Carmen





with RON RANDELL · VICTOR JORY · LUTHER ADLER

Arnold Moss · Joseph Buloff · Margaret Wycherly

Screenplay by Helen Deutsch · Based upon the story "Carmen" by Prosper Merimee

Directed and Produced by CHARLES VIDOR



NOT THE OPERA

... but a dramatic version of the story of Carmen



Carmen (Rita Hayworth), a gypsy girl, captivates dozens of men, including Don Jose (Glenn Ford), an aristocratic Spanish soldier, who marries her despite his better judgment. Because of Carmen, he is an outlaw.



Don Jose soon learns that the willful and impetuous Carmen has little morality and less fidelity. He loses her to another man and, wild with jealousy, finds revenge in what turns out to be a tragic but fitting end.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by jean kinkead

and christopher kane

THE LOVES OF CARMEN

The story of the movie *Carmen* has been taken from the novel, not the opera, and comes to the screen minus a single line of Bizet's famous music. But the portrait of its hot-blooded lawless gypsy heroine remains intact. Rita Hayworth succeeds such torrid dishes as Theda Bara and Dolores Del Rio as a film Carmen and according to some of the experts she's the best yet. To our way of thinking she is flawless. Beautiful and uninhibited, she plays her part with a joyous abandon all too seldom on the screen.

This is the story of an ill-starred love. Carmen, a luscious gypsy girl with a way with a castanet but no social status at all, meets and captivates Don Jose (Glenn Ford), an aristocratic young Spanish soldier. From the onset he knows she's not for him, this vixen with uncivilized ways, but he can't stay away. That she already has a husband languishing in prison doesn't stop Carmen from making eyes at poor Don Jose.

Eventually, Carmen and Don Jose—who by this time has a price on his head for murder—are married and the harried bridegroom discovers that life with Carmen is no idyll. Impetuous and willful, fidelity just isn't part of her creed and if Don Jose had had his wits about him he'd have known that from the start. His wife's complete lack of morality hits him suddenly like a ton of bricks and he copes with it the only way he knows how.

You may know the story as well as you know the back of your own hand, but until you've seen Hayworth fighting, loving, dancing—well, you've never seen Carmen. Glenn Ford shows surprising fire in his role of the hunted murderer. A diffident and appealing lad in the early scenes, he makes the change of personality extremely capably, doesn't ham up one or two quite corny scenes.

This is a well acted, well-directed movie—more than usually diverting. People will talk about it. Go see what they mean.—*Col.*

It started as An Innocent Affair...



and winds up as the surprise



romantic comedy hit of the year!



James Nasser Presents

Fred MacMurray · Madeleine Carroll

in

"AN INNOCENT AFFAIR"

with

CHARLES 'BUDDY' ROGERS · RITA JOHNSON · LOUISE ALLBRITTON · ALAN MOWBRAY

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"The Girl from Manhattan"
with
ERNEST TRUEX • HUGH HERBERT • WM. FRAWLEY
CONSTANCE COLLIER • SARA ALLGOOD
DIRECTED BY ALFRED E. GREEN
Original Story and Screenplay by Howard Estabrook
PRODUCED BY BENEDICT BOGEAUS
Released thru United Artists



The Saxon Charm: Theatrical producer Bob Montgomery influences novelist John Payne and his wife Susan Hayward. Audrey Totter warns of his evil charm.

THE SAXON CHARM

Novelist Frederic Wakeman scored a resounding hit with his crude but hard-hitting satire, "The Hucksters." He followed this with "The Saxon Charm," a dud.

Now turned into a fast-paced movie, *The Saxon Charm* is still a dud. It deals unconvincingly with that stock figure, an egomaniac theatrical producer. Here he's Matt Saxon (Robert Montgomery) whose brilliant professional successes and hypnotic personal charm—when he wants to turn it on—have taken him to the top despite wild excesses of self-centered behavior.

A young novelist, Eric Busch (John Payne), brings Saxon his first play. Saxon overjoys him by agreeing to produce it if extensively rewritten according to the producer's ideas. Eventually, however, Busch sees the truth in an early warning given by Saxon's girl (Audrey Totter)—that the Saxon charm, an evilly potent influence, will do him much harm. But long before Busch breaks with him, Saxon has given enough spectacular evidence of being a bad thing to have lost the allegiance of anybody but a fascinated halfwit.

The Saxon Charm holds your interest—but never really rewards it. It starts out with great promise of being a searching study of a curious personality. There's a scene at the beginning in which Saxon gives Busch hints of his early life to illuminate what he has become, and a superficial analysis of his overwhelming urge to dominate others is batted back and forth for a few lines. There the explanation stops. You're told how hypnotic Saxon is. The charm is never believably shown in action. You're told of his great theatrical talent. All that's demonstrated is his knowledge of a few text-book clichés. (At one point he teaches his girl how to dramatize the delivery of a song in a night club, and what a corny routine *that* is!) And no real person could get away with the dishonesty, boorish bad manners and painfully grandiose gestures his presumed charm and talent are supposed to make people tolerate.

Robert Montgomery works intelligently at the incredible major role, using a mad gleam left over from his performance years ago as the daft killer in *Night Must Fall*. Susan Hayward is adequate as the novelist's wife—whom Saxon tries to separate from her husband. Audrey Totter is smooth enough as Saxon's girl—whose career he tries to wreck. An outstanding performance is given by that under-rated actor, John Payne—as usual, he delivers his lines with rare naturalness.—*Univ.-Int.*

AN INNOCENT AFFAIR

If you'll just relax your standards of logical human behavior, you'll find *An Innocent Affair* a wonderful comedy of its type. It's one of those puffball farces in which the complications could be whiffed away by a moment's sensible explanation by any of the characters involved. But the element of common sense is happily kept out of the frantic doings until we've had a large and useful assortment of solid laughs.

Fred MacMurray is a New York advertising executive who has been wining and dining a cosmetic manufacturer (Louise Albritton) till all hours in an effort to win her advertising account for his firm. However, fearing that his wife (Madeleine Carroll) will misunderstand this strictly-business operation, he has kept from her the fact that his prospect is a female and, what's more, an old flame of his. Madeleine nonetheless suspects his hours away from her are being spent in lurid dalliance. So through an agent she hires an actor, sight unseen, to make advances to her when Fred takes her to a night club. This, she figures, will arouse Fred's jealousy and rekindle his supposedly dimming ardor.

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amuse himself by secretly going along with the scheme—but not in the way Madeleine expects. When he and Madeleine mistake for the actor a visiting Southern cigarette tycoon (Buddy Rogers) and bring him into the middle of the muddle, things really begin to scintillate. . . . From here on in, the neat twists and complexities of *An Innocent Affair* are too elaborate to describe, even if we wanted to spoil your fun by so doing.

Scenarists Lou Breslow and Joseph Hoffman have written with a festive ingenuity that, most of the time, keeps the basic absurdity and age of the material well concealed under sparkling embroidery. And Lloyd Bacon has directed with a sure and resourceful hand, aided vastly by the pleasant if impossible elegance of the sets and by a brightly accomplished cast. Fred MacMurray, desperately cocking that eyebrow, talking fast, and tripping over luggage, is expert as usual. Madeleine Carroll, we were happy to note, has retained both beauty and skill in her long absence from the screen. Buddy Rogers is exactly right as the gallant Southerner and Louise Allbritton and Rita Johnson contribute deftly.

An Innocent Affair contains no more nourishment than a glass of champagne. But if you're looking for bubbly entertainment, this is for you.—*U. A.*

JULIA MISBEHAVES

To those of us who still think of Greer Garson as Mrs. Miniver, *Julia Misbehaves* will come as a surprise. The studio has gone all out to show that Greer can get right in there with Marlene Dietrich if she wants to. In this hilarious movie they have cast her as a not-too-successful English music hall singer who, in the course of numerous events, appears with a tumbling act, picks up an elderly gent in a bar, gets herself covered with mud, etc. Greer, running the gamut of comedy, is a howl.

Aside from these noteworthy things, the film concerns itself with Julia Packett (that's Greer) who is going to her estranged husband's family home in France for her daughter's wedding. On the channel boat Julia meets a troupe of tumblers, one of whom, Alfredo (Cesar Romero), asks her to marry him and join the act. She does join the act temporarily—which makes an excruciatingly

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What stories and features did you enjoy most in our November issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

Double or Nothing (Shirley Temple) ☐
She Didn't Have A Chance (Lana Turner) ☐
Life Can Be Beautiful (Joan Crawford) ☐
The Passing Loves Of Peter Lawford ☐
To Mary With Love (Dana Andrews) ☐
Confessions Of An Ex-Playgirl by Ava Gardner ☐
The Fear I've Hidden by Alan Ladd ☐
She Fooled Us All (Jeanne Crain) ☐
My Love Affair With Ann Sheridan by Leo McCarey ☐
By Invitation Only ☐
Notorious Gentleman (Rex Harrison) ☐
Why Stars Fight Their Bosses by Hedda Hopper ☐
Return Engagement (Tom Drake) ☐
Still In There Crying (Bette Davis) ☐
Rosalind, I Love You (Rosalind Russell) by Fred Brisson ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What MALE star do you like least? .....

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Julia Misbehaves: Gaiety with Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Liz Taylor and Peter Lawford.

funny scene. When she finally gets to the Packetts' home Bill Packett, her husband (Walter Pidgeon) is properly cool and old Mrs. Packett (Lucille Watson) is downright cold. Only daughter Susan (Elizabeth Taylor) seems glad to see Julia. Julia doesn't know that Susan sent the wedding invitation secretly—she wanted to see her mother whom she'd missed all these umpteen years.

From there we take off to some wonderful scenes at the wedding rehearsal and at the Packetts' country place where Julia and Bill honeymooned. Julia tries to make a match between Susan and Ritchie (Peter Lawford)—not the intended bridegroom, as feverishly as Susan tries to bring Bill and Julia together again. Needless to say, both succeed—and succeed, too, in making this an uproarious comedy.—*M-G-M*

RACHEL AND THE STRANGER

In the good old days when the West was young, and men were men, women weren't so fortunate. Take the case of Loretta Young, whose pappy, a pleasant, respectable, music-lovin' old pardner, died in debt. Due to this sad state of affairs, Loretta was forced into bondage. Being a "bond-woman" back then meant literally being a slave. Loretta could be bought and sold like a used car, and it wasn't a state of affairs to induce any feeling of security in a girl. She—her name in this picture is Rachel—is a pretty miserable kid, until Bill Holden comes along. Bill Holden's cleared himself a patch of land in the wilderness, he's built himself a cabin, he's sown a crop. (He also has a mean little son named Davey, and he himself is still in love with his dead wife.) He buys—and marries—Rachel, takes her home to live with him. Too late, she discovers she was simply boughten to give Davey a fittin' home and proper schoolin'. Not only that, but the little weasel keeps talking about how good his mother was at various things, and how inferior bond-women are as a breed, anyhow. Rachel's life is a cold one until Bob Mitchum shows up. Mitchum's been a friend of Holden's, but he has the perception to fall in love with Rachel, and treat her like



Rachel And The Stranger: Bill Holden weds Loretta Young, but Robert Mitchum loves her.

a human being, which has a remarkable effect on everyone. Just when you wonder where it's all going to end, the Shawnee Indians decide to set fire to all our friends, and they carry on for a long time something terrible. If Holden hadn't built a real basement in his cabin—a regular foundation, you understand—goodness only knows what terrible fate might have struck. Mitchum is amazingly like Bing Crosby, believe it or not—he has that same effortless grace, that same almost carefully casual delivery. Holden's attractive, so's Loretta, and somebody should have taken a hairbrush to that wicked child star.—*RKO*

ONE TOUCH OF VENUS

Well, first of all there's this man named Savory (Tom Conway) and his reputation is anything but. He owns a big department store, and he collects *objets d'art* and women. He gives some of one to some of the other. One day he buys a rare old statue of Venus for $200,000, and plans a grand unveiling. Before he ever gets a chance to carry out the plan, Venus disappears. What really happens is that Robert Walker, a clerk in Mr. Savory's store, kisses the marble statue, and she comes to life. But try telling the cops a story like that! All they know is that a valuable property has been spirited away, and marble statues don't walk. Oh, yes, they do, Walker cries. They walk, they talk, they take bubble baths in your room, and get you in dutch with your landlady, they act like lunatics, and you have to control them or they turn passers-by into owls. By this time, Eve Arden, Mr. Savory's secretary, is feeling some sympathy for Walker. Torturing that poor fool isn't going to get the police anywhere, as far as she can see. "Why don't you go pull the wings off some flies?" she says nastily. Which still leaves everybody up in the air. Then the once-statue, now-girl, Ava Gardner, complicates everything still further by causing Mr. Savory to fall in love with her. He doesn't know she's really the goddess, Venus, and he offers her the world with all its goods. She says she loves

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Whenever it's important to look especially attractive—"re-style" your complexion with Pond's Vanishing Cream smoothed on for a 1-Minute Mask. So *quick!* Just slip Pond's Vanishing Cream lavishly over whole face, except eyes. After one minute, tissue off clean. "Keratolytic" action of the cream loosens and *dissolves off* stubborn dirt and dead skin particles. Your skin looks clearer, silkier right away! Make-up stays fresh all evening!



Mrs. John A. Roosevelt ..."I like my make-up to look very soft...very casual...but perfect," says charming Mrs. Roosevelt. "After a Pond's 1-Minute Mask I can count on make-up going on *perfectly*."

Lots of our customers are converts



In recent months many young housekeepers have learned a valuable lesson —"*you can't wash clothes with coupons*". Nearly every day this very practical experience makes more converts to Fels-Naptha Soap.

It doesn't take long to see why Fels-Naptha is the real 'bargain' in laundry soap. Fels-Naptha combines *two* great cleaners—mild, *golden* soap and active naptha. It gets out the grime most soaps can't budge. It is quick and ever so gentle with delicate fabrics—*especially baby things*. It's a positive time and labor saver for "The Lady of The House".

These are the "*specials*" and "*extras*" you *always* get with Fels-Naptha Soap . . . *at a fair and modest price.*

MADE IN PHILA. BY FELS & CO.

GOLDEN BAR OR GOLDEN CHIPS

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"



One Touch Of Venus: Bob Walker kisses a statue and it comes to life in the form of Ava Gardner!

Robert Walker. He has Robert Walker put in jail. After all the statue still hasn't been returned, and that dope must know more than he's saying. It works out in the end. Venus breaks the news to Savory that he really loves Eve Arden, his faithful old hoss of a co-worker; and Venus also manages it so that when Jupiter turns her back into a statue (she was only granted mortality for a while) a girl who looks just like her comes to work in Savory's Department store, and gladdens Robert Walker.

Dick Haymes has a small part as Walker's buddy, and Olga San Juan plays Walker's girl before Venus. Fortunately, Dick and Olga decide they love each other, so nobody's left out in the cold. Haymes gets less stylized and more charming all the time, Walker makes a pleasant village idiot, and Ava Gardner is a strange mixture of kittenishness and really extravagant beauty. "Speak Low" is still one of the loveliest songs you'll ever hear.—*Univ.-Int.*

GOOD SAM

Good Sam, though hours long (I'm told it used to be years long, but they cut it) nevertheless manages to please. There'll be scenes you could do without; there'll be scenes that'll give you hysterics. The chief character is a man named Sam Clayton (Gary Cooper) who's so good that with him, it's a positive vice. He'd not only give his shirt to any shiftless bum—he'd put his wife, Lu (Ann Sheridan) out of her bed to give that bum a place to sleep. This sort of thing lands him in all kinds of hot water.

The most awful catastrophe of all, though, occurs after Sam's collected all the money for an annual benefit fund for the needy. He's on his way home with five thousand dollars, when some lady who's noticed his wad (that was no lady) pulls a faint. Sam, always gallant, takes her home. When he wakes up, he has a lump on his head, and that's *all* he has. He's pretty desperate, as you can imagine. He rushes to the bank to see if he can get a loan, to replace the money. The banker says no. You get the idea he knows a ninny like Sam can't be trusted with money. But this is the movies, folks. Soon the young gas-station folks come

rushing over to repay (with interest) the money Sam's let 'em have, and there's Lu's new house taken care of. Then the banker comes over to make Sam the loan he'd asked for, after all, and there's the needy's benefit fund. Says the banker, in effect, "He's got such a good *heart.*" So the Claytons come through, and for the next ten years, if you've got the energy, you can picture good Sam paying off his debt with a smile on his lips and a song in his heart. There's a scene with the Salvation Army that's the funniest thing in years, Clinton Sundberg as a garage man named Nelson is the next funniest thing in years (he imitates his wife's asthma) and Ann Sheridan has a really delicious laugh. —*RKO.*



Good Sam: The man who'd give the shirt off his back, Gary Cooper, and his wife, Ann Sheridan.

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES

Here (based on a story by Cornel Woolrich) is a poignant movie about a man who had the strange and terrible gift of foresight, or clairvoyance. If you can accept on faith the idea that some people are permitted to see into the future, you will be disturbed and touched by *The Night Has a Thousand Eyes.* But even if you're skeptical as a man from Missouri, you'll still admit it's an extra-good show. To start with, there's a man named Triton (Edward G. Robinson) who has a little magic act, with which he tours the country. His two aides are the girl he loves, Jenny (Virginia Bruce), and a pianist, Courtland (Jerome Cowan). The trio is hoping to hit the big time; they've been living hand-to-mouth for a long while, and Triton and Jenny are tired of postponing their marriage. Then the strangeness begins. In the middle of a show one night, Triton stops short, tells a woman her little boy is in trouble. The woman goes home, comes back later to thank Triton. Her little boy had got hold of some matches; she'd just got to him in time. Triton laughs the whole thing off as a fluke, but his visions become more frequent. Courtland starts to use him as a sort of ouija board, asks him about horse race results, bets the horses Triton chooses. The money begins to roll in. By now, Triton's scared. He's afraid it's some sort of hypnotism he's exercising. Maybe if he doesn't give voice to any of his visions, the whole nightmare structure will crumble. With this in mind, he stops himself from warning a little newsboy not to cross a certain street, one day. The newsboy is killed. The nightmare grows, until the day Triton has a vision of Jenny dying in childbirth. He says nothing to Jenny or Courtland, but packs his things, and disappears. How the picture resolves itself, it wouldn't be fair to say. The suspense is enormous, and the performances are mostly adequate (including that of John Lund, as Jeanne's fiance) but the picture is Robinson's from beginning to end. There are moments when his ugly face seems positively beautiful; there are moments when he breaks your heart in half.—*Para.*

ISN'T IT ROMANTIC?

This whole business may have started with *Meet Me in St. Louis;* at any rate, here's another period piece. Instead of Judy Garland, Lucille Bremer and Margaret O'Brien, we have Veronica Lake, Mary Hatcher and Mona Freeman, but give or take a sister, the action still stops every time there's a good spot for a song and dance. Not that you'll miss the action; it's too silly. The idea

(*Continued on page 115*)

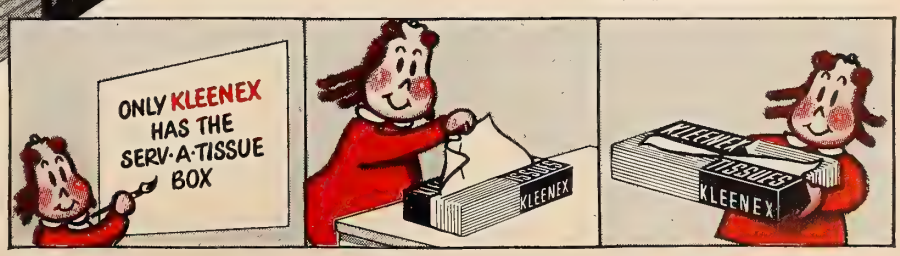
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dorothy kilgallen selects "a song is born"





Danny Kaye and "the greatest collection of jazz musicians ever tied together in one big package."

■ Samuel Goldwyn is a Hollywood producer whose prodigality with a dollar is legendary and whose good taste has been unquestioned for as far back as most filmgoers can remember. But in a season when the noisiest critics of the cinema form are shrieking that the trouble with the movies is their everlasting fidelity to formula, Mr. Goldwyn's daring in concocting *A Song Is Born* belongs in the remarkable class.

A Song Is Born is a Goldwyn musical with music but without Goldwynisms. For instance, there are no Goldwyn Girls, although these are a group of luscious lassies widely admired and generally regarded in the trade as box-office insurance. Regardless of their market value, the girls have been ruthlessly eliminated, and the whole picture contains not one extraneous knee, not a single superfluous calf. No chorus lines, no dances, no pailletted production numbers.

It is, furthermore, a Danny Kaye musical without Danny Kaye specialties. Absent are the reet-deet-daddya-skit-skat-skeet songs. And the standard Kaye mannerisms are nowhere to be seen.

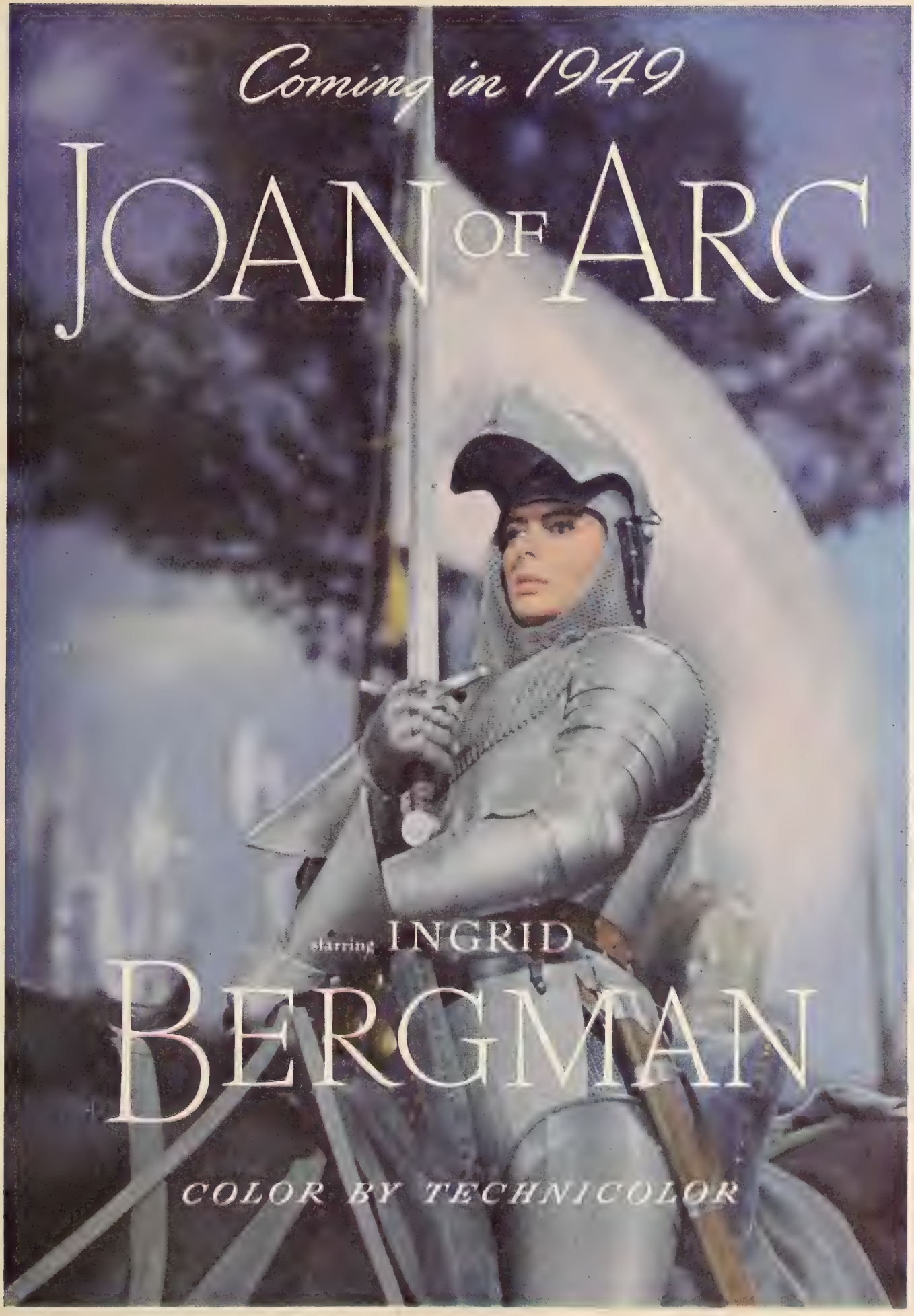
Beyond these surprising departures from the accepted money-making musical picture recipe, it dares to assemble the greatest collection of jazz musicians ever tied together in one entertainment package and let them play the way they might conceivably decide to play if left to their own devices in a room without benefit (or handicap) of camera—at four in the morning.

The result is unquestionably the finest and most authentic jazz music ever translated into the incongruous medium of a million-dollar Technicolor picture, with Benny Goodman, Lionel Hampton, Louis Armstrong, Charlie Barnet, Tommy Dorsey and a revered handful of others ad libbing for a series of jam sessions as exciting to the *aficionado* as a Garbo-Gilbert love scene to the silent celluloid fan.

If the public is looking for something different, this is it. Mr. Goldwyn has not shrunk from making Virgina Mayo, his monument to peaches and cream, more than slightly unsympathetic, although the boy-meets-girl department of his studio must have frowned darkly on it; and he has allowed Danny Kaye, hitherto celebrated for a strictly night club technique, to play the gentle, wistful, yearning Professor Hobart Frisbee, to whom a beautiful woman is as mysterious as be-bop.

The experiment is, in this observer's opinion, an admirable success. Danny Kaye is perfectly capable of playing someone other than Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo is completely convincing as a girl no better than she should be, and Benny Goodman emerges as a diffident but enchanting thespian with a rather noticeable talent for the clarinet.

More power to Mr. Goldwyn. The hepcats will burn incense to him for this one, and the average ticket-buyer—judging from the group of delighted customers that surrounded me at one sneak preview—is going to embrace it with, if not as much reverence, at least a comparable enthusiasm.


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YOUR BEAUTY SALON

an open
letter to
frank sinatra

they can't smear you this time



Dear Frank Sinatra:

Not long ago a campaign to smear you was in full cry. It was being shouted that you were the admiring associate of mobsters, that your activities in behalf of youth were insincere grandstand plays for publicity, that you were knowingly involved with a number of so-called subversive organizations.

The facts, of course, showed how preposterous were those vague and slimy charges. Yet the facts also showed that, in some cases, dishonest but convincing persons had taken advantage of the well-known warmth of the Sinatra heart.

You've always believed—and our hat is off to you for this—that if ideals are worth having, they're worth fighting for. Yet sometimes, to your sorrow and ours, you didn't stop to investigate when someone invited you to pitch in to help what seemed to be a good cause. And that impulsiveness gave excellent ammunition to the smear-Sinatra crowd.

But recently something happened to prove you're being careful nowadays. A pair of smooth promoters persuaded about 70 entertainment-world headliners to fly to Honolulu to perform at a huge benefit show to raise funds for the hungry people of China. Among the well-intentioned folk who fell for the plausible scheme were Robert Alda, John Carroll, Jerry Lester, Jackie Coogan, Evelyn Knight, Andy Russell, The Pied Pipers, and Jack Smith. You were asked to join in. Instead of jumping at the chance to do a "good turn" as once you might have, you referred the promoters to your radio sponsors. The sponsors looked into the matter—and detected something fishy. So you refused.

Thus you saved yourself from becoming part of a very dim operation. For the promoters had arranged things so that they were to keep 70 percent of the money raised!

Many stars don't seem to realize the enormous influence their behavior can have on the public. They can be a powerful force for good—as you have been in fighting intolerance and juvenile delinquency. Or they can do great harm by carelessly misleading the public into supporting doubtful undertakings.

It's the responsibility of Hollywood idols to look before they leap. You're setting them a darned good example, Frank Sinatra.

And—incidentally—you're making the anti-Sinatra people downright unhappy. They can't smear you this time!

Wade H. Nichols

EDITOR.

For every young bride, for every girl who hopes to be one . . . in this picture of the Agars' marriage, there's a magic rule for happiness.

BY ROBERT PEER

double or nothing



Shirley Temple Agar got the "new look" haircut after she finished *Baltimore Escapade*. Husband Jack co-starred. (Below) He trims hedge around their swimming pool.



■ The moonlit air was clear and soft and the sea glittering and the surf blue and white as it came to kneel on the Santa Monica beach. Jack stopped the car and turned to Shirley. "This is the place, darling," he murmured. A little breeze touched her hair. "Yes, Jack," she whispered. "This is the place. . . ."

His hand stole over hers. "Darling," he said, "did you pack the mustard?"

"And the pickles," said she, "and the marshmallows. I did."

"Splendid wife," said Jack. "Let's go!"

Yes, this was the place, the ideal place, for a weenie roast. After only three false starts, Jack had a fire crackling. Shirley spread the blankets, cut the rolls, and lined up all the other necessities in a row. Jack speared two weenies on the long fork and thrust them over the flames. "Ready in two minutes, Red," he announced.

"Fine, fine," said Shirley, who really has no overpowering yen for weenies but likes to keep her old man happy. She popped an unroasted marshmallow into her mouth and leaned back dreamily. "What an elegant life. What a—"

"WHAT THE BLAZES ARE YA DOIN' DOWN THERE?" a voice roared from the highway above. "DON'T YA KNOW FIRES ARE PROHIBITED ON THIS BEACH? PUT IT OUT AND GET MOVIN'!"

They got movin'. They drove two miles up the coast.

The moonlit air was clear and soft and the sea glittering, etc. A dozen scattered fires were flaming briskly on the beach below. Picnicking here was obviously the height of legality. The Agars descended.

"As I was saying when so thoroughly interrupted," said Shirley, leaning back on her elbows on the blanket, "what—" (*Continued on page 87*)



she didn't have a

by jimmy cross

The press was against her from the start—which is why no one heard the whole story—the inside story of Lana in Europe . . .

Ever since her marriage to Bob Topping, Lana Turner has been bitterly criticized in the world's press. It has been said that she accepted bad advice regarding her wedding plans, that she snubbed newspaper reporters in England. In two earlier stories MODERN SCREEN *has reported this phase of Lana's recent experiences.*

Now, in the words of a man currently close to Lana, MODERN SCREEN *presents Lana's side of the story. Jimmy Cross, a young Hollywood actor, was with Lana and Bob in London, and accompanied them on their visit to Army camps in Germany. His story is the first complete eye-witness account of what happened during the controversial honeymoon tour.—The Editors.*

■ What Lana Turner got from the press on her overseas trip was the back of its hand and none of its heart.

I know because I was with her from London to American-Occupied Germany where we both made appearances before GI audiences at our Army posts and camps there. And now that I'm back in the States I'm still burned up about the snide criticisms of her that filled the papers.

How is it that none of the nice things I remember about Lana and her trip were mentioned in the dispatches?

What things, you ask?

Listen:

Lana freezing at Heidelberg—her skin, at close range, resembling blue marble. She is standing on a temporary parade grounds platform before hundreds of American soldiers. She is wearing a thin linen dress, with sleeves cut so short as to stick out only a few inches past the shoulder-line. The officers with her are warmly clad. So is her husband, Bob Topping. So am I. Yet even so, we are cold. But Lana . . .

Bob begs her either to throw on a wrap or come off the platform (*Continued on page 80*)



Sgt. Dominic Zito greets Lana and Jimmy Cross at the Stardust Club in Heidelberg where they entertained G.I.'s (Opp. pg.) Lana in *The Three Musketeers.*


chance

life can be Beautiful

Joan and Chris in the drawing room. Modern and traditional furniture, oil paintings, Chinese porcelain lend sophistication.



You can't tell a book by its cover, but you can tell a woman by her home. This place is vivid and elegant— it belongs to Joan . . .

photos by bob beerman



In her private, usually flower-filled sitting room on the second floor, Joan answers her personal mail, keeps her favorite books and photographs. The Queen Anne desk contains a collection of Chinese porcelain.



Most of Joan's entertaining is done in this playroom. The wall covering is leather, the built-in couches are sturdy, the lamps out of elbow reach. Joan's gold Oscar and Jean Negulesco's sketch of her are here.

by prince michael Romanoff

■ I am a modest man by nature, but truth compels me to tell you that there is something irresistible about Romanoff which attracts women, particularly beautiful women.

For example, a few days ago, Joan Crawford, that beautiful stalk of loveliness, walked into my magnificently operated restaurant. She took a front booth, and I, as is my wont, sat down beside her.

Excitement was dancing in her eyes, and a smile was waltzing on her lips. "Happy today?" I inquired with quiet charm.

Joan clasped her hands. "Mike," she said, "you know I recently adopted two more children and my house was a shambles for a while but I've finally got it fixed and you simply must come out and see it!"

I listened carefully as Joan Crawford described what she'd done to this wing and that room, and as she spoke, my mind pictured her home, and I resolved to visit it the very next afternoon.

I am glad to report to you that Joan Crawford's home is built in the grand or Romanoff manner. It has stature, elegance, size.

It's the kind of home you imagine a movie star should live in. It has tradition, memories; it reflects years of loving care, thoughtful collecting, and pleasurable living. It reflects Joan Crawford, an actress who has grown with her fame, who has developed a taste and refinement for cultural beauty and the verities of life.

This Crawford life is lived in part in a white English Regency—an early 19th Century style—house which is built in the shape of an H. The front of the H forms a courtyard into which guests like Romanoff, Gable, Tracy and other great actors may drive their cars. It's a tree-shaded court from where you call out, "Joan, Joan!" and determine whether the beauty is working in the kitchen to the left, resting (*Continued on page 35*)



Joan Crawford's private theater is in a small building alongside the pool. It's as well-equipped as any full-sized theater, and movies are shown here almost every night. The stage is at the far end of the beautifully-furnished room.

The pool is lined with blue tile, and the fence around it keeps the children out. Building on the left has a shower and dressing rooms that can serve as guest quarters.



China figurines line this pine-panelled hall which leads to the dining room. A series of Chinese murals in the dining room beyond are so delicate they're kept under glass.



(*Continued from page 33*) in the bedroom upstairs, or playing with the babies in the children's wing to the right.

The house is large, of course, but being planned around two courtyards makes it seem compact.

If Joan is giving a party or expecting friends to drop by, she usually answers the front door bell herself. Otherwise, her butler lets you in to the mauve and white entrance hall.

Joan knows that Romanoff is a stickler for formality; and that is why on the afternoon I visited, the butler did his duty. I stepped into the entrance and immediately was impressed by the subtle colors and the exquisite accessories which greeted my royal eyes. That Crawford girl has a great feeling for color; she knows how well it may create mood and drama. The entrance hall is in grey with a wine-colored carpet, and the drawing room is painted in a faint mauve. The furniture is upholstered in purple, green, and white hand-painted chintz, and the carpeting is white.

To step into Joan's drawing room from the bright California sun is like walking into a cool, shaded wood. At night the purple tones seem to change and dance with the firelight. And Romanoff gives you his solemn word, as a dramatic setting for an actress, that drawing room cannot be beat. It shows Crawford at her best, and Joan at her best, as any man can tell you, is unbeatable.

All her rooms are furnished with richly quilted chairs, leather-covered coffee tables, out-sized hassocks, and numerous indoor plants. But the finest decorative beauty in the house lies in its paintings, the odd bits of china, the unforgettable lamps.

These are the accessories which speak eloquently of the owner; these are the possessions which she chose herself; these are the signs of her soul.

In the front hall and drawing room, for example, Joan has a series of paintings by the French artist, Gagni. The oils are Parisian scenes—the Paris I love so well—the flower stalls, the Left Bank, La Place d' Opera.

Two built-in niches in the drawing room display her collection of miniature furniture, Dresden figurines and ivory chessmen. An upright harpsichord in the hall is one of the rarest and oldest musical pieces in existence anywhere.

As a matter of fact, the Crawford drawing room is filled with so many valuable and delicate *objets d'art* that Joan has almost decided that it's too delicate, too beautiful, too fragile a room in which her guests can have a good time. "I'm thinking," she told me, "of changing the color scheme, of making it green and white with dashes of red." In the meanwhile, she loves the room, loves to relax in it, loves to close the white-panelled doors and read and knit by the hour.

Romanoff, however, prefers the playroom, for this is the comfortable little spot which contains the bar; and it's also the room in which Joan entertains intimate parties of four and six. The place is vitalized by a lot of daily traffic, a great deal of it supplied by Joan's adopted youngsters—Christina practices her piano lessons here, Christopher pores through his (*Continued on page 64*)

Joan's dressing room is a perfect setting for a star. It has an all-over carpet of thick white wool; quilted chintz covers the walls, and the closets are as big as rooms.



Separated from the rest of the bedroom suite is Joan's sleeping porch. The Dorothy Liebes draperies, heavily lined with black, conceal a wall entirely composed of windows.



He dates, but he doesn't dote; he wows, but he doesn't woo. What does a girl have to have to capture Pete?

By WINSTON STALLINGS













the passing loves of

peter lawford



Although Peter described Lana Turner (now Mrs. Bob Topping) as a "magnetic force," *he* remained immovable.



He discovered Gardner long before the general public did; snapped endless candids of Ava—then left her with perfect camera record of their short-lived romance.



A date with Lawford puts a starlet in the spotlight. She's Susan Perry, formerly Candy Toxin.

■ Peter Lawford put his arms around Elizabeth Taylor and drew her to him. He kissed her. And then—

And then he blew his lines.

They tried again. He kissed her.

And then he blew his lines.

They tried again. This time—yep, he blew his lines.

Finally, on the twelfth attempt, the scene was shot. As they left the set of *Julia Misbehaves,* Director Jack Conway gently asked the flustered Peter, who usually is sharp on his script work, what the trouble had been.

"I—I just couldn't concentrate," Peter blurted. "Elizabeth's so beautiful—I forgot everything else!"

"This is not like you, Peter," said Conway.

Peter admitted it. He had to. In his five years or so around Hollywood, he has won for himself the title of Public Escort Number 1 because no girl has ever been able to make him forget one thing—that there are always other girls.

Elizabeth Taylor is not Peter's latest romance—not yet, anyway. But there are any number of girls who at one time or another have been able to claim that distinction. Among them are some of the most beautiful women on earth. When the average man considers the allure of some of those from whom Peter has gone on, he has to ask, "How can he do it?" Well, Peter seems not only able to do it, he does it blithely and apparently completely without pain.

Just to pick one at random, take Ava Gardner. Long before the public felt the true impact of her beauty in *The Hucksters,* Peter had exposed himself to it at parties and in many an evening around the night spots.

For weeks they were an intimate little twosome, branching off by themselves at gatherings to indulge in long, murmuring *tête-à-têtes.* Peter would take her to the beach, where he delighted in snapping her picture with his imported camera. As a result of this, Ava has one thing few of Peter's other brief romantic attachments can boast about—a photographic record of their romance.

A number of snapshots show her surrounded by such odd companions as zebras and parakeets. It seems that under the distraction of Ava's bewitching presence, Peter had loaded the camera with some film his father, Sir Sidney Lawford, had previously exposed at the San Francisco Zoo!

Well, Peter went on from Ava, as he has gone on from so many . . . even from Lana Turner. On Lana's schedule, Peter fitted in somewhere between her divorce from Steve Crane and her near-betrothal to Ty Power.

Lana and Peter were a bright pair. Lana is said never to have looked more beautiful than in the days when she was turning up regularly at Ciro's or the Mocambo with Peter. People said that this time Peter was really getting serious.

There was an evening when he and Lana danced together for something like (*Continued on page 89*)


To Mary

with Love

It started nine years, four contracts and three kids ago . . . a guy with a dream and a girl named Mary, who—with a loving heart —shared that dream . . .

BY CARL SCHROEDER

■ The blonde girl named Mary executed a perfect swan-dive. She took off from the bedroom door, sailed gracefully across the room and landed on the dilapidated studio couch.

"Love," she sighed, aiming her remark breathlessly at the ceiling, "is a wonderful thing!"

Thereupon, the studio couch collapsed. The legs folded inward, the mattress upward, trapping its occupant.

"Huh," the roommate exclaimed. "Love is like second-hand furniture—you never can tell how it's going to hold up."

The blonde girl named Mary relaxed serenely in the ruins of her bed.

"Dorothy," she retorted, "you are nothing but a bitter old crone of 19 summers. Here I lie trapped, with an inner spring jabbing at my ribs and an arrow through my heart. Do you give me any sympathy? Any understanding? No. You don't even ask me who the man is."

Dorothy's withering look could have crippled the cockroach scurrying across the floor. "The man! The man! Okay, Mary tell me—who is the man? No, don't! Let me guess. I don't suppose it *could* be the fellow whose reflection has been in your eyes for the last two months. The same handsome rascal who's been making love to you on stage, off stage, up and down El Molino Street on the way to the Playhouse and from the Playhouse—not to speak of the front porch?"

Mary raised herself painfully on one elbow. She viewed her roommate with vast astonishment.

"Gosh," she exclaimed, "don't tell me it's been that obvious!"

"Obvious? Why, honey, even a girl with my withered I.Q. can tell in an instant that you're in love with either Clark Gable or Dana Andrews—and you don't know Gable."

"Even if I did, I'd prefer Andrews."

"Has Dana proposed?" (*Continued on page 92*)



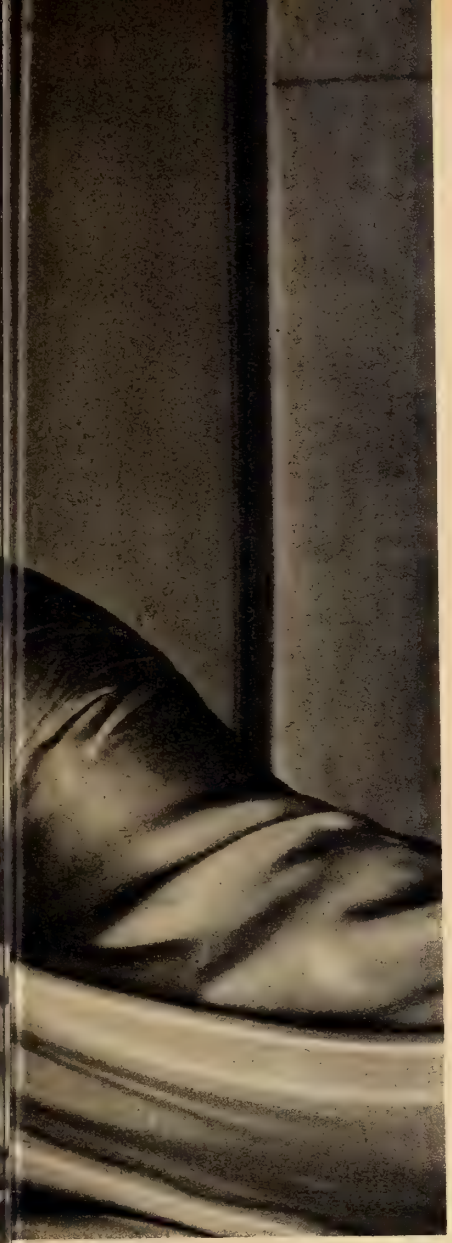
My only regrets are the years I wasted content to be atmosphere—pure luck snapped me out of it.



I don't remember how many swim suits I wore for glamor stills—without getting near the water.



I went to Ciro's, Mocambo or somewhere almost every night. I fell in love and married twice—to Mickey Rooney, Artie Shaw.



Fun came first, and if work didn't follow—that was good. I was the laziest starlet on the lot—the good-time kid, the night club trotter . . .

Confessions of an ex-playgirl

by Ava Gardner

■ I wondered why Clark Gable kept staring at me, why every scene we played was wrong. It was our first day on *The Hucksters* and with every take it was, "Cut—let's try it again." We were re-shooting them all.

For once, I had started a picture eager and anxious about the part. For once, I was dying to make good. "Something must be awfully wrong with me," I thought dismally. When we broke at noon, Clark strolled inside my dressing room and cleared that up.

"I'm sorry I loused up the morning," he said. "I wasn't paying attention to my lines. Too busy watching you."

If my heart jumped at that, his next words dropped it right back again. "Frankly, Ava," said Clark, "I've been worrying about you in this part. I didn't think you had the ability to handle it."

I blinked.

Then he stuck out his hand and grinned. "But kid," he said, "you're okay!"

I have a record at home—a transcription of some things Clark Gable said on a broadcast after *The Hucksters* was done. He paid me some very flossy compliments—"a coming new star . . . an actress with a great future" . . . and such. Whenever I get just a shade blue, I twirl that platter and heave a grateful sigh of relief—and remember how Gable's first expression of doubt about me rocked me (*Continued on page 96*)



I had to do some cramming for Venus, *because I'd been too lazy to learn before.*



Just a kid raised around Hollywood I was, always busy, always broke. And then the lightning struck and I was famous— and suddenly afraid. . . .

the FEAR I've hidden

by Alan Ladd

■ One day six years ago in Manhattan, I stood on Times Square and gawked like a country boy at a sight I'd never really thought I'd see. On the Paramount Theater above me towered lighted letters—taller than I was, it seemed—reading, *"This Gun For Hire,* With Alan Ladd."

I squeezed my wife's hand excitedly and pointed up. "Look, Sue!" I said. "Look at that!"

I'd barely got those awed words out of my mouth when someone yelled, "There he is!" and a crowd rolled up around us, quick and threatening as a summer thundercloud.

I didn't know what to do. Nothing like that had ever happened to me. I was terrified. Then I ran through the only door I could see —right into the theater where my first big picture was playing. I chased through the lobby— the crowd, I imagined, right after me—out a side door and back onto the sidewalk.

There, thank goodness, was Sue with a cab waiting. We dove inside. The driver crawled off at five miles an hour. On all sides people were yelling my name and hammering at the windows. I said, "Faster, can't you?" and he said, "Okay, it's faster," and stepped on it. Then, "You're Alan Ladd, ain't you?" I mumbled, "Yeah."

After a moment, he said, "I liked the way you plugged them two guys. You're plenty handy with a rod. And brother!" he went on, snaking through Times Square traffic, "You sure did slap that dame in the puss like you meant it! That's what *I* liked." He grinned admiringly over his shoulder, just nicking a news truck. "Yep, you're all right, mister."

That was when I first realized (1) that I wasn't just myself, but a public personality, and (2) that what I did on the screen people believed.

I can't tell you which seems the most fantastic to me still. But taking that last one first: never in my wildest dreams would I ever have guessed that I'd be typed as a tough guy. And what do I do but wind up a killer! Even in *This Gun For Hire,* I never figured the character I played to be a simple vicious criminal. I thought of Phil Raven as the kind of guy I'd often been in my life: pretty mixed up, an introvert—outside looking cool as a cucumber, inside churning like a cement mixer. That's the way I played Phil Raven—and he made me a star.

A star . . . I've never quite believed that either—even after those six long years and with 15 pictures under my belt. I'm still waiting to hit the floor—boom!—and wake up. Believe me, no one understands less than A. Ladd why it happened to him.

It's easy to understand how it happened to Bing Crosby, with his nonpareil pipes; or to Gable, with all (*Continued on page 82*)

I was the tomboy,
and she the bookworm—
my sister Jeanne,
a little girl reading in
the corner—princess, gypsy,
beautiful dreamer . . .

she fooled us all



by rita crain

A year and a half younger than her sister Jeanne, Rita has just been graduated from UCLA. She majored in psychology and has no movie ambitions.



Jeanne and Paul Brinkman at home. Finished with *Apartment For Peggy,* Jeanne's been traveling around Conn. and N. Y. doing scenes for *Letter To Three Wives.*

■ On her tenth birthday my sister Jeanne blew out the candles on her cake with a mighty gust. Then she sighed deeply and made a speech.

"This occasion marks the end of the first decade of my life," she said, using her best library English. "It's taken so long. I wonder what the next ten years will bring. . . ."

I always remembered that speech. Not because I knew I was going to study psychology when I got older, but because it delayed the cutting of the cake and I was young enough at the time—a year and a half younger than Jeanne—to have a healthy sweet tooth.

Just the same, that speech should be a great aid to me in analyzing Jeanne's character and personality now that I'm finishing four years of college psychology.

But it isn't.

Of any other girl who spoke like that, a psychologist might say that she was the practical type who knew instinctively that childhood is only the get-ready period of life—a girl who was impatient to get into the real business of adult living. But the trouble is that Jeanne wasn't—and isn't—the practical kind.

It's true that she wanted to grow up quickly. At three and a half, she started to read. When she was five, Mother and Father gave up spelling out what they didn't want her to understand. She understood every word and repeated to me by code what was being said. At six, she openly declared to her parents that Santa Claus was a myth—but agreed to keep her discovery from me. At eight, she tired of children's books and got permission to borrow from the adult section of the library, starting in on a volume of Greek mythology.

But overshadowing all this were her dreamer ways. During most of her childhood Jeanne was a little girl sitting in a corner lost (*Continued on page 85*)





She's gay and alive and full of the devil; she's got a heart you'd like to frame; she's happy Annie, my dream girl, my Texas baby . . .

My love affair with

ANN SHERIDAN

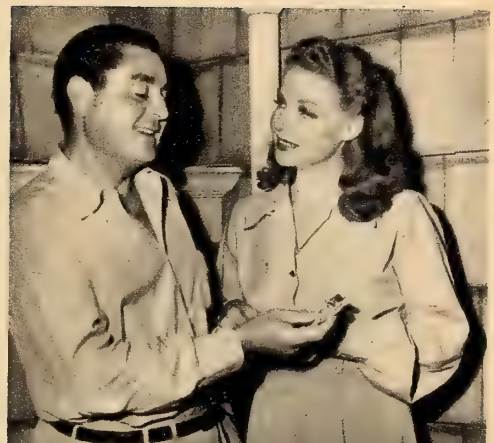
■ My love affair with Ann Sheridan was inspired, in the first place, by a horse. I will explain that.

Late in the spring of 1947 I made some arrangements with a sportsman named Hal Roach to meet him in New York and go from there to Kentucky to give the people the benefit of our skill and experience in improving the breed known as the Thoroughbred American race horse. It was our intention to accomplish this with an object lesson. We would lay out certain large sums of cash on the winner of the Kentucky Derby, collect our bets, and then deliver to our friends, to the sportswriters, and to the world at large, a lecture consisting of the following: "Yah! We told you so!"

Just before leaving for Louisville we were at the St. Regis Hotel, and there we fell into conversation with Miss Elizabeth Arden (the lady whose fortune is your face) and became her messenger boys.

Miss Arden owned a horse which would run in the Derby, and she wished her jockey to ride it under new colors. She had the silks with her. Would we be kind enough to deliver them to her jockey? Two experts on their way to fetch enlightenment at Churchill Downs would like nothing better, although we assured Miss Arden that our advanced researches and psychic powers indicated clearly that her pony was running out of his class.

At Churchill Downs, in spite of our fame as horse experts, we had (*Continued on page 104*)



Me, McCarey, with Annie after we made *Good Sam.*

by Leo McCarey

by

INVITATION ONLY

Everyone is welcome at Ciro's, H. D. Hover's glittering night club. But to attend one of those celebrated revels at his bachelor home, you've got to be somebody special!

■ Roy Rogers and Dale Evans got there early that Sunday afternoon. They'd been to three parties the day before—"But," said Dale, "who'd want to miss a Hover party!"

"That pool looks mighty fine," said Roy, looking at one of the largest in Beverly Hills. "Sure wish we'd brought our bathing suits . . ."

"Totally unnecessary," said H. D. Hover.

"Now look," said Dale. "I'm an old-fashioned girl."

"I am horrified, H. D.," said Roy.

"You are leaping," said H. D., "to conclusions. My facilities include a supply of bathing suits for just such unequipped characters as you."

H. D. Hover's famed party facilities also include: a bachelor home ideally arranged for festive gatherings, with the cocktail room, dining room, sun room, patio and rumpus room all flowing into one another, thus keeping gatherings from breaking up into separate groups; marvelous food, drinks and service supplied by Ciro's, which he happens to own and operate; one of the most extensive knowledges extant of who's who in Hollywood; and an unrivalled party-giving know-how. The last, of course, is the most important of all.

The basic ingredient of a successful party is, obviously, a well-chosen guest list. H. D. Hover keeps a card index of the names of people he invites to his affairs. Several weeks before he gives a party, he gets out this index and broods over it. He selects the cards of those he thinks most suitable for the *fête*. These he studies thoughtfully. If two of the individuals are currently at odds, one is eliminated. However, he has occasionally invited a separated husband and wife. For instance, Cornel Wilde and Patricia Knight, when they were apart. "They're both my friends and (*Continued on page 50*)



Even in the pool Roy Rogers held on to his cowboy hat! It's at Herman Hover's recent party in his bachelor home. The owner of Ciro's, Hover used it's catering service. Champagne—or milk, if you preferred—flowed freely.

Guests were invited to come from 2 to 4. First ones arrived at 4, others came all evening. Swimming started the party. (Above) Harry Lewis with Mrs. Alan Curtis. Johnny Sands and Corinne Calvet in raft. Deanie Best on board.



Although he usually doesn't approve of games at parties—he likes the guests themselves to be amusing—Hover tossed quoits. Deanie Best acted as retriever while Ava Gardner and Harry Lewis formed the cheering section.



There were about a dozen waiters at this party, walking around with trays of *hors d'oeuvres*. Here, Johnny Sands helps Audrey Totter choose. Ham, turkey and roast beef were served buffet style.

by

INVITATION ONLY

(*Continued from page 48*) they're both sensible," he says. "I knew they'd have the good taste not to quarrel at the party. Well, delightfully enough, my party became, as I hoped, the scene of their reconciliation."

He's careful not to ask too many personalities with life-of-the-party tendencies. A few, of course, are peachy. But get a superabundance of sparklers trying to out-sparkle each other, and the party is liable to get somewhat out of hand.

After a number of unhappy experiences, Hover has weeded from his list those with an uncontrollable urge to toss clothed people into the swimming pool. One time, Peggy Maley became the moist victim of such jocularity. To keep afloat, the story goes, the unfortunate woman was forced to begin abandoning her jewels. So loaded was she with costly baubles that afterward it took 24 hours to fish them from the bottom. Another time, Xavier Cugat was wittily pushed in. No mention is made of his throwing off jewelry, though it's said his cuff-links that day were ponderous. Evidently a strong swimmer.

As a precaution against his current guest-list developing sudden dangerous yens (stripped of pool-pushers though it be), Hover has now constructed a low but restraining fence around his tank.

Hover thinks it's a sound idea for most of the people present to know each other. Makes for a more relaxed atmosphere. But naturally it's always pleasantly stimulating to have a few "outsiders" in the group. If there's a visiting celebrity or dignitary in town, Hover will try to get him. Among the dignitaries at the Sunday party pictured on these pages were Prince Mohammed Aly Ibrahim and Princess Hanrade Ibrahim of Egypt. They came with Yvonne de Carlo.

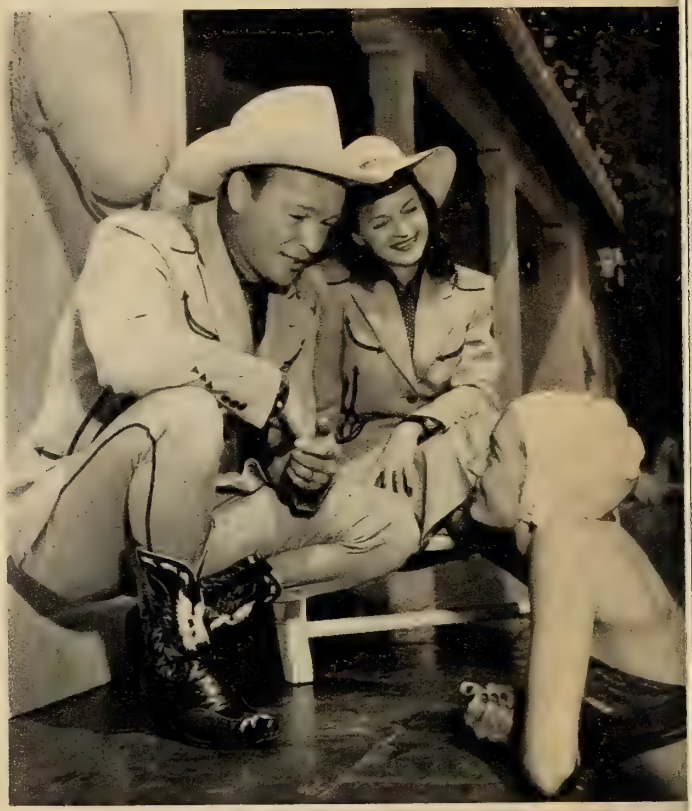
Among the other movie figures there were Ava Gardner, Ann Miller, Richard Ney, Bruce Cabot, Bob Hutton, Cleatus Caldwell, Mary Hatcher, Arlene Dahl, Coleen Townsend—and many more.

Hover likes to blend in a few socialites. "Most of the café society people I ask," he says, "are handsome, congenial, often have incomes on a par with the movie star incomes, and above all are witty and good company." Performing their lively function were such illustrious café habitués as Johnny Meyer, equally at home in salon and Congressional committee-room; Harry Jameson, the steel magnate, and his wife Dorothy, held to be one of the ten best-dressed women in America (she wore a black chiffon dress over a taffeta petticoat and carried a muff of pale pink rosebuds); and Stephen Crane, former husband of Lana Turner.

"It is the mixture of movie people and café society that makes a party jump," says Hover.

This one jumped.

Roy and Dale wore matching grey cord outfits trimmed with red, then changed into borrowed bathing togs and joined Deanie Best. Dale tried out the raft, but Alan Curtis laughingly tossed her overboard.

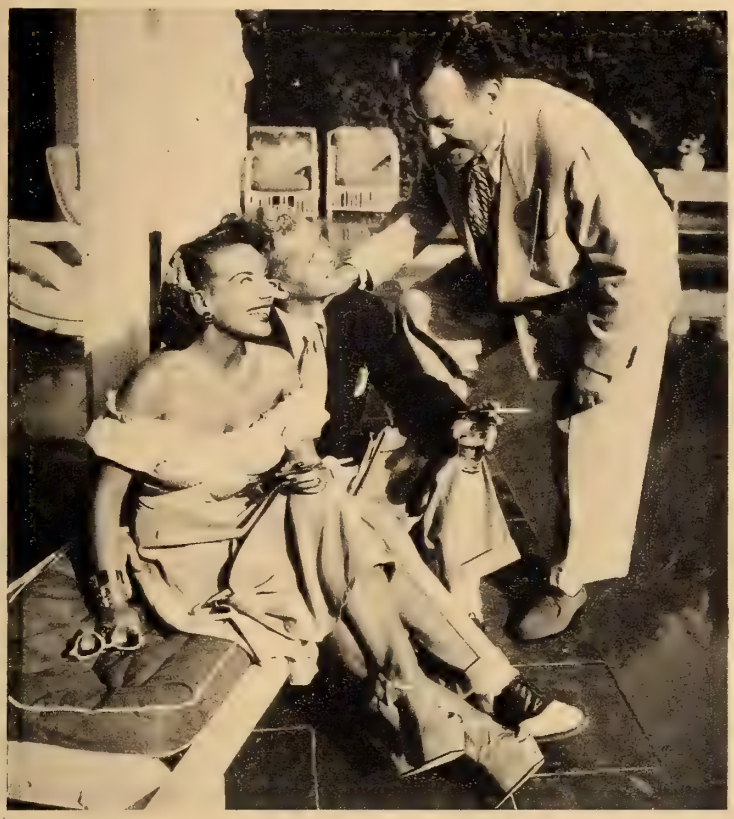




In the swim—but not in the pool—were Martha Vickers, her husband A. C. Lyles (back to camera) and Douglas Dick. Martha set a style note with her parasol made of the same silk material as her dress.

photos by bob beerman

Hover chooses his guests carefully. He likes a varied but congenial crew. One of his favorite people is Carmen Miranda—she's usually the life of the party. Genial Host Hover greets Carmen and her husband, David Sebastian.



The inside of Hover's house was open to those who tired of the sun. Abe Burroughs (at piano) sang some of his clever parodies for the host's date, Lyn Thomas (left), John Payne, Glo De Haven and Hover.





Way up on Hover's preferred list is Diana Lynn. A new hair-do and a stunning creation out of Vogue is one of her party-going rules. Here, she chats on the patio with Jack Sasson whom she dates occasionally.



All the way from India came the Rajah Paul Satypal. (Above with Ann Sterling.) A young fellow came up to him and asked, "Is that Ciro's combat uniform?" "No," said the Rajah, "it's Mocambo's."

In real life Rex Harrison finds himself recast in an old role as the

NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN

by Florabel Muir



The late Carole Landis. Her suicide in July involved Rex in a scandal that would have wrecked most marriages.



Rex (of *Unfaithfully Yours*) and Lilli at home. This fall they'll come to N. Y. where Rex will star in a Broadway play.

■ The first time I saw Rex Harrison on the screen he was playing the role of a guy who couldn't keep his feet on the straight and narrow path or his thoughts from straying off to greener fields. He couldn't stick to his domestic knitting and devote his time to making his little wife happy.

The picture was made in England and released there under the title, *The Rake's Progress;* but over here they called it *The Notorious Gentleman.* The film's notorious fellow was Rex—and oddly enough, Lilli Palmer, who is now Mrs. Harrison, portrayed the neglected wife. Even more remarkably, these two have now been cast in real-life roles which people see as startling parallels to those early screen assignments.

As far as the world can tell, they've ridden out the recent storm which swirled around them when lovely Carole Landis killed herself in a fit of despondency because, as gossip had it, Rex wouldn't desert Lilli so she could have him.

Why does the story end this way? What were the motives, the needs, the hopes of the three people involved?

These are the facts, as I have learned them.

Lilli Palmer is an amazing girl, a lovely, tawny-haired, green-eyed beauty whose screen career promises to be just as big and important as her fabulous husband's. Every woman must be ready to vote her "the most understanding wife of the year." No doubt many of them can't comprehend why she sticks; why she takes it.

On the other hand, ever since the Carole Landis story broke, I have been flooded with letters from women of all ages singing the praise of the man they now call "Sexy Rexy." These women are ready to forgive him anything. He has that sort of charm for my sex. So perhaps it isn't so hard after all to figure out why Lilli wants to go on (*Continued on page 106*)



why stars fight

Milland's suffering from Oscar-itis, Hopper says—he protests every job that's offered. (Below) Hedda, Ray and Hedda's hat at CBS.



their bosses

Are stars acting up—or are studio bosses cracking down? Hedda sizes up the sides in Hollywood's crazy war of nerves.

by hedda hopper

■ "It seems that you've been a very naughty girl," scolded the British judge. "Now you'd better go home and get back to work."

One day, twelve years ago, Bette Davis heard those chastening words aimed her way in a London courtroom, right after losing the grimmest gamest battle any star ever fought with a Hollywood studio. Bette staked everything she owned on it—and she lost. It cost her every penny she had in the world. It kept her off the screen for over a year. It made her choke down humble pie again at Warner Brothers, the studio she'd sworn to leave forever. She came home to Hollywood from England, where the battle had ended, beaten and broke. She had to start her career all over again—behind a mammoth eight-ball.

So Bette made five straight hit pictures, including the best acting job she's ever done, *Jezebel*. She did it the hard way—against odds. From her set-back she emerged the greatest actress on the American screen.

Did that experience cure Bette Davis of being "naughty," make her a "good girl," make her see the light—studio-wise? Did the almost-fatal narrow escape which Bette's career suffered make her swear, "Never again"? It did not.

Came up another picture two years later that she didn't think was right for Bette Davis—*Comet Over Broadway*, it was called—and pronto she said "No." Her bosses said "Yes." So out she walked, on suspension, risking it all over again.

Bette Davis had plenty of company. Every star does who strikes, walks off a set, rebels, and finds that registered special-delivery message delivered at her door: "This is to notify you that as of today you are on suspension and off-salary for the following reasons constituting breach of contract . . ." There'd been a steady stream of those unique *billets doux* in Hollywood before Bette's battle—and there has ever since. I'm afraid there always will be.

Right now you can use all your fingers and toes counting up Hollywood stars a-feudin', a-fussin' and a-fightin' (*Continued on page 57*)



Cornel Wilde (above with wife Pat on set of *The Lovers*) turned down the school-teacher part in *Margie*, but he's still top man at 20th-Fox—even more popular than Tyrone Power.

Hutton finished *Perils of Pauline* (above), then had her baby, and skipped suspension. Usually, layettes mean layoffs for stars.



Gene Tierney sat for eight long months after she refused roles in *Chicken Every Sunday* and *The Walls of Jericho*. Finally, Gene asked friends to intercede with Zanuck—and then took a smaller part.



Olivia De Havilland fought for a principle—claimed studio had illegally prolonged her contract. Court upheld her. During two-and-a-half-years sit-down, Liv met husband (above).

why stars fight their bosses



Lauren Bacall has a good adviser—husband Bogart is a wise and seasoned studio diplomat. Both Lauren and Bogie walked out rather than do *Stallion Road*, a picture they thought would harm them.



Columbia won its battle with Larry Parks—court said Larry'd waited too long to protest. But even while he fought, Parks made *The Gallant Blade*. Now he'll do the *Jolson Story* sequel on his own terms.

(*Continued from page 55*) with the studios who pay them fabulous salary checks every Saturday night. As I write, Lauren Bacall is excommunicated at Warners; Betty Hutton has been making suspension faces at Paramount, and Paramount's been making them right back; Ray Milland has just stomped out of the same place, on strike; Janet Blair has spent her last contract month at Columbia off salary and on her mettle; Cornel Wilde has just escaped suspension by a whisker by insisting on a vacation at Columbia, and Eleanor Parker's complaining that *Into The Night* is beneath her talents, so Warners are lopping her off the payroll.

The list is too long to scribble here, but every day you can look in any direction around Movietown and find more suspensions than hold up the Brooklyn Bridge, enough strikes and walks to make Bobby Feller feel right at home. Everybody seems sore as boiled owls at everybody else.

How come? Is World War III starting out here in Hollywood? Are the stars acting up—or are the studios cracking down? What are the reasons behind all this crazy war of nerves that's snatched Hollywood by its Max Factor wig?

Well, the reasons are strictly business reasons. But they have more angles to them than a Picasso painting, believe me. The trouble usually stems, though, from what makes a horse race—just plain old difference of opinion, about parts, privileges, prerogatives and—that's right—pay checks.

I talked to Betty (Lauren) Bacall the other day—Mrs. Humphrey Bogart. She was suspended at that point because she didn't like the script of *Blowing Wild*.

"My second offense, you know," cracked Lauren. "Next time it's Alcatraz for me!"

Both Lauren and Bogie walked out before, rather than do *Stallion Road*, which they unanimously voted bad business for their careers—but this time Lauren is going it alone. Yet perhaps by the time you read this, Lauren will be making the very picture that stopped her salary check. Oddly enough, that's exactly what she wants to do—and in a hurry! Does that make sense? No? Well—here is what actually happened, in Lauren's own words to me:

"I read the script of *Blowing Wild* and I thought it was bad. I said I wouldn't make it and Mr. Warner said I must. Why? 'Because,' he told me, 'it's a great story.' I shook my little head again and—ouch!—I'm on suspension.

"Now, after I'm off the team, Mr. Warner reads the script himself. He (*Continued on page 111*)

It seems they laughed
and loved like this before—
years ago. And what
Tom and Glo once meant to
each other, they
could mean again . . .

By JACK WADE

Return engagement

After Tom's divorce from Chris Dunne in 1946, he and Beverly Tyler dated constantly—between tiffs.





Last summer Tom (in *Command Decision*) gave Gloria Haley (Jack's daughter) the ring. They may be wed by the time you see this.

■ When Tom Drake ran into Gloria Haley last February he could have asked, "Say, haven't I seen you before somewhere?"

And Gloria might have answered, "Yes, we were engaged once. Remember?" And she could have added, "But something happened. You married Christopher Dunne and I married Louis Porchia."

She didn't have to add, as they stood there looking at each other, "But we're both divorced now. We're both free again . . ."

Because that's the story of these two: engaged, after a wonderful romance in New York, where they first met; parted, after Tom's first surge of success in Hollywood was reported to have done things to his sense of values (as it has to many a star before him); married, but each to another in what have been called unconscious gestures of defiance spurred by the heartbreak of their split-up; and then divorces for both of them when those marriages failed to take.

That's the story, stretching over nine tumultuous years; years in which they were often together—but more often apart.

That's the story . . . except for the new ending. As they stood there after they met, something must have happened to both of them . . . a re-awakening . . . a conviction that what they had once meant to each other they could mean again . . .

And the new ending . . .

They are together once more. Gloria has a beautiful ruby ring (she doesn't call it an engagement ring, but everyone else does). Tom is saving his money. Gloria is embarked on her new career as a journalist. The word is out that they are going to be married—may *be* married even as you read this. They have (*Continued on page 101*)

still in there crying



Tragedies aren't the only films in Bette's life. (Above) A still from her newest comedy, *June Bride,* co-starring Robert Montgomery.

by bette davis



In 1940, Bette made *All This And Heaven Too.* She was governess in home of a duchess. The duke (Boyer), unhappily, fell in love with her.

■ I have an advantage over a lot of people. I am continually being given the opportunity to laugh at myself.

I turn on the radio. There's Fred Allen's Mrs. Nussbaum saying she's just come from the movies. She tells Fred she's seen one of my pictures.

"And how was it?" Fred asks. "Good?"

"Wonderful," Mrs. N. sobs. "I cried and cried. It was a four-handkerchief picture."

"Yep," Fred says. "That's the way it is. Laugh and the world laughs with you. Cry and it's a Bette Davis movie."

I don't know how they laughed at this in other homes, but I'm sure there were no louder laughs anywhere than in mine.

Or the time Henry Morgan introduced a crying doll on his program. "Listen to it," Morgan told his audience. "Mama," it squeaked. And then it got progressively louder. "Mama! *Mama!* MAMA! MAMA!"

"A Bette Davis doll," Morgan explained simply.

About once a month I will find myself sailing right back at me in the hands of some expert parodist. I've even been in the animated cartoons—now *that's* something to see yourself in, believe me.

When parodies are good, I don't mind them the least bit.

First of all, as I said, they give me a chance to laugh at myself. And that's a healthy thing. The psychiatrists have a long and involved explanation of why it's good for all of us now and then to laugh at ourselves. Has to do with balance, keeping our sense of proportion, they say. I confirm them here.

I don't mind being spoofed. The fact is, I'm flattered.

Think of all the actors and actresses who've been the targets of mimics and

Comedians call her cry-baby, but Bette doesn't mind. She loves to get up on the screen—and have a wail of a time!

parodists. There was George Arliss, whose monocle and tight-lipped smile were standard equipment for every imitator act. Remove the monocle, push forward the lower lip, grin and *presto,* Maurice Chevalier. Muss the hair, scowl and mumble: Lionel Barrymore. Raise the nose and say, "Do you rally?"—Katharine Hepburn, who hasn't said, "Do you rally?" for ages, if she ever did say it. And there's Greta Garbo, who was supposed to vahnt to be ahlone. And Eddie Robinson, who's been playing kindly, sweet gentlemen for a long time, but is still Little Caesar to the imitators. And Charles Boyer ("of kerse")—who, incidentally, never did speak that famous line, "Come weeth me to the Casbah." And John Barrymore. And Bing Crosby. All of them performers who've made a clear-cut, solid impression. Pretty good company to be in.

Of course, it's not really true at all that I don't do anything but "four-handkerchief" pictures. Right now I'm making a modern comedy with Robert Montgomery called *June Bride,* and there isn't a hankie on the whole Warner Brothers lot.

And this isn't the first comedy I've made. I've been in screwball comedies like *The Bride Came C.O.D., It's Love I'm After,* and *The Man Who Came to Dinner.* As a matter of fact, in *Cabin in the Cotton,* one of the very first parts I had in pictures, I played not an ill-starred heroine doomed to blindness, death or despair, but a very lively and amusing girl.

But I'll still always prefer to do pictures about real women who love and are hurt and who want things life keeps from them, and who cry—a little more convincingly, I hope, than Henry Morgan's doll.

I have a feeling for that kind of part. I guess that's why (*Continued on page 100*)

Peaches and Carnation in a Velvet Blend



Pretty Enough for a Party – And Wonderful Eating *Any* Time

Here's the dessert of the year! Add golden cling peaches to fresh lemon gelatin, and *velvet-blend* both with fluffy billows of whipped Carnation Evaporated Milk! *That's* Peach Velvet Cream . . . smooth, rich, delicious!

Keep a supply of Carnation on your kitchen shelf! It improves so *many* dishes. No other form of milk gives foods such extra rich flavor, such super smooth texture.

PEACH VELVET CREAM

1 No. 2½ can cling peaches, drained
¾ cup syrup from peaches
½ cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup lemon juice
1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 tall can Carnation Milk, chilled to ice-crystal stage
16 vanilla wafers

Dice 1½ cups peaches; save rest for garnish. Heat syrup, sugar, salt, together. Soften gelatin in lemon juice and dissolve in hot syrup. Add rind. Cool until slightly thick. Whip Carnation until stiff; fold in gelatin mixture and diced peaches. Pour ⅓ of mixture into oiled 2-qt. mold; top with 8 wafers; then alternate mixture and wafers. Chill until firm. Unmold; garnish. Serves 8.

In Coffee, Too. Coffee 'n' Carnation means a "velvet blend" for coffee lovers . . . extra rich and mellow . . . economical and convenient!

WRITE for the beautiful "Velvet Blend Book" giving other milk-rich recipes using Carnation. Carnation Company, Dept. X-11, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, or Los Angeles 36, Calif. Listen to Carnation's "Contented Hour" every Monday evening.





ROSALIND, I LOVE YOU

by freddie brisson

■ By now I guess everyone knows that one of the by-products of producing pictures in Hollywood is shattered health. You get that old stand-by, ulcers, and that affliction known as the hop, skip and head twitch (not as common as ulcers but quite spectacular to see) and a few other miseries including late afternoon palsy and the crying fidgets.

That I completed the shooting of *The Velvet Touch* without acquiring any of those trade maladies can be laid only to my star. Probably, this has happened before—a producer so crazy about his star that he wants to marry her.

That's the way I felt about Rosalind Russell when we finished our picture. Then, when I realized that I *was* married to her, it was almost a disappointment.

There is only one thing left to do—marry her again.

But in case she doesn't want to accept me, I'm pretty sure she can get offers from others connected with the picture—from the actors and the creative personnel and the technicians. She eased the difficulties of all of us and was loved by all of us.

Take John Gage, who directed *The Velvet Touch.* It was his first picture; formerly he'd been a dialogue director. Rosalind induced me to give him the chance and I agreed, because *The Velvet Touch* was to be the third of our independent series of films. But suddenly that British tax thing hit and we had to rule out the first two pictures. Gage himself came to us and said he would easily understand our reluctance to entrust our first production to a green director.

"I guess I'll just have to wait longer for my chance," he said.

"Why?" asked Ros. "What happened in England doesn't make you any the less competent. Stuff and stuff! You will direct!"

Gage looked at me. Personally I had reservations. It was a tough picture to handle. But I had had evidence before (*Continued on page 109*)



Ros and her mother on *The Velvet Touch* set. Opp. page: Fred returns from Europe.

Ah, Russell! he sighs. She may surprise you, but she never disappoints. He'd like to marry the girl, but he can't—she happens to be his wife!

Which Twin has the Toni?

(see answer below)



One Permanent Cost $15...the TONI only $2

Such deep luxurious waves. So soft, so natural-looking. You'll say your Toni Home Permanent is every bit as lovely as an expensive salon wave. But before trying Toni, you'll want the answers to these questions:

Will TONI work on my hair?
Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Can I do it myself?
Sure. Every day thousands of women give themselves Toni Home Permanents. It's easy as rolling your hair up on curlers.

Will TONI save me time?
Definitely. The Toni wave puts a half-day back in your life. You don't have to spend hours away from home. While your Toni wave is "taking" you can go about your housework or do whatever you like.

How long will my TONI wave last?
Your Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a $15 beauty shop permanent—or your money back.

How much will I save with TONI?
The Toni Home Permanent Kit with reusable plastic curlers costs only $2. The Toni Refill Kit complete except for curlers is just $1 . . . *yet there's no finer wave at any price.*

Which twin has the TONI?
Lovely Jewel Bubnick of Miami Beach, says, "My sister, Ann, had an expensive beauty shop wave. I gave myself a Toni permanent—at home. And even our dates couldn't tell our permanents apart." Jewel, the twin with the Toni, is on the left.

TESTED AND COMMENDED by PARENTS' MAGAZINE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU



Tune in "Give and Take" 2 p. m., Eastern Time, Saturday, CBS Network

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

(*Continued from page 35*)

comic magazines, and even the two babies, Cathy and Cynthia, like to practice walking bare-footed on the thick green carpet.

Because it sees so much use, the playroom was decorated to stand hard wear. The wall covering is leathered with a suede trim. The ash trays are made of heavy brass. (Romanoff was tempted to lift a few for the restaurant). Two built-in couches are comfortable but sturdy, and even the plants in this practical room are of a hardier nature.

Observant devil that he is, Romanoff was quick to recognize the Oscar which Joan had won in 1945 for *Mildred Pierce*. It was standing on the bar. Nearby on the wall was a fine pastel drawing of Joan by the director of *Humoresque*—Jean Negulesco. Jean signed the picture with this legend, *"Avec tant d'admiration."* ("With so much admiration.") I feel the same way about Joan.

I also reserve a good deal of Romanoff admiration for her dining room. It's a truly magnificent sight. It's large and well-furnished. The table can seat twenty guests easily. There was a time, before the war, when Joan used to give large dinner parties. Now, she gives merely one a year, but when she does, it's incomparably done, and her invitations are sought after by the élite in Hollywood.

The dining room is French in style, the panelling and parquet floors being representative of the Napoleonic era. On either side of the room, however, there are a series of Chinese murals, so delicate that they must be covered with glass. At the far end of the room, in a bay window overlooking the swimming pool and the lavish beds of camellias, is a small round table which Joan uses more frequently than the large one.

She likes to arrange flower setups for the big table, however, and flanks the center spread with silver candelabra so that

(*Continued on page 71*)

joan caulfield dons the leopard's spots

● Joan Caulfield, currently starring in Universal's *Larceny*, proves that for sheer showmanship, the leopard knows what he's doing.

The coat Joan models is our choice for your big moments this fall. You can wear it dressed up or tailored—either way you're bound to make an impression.

The printed fabric has a deep soft fur-like pile—the fake fur idea is very high fashion this season. The collar is flat and round, the back has a full swing.

It comes in sizes 10-16, and junior 9-15. By Judy Nell. About $24.95. Saks-34th, N. Y.; Crowley, Milner, Detroit; Lit Brothers, Philadelphia; Famous-Barr, St. Louis. Other store information page 77.

Madcaps hat. Kislav gloves. Baar & Beards scarf.


modern screen fashions

By Connie Bartel,
Fashion Editor



HOOD DROPS TO MAKE GRACEFUL COWL



WITHOUT HOOD, YOKED BACK FULLNESS



WITHOUT HOOD—HANDSOME, CASUAL



hood with fur The coat that can look any way you want, for any occasion you choose. It's smooth all-wool, with rich soft velvety *real* mouton fur pockets and hood lining. The hood frames your face prettily or can be worn as a cowl in back. Hood is detachable. Grey, green, wine, brown or black. Sizes 10-18. By Colleen Coats. $39.95. At Gimbels, New York and Philadelphia.



For additional store information on these Modern Screen fashions turn to page 77.



hood with plaid Grey flannel and bright plaid—what more could a teen-ager ask? 100% yarn-dyed wool, with full plaid lining, detachable hood. Junior sizes 7-15. A wonderful buy at the price, about $29.98. By Kay McDowell. At Franklin Simon, New York; Lansburgh's, Washington, D.C.; Famous-Barr, St. Louis; Lit Brothers, Philadelphia. Other stores, page 77.

For where to buy these Modern Screen fashions, turn to page 77.

modern screen fashions go on **television**

■ Did you see us on television? Were we proud to be invited to bring the fashion pages of Modern Screen to life on the T. V. screen! The station was New York's newest—WPIX. The program was the teenager's own favorite weekly at 7:05 P.M.—"Edgar's School of Charm." Edgar is the popular beauty and fashion expert who knows all there is to know about what makes a girl smooth —makeup, hairdo, posture, speech, clothes! Teenagers are his special pets. He has a special understanding of teenagers' pocketbooks, too, that's why he chose Modern Screen fashions—high style, low price! So we donned roughly a pound of dark brown television makeup, dressed Edgar's teen models in clothes straight from our pages—and faced the lights and cameras. Exciting! Even more fun, it was completely ad-lib, everybody chattering gaily about looks and clothes and stuff. Hi-de-ho, video, it's wonderful! And everyone loved the clothes!



■ Opposite and above: a standout for television—snug striped jacket, full taffeta skirt. The jacket buttons with jet to the little collar, has saucy bustle in back. The full skirt has graceful new "look backward" interest. Striped taffeta jacket in black, red or green with white, $8.95. Skirt in matching solids, $7.95. Jr. sizes 9-15. By Juniorite.

■ Right: a natural for the camera—bold black and white checked blouse—slim skirt with flippant apron bustle. The taffeta blouse has a flattering ruffled standup clown collar decked with a black ribbon; ruffled cuffs. Blouse about $5.95. The slim faille skirt comes in black, brown, green or grey, about $5.95. Teen sizes 10-16. By Derby.





SATIN CUFFED GLOVES
BY ARIS, $3.50.
SATIN BARREL BAG
BY GARAY, $5.
CORO PIN, $2 PLUS TAX



look backward, angel . . . for the fashion news in the fall silhouette: slim as a shaft—with a sudden sophisticated jut to the back. Other excitement, texture contrast: the dress, crepe—the double peplum, rayon faille. Dull and shiny is the idea—here picked up with satin cuffed gloves and little satin handbag. Glamorous! Dress in sizes 9-17. By M. Factor, $14.95. At Saks-34th, New York; Lit Brothers, Philadelphia; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; other stores, page 77.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

(*Continued from page 64*)

by candlelight, the dining room becomes a symphony of polished wood, gleaming silver, and fresh flowers.

From my description of her home thus far, what sort of woman would you say Joan Crawford was? Frilly, ornate, flamboyant, gracious, modern, sharp, rough, delicate, careless, or what?

If you haven't yet made up your mind, let Romanoff present some further clues. Let him present Crawford in her kitchen. This is always an excellent place in which a woman may reveal her true character.

Joan is as much at ease in the kitchen as she is on the screen. An early riser, she always breakfasts with her four children. She also insists upon preparing her own eggs, and when it comes to cleaning up, she never leaves the kitchen anything but spotless.

She likes to know what's going on in the culinary department so that there's a glass door in her dressing room which looks directly down into the kitchen. The children call this passageway, "Alice Through The Looking Glass."

mama romanoff . . .

Peek in on the nursery. It's to the left of Joan's bedroom, upstairs. Each baby girl has her own crib, her own chest of drawers, her own toy boxes, her own wardrobe closet. Glance into the closet, and even Romanoff becomes maternal. The closets are filled with the cutest pinafores, bonnets, sun suits and dresses, all starched and hung like peppermint sticks in a candy shop.

Provide your children with the best, but don't spoil them. That's Joan's motto. And it's worked out beautifully with Christina and Christopher. These two make their own beds, keep their wardrobes neat and orderly and take some responsibility in caring for their little sisters.

Joan is also training them to appreciate fine art and to be at ease with people of every sort. She says that she herself lacked both these qualities when she first came to Hollywood and she's determined to see that the children do not.

To this end, Joan has given Christina a beautiful old 18th Century desk, also a collection of miniature furniture which a movie fan sent her. Christina is justifiably proud of her desk and she's old enough to appreciate the fine workmanship which went into the small chairs and tables.

It's long been a practice with Joan to let the children invite a guest to the house each Saturday for luncheon. At these weekly parties Christina and Christopher understand that they must act as hostess and host and make their friends feel at home. This helps the children develop poise and confidence so that one day they will be able to entertain at Romanoff's. That day can't come soon enough for me.

Romanoff likes children but he likes their mothers so much more; so let's continue with Joan. Joan's sleeping quarters might be termed a suite. Her bed, for example, is located on an enclosed sleeping porch away from all noise. The porch can be flooded with sunlight because it's lined with windows, and by the same token, it can afford total darkness because these same windows are covered with draperies, heavily lined with black.

The sleeping porch is simply furnished. It contains a three-quarters sized bed, a night table loaded with books, a reading lamp, and a chest. It's almost ascetic in its simplicity.

The bedspread and draperies, however,



Lace-Lovely Can-Can by

Du Benay

"for intimacy with beauty"

MADE OF Bur-Mil QUALITY'D RAYON FABRIC

Trés chi-chi with saucy flounces of exquisite lace for new back interest. Cut with Du Benay's exclusive feature . . . the perfect-fitting V-midriff. In finest Bur-Mil crepe-back rayon satin . . . pink, white or blue. Sizes 32 to 40 . . .* **$6**

Other styles by Du Benay also available in junior sizes. From $4

Du Benay V midriff slip

At fine stores everywhere, or use this coupon.

Du BENAY Undergarment, Inc., 102 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

Gentlemen: Please have store nearest me send the following slip(s) by Du Benay at $6 each.

Money Order ☐ Check ☐

Size	Color	2nd Color Choice	Quantity

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____



For additional store information on this Modern Screen fashion, turn to page 77.

in sheer black and gold If you wear half sizes, you know how hard it is to find really sophisticated dress-up fashions that fit. So here's a beauty to solve your date problem for fall and the coming holidays. It's sheer crepe, very slimming. The neckline has transparent marquisette and twists of gold, very flattering to the face. The total effect is pure glamour, proportioned especially for you in sizes 12½ to 22½. Mallinson's crepe, in black, copper, royal blue, wine, green. By Mynette. $14.95. At Carson, Pirie Scott, Chicago; Wanamaker's, Philadelphia. Garay satin bag, $5.

(Continued from page 71)

are white and turquoise and shot with silver. They were woven and designed by Dorothy Liebes, the San Francisco artist, and they're really good enough for a Romanoff.

So too, is Joan's sitting room, which boasts all the individual pieces of furniture she personally likes. There's her 18th Century desk, a large oval Sheraton coffee table, and a French Empire couch. The wallpaper is a delicate turquoise with large white, hand-painted chrysanthemums.

Adjoining the sitting room and almost a part of it because the same heavy white carpeting covers both rooms, is the dressing room with bath. The wall covering here is a yellow glazed chintz with sprigs of flowers as a pattern. Even the doors to the wardrobe closets (which are the size of ordinary rooms) are covered with the same material, and the effect is one of lolling in a sunny garden.

Joan's dressing table is mirrored and a masterpiece of organization. She can sit in front of her makeup mirror and reach her jewelry, stockings, combs—in fact, everything but her dresses.

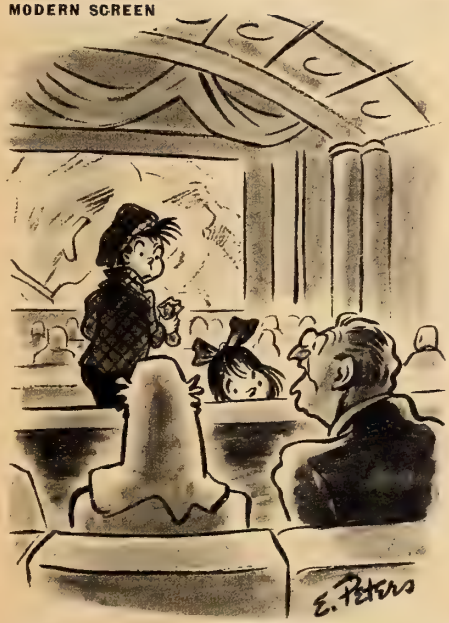
During the time she's dressing to go out in the evening, the two babies, Cathy and Cynthia, have their gayest fun. Joan puts each one of them in a drawer on either side of her dressing table. Then, while she's applying her lipstick or powdering her nose, the two bundles of mischief have a great time playing with her jewelry, cosmetics, and so forth.

That takes care of Joan Crawford and her indoor life. As you probably know, however, she's long been famous for her beautifully proportioned figure. She maintains her curves by swimming, riding, and playing tennis. She has a large pool, and on either side of the pool, a small building. One of these is a dressing room for the swimmers. The other is a miniature theater in which she shows movies two or three times a week.

On the night I visited, the gracious beauty was kind enough to show *Arch of Triumph*, a production featuring the histrionic talents of one Michael Romanoff.

THE END

MODERN SCREEN



"I wonder if you'd mind removing your cap, sitting down in your seat, not cracking those peanuts and rustling that paper bag, telling your friend to stop popping that bubble gum and bouncing around in her seat from side to side, then stop talking to her—so I can get some idea what this movie is about."



$2.98

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GHILLIE ☐ TIPTOE ☐ @ $2.98
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Check ☐ Money Order ☐ C.O.D ☐
Send check or money order and we will pay postage. Customer agrees to pay postal charges on C.O.D's.

In Black, Brown, Wine, Pine Green suede finish. Sizes 4 to 9, Mediums only.

Vicki OF BOSTON



LOOK!

2

Miracle Dresses for the price of ONE!



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Both FOR
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with the Hugga Hugga waistline that favors your figure

NO BUTTONS NO ZIPPERS NO TIES



3.98 style—3.98 fabrics—3.98 value—Now you can own 2 of these miracle dresses at only 3.98 FOR BOTH.

Favorita is perfect for work, for school, for shopping, for wear at home; ideal for every season. The 12-row elastic-shirred midriff keeps your waist tiny, makes the skirt billow out. Fine quality washable cotton; guaranteed colorfast. Get two Favoritas, choose stripes or plaids, any colors, any sizes. Many colored floral stripes featuring blue, brown, gray. Many colored plaids featuring gray, blue, green. Sizes: 9, 11, 13, 15; 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Any 2 dresses for $3.98

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Please send.....“Favoritas” on approval at 2 for $3.98 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If not delighted, I may return purchase within ten days for refund. (You may enclose purchase price plus 20¢ postage, saving C.O.D. fee. Same refund privilege.)

	SIZE	COLOR	2nd COLOR
STRIPE			
PLAID			

Name.....

Address.....

City & State.....

SEND NO MONEY—we mail immediately
Full Satisfaction or Money Back

glamour stuff



→

PEARL FOUR leaf clover scatter pin, with gold stem. For your scarf. By Coro. $1 plus tax, at James McCreery, NY.



←

Gleaming metallic brocade pouch bag. Black or white with silver or gold, colored flowers. By Garay. $4.95; Bloomingdale's, NY.



→

SENTIMENTAL touch at your neckline—pearl heart-within-a-heart. By Coro. $1 plus tax, at James McCreery, NY.



←

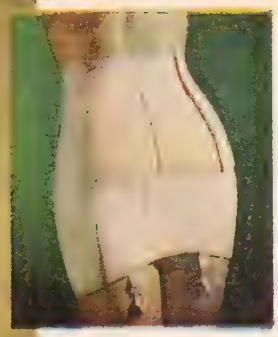
“THE VELVET TOUCH”—square black velvet bag, red-lined, gilt-clasped. By Garay. $5, at James McCreery, NY.



→

JEWEL OF a good-luck piece. Slender gold horseshoe pin, set with five tiny pearls. By Coro. $1 plus tax, at James McCreery, NY.





The inside story . . . on perfect tummy control. Lower, bias-cut panel supports; straight-cut panel flattens!



Can't ride up . . . Fortuna's contour-following "Fitted Crotch" in exclusive, snug-fitting ***Elast A-Q*** cloth!



Look how light . . . how soft and supple! You would hardly believe Flatums could be so control-some!

The all-elastic girdle with the secret inside panel for extra tummy control. We call it Flatums* . . . and it's available in roll-on or Talon closed girdles, and pantie girdles with Fortuna's exclusive ***Elast A-Q*** crotch.

Sizes: 26, 28, 30. Without zipper, $3.00.
With Talon zipper $5. Extra sizes 32-40, with Talon zipper $5.95.
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THEA Tewi

again demonstrates her matchless flair for intimate-fashion design with this exquisite hostess robe of flowered, petal-fresh organdy. Washable? "Yes, indeed," says Mme. Tewi, "provided you starch it with LINIT." This finest of laundry starches restores original finish . . . helps *all* cottons stay fresh and unrumpled 'tween launderings.

Be it sheerest organdy

or a sturdier fabric such as a housedress, man's shirt, sheet or curtain—if it's cotton it *needs* starching with LINIT.* Easy-to-follow directions for using this penetrating starch on every package. Ask your grocer for LINIT.



FOR THE "Finishing Touch . . ."

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sweet and hot

by leonard feather

**Highly Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

BORDERTOWN TRAILS –It's My Lazy Day: Vaughn Monroe (Victor).

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES—title song: Buddy Clark (Columbia).

PALEFACE –Buttons and Bows: *Dinah Shore (Columbia); Gene Autry (Columbia).
Is this a trend? Last month Vaughn Monroe teamed with the Sons of the Pioneers for a Western musical sandwich called *Cool Water;* now comes Dinah Shore with her Happy Valley Boys for a sagebrush serenade accompanied by Sonny Burke with boots, saddles and accordion. Bob Hope sings this one in the picture, longing for the good old East "where the cement grows." Maybe the Autry treatment is more authentic, but for novelty we'll take Dinah.

ROMANCE ON THE HIGH SEAS —It's You Or No One: *Doris Day (Columbia). I'm In Love: Doris Day and Buddy Clark (Columbia).
See also several previous listings for other songs. *I'm In Love* is the unhappiest "happy song" ever; Doris grapples with it adequately, as she did in the picture, with the aid here of the Bostonian.

THAT LADY IN ERMINE —This Is the Moment: *Tony Martin (Victor); *Jo Stafford (Capitol); Dinah Shore (Columbia); Larry Clinton (Decca); George Paxton (M-G-M).
This Is The Moment was originally the title of the picture; it's still the name of the principal song involved. There's another very pleasant tune supposedly from the same film—*There's Something About Midnight,* sung by Margaret Whiting on Capitol—but I suspect it can be found on the cutting room floor.

TWO GUYS FROM TEXAS –Every Day I Love You and There's Music In The Land: Harry James (Columbia).(See last month's list.)

HOT JAZZ

COUNT BASIE—Seventh Avenue Express (Victor).

ARNETT COBB –Cobb's Boogie (Apollo).

DIZZY GILLESPIE—*[illegible] teca (Victor).
Bebop with a [illegible] an beat—exciting.

BENNY GOODMAN SL [illegible] –Cherokee (Capitol).

SY OLIVER —*Scotty [illegible] G-M).
An unusual instrumental—sounds like a mixture of Duke Ellington and Tommy Dorsey.

ALBUMS

BENNY GOODMAN-PEGGY LEE—*Eight tunes (Columbia).
Recorded around 1941-2 when Peggy was Benny's vocalist. For some odd reason most of Peggy's best vocals from that period (*How Long Has This Been Going On, The Lamp of Memory,* etc.) aren't included. It's still nicely nostalgic.

KING COLE FOR KIDS—*Six sides (Capitol).
The most delightful children's album I've heard—a perfect gift for the young.

ROY ROGERS —Souvenir Album (Victor).
Title songs from *Don't Fence Me In, San Fernando Valley, A Gay Ranchero* and five other Republic sagebrush specials.

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices on merchandise may vary throughout country)

Leopard cloth coat worn by Joan Caulfield (page 65)

Detroit, Mich.—*Crowley, Milner & Co.*, Gratiot Ave.
New York, N. Y.—*Saks-34th*, 34th St. & Broadway, Subway Fashion Floor
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Lit Bros.*, Market & 8th Sts., Subway Store
St. Louis, Mo.—*Famous-Barr Co.*, Locust, Olive & 6th Sts., Downstairs

Hood coat with fur (page 66)

New York, N. Y.—*Gimbels*, 33rd St. & Ave. of the Americas, Downstairs
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Gimbels*, Market & 9th Sts., Subway Store

Hood coat with plaid (page 67)

Boston, Mass.—*Gilchrist Co.*, 417 Washington St., Teen Dept., 4th Fl.
Buffalo, N. Y.—*Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co.*, 398 Main St., Hi-Teen Dept., 2nd Fl.
New York, N. Y.—*Franklin Simon*, 5th Ave., Teen Age Dept., 6th Fl.
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Lit Bros.*, Market & 8th Sts., Teen Shop, 3rd Fl.
St. Louis, Mo.—*Famous-Barr Co.*, Locust, Olive & 6th Sts., Downstairs
Washington, D. C.—*Lansburgh's*, 420 NW 7th St.. Teen Shop, 4th Fl.

Striped jacket with back interest skirt (page 68 and 69)

Detroit, Mich.—*Crowley, Milner & Co.*, Gratiot Ave., 3rd Fl., Main Bldg.
Milwaukee, Wis.—*Gimbels*, 101 W. Wisconsin Ave., 2nd Fl.
New York, N. Y.—*Stern's*, 41 W. 42nd St., Junior Shop, 3rd Fl.

Checked blouse with apron back skirt (page 69)

Boston, Mass.—*Filene's*, Washington St., 2nd Fl.
Cincinnati, Ohio—*The John Shillito Co.*, 7th & Race Sts., 4th Fl.
Columbus, Ohio—*F. & R. Lazarus & Co.*, High & Town Sts., 2nd Fl.
New York, N. Y.—*Saks-34th*, 34th St. & Broadway, Debuteen Shop, 2nd Fl.

"Look Backward, Angel" dress (page 70)

Boston, Mass.—*Jordan Marsh Co.*, Washington & Avon Sts., Junior Bazaar Dept., 3rd Fl.
Lynn, Mass.—*Winter's*, 121 Market St., Dress Salon, 1st Fl.
Memphis, Tenn.—*B. Lowenstein Co.*, Main & Monroe Sts., 4th Fl.
New York, N. Y.—*Saks-34th*, 34th St. & Broadway, Younger Set Shop, 2nd Fl.
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Lit Bros.*, Market & 8th Sts., Junior Miss Shop, 3rd Fl.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—*Kaufmann's*, 5th Ave. & Smithfield St., Princess Shop, 4th Fl.
St. Louis, Mo.—*Famous-Barr Co.*, Locust, Olive & 6th Sts., Little New Yorker Shop, 4th Fl.

Half size dress-up dress (page 72)

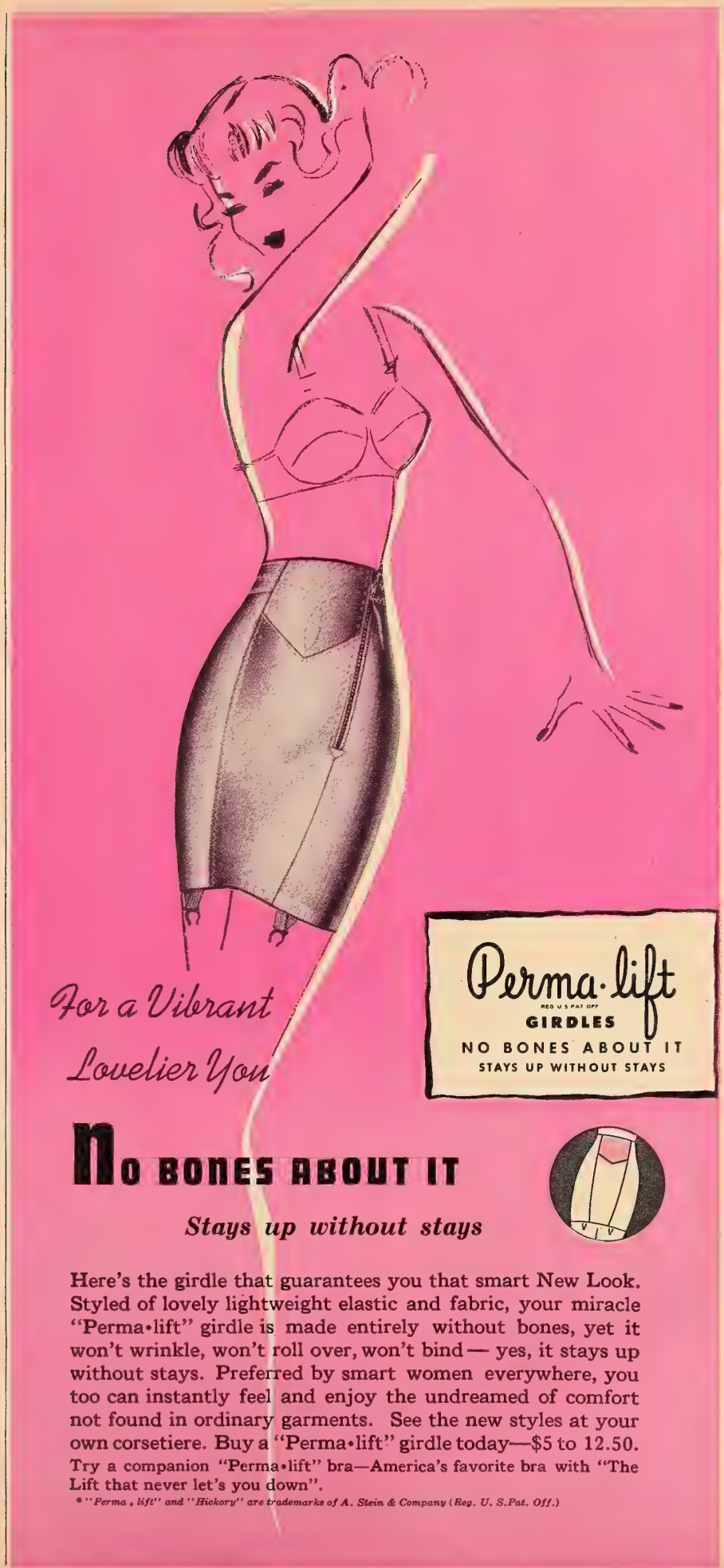
Chicago, Ill.—*Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.*, State, Madison & Monroe Sts., 2nd Fl.
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Wanamaker's*, Market & 13th Sts., 3rd Fl.

Satin bags (pages 70 and 72)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Abraham & Straus*, 420 Fulton St., 1st Fl.

HOW TO ORDER MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

1. Buy in person from stores listed.
2. Order by mail from stores listed.
3. Write Connie Bartel, MODERN SCREEN, Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y., for store in your vicinity.



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Genuine Wundatex, the wonderful looking material that won't shrink*, won't fade, and launders like a handkerchief.

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Circle Color: Blue Green Gray

Circle Size: 12 14 16 18 20 40 42 44 46

Name .....

Address .....

City & State .....

the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION



SHIRLEY FROHLICH
director

GLORIA LAMPERT
associate

News: Gene Autry Friendship Club celebrates its tenth anniversary with a national convention in New York City October 8, 9 and 10th. . . Dick Haymes Club revolutionizes fanclubdom by announcing a membership quota. No new members will be accepted after the current membership drive closes . . . Fans of radio stars Cathy and Elliot Lewis might be interested to know that they're "active honoraries" in Virginia Haywood's Official Radio Stars Club . . . the first ten fans to contact Maryon Jensen, P. O. Box 52, Waukesha, Wis., after reading this, will receive a free year's membership in her Gloria Jean Club . . . Frankly Impressed Club (Sinatra; Pacillio) noted its third anniversary by sending three CARE packages to Europe . . . Sinatra clubs of New York raised $100 for United Nations Appeal.

To boost chapters in certain localities, Ron Randall Club (prexy, Ron DeArmond, Box 843, Chilliwack, B. C.) is offering: 10 free memberships to first 10 applicants from Los Angeles (or vicinity) and 5 half-priced memberships to first five in each of the following: Kansas (near Wichita), British Columbia (near Vancouver) . . . Joan Cavaretta has taken over the highly successful Mel Tormé Club. Lee Garber, former prexy, remains as journal editor. . . Martha Vickers Club wants at least one member from each state and is offering free and reduced-rate memberships to residents of many states, as well as free memberships outside U. S. Address: Susan Sturies, prexy, Spirit Lake, Iowa. . . Garry Stevens Club has an unusual charity: the Navajo Relief Fund. The plight of the American Indian, says prexy Shirley Warren, is often neglected, but very urgent. . . First prize in the Larry Parks Club membership drive is an autographed copy of *Jolson Story* script. Incidentally, new prexy is Marlene Martin, 177 Hagan Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Trouble Clinic: Jerry Kee, Alan Ladd prexy, has a "beef" about phony exchanges: "What do you think of this situation, when you've agreed to 'exchange memberships' with another club: You've sent the other club two, three, and even four journals, and you've received none in return. You've agreed to exchange for a whole year, yet do you think it's fair to send your journals and not receive the same number in return? Since I like to join a lot of clubs, I usually say okay to a request for exchange. There are some clubs I don't want to join, but to avoid appearing prejudiced, I accept them all." Okay, prexies, we're sure many of you have the same problem. What do you think *is* the proper solution?

As of this date, the following clubs are no longer associated with the MSFCA, due to failure to meet with the rudimentary standards of an active club: Elizabeth Taylor C. (Barbara McAvoy, prexy). Johnny Coy C. (Lanzillo; disbanded). Sam Edwards (Nagai). Glenn Vernon C. (Komenda). Danny Kaye C. (Lehman).

8 SEMI-ANNUAL TROPHY CUP CONTEST

Prizes: Remember, when you help your club to a batch of points in our Trophy Contest, you may also capture a personal prize for yourself. F'rinstance, we've gotten nothing but rave letters from the winners of our wonderful new HELENA RUBINSTEIN FOURCAST lipstick sets—4 RUBINSTEIN shades, individually packaged, to suit your own particular coloring! Also, TANGEE TRIP KITS just jam-packed with powder-base, astringent, rouge, and other good grooming essentials, all neatly packaged in a compact traveling kit. For you hard working editors, we have EBERHARD FABER HARMATONE DE LUXE pen and pencil sets in a variety of colors. They write under practically anything, and are absolutely guaranteed. And, of course, subscriptions to MODERN SCREEN, SCREEN ALBUM, and SCREEN STORIES to the lucky runners-up.

"This Is My Best" Contest Winners: (100 points) Louise Neuman, "Polyna Stoska," *Whittemore and Lowe journal.* Betty Fitzgerald, "Domestic vs. Foreign Films," *Charles Korvin journal.* Skippy Alverez, "Sinatra and Tolerance," *Sinatra (Notts) journal.* Ruby Nemser, "Why I Want to Become a Doctor," *Jane Wyman journal.* Bonnie Baker, "South of the Border," *Gene Autry journal.* Jeanne Morgan, "Let's Meet Dave Willock," *Janis Paige journal.* **Best Journals:** (500 points) League 1. *Jane's* (Wyman) *Journal.* League 2. *Metro-Lark* (Rise Stevens). League 3. *Ron Randall journal* (Anna Hreha). **Best Editing:** (250 points) League 1. Dot Crouse, *Gene Autry* C. Leag. 2. Ruth Ness, *Bing Crosby journal.* League 3, Shirley Notts, *Frank's Fanfare.* **Best Covers:** (250 points) none qualified in Leagues 1 and 2. League 3 (tied) *Dave Willock journal, Sinatra (McMullen) journal, Janis Paige journal.* **Best Artist:** (150 points) Virginia Golz, *Philip Reed journal.* **Membership increases:** (100 points) League 1, Bill Boyd Club. League 2, Perry Como (Staley) Club. League 3, Dick Contino (Rosenthal) club. **Most Worthwhile Activities:** (250 points) League 1, Gene Autry Club (sent 2 CARE packages to needy European families). League 2, Alan Ladd (Pearl) Club (sent many friendship boxes to school-age European children). League 3. Ted Steele Club (collected $15 for Damon Runyon Cancer Fund), and Harry Babbitt Club (sent a CARE package to a needy infant). **Best Correspondents:** (50 points) League 1, None qualified. League 2, Peggy Pearl, Alan Ladd Club. League 3, Helen Parker, Dan Duryea (Grant) Club. **Candid Camera Contest:** (100 points to first prize-winner, 50 points to others) Margie Hummel, Ginger Rogers Club. Mary Grootenboer, Nina Foch Club. Dorothea Abramovich, Bingites. Martha Kay, Shirley Temple Club. June Bancroft, Nelson Eddy Music Club. Beth Wolf, Rise Stevens Club. **Leading Clubs:** League 1, Nelson Eddy Music Club, 950 points. Gene Autry, 850 points. Jane Wyman, 700 points. League 2, Rise Stevens, 950 points, Ronald Reagan, 700 points, Musical Notes, 700 points. League 3, Dan Duryea (Grant) 750 points. Joseph Cotten, 700 points.

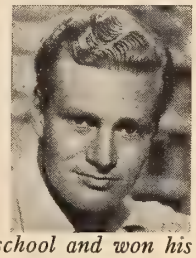


Dan Duryea plays a summer's day host to Pat Maben, his West Coast club president.

new faces



RHONDA FLEMING *made her screen debut in* Spellbound *as the psychotic patient who threw a book at Ingrid Bergman. Los Angeles born, on Aug. 10, 1923, she wanted to be an actress even as a child, and studied ballet, toe and tap dancing and anything else she thought would help. Just to be on the safe side however, Rhonda took a few courses in business administration. She's 5′ 8″ and has red hair and green eyes. Likes to read and listen to music for relaxation. She's been in the* Spiral Staircase *and is Bing Crosby's leading lady in* A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court.



RICHARD WEBB, *a very honest fellow, once sold a quart of his blood for $70 to pay off some debts. After a three-year hitch in the army, Dick arrived in Hollywood. He enrolled at the Bliss Hayden dramatic school and won his first role in* I Wanted Wings. *Dick was born in Bloomington, Illinois, September 9, 1915, weighs 180 lbs, and is 6′ 2″. He's divorced from Betsy Stearns and is currently being seen in* The Big Clock *and* Isn't It Romantic?



JOAN CHANDLER, *now appearing in* Rope, *graduated from Bennington College in 1942 where she specialized in drama and the dance. She came to New York at the tender age of 17, enrolled at the Neighborhood Playhouse and did various small parts until Warner Brothers signed her for* Humoresque, *after seeing her in the stage version of* The Late George Apley. *Born in Butler, Pa., on August 24, 1923, Joan has brown eyes and brown hair, weighs 115 lbs, and is married to David McKay of the theater.*



DOUGLAS DICK, *whom you recall as the Captain in* Saigon, *did some summer stock shows before getting into the Army. It wasn't until he was out of uniform and had several flops behind him that Hal Wallis realized Doug was just the man he wanted for the soldier-son role in* The Searching Wind. *Doug was born in West Virginia in 1920 and after* Saigon *he'll be seen in* Rope *with Farley Granger and Jimmy Stewart and in* The Accused *with Loretta Young. He's under personal contract to Hal Wallis.*

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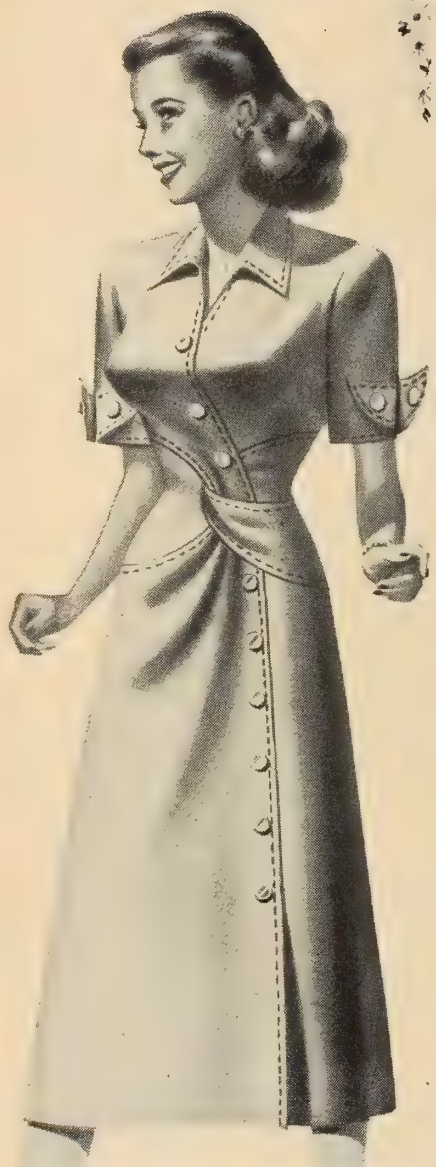
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SHE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE

(Continued from page 30)

but she refuses. The program has been arranged as part of the graduation exercises for members of the post's bandsmen school and Lana knows she's there to be a decorative part of it; her job is to help make a pretty picture. Hiding under a wrap or throwing an Army coat over herself would detract from that picture and the ceremony.

She stays on that platform a full hour, until the last graduate has received his certificate and the proceedings have been completed.

. . . Or Lana, soaked to the skin, cheerfully performing in a driving rain in front of another audience.

. . . Or Lana dragging herself down to the lobby of an old German inn at dawn, peaked and dead tired after a bout with fever, but insisting on an early start so we won't be late for our next date.

. . . Or Lana in the lurching car, refusing to call off a wildly bumpy detour jaunt deep into Bavaria, despite the danger that it might bring on again the pain of her recently injured back, saying with a smile, "A million other Americans made this same trip, and they didn't just have the bumps to contend with."

the turner-topping blitz . . .

Yes, that and more is what I remember about Lana in Germany. And about Lana in London . . . London, where the journalists of Fleet Street figuratively formed a lane and made her run through it as they whacked at her mercilessly.

Writers have commented that she was ill-advised in her handling of the press while in London. Maybe she was. But she was just human. How would any bride, arriving in a strange country for a visit, feel about a press that is calling her husband "an invader"? That's how Bob was being labeled by the papers because he was attempting to launch his midget auto racing venture in London. They accused him of trying to get money out of the country, conveniently forgetting that he would have to turn back 48 percent of his profits (if any) in taxes, and that expenses, other than those deductible, were more than likely to eat up whatever else was left.

This is the situation that confronted Lana on the day she landed in England and before anyone had interviewed her. I know. I was there to greet her. I saw her reaction when she got to London and read the papers as she was being driven to the Savoy Hotel. It didn't take a wise man to figure what was going on in her mind. She could be smart and think of her own career. She could say, "Well, that's Bob's hard luck, getting the newspapers down on him. I've got my professional life to worry about. I'll be sweet to the press."

Believe me, had she done that, there would have been no sarcastic hooks dug into her or polite newsprint tittering at her oft-quoted remark that she loved the English countryside because the grass was so green. (They seized on this comment as an indication of shallowness. But it was a perfectly natural remark to toss off—especially for someone coming from Southern California where the landscape, except where artificially watered or irrigated, is always a drab, burned brown in color. Every Southern Californian arriving in a lusher clime is always taken by the beautiful, fresh green of the land all around!)

But Lana wasn't smart. She was dumb enough (if you want to look at it that way) or loyal enough (put yourself in her position and take your choice) *not to think of herself or her own career.* She thought of Bob. Yes, she was human enough to resent the unfair things being said about him. She didn't just resent it; she was darn sore about it! That's Lana. It is also you, or me, if someone close to us is being attacked unfairly.

The English newspapermen complained that they had to wait an hour to interview Lana. They should know that holding that mass meeting was not her idea. It was arranged before she could stop it. She was a girl on her honeymoon and she didn't feel at all like being interviewed by a mob of reporters.

But the truth is, of course, that while Lana had the Indian sign on her as far as the papers were concerned, and had no chance with them, they did not by any means reflect the sentiments of the man in the street. Wherever Lana went in England, large and friendly crowds were on hand to greet her and attest to her great popularity over there.

We went to Paris to prepare for our GI camp tour—and Paris and Lana proved an ideal combination. Bob, too, felt at home there. And when Bob wasn't with Lana he was either at the florists ordering fresh roses for her or at Cartier's selecting fresh jewelry! If he was going a little overboard it was easy to understand in the light of the way she had come through for him in London.

But it wasn't all play in Paris. Lana worked hard with me to get our little act smoothly routined. She had long decided that she wanted to *do* something for the boys, not just be looked at. Lana was the first feminine star the boys in Germany had seen for a year.

rainy season . . .

In Germany we hit rain; not one or two days of it, or three or four; but rain every day. Traveling was hectic and performances difficult, but we maintained our schedule steadily except where the unforeseen intervened—as it did in the case of the ball game at Erding that we never reached. How this foul-up was reported back home is one thing; what actually happened is another.

We were picked up at Garmisch for the 58-mile trip to Erding by an Army captain detailed to escort our party. It was raining. We started off anyway but, after a while, the captain announced that it was foolish to go on—the game would undoubtedly be called off. Instead, he would take us to visit a rest camp along the way known as the Starnberg Yacht Club. We could talk to the soldiers there. We did. Then the captain took us to another rest camp situated in what was known as the oldest house in Bavaria—just before you reach Erding.

Not until darkness fell did we get to Erding. And not until after the captain had taken us direct to our quarters did we find out that not only had the ball game gone on, but one of the biggest audiences ever assembled—including the colonel in charge of the area—had waited long and patiently for us! It was the captain who found out about all this and brought the news sheepishly.

"All my fault, of course," he said. "I should have known that rain or no rain, they wouldn't have called off the ball game when Lana Turner was due to appear."

I know the soldiers must have thought we had broken the date. I am certain the colonel blamed us, because throughout the period we were in his district he never once showed up to see us. Lana knew what was happening but she issued no explanations—since explanations would doubtless have thrown the captain into disfavor. She felt he meant well and that was good enough for her. So Lana took the rap.

Of some 15 camps we were slated to visit in Germany we played all but three—and those three, at the end of our schedule, we missed only on strict orders from an Army doctor that Lana must not go on. This happened after the freezing Heidelberg date which resulted in Lana's coming down with laryngitis. She should have stayed in bed that night but insisted on going on. We started, she got very ill, and we had to come back to the inn. The laryngitis developed into a week's siege of virus influenza.

An Army doctor was assigned to us immediately. He visited Lana daily, giving her penicillin shots. Bob refused to put on a nurse and took the job himself, attending Lana night and day. His only relaxation came when a delegation of GI's arrived at the inn and, instead of asking to see Lana, called for him. They had a spokesman from the Bronx and he very earnestly asked Bob if Bob had anything to do with the ownership of the New York Yankees.

pinch-hitting for brother dan . . .

Well, Bob admitted, his brother Dan had an interest in the team. The Bronxite promptly demanded to know why certain changes weren't being made in the team's line-up. Bob, who had been out of touch with the Yankees for months, confessed as much, and asked the committee what changes *they* thought would do good. For a half hour they went into the matter, analyzing every player on the team. When it was over Bob frankly declared he had learned more about baseball in that half hour than he'd been able to pick up all his life before.

Lana beat her sickness but was so weakened that the Army doctor refused to sanction a continuation of the trip. Army schedule or not, he insisted, Lana must take an extended rest or he would refuse to accept any responsibility for the case. Not until then did Bob insist that we all head for the south of France and a change from the cold and rain that had run Lana down.

It was now almost six weeks since Lana had started out from Hollywood on her "honeymoon." During that time she had been attacked by the press for acting like a true wife and partner of her husband, had spent soggy weeks traveling from one camp show to another, and had cheerfully worked herself into a serious illness.

How did she feel now about the jaunt? When I went to tell her goodbye (I was returning to Hollywood—to my wife, Peggy Ryan, and our new son) I said cautiously, "It's too bad the trip turned out to be such a rugged one."

She laughed. "Why, it was a lovely trip," she said. "I enjoyed all of it."

"But—but, England and all the things that happened there?"

"Oh," she replied with a wave of her hand, "that was nothing. Too many wonderful things happened in England to let something like that make any difference. It's a great country, they're swell people, and . . ."

"And what?" I prompted.

She laughed again. "And they have the greenest grass in the world!" THE END

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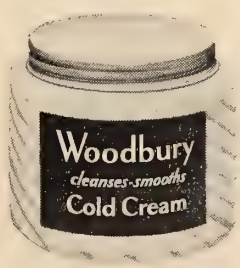


Tempting! Dobbin eyes the apple—our eyes go to Arlene, she's *so-o* radiant! "For fresh morning glow," says she, "try *my* Cold Cream—*deep-cleansing* Woodbury!"

"**For skin** that's beauty-clean," says Arlene Dahl, "swirl on Woodbury Cold Cream. Its rich oils *cleanse deep . . . cleanse clean.* Tissue . . . and film on more Woodbury to smooth your skin. *Four special softening ingredients!* Now tissue again and splash with cold water. The result?—Woodbury-wonderful! Skin's clear-clean, silky-soft."



Ver-ree tempting! Sun down, moon up, it's time for glamour-glow! "Easy," Arlene tells you, "rich Woodbury smooths dryness . . . brings back that Always-Fresh look."



Woodbury Cold Cream

(*Continued from page 43*)

that load of he-man charm; or to Gene Kelly, who can make music with his feet; or to Humphrey Bogart—speaking of movie toughies—who had years on the stage behind him and knew what he was doing every second. I was just Alan Ladd, a kid raised around Hollywood, always busy and always broke, scrapping and struggling for something better, but not prepared for a stiff jolt of fortune and fame, the way I swallowed it, without a chaser.

What am *I* doing up there?

I've just finished making F. Scott Fitzgerald's fine novel, *The Great Gatsby*, at Paramount. Am I happy about it? No, I'm miserable. As usual, I'm scared stiff, only this time a little more so. "*Now* you've gone and done it, Ladd," I keep telling myself. "You've stepped out over your depth. You're trying to make a character live on celluloid who's more complex than you ever were."

Checking back on myself, it's been that way with everything I've done.

I can remember to this day the agony I went through fastening onto that first acting chance I had in *This Gun For Hire*. I thought I was awful all the way through, thought every scene I played was wrong. The first rushes I saw of myself made me actively sick. I lived for months with a nest of butterflies in my belly. I'd sit up half the night in the kitchen over a coffee pot reading my next-day lines until my eyes went polka-dot on me. Sue and I were married half-way through that, and she must have thought she'd taken on a crazy man. She worried too—because she couldn't make me eat. Finally, I stewed myself into a swell case of pneumonia. I wound up a nervous wreck—and abysmally certain I'd ruined my golden opportunity.

I can't remember a word of any of the good reviews the papers printed about *This Gun For Hire*—but I sure remember the bad ones. One I can still recite by heart. It began, "Alan Ladd should go back to wherever he came from . . ."

Where I'd come from was the other side of the tracks in the Hollywood caste system, and I've never been exactly convinced that I've crossed over. I'd been around studios almost all my life, climbing their high walls for the fun of it when I was a kid out in the San Fernando Valley. I'd been an acting "cadet," a bit player—and I do mean "bit"—a roustabout, a carpenter, a grip on a camera crew.

Sometimes, even today, I forget myself and hustle props when the foreman barks. The other day on *Gatsby* he yelled, "Okay, you guys, let's shift this table!" Without thinking, I grabbed one end and heaved it up. A friend of mine in the crew cracked, "Hey, Ladd—where's your union card?" I've got my union card at home, all right, but maybe it's expired—although the suspicion that I belong back with the work gang certainly hasn't.

It was tough for me to get adjusted to a star's status. A basic sense of fear—fear that I wasn't acting like a movie star—led me into some mighty foolish behavior.

Such as buying all those tailor-made suits and expensive ties I felt I had to have along with my first few movie bucks in the bank. I thought I had to show I was really in the chips at last. So I had far too many suits made—and today they just hang in my closet at the ranch, never seeing daylight unless I wear them in a picture or have to dress up to go into town. I'm in shorts or Levis the rest of the time.

And those ties!

I had a well-heeled acquaintance who started me off on that madness. He loved to show off his costly cravats. He'd blossom out with a new neckpiece every day, it seemed. "Look at this material, kid," he'd say. "Real quality! You ought to get yourself some *good* ties." And I'd feel I had an old dishrag around my neck.

So I tumbled—and the way I began buying ten-dollar ties you'd have thought I was planning to upholster a sofa with them. Then he came at me sporting ones that cost $15. Hand-painted Sulkas and things. And he tried to make me feel my own ten-dollar jobs were mere ribbons off a Christmas package.

All of a sudden I came to—and saw how absurd my fancy-priced tie collection was!

little red tie . . .

One night I went to a party where I knew he'd be. I wore a bright red tie. I'd bought it for one buck. But this guy couldn't keep his eyes off it. He came over to me, almost drooling. "Where did you get that?" he asked admiringly.

"This?" I said. "Oh, I picked it up in New York last time I was there." I named a super-swank store and let him have the kicker. "Twenty dollars." I pretended to be disgusted with myself. "Can you see twenty bucks in this tie?"

"I sure can!" he exclaimed, fingering the fabric. "That's real quality!"

I gave him a smile I'm sure he didn't understand and walked away.

And I very nearly made a fool of myself by returning to my old hometown haunts, after I'd made a name for myself, to strut my success before the home folks. I'd had a fairly rough time in my early years. I made some mistakes, some big ones, and in certain North Hollywood quarters it had been freely predicted, I'm sure, that Alan Ladd would come to no good end.

So I decided to show 'em. I put on one of my new suits and custom accessories and drove over to my home town's main street. I planned to stroll down it casually. I knew I'd meet plenty of people I'd grown up with.

It seemed like a wonderful idea for the first few steps down the sidewalk. Then my feet faltered. I saw a fellow I knew—one I'd have liked to have impressed, too—coming my way. Suddenly I crossed the street and ducked inside a gas station.

That was the end of my private *Arch of Triumph*. I climbed into my car and went back home. I realized how silly I'd been in looking forward to a kid adventure that was, after all, designed to sooth a feeling of inadequacy I should have outgrown.

That feeling of inadequacy nursed along a yearning for revenge on a certain director that lasted until the opportunity to "get even" finally arrived. Then, thank God, I saw what the score was before I made myself ridiculous.

During my struggling early days in Hollywood, this director seemed to go out of his way to make things tough for me. A casting director friend of mine at his studio had faith in me but time and again, when my friend chose me for a part, I'd come up against my enemy and get tossed out on my ear. And in those days, this was a very painful, life-and-death matter.

One time when I was sent over and he said "No!" my casting pal persuaded him to give me a test after all. "All right," he grumbled, "be here Monday." But my stepfather had just died. This was Saturday and the funeral was Monday. I explained and asked if the test couldn't be postponed until Tuesday. "I said Monday," he snapped. That kind of guy.

I was there Monday—at 7:30. He kept me waiting all day. At last he got around to making the test. And when he did he was so short-tempered and mean about it that, busted and desperate though I was, I walked out on it.

And he used to tell my agent, when my agent flipped open his clients' book and my picture showed, "I'd advise you to get rid of this guy Ladd. He's no good."

"If I ever get in a position to tell that heel off," I swore to myself, "it'll be the

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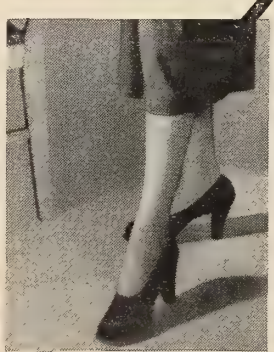
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greatest day of my life."

Well, the great day came. It was years later, after several pictures had made me well known. Sue and I were in a restaurant when he came in with his family. When I saw him I almost choked with anger.

Then he was walking over to our table, all smiles. "Al," he said with great cordiality, "it's wonderful to see you again!"

"Yeah?" I ground out, sounding like one of my picture roles. I rose with my fists doubled.

But he was saying, "My little girl thinks you're terrific. She's dying to meet you. May I bring her over?"

Did I let him have it? I did not. I heard myself saying, "Of course. Bring her over." For all at once I'd realized—though I didn't figure this out clearly until later—that my wanting to slug him was not really because of the way he'd treated me in the old days. It was really because of my early inferiority complex—I simply wanted to assert my "superiority" over him and had been about to do so in the most childish way possible.

I was pretty startled, not long after I made the grade, to have another director ask me seriously, "Al, why do you pal around with the production crew so much? They can't do anything for you."

I was too amazed to answer back for a minute, but when I did I said what I thought. "I don't want them to do anything for me. I just like them." I've moved what Heaven and earth I could to keep the same crew on my pictures, because they're my friends. I've had the same bunch for nine straight. I don't expect them to do anything for me, outside of their jobs.

I've found that all the frantic bugaboos I'd heard and believed about Hollywood are just that—bugaboos. You don't have to cultivate the "right" people. You don't have to play politics and shoot angles. You don't have to live high, wide and handsome.

But what you do have to do is a good and honest job.

live and learn . . .

Of course, I've learned plenty in my six years about the job I do. I've learned to loosen up, for instance, when I work—I'm no longer trying to spill out my lines as fast as a machine gun. I'm more relaxed and deliberate in my movements and reactions. I've learned that making a movie is (if I may be so corny) a team job, and I'm just something like a halfback on the squad. I've learned that practically any actor—meaning me—is the world's worst self-critic.

I know by now the public is always right, too, and that if they like me as a toughie, that's for me. I want to do better things, of course, but I'm not fretting to play *Hamlet*. I know that fans are not the howling wolves some stars paint them, ready to rip a screen personality to pieces—they're friends, usually a star's sincerest admirers. Among the warmest thrills Sue and I have had out of our Hollywood life are the contacts, in person and through the mail, with people who follow me on the screen. There hasn't been an event in our lives—our children, our new home, our special sentimental occasions—when the heartening response of those world-wide friends hasn't touched us down deep. We've had them in our home and we've been taken under their wings in their home towns.

The other day a horn honked at the gate of my Hidden Valley ranch, and I moseyed down to see who it was. A grinning, sunburned guy leaned on the wheel of his dusty car, his wife and kids peering out behind him. He was a tourist and his face was frank, bold and good-humored. America stuck out all over him. I didn't know him from Adam but he seemed to know me.

"You're Alan Ladd, aren't you?"

I allowed as how that was right.

inspection tour . . .

He piled out of the car along with the whole family. He tipped back his hat and stuck out his hand. "Glad to meet you!" he said. "We thought we'd stop and see what kind of a place you've got here. Hate to intrude on your privacy, but we don't figure you rate much privacy. We pay money to see your pictures, and—well, we'd like to look around."

That's the frankest I'd ever had my Hollywood status put to me, and for a second my jaw dropped. "Why—" I began. Then I stopped short and a grin cracked my face. The guy had a point.

So I said, "I think maybe you're right. You pay the way, don't you? That's why I've got this place. Come on in." I meant it sincerely.

I didn't know for a long time how nice most everyone is ready to be to me. I thought I was on the defensive, a target, because I'd struck it in Hollywood—and I was a wise, tough guy on the screen. I was sure, for instance, that when I entered the service the GI's would be just waiting to take me apart. I was never treated more warmly or understandingly in my life. I was accepted as just a Joe, like them. I never had an unpleasant moment. I never met a friendlier bunch of guys.

In fact, it was those GI's—ones in beds—who cured me of a self-consciousness before people that has made my row plenty easier ever since. Sue and I both wanted to do whatever we could to entertain the GI's before and after I was in uniform. And we wanted to try the toughest circuit of all, the hospitals. But I faced one of my complexes. I said, "I can't sing, I can't dance, I can't tell funny stories. I'm a flop as an entertainer. They'll be bored and I'll die. Look—if I can just sit down by every bed and just talk with them—"

"You're crazy," scoffed the entertainment officer. "Don't you know how many soldiers there are in an Army hospital?"

"I don't care how much time it takes," I said. "Let me try." So Sue and I went from bed to bed and we never missed a one, whether the place had 200 or 2000 patients. I was nervous and embarrassed to death at the start, but they were all so nice to me that before my tour was over I felt perfectly at ease—and those boys did it. They didn't hand me the movie-star treatment; we just chewed the fat like the human beings we were.

One of the greatest thrills I've ever had came my way last September in Madison Square Garden, where I was invited to line up with a flock of much greater celebrities than myself and take a bow at a mammoth gathering. As usual, I had my moment of panic about what to do, what to say, how I'd be received. (Guess I'll never be completely cured of that.) It was my birthday, September 3rd, and as far as I knew I was the only one there who knew it.

When I stepped forward on the stand, to my surprise, a roar smacked my blushing ears. It was that whole crowd, thousands, filling the Garden to the rafters, singing "Happy Birthday" to me!

Things like that keep a guy—or at least this guy—constantly on the debtor's end to the public that has made him.

Maybe that's why I've packed an inferiority complex ever since the lightning struck me. Maybe I still feel a little guilty at the gifts I've received by the grace of the movie-going public.

Maybe trying to live up to them is what's made me the greatest worry-wart since *Hamlet*.

THE END

SHE FOOLED US ALL

(*Continued from page 44*)

over a book. And like all real dreamers she had the power of unusual imagination—the kind that can step in and replace actual life. Even as a tot, if she happened to play at eating just before supper, it was impossible for her to take a bite when the actual meal was served!

"Whatever is the matter with you, Jeanne?" Mother would ask, looking at her untouched plate. "Aren't you going to eat anything?"

"I *have* eaten," Jeanne would reply grandly. And then she would proceed to recite a list of the dishes on her make-believe dinner.

Father would argue with her as persuasively as he could. He would point out that she hadn't really eaten; no substances that could be felt or weighed, or could be bought at the market, had passed her lips.

"So," he would finish triumphantly, "how can you say you have eaten?"

Jeanne would look straight in his eyes. "If you think a thing . . . it is," she would reply. And that was that.

I was the practical one. It was to me, even though I was younger than Jeanne, that Mother gave the pennies to hold when we went out to buy candy as children. It was I who knew my way around the house, domestically. Jeanne wasn't interested.

on her way . . .

But Jeanne was on her way somewhere. I didn't know it, but I got hints of it every now and then in our life together.

We took up music, for instance, yet Jeanne told me she was quite sure she wasn't going to become a musician. She took up drawing, with no idea of being an artist. She took dancing and languages—French and Spanish—with no thought of making direct use of them in her life. This was certainly a most hazy program for anyone. I used to question her about it.

"If you don't know what you are going to be, isn't all this stuff a waste?" I asked.

"Heavens, no!"

"But look!" I argued. "What could you possibly do that would require a mixture of music, dancing, drawing, languages and all those other things mixed up in it?"

She wouldn't know. She would just say she *felt* there was something. And I would hoot at this "something." But one day she had an answer. I asked the same question and she came back with—"Acting!"

I knew right away that she was right. But I wasn't going to surrender so quickly. So I inquired loftily, "Then why don't you practice acting if you want to be an actress, rather than all that other stuff?"

"I do," Jeanne replied.

"How?" I asked. "If you're not at the piano, or dancing, then you're reading."

"That's how," she said. "Reading."

I began to understand her meaning. She was *living* the story and acting it out in her mind—being a gypsy, a queen, or a ragamuffin girl meeting a prince. And I can remember feeling a great wonder at all the glorious experiences Jeanne had been having in those books when I had wanted her to come outdoors for a trip around the block with our dog, Terry, pulling us, or to take part in a game of hide-and-seek or cops-and-robbers with neighborhood kids.

So there you have one contradiction to Jeanne's character—she's the practical kind of dreamer. And there are others. Girls who huddle over books a lot are sometimes shy and retiring. Well, Jeanne was shy—but absolutely in her own unique way. She wasn't so shy, for instance, that she couldn't overcome her timidity long enough to be elected president of the

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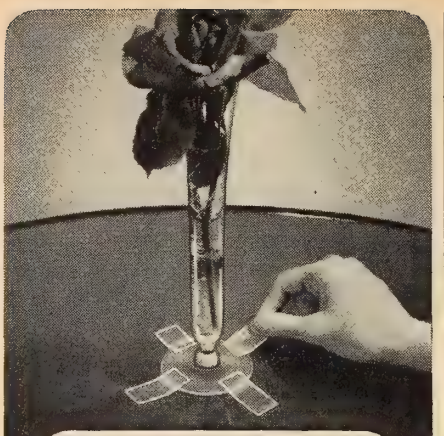


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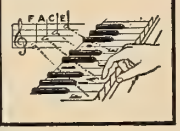
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student body at our school, St. Mary's Academy. Yet, once she was president, the shyness took hold again and she found it painfully embarrassing to get up and run meetings and make talks.

But when she got the lead in the school play, all shyness dropped from her at once!

Playing another character was different; it was like imagining yourself the heroine of the book you were reading, she said, and that was something she had been doing for years—an answer that may make sense to you and you, but sends me thumbing through my psychology books.

Perhaps, if I had known a tiny bit of psychology when I was six, I might have guessed that Jeanne wanted to be an actress even before she was aware of the desire herself. At six I broke both my arms after a fall while roller-skating. Naturally, with both arms in casts, I was one of the most handicapped little girls in the world; people had to do things for me constantly. Once in a while, out of sheer boredom, I would try to get things for myself, picking them up in my teeth, and even trying to use my toes as hands. Time and again Jeanne would do the same. I thought she was just mimicking me but she explained, "I want to know how you feel when you can't use your hands." She was unconsciously learning to "live the part you play."

curtains! . . .

Shortly after this (after my bones had knitted), Jeanne and I were climbing a fence one afternoon when the whole world started to go to pieces. The fence started to shake in the strangest way. Mother called us in and right after that the whole family ran over to our grandmother's next door. I heard everyone talk about "the earthquake" but couldn't understand why we all had to go to grandmother's. Jeanne told me—feeling, no doubt, that it was time for a good curtain line. She whispered dramatically into my ear, "It's so we can all die together!"

But we lived; we lived so that the following Easter I could catch scarlet fever and make Jeanne so envious of my spotted "makeup" that she wasn't satisfied until she caught it as well. Then we both lay in our beds waiting for the Easter Bunny to show up—so we could give it to him too!

One of the periods in Jeanne's life that is going to puzzle me when I really get down to analyzing her (if ever!) concerns her graduation from St. Mary's. Her mark was the highest in the history of the school and easily won her a scholarship at the high-school division of the Academy. Naturally we were all delighted, but Jeanne had found something about it that she didn't like.

She thought her excellent scholastic record was hurting her socially with the other girls. She thought they were looking on her as a kind of oddity. But she wasn't sure.

I volunteered to find out and I cautiously quizzed one of the girls in Jeanne's class—not disclosing that Jeanne wanted to know. The girl flared up immediately. "Of course not!" she said. "That's like saying we would like to have just *dopes* for friends."

But Jeanne was still doubtful and decided to experiment. She deliberately tried for lower grades. However, instead of making more friends, this seemed to make the ones she had delight in kidding her, telling her she wasn't as smart as she thought she was. Jeanne quit the experiment, deciding that people have to be what they are.

What I didn't understand—and still don't—is why she went to this trouble at all, since she never seemed to care about being a social butterfly. I was the gay one when we went to parties; Jeanne would sit quietly while I mingled and made friends. I worked at it; she didn't. I was careful about my social obligations. Any boy who came to visit me at our home, or to take me out, found me dressed and ready, bright and entertaining. Any boy who called on Jeanne found . . . me again, again striving to be bright and entertaining, so he wouldn't get peeved because Jeanne was not ready yet!

Sometimes it seemed to me the boy was getting restless and I would run back to our room and warn Jeanne about her caller becoming annoyed at her tardiness. "Oh, he won't be mad at me," she would say. "You'll see."

I would warn her that she was wrong and hurry back to her fuming young man, who by this time might be stalking around the living room irritably. Then, finally, Jeanne would enter. I would look at the boy nervously and then at Jeanne, wondering how she would handle the situation. It was simple. She just walked in, his eyes would fall on her, and all the grouchiness would disappear to be replaced by one of those big, goofy smiles . . . something like the kind you see on the face of Pluto, the Walt Disney dog, when he melts into bashfulness.

Now, incidents like this should help me classify Jeanne as far as her romantic pattern is concerned. But no. There was that time when she saw a tall, Gregory Peck type of boy seated not far from her at a football game. Gone was her reserve! She practically smiled him out of his seat and into the one next to her . . . even though that one was already occupied and it took a near fight to get the fellow in it to move!

It should be clear by this time that fitting Jeanne into a personality niche is no easy task.

The other day when I was visiting Jeanne I decided that analyzing my sister was too complicated—I would give her 16-month-old baby, Paul Brinkman, Jr., an aptitude test instead. I had brought along some Binet test blocks; one was square, one round and the third diamond-shaped. We gave Baby Paul the round one and on the floor in front of him we placed a board containing holes cut to the three shapes. Then we gathered around to see which hole he would put the round block in.

He held the block for a while and seemed to be concentrating hard. We held our breath so as not to disturb the deep mental processes that were going on within him. Then he made a move. He lifted the block and put it into his mouth!

Jeanne looked at me anxiously. "What does that mean?" she asked.

"Don't know, exactly," I replied. "It's hard to analyze—but it's absolutely normal."

Which also sums up my sister Jeanne.

THE END

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DOUBLE OR NOTHING

(*Continued from page 28*)

"WHAT THE BLAZES ARE ALL YOU PEOPLE DOIN' DOWN THERE? PUT OUT THOSE FIRES!"

"Oh, no!" said Shirley.

"It's persecution!" said Jack. "How can a fire hurt anything here? Are we taxpayers or aren't we? Are we going to stand for this—this persecution? Are we going—"

"Yes, darling," said Shirley, "we're going!"

They reached Point Zuma, 18 miles away. This was it. No kidding, this was it. No restrictions, no cops, no interruptions.

"Incidentally, Shirl," said Jack as they were driving home, "what was it you were trying to say tonight when that guardian of the law kept interrupting you?"

"Oh," said Shirley, "it was just a simple little observation. I've made it to you a few times before. A few hundred times."

"What's that?"

"Well, I was just trying to say—'What a nice husband I have to have fun with.'"

"Come, come!" said Jack. "It's the other way about."

"You mean I should say, 'What fun I have to have a nice husband with'?"

"You know very well what I mean, Mrs. Agar."

* * *

With the Agars, it's double or nothing. Happy marriage is happy sharing—and Jack and Shirley are having a wonderful time sharing, in equal parts, a life together. Fun, responsibilities, the problem of making little adjustments—these to the Agars are very much double undertakings.

A mutual undertaking in the fun department (besides intimate weenie roasts) that they report they're looking forward to, is traveling abroad. They're just waiting till Linda Susan is old enough to go along and appreciate it. (She already gurgles happily when you show her the colors in the Atlas.)

parlez-vous français? . . .

As a long-range preparation, Jack has been brushing up on his Spanish while Shirley exercises her French. One useful way she exercised it for a while was by calling Jack names in French when a little riled at him. This was originally designed to allow her to satisfy her feelings harmlessly—it was merely sort of talking to herself, for Jack's knowledge of the Gallic tongue is vague, at best. Then he began reaching for the French-English dictionary when Shirley would softly refer to him as a *detraque* and things. "So, my love!" he'd say, after brisk turning of the pages. "I'm a fiend and an assassin and a clod, am I? Well, you know what you are? You're a . . ." And he'd mentally run over a few choice Spanish nouns. "You're—you're a *malhechores* and an *idiota*." "Where's that Spanish dictionary, kid?" Shirley would inquire. (Shirley's Spanish is on a par with Jack's French.) There was a time when they'd never think of going to the dinner table unarmed with glossaries.

All in fun, naturally. Just the light banterings of a normal young couple. But, like everyone else, they sometimes have a real tiff. And in the fashion of many young couples, Shirley wins half of the arguments while John wins the other half. Their techniques of protest differ but the sum result is the same: no one stays mad.

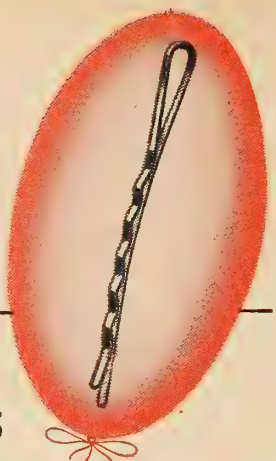
When Shirley gets downright peeved, she usually doesn't come right out with it, but employs two simple means of blowing off steam: slamming doors and listen-



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ing to classical music. "Going home to Mother" is out. The Temples live within a hundred yards of the Agars. As Shirley points out, "the short distance would kind of restrict the dramatic effect of the gesture."

When Jack gets mad—and this happens infrequently, since he holds it to be a waste of energy—he says he's mad. And he lets her know just why. Then he forgets it. You can hardly ever win, so hardly ever argue with a woman, is his motto.

One thing that annoys Shirley about Jack is the fact that when he reads or listens to music he's completely shut off from the rest of the world. Including his lovely young bride. He just can't help it. "The other day," she says, "I came into the living room and found him reading 'Of Time and the River,' by Thomas Wolfe. All wrapped up in it. I sat there a minute. He didn't give a flicker of a sign of knowing I was there. A woman doesn't like to be left out in the cold, even for Thomas Wolfe. I had to do something. 'Jack,' I said. No answer. 'How about a peppermint, Jack?' Nary a sound. 'An apple?' Not a peep. 'Jack!' I shouted, and threw a cushion at him.

"This brought him to the surface. 'You're behaving childishly, Red,' he said. That, of course, is about the worst thing you can say to the mother of a six-month-old baby. I assumed an elaborately pained expression.

"'You're still being childish,' he said.

"Of course he was right. I stopped looking pained. In fact, I had to laugh. Why do men always win?"

Another little victory for Jack was in the only difference of opinion they've ever had over Linda Susan. When she was five months old, Jack stood her on her feet.

"Don't do that!" cried Shirley, rushing up.

"Why on earth not? Susie *likes* it."

"You want your daughter to grow up to look like Gabby Hayes?"

"Is doing this going to give her a beard? A crazed notion. What'll you be telling me next?"

"No! But it'll make her bow-legged!"

"Of course it won't."

"I'm the mother. I should know."

Jack was unimpressed. Shirley called up the family doctor. "You'd better come right over and tell this husband of mine to stop ruining our baby! . . . What's he been doing? Why, he stood her up on her feet, that's what! . . . You—you mean it's *good* for her? A few minutes every day?"

Shirley turned red. Jack gave Linda Susan a superior smile. She gave it right back to her daddy.

how to be a lady . . .

"Almost always, though," says Shirley, "Jack lets me handle Linda Susan *my* way. And I'm going to teach her to dance, play the piano, to knit and sew—all the things a proper young lady should know. But Jack will have his share of parental instructing. When we have a boy—and I hope it won't be long before we do—he'll be Jack's responsibility. Jack can teach him football, baseball, boxing, and stuff."

Shirley denies that she's functioned as a teacher in another direction—that is, in helping Jack in his acting career. "I *have* made some technical suggestions from time to time," she admits. "Suggestions familiar to every experienced player and so important to a newcomer. But aside from that, I haven't really done anything. Jack has great talent and he's coming along fine. He doesn't need any help from me."

When they're in a film together, they occasionally rehearse their next-day's lines before going to sleep. They do it casually, for Shirley long ago learned that you get best results before the camera when relaxed, and beating the brains out all night stewing about a part is no contribution toward that.

Sometimes their ideas of roles differ from the director's. As in *Fort Apache,* Shirley and Jack provide the love interest in *Baltimore Escapade.* But this time, it's a different kind of love. Purely platonic. No kisses. No caresses.

"Ridiculous," said Jack.

"Disgusting," said Shirley.

"Let's add a love scene. Even though it's only one big bear-hug."

"At least one big bear-hug."

Sadly enough, Director Richard Wallace wouldn't see it their way. The beautiful scene was lost to Shirley, Jack, and posterity.

gotta get up . . .

There's one scene that Jack never seems to be able to do easily no matter how many times he's been over it before—the real-life scene of getting up early in the morning. The man who invented the alarm clock was wasting his time as far as Jack is concerned.

So it's up to Shirley—just as it is to millions of other wives. When Jack's working, even though Shirley has no scenes that morning, she has to rise early in order to rouse her unconscious mate—generally by a thorough shaking.

Not, Shirley will tell you, that Jack likes to sleep late. Matter of fact, he likes to get up early. But not *too* early. It's simply that it's a herculean task to wake him before he wakes himself through natural processes. Shirley, on the other hand, loves to stay in bed till noon when she—and Jack—aren't working.

On such days, breakfast for Shirley is a glass of orange juice and a cup of coffee. Hours before, six-foot-three Jack will have stowed away a somewhat less delicate repast: orange juice, cereal, four fried eggs, bacon, toast and coffee.

When they were first married, Shirley used to fix all the meals herself. Jack made it a joint endeavor by doing the dishes. That wasn't so good when they were both working—dinner was never ready until eight-thirty, and by the time the dishes were put away and the sink scrubbed and the kitchen straightened, they'd be two sleepy people. Nowadays there's a housekeeper to look after things. (And there's Mrs. Halverson to help look after Linda Susan.)

Shirley still plans the menus and places the orders with the groceryman, like every other housewife. "Jack's a cinch to satisfy," says Shirley. "He'd be perfectly happy to have just meat and potatoes seven times a week. But I like to be fancy and I often give him things like *crepes Suzette,* or *shashlik,* or *caneton aux pêches*—that's duck with peaches, to Jack. If I were to ask him first before having such exotic foods, he'd look unhappy. So I don't tell him, and when he gets 'em, he loves 'em."

The Agars' social life is relaxed, simple and shared. Their idea of a good time is to have a few close friends in for a dessert party (coffee and pastries only) or for bridge or a game of badminton or a musicale (phonograph).

But the last musicale discouraged Shirley a bit. "Three of my guests fell sound asleep! Don't know if it was the hour, the music, or the hosts."

It couldn't have been the hosts. They're as attractive a couple as could be found.

It's nice to know they found each other. Before, from all reports, Shirley and Jack were happy individuals. But now—that goes double.

THE END

THE PASSING LOVES OF PETER LAWFORD

(*Continued from page 37*)

three hours straight—not, we must hasten to add, counting intermissions. Then, seeing Peter alone for a moment, a columnist asked him if it were true that he and Lana were engaged.

"Well," Peter said, "if ever there was a girl I . . ."

"Yes? Yes?" said the columnist eagerly.

But Peter didn't finish. He looked as if something else had crossed his mind. The next evening he was seen out with a different girl, a statuesque blonde from M-G-M—not a star, just one of the messenger girls.

Which brings to mind that, while Peter has gone out with the Ava's and the Lana's, with Rita Hayworth and "Slim" Hawks and Hedy Lamarr, he has also gone out with many girls whose names are scarcely by-words. When he first came to Hollywood, he was much too shy to ask a star out for an evening.

During his early days at M-G-M, it was the unanimous opinion of the messenger girls at the studio (there were 38 of the pretty creatures there at the time) that Peter was a "quiet and refined type." But one of these girls changed her mind somewhat one Christmas Eve. It happened that this was also her birthday. In the midst of an informal celebration in the message room, Peter walked in. He was informed that it was Doris' birthday. Whereupon he walked over to her, put a quiet right hand behind her waist, a refined left hand behind her neck, bent her down adagio-style and, amid happy shrieks from her colleagues, kissed her a warm and lingering "Happy Birthday."

Since then, Doris still considers him refined—but not, perhaps, quite so quiet.

And from that day on Peter has progressed. It seems almost as if he'd said to himself in that pleasant British voice of his, "Look here, old boy, no good to be too reserved. Shall we circulate?"

After that, one would see Peter in a huddled conversation with Anita Colby, or attending a festive event with Marilyn Maxwell, or smiling intimately with Greer Garson, or squiring Cyd Charisse or Judy Clark. There was Beverly Tyler (where was Tom Drake?) whom Peter found chatty but a little hard to follow—as he complained to friends later. So Peter followed others. After he had announced that meeting Rita Hayworth was his deep desire, he met the lady. Having achieved it, he was grateful to Rita—but soon was

Earl's Pearls

■ Crooner Jack Lawrence relates the sad story of a child in Hollywood who's very poor: Only has one mother and father . . .

■ Nancy Donovan says that times change; nowadays a girl who brags that she's a domestic type usually means she doesn't insist on imported champagne . . .

■ My own new definition of Hollywood: "Where the men are all cads and the women are all pads."

—Earl Wilson

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again on his merry way with other gals.

It was along about this time that Peter took on some friendships that were looked upon dimly by his studio. The feeling was that Peter was possibly progressing a bit too fast—since some of the new attachments happened to be wives at odds with their husbands and reported considering divorces. Although there had been no complaints from the husbands concerned, one of the studio executives thought it high time that the ethics involved be explained to the young man.

"The bachelor who comes between a married couple is always looked upon as something of a snake-in-the-grass," he advised Peter. "I'm sure you don't want a reputation like *that.*"

Peter was bewildered. One of his outstanding characteristics is his capacity for sympathy. He has one of the most cried-on shoulders in Hollywood. His instinct to comfort is quick. He modestly tried to explain this—but had to admit that maybe the outside world might not see it in its proper light.

(Perhaps he had this in mind the other night at the Mocambo. Peter was seen in the company of a very attractive brunette whose name he refused to divulge on the grounds that her divorce proceedings were still under way.

"But can we have her picture?" asked a news photographer, getting ready to take it anyway.

"Oh, no!" cried Peter, and promptly pulled her face down against his shoulder to hide it.)

pete's a pal . . .

Yet men—even husbands—like Peter. Ask any of the married set. The men like him because he wears well. He's a good companion, equally adept at sports or banter, and few manifest jealousy of him.

One male star declared, "Peter Lawford is the one fellow in Hollywood who can throw his arms around your wife as a greeting without your minding it at all, somehow. He makes you feel he just has to be affectionate with his friends, men or women. You can't resent him."

"He's just a big, friendly cub," said another.

This probably accounts for the fact that Peter's status as a bachelor in Hollywood is unique in more ways than one. For instance, if a married feminine star is seen with any man other than her husband, it is sure to make talk—unless that man happens to be Peter Lawford. In that case there is just good-natured acceptance, on the part of the husband as well as the rest of the movie colony.

In other words, the fact that Peter is a great friend of Evie Johnson, Greer Garson, Nancy Sinatra, June Allyson, June Horne, and Jane Wyman, does not mean that Messrs. Johnson (or Wynn before him), Ney, Sinatra, Powell, Cooper, and Reagan, the husbands (and in a few cases, ex-husbands) of these ladies are not great friends of Peter. They are. At least, only one of these gentlemen has ever been reported as having voiced strong objections, and later, it is said, his friends succeeded in reasoning with him and convincing him that his suspicions were baseless.

It is not unusual for Peter to escort divorcees. In fact, at times it seems to some observers that he is making a specialty of them. But it is definitely not like him to come between any couple. Hollywood is satisfied about that.

No, the girl you see with Peter is more than likely to be the latest "find." It is a sort of a mark of acceptance for her, and, once obtained, she can feel free to go on with her career knowing she has been officially stamped and approved. And it is typical of Peter's nature that he holds himself available for this duty at all times. Studios wishing to launch a new girl know they can rely on his co-operation. She will be wined, dined and danced, all where the public will hear about it and come to know about her. Currently, Peter is being seen with Susan Perry (who used to be called Candy Toxton) and Shirley Ballard. The latter, one of the Goldwyn counting the brunette divorcee, of course). Girls, is the newest of his interests (not

There have been so many girls in Peter's life that in the past year a number of magazines have come to regard him as a sort of authority on girls generally; they have had him write articles on the subject.

Thus he has put himself on record as considering Lana Turner gifted with a "magnetic force," Anita Colby as "beautiful *and* brainy," Hedy Lamarr as "spontaneous . . . unaffected . . . infectious," and Gene Tierney as "exquisite." But that isn't all. The fact that he was never out with Joan Caulfield and Katharine Hepburn didn't prevent him from analyzing these ladies as well! He loved Joan, he wrote, because she was "so healthy and fresh." Katharine? Well, she was just "sensational," he said.

So, like Don Juan, Peter dwells a great deal over the various points of beauty he notes in the girls he knows. But, unlike Don Juan, he belies the strength of their charms by never succumbing himself. Lana Turner's "magnetic force," for instance. It bounced right off Peter, as did Anita Colby's "beauty and brains," Hedy Lamarr's "spontaneity," and so on.

What does a girl have to have to put the full "whammy" on this boy? It is pretty well agreed that if ever a girl does succeed in this little accomplishment, her fame and fortune is assured on the strength of it. She will not only be Mrs. Peter Lawford; together they will be the greatest romantic box-office team in the land. And, as has been pointed out above, Peter is no recluse. He is available.

the answer . . .

If you talk to friends of Peter they will supply you with a good theory concerning his dilettante ways with girls. They say he fell into them when he arrived in Hollywood and his future was uncertain. British-bred, educated by private tutors, twice around the world, he had a combination of boyish appeal and continental manners that could go far. But in his first association at M-G-M he wasn't making enough money even to go out in public. Then his studio is said to have come to his rescue. It offered to foot the bills so that he could be seen in the right places by the news columnists who, as everyone knows, always go to the right places to cover whatever wrong things they happen to spy.

"When a fellow is sponsored by his studio like that he has to circulate to give them their money's worth," one of his pals pointed out. "Not only from spot to spot, but from girl to girl. After all, the studio is paying off and they want him to remain an eligible—not get to romancing and get married off on their time."

Of course this is not a new system in Hollywood. Any number of youngsters, just starting in movies, make it a policy to pair off in different couples—boys and girls—and make the rounds. The idea is to buy one drink at The Mocambo, a second at the Beverly Hills Tropics, and perhaps a third at The Beachcomber's, rather than stay in one place. It sort of makes the pattern of success spiral-shaped; you keep going around and around in order to go up.

A few years ago Peter, himself, was quoted along the same lines as his friend's explanation. He is reported to have commented: "Why don't I go steady? Look. I refuse to take up a girl's time if I can't be serious with her. Time is very valuable

to her—and to me. We've got to use it to go places, and I don't mean just places . . . if you know what I mean."

All this makes sense with those close to Peter's career—including the money angle, if *that* must be mentioned. There are many who remember that during his earlier days Peter used to have to stand for a lot of kidding because, look, he had to be very careful with a dollar.

"Brother, he was a reluctant payoff," sighed one of his friends.

The same man recalled, in connection with this, that one of the most elaborately planned gags ever played on a screen star was staged for Peter's benefit—if not discomfiture. It happened at a New Year's Eve party at Frank Sinatra's home. When Peter arrived he was told he was going to take part in a sketch to be presented on an improvised stage at one end of the Sinatra living room. Two of the other players were Sinatra and Phil Silvers. The scene was supposed to be a table at a night club and they all had lines to speak.

The thing went along in only a mildly amusing manner until, at a certain point, one of the guests playing a waiter's part approached with the check. Peter, following the directions of the script, reached for it saying loudly, "Here! I'll take the check!" That was the end of the play. While Peter gawked in surprise, actors and audience alike fell to the floor rolling in laughter at his words—words, they all claimed, they had never heard him utter before in his life!

Nevertheless, they were all fond of him, they understood his situation, and that is all over today. He enjoys a different status and the pinch is gone.

In his position today Peter can hardly talk about "wasting a girl's time." When it comes to security he can buy her as big a home, set on as high a Hollywood crag, and amidst as many artificially planted palm trees, as the next man. He may have to learn what a girl looks like by fireside light instead of night-club neon—but after that, his most intimate friends are convinced, he will like the change.

More than that, they are firm in the belief that when he does marry he will make a wonderful husband; one who will keep romance alive. Any girl seeking such assurance can apply to Frank Sinatra, Phil Silvers and Jack Cooper, who are convinced of it.

When he does take the fateful step, listen for a great, collective sigh to rise from those girls who have been his passing loves and from those others who had a reasonable expectancy to become such. They will all miss the most colorful master of the romantic runaround since . . . well, there never has been anyone *just* like Peter!

THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



At a golf benefit for the late Ben Coltrin in San Francisco, Bing Crosby was playing in a foursome which included the 14-year-old Marlene Bauer. When Miss Bauer was putting at one of the holes Bing said, "If you make that shot I'll introduce you to my oldest son." The putt wasn't good so Bing gave an encouraging smile and said, "Well, then, I'll introduce you to my youngest son."

June Hilson
San Francisco, Calif.

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TO MARY WITH LOVE

(Continued from page 39)

"No, but we're getting married next November."

"Does he know it?"

"Of course! It was his idea."

"And you know what you're doing?"

"Naturally."

Dorothy picked up a brush and began working on her abundant red hair, covertly eyeing Mary in the mirror.

"Nevertheless," she said, "I'm sure that if you are as smart as I think you are, you'll tell Dana tomorrow that you'd like to think the whole thing over for about five years."

"If I did that," replied Mary, "I should have my head examined."

Dorothy snorted. "I'll do that for nothing. I don't have anything against Dana. They don't come better in the male department. But look what you're getting into. Right now he earns $35 a week—sometimes. Some day he'll be a professional actor. Maybe he'll even get a job in the movies. So what? When he does he'll have to pay his backers 35% right off the top of his salary."

Mary didn't say a word.

"I know, honey, I'm talking like your worst enemy," Dorothy went on, "but let's be frank. How is Dana doing? The woods are full of handsome guys here at the Playhouse. Who's getting the best leads? Not Dana. Take his friends—Bob Preston, Hersh Daugherty, Vic Mature, Tommy Skinner—*they're* going somewhere. But Dana? Shucks, it's not in the cards for a long time. Besides, what about your own career? What about that Warner test?"

Mary lifted herself carefully from the wreckage of her studio couch. "Here," she said, "give me that brush—you're not getting it combed right in the back."

She went to work briskly. Dorothy winced as the brush punctuated Mary's rebuttal.

"My career? Poof! As for how much money Dana earns, who cares? Go ahead, call me a dreamer, but he's going places too, that boy—and I'm going with him."

Mary Andrews can remember that conversation as though it took place yesterday. Matter of fact, it happened nine years, four contracts, three children, a mansion in Toluca Lake, and about a half-million dollars ago. That's for the record.

dark horse . . .

Dorothy had to admit that she was spectacularly wrong about Dana. She was accurate about the future of Dana's buddies at the Playhouse—Bob, Hersh, Vic and Tommy. In one way or another they all did fine, but it was Dana who rushed from behind down the home stretch, the long-odds dark horse.

Today Dana tops all Pasadena graduates in box-office popularity and salary earned—something better than a quarter of a million gross each year. *No Minor Vices*, his gamble—and a successful one—in the field of comedy, gives him as part producer one-third of the profits. Now he's just back from England after completing *Britannia Mews*, and is knee-deep in scripts. And heart-deep in a happy marriage.

The date they cemented this monument to matrimony was November 17, 1939. There weren't any cameramen or reporters around when the ceremony took place at the home of Mary's parents in Santa Monica, even though Dana was already a movie actor.

"I had finished my first part," Dana remembers. "One line in a Western for Sam Goldwyn. I can't remember it, but it must have been something like 'They went thataway, sheriff.' But I was big stuff—under contract at $150 a week. I was paying off the fellows who'd backed me ever since I worked in a gas station and drove a school bus out in Van Nuys. Back then, I was studying for opera at $20 a lesson. Now I was a movie actor. The backers took a well-deserved 35% to get back their investment, and I had a net of $97.50 a week.

"No question about it. I had arrived, and still I was far from being discovered. For the first time in my life I asked myself, 'Am I going to make a go of this?' Then I remembered Texas, had a talk with Mary, and knew that there was nothing in the future to be afraid of."

What Dana remembered about Texas was his decision to quit high school in his Junior year, take a job with the Gulf Oil Company and spend two years working his way to the point that he was almost a certified public accountant at a neat $200 a month. Then one day he returned to his desk after lunch, looked at the miles of figures and said, "This I don't like." He quit his job that day, spent all but $16 on a rousing farewell party and hitch-hiked his way to the Coast.

feller needs a girl . . .

Now he was miles from that comfortable job, a married man with responsibilities. He didn't have to worry too much. Mary took over.

"I don't care how much we have to skimp," she said. "We're going to build a house right now. There's the lot the family has given us out in Sherman Woods. Now all we need is $2,000."

Somehow, after first option time, the money was there. In a miraculously short time, so was the house. The Andrews family now hit a vein of pure luck. When the last shrub was planted to landscape the place, their home was worth $19,000. Then, just before costs began to skyrocket, a flush buyer just had to take it off their hands for $35,000.

Together, they found the place in Toluca Lake—a modified English mansion on an acre and a half. (Today the place is worth better than $100,000.)

"Frankly," says Dana, "when we moved in I couldn't believe it—to a place like this from a rooming house in Pasadena in six years. Fantastic!"

At first, Dana wanted to take out the electric gates which opened out of the high front wall. "Shucks," he said, "we're not hiding from anyone."

"Maybe not," Mary retorted, "but the electric gate ought to stay. After all, think how safe the dogs are going to be."

And David, Dana's 14-year-old son by his first marriage, spoke up. "Besides that," he declared, "I can be the keeper of the gate, and nobody can get by unless I say so."

How true that was, Dana found out every time he returned from the studio. He'd get out of his car, press the button, and hear David ask fuzzily over the loudspeaker system, "Who is it, please?"

"It's your Dad!"

"Who?"

"Andrews—Mr. Dana Andrews."

Then he'd hear David ask, "Do we know a Mr. Andrews?"

This was too much. "Open up!" Dana would roar, "or I'll smash the blasted thing down!"

Eventually, they worked out a system. Every time Dana gave the horn two longs and a short, the gates swung open. The gates are still there and operating, and it

never fails that whenever they swing open for no particular reason the happy visitor always is a persistent salesman or someone Dana would rather not have drop in.

Those gates, however, really aren't symbolic of the retiring life the Andrews family leads. Mary and Dana aren't antisocial. It's just that since Dana was a boy, living back in Texas with brothers Wilton, Harlan, Charles, Ralph, David, Bill, John and sister Mary, he's never had to search for friends. He had them right in his own family, and habit clings.

Too, the Andrews tribe began to multiply. An only child, Mary wanted lots of family. First came Kathy, now six, then Stephen, who is three and a half, and finally the toddler, Michael, now 10 months.

When Dana would hit home at night there'd be no prying him loose. Then the thing about the boats happened. One day, while Dana was loafing around between pictures, his stand-in called up and said, "I'm going down to the harbor for a little sailing. Come on along."

Dana took one look at the hundreds of little boats scooting around the harbor and beyond the breakwater. He stepped aboard the stand-in's little 20-footer, discovered he was immune to sea sickness, and was promptly lost.

all aboard . . .

For days, he haunted the docks at Balboa until he found his boat, a trim little cutter, the *Katherine*. "She's a beauty," he told Mary that night. "A little over 50 feet. We can spend weekends on her—the whole family. Charles and Bill can be part of the crew, and we'll never notice the cost."

"Hmmm," Mary murmured. "How much?"

"Well, around $25,000, but we can make a deal."

"I have a hunch you will," Mary replied, and to her credit let it be said that she never once mentioned a mink coat, a new car, or redecorating the house.

An independent company wanted Dana to do a picture.

"It's a deal," he said, "except that I sure need a boat." And there was his financing, and the *Katherine*, just like that.

Months later, Dana spotted another boat, the beautiful *Vileehigh*. It was just at dusk as the family was returning from Catalina. "Look at that," Dana exclaimed to Mary. "Now, *that's* the sort of boat we should really have!"

"Sure," Mary agreed, "and maybe in another 20 years when we're millionaires, we'll have it."

For once, she underestimated her husband.

It seems that another independent company wanted Dana to do a picture. "Hmmm," Dana said. "I'd sure like to. Thing is, I've got a boat on my hands. Can't use the darn thing. Maybe the studio needs a good boat—might come in handy for yachting scenes."

There were some conferences. The studio discovered it needed a boat—if it wanted Dana for the picture. The *Katherine* changed hands at a nice profit and all of a sudden Dana was master of the 80-foot *Vileehigh*, as fine a ketch as has ever sailed the Pacific.

"Teakwood deck," Dana explains as he eases her out toward the end of the breakwater under motor power. "You won't find that on any other boat like this on the Coast. Man, the *Vileehigh* has been through storms in the Orient that have smashed everything else in sight. She's indestructible."

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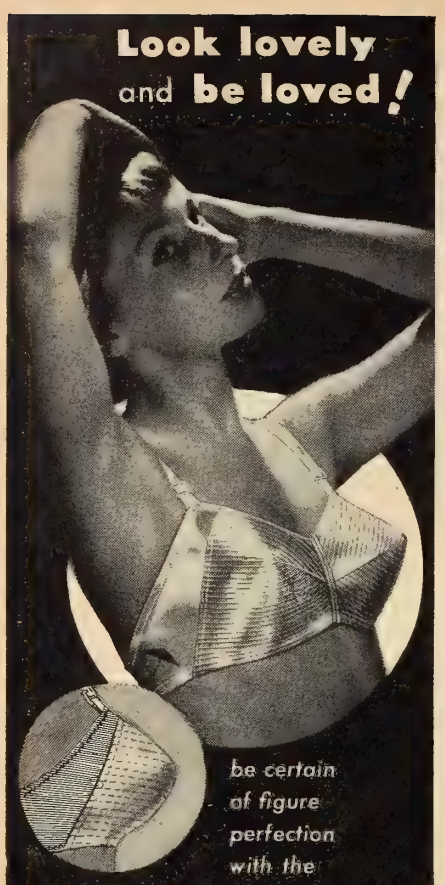
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Son Stevie walks down along the deck from the bow, tiny face screwed up in deep thought. He sticks his head in the wheel house, says to Dana, "Good wind. Gus says to run up the sail."

"Okay, matey," Dana agrees.

Stevie goes forward.

"Look at that," Dana enthuses. "Nothing like a boat for a kid! And the first few times out I nearly lost my mind every time I couldn't see him for a second or two."

Stevie was back.

"Gus is going to put out the fishing lines."

"Okay, matey."

Kathy comes in with a plate of cookies. She looks at Dana with lovelight in her eyes. He takes a cookie, glances up and sees an ocean liner dead ahead.

"What do you think, Kathy?" he asks.

Kathy considers the distance, peers over the side, calculating the boat's speed.

"Better wheel over, Daddy," she says, "we're on a collision course!"

"See what I mean?" he asks. "Some crew!"

Kathy interrupts. "Daddy, please sing that song."

Dana grins. "Can't. Got to pay attention to the wheel. You sing it, Kathy."

Kathy sings, almost carrying a tune. *"Carry me back to Hohokus, New Jersey,"* she warbles, *"because that's the only way you'll get me there."*

She is interrupted.

Stevie's in again, his face lit up like a beacon. "Fish ahoy!" he shouts.

Now everything moves like clock-work. Brother Charlie takes over the wheel. Dana goes on deck, hauls in the line.

Stevie peers down into the churning water. "Barracuda," he exclaims. "Big one!"

"Swell—fish for dinner tonight, Steve," Dana says, working the struggling 'cuda in closer. "Go on—tell Mother—she's downstairs!"

Stevie glares at his dad. "Downstairs—huh, you mean *below!*"

And having established again his nautical knowledge, Stevie scurries off with frying-pan news for his mom.

The run from San Pedro to the Isthmus at Catalina is about two and a half hours with a fair wind. By the time Ray and Gus are dropping anchor in the harbor, the sun is down and lights from shore are twinkling in the deepening dusk. From the galley below comes the teasing aroma of barracuda turning into steaks. Stevie and Kathy are already at the table, satisfying miniature but powerful appetites and chattering away with Brother Charlie's offspring, Dana and Jean. Mary Andrews, who cooks in shifts for the children and adults, comes up laughing.

"Stevie," she explains, "wants to catch a barracuda to put in his Christmas stocking. He's got it figured out that if he gives Santa Claus such an elegant fish he'll get more presents!"

Later, much later, when the dishes are washed, Dana takes off for the Isthmus in the shore boat, just to prowl around, and maybe drop in at the bar for a Horse's Neck (ginger ale, soda and lemon peel).

"I'm not worried about being a boat wife," Mary declares as she tunes in a symphony over the ship's radio. "You know, Dana used to go into what I call a 'Dark One' now and then. I guess every man does, and a woman just sort of waits it out. Dana is different, though, in one way: He never takes it out on his family.

"I think that what gets him down sometimes is trying to keep an impersonal attitude about everything. Movie stars are made out to be such important people. You can almost see Dana, like a lot of others, going through the struggle to remain normal.

"And he takes his work very seriously. For instance, not long ago, he had quite an argument with a director about the way to play a scene. Now, I think he throws his weight around as seldom as any man in pictures, but when he's sure he's right, he won't budge. Anyway, this director insisted that they'd only have one take on a particular scene and they'd play it *his* way. Dana didn't feel the mood that was being called for and politely said so. The director was having an off day and hit the ceiling. He said no actor was going to tell him how to run the picture—why, he'd just sit down until Dana made up his mind to behave. 'Fine,' said Dana, and set his jaw.

"So they sat. And they sat. Finally Dana said, 'Look—I can sit just as long as you can.' They sat for a while longer.



"I've stopped reading books altogether. I found they were just spoiling the movies for me."

Then Dana suggested that if they sat for the rest of the day they'd lose the studio about $20,000, but it would only cost a few hundred to do the scene *both* ways. The director gave in. Next day, after the rushes, he came around to Dana and admitted that an actor could be right. Not that Dana considers himself anything of a genius, but he studies hard what he's doing and one day he'll be in the producing business himself. Even so, the argument was enough to send him into a dark mood for a couple of days."

Off shore came the putt-putt of an outboard motor.

"That's Dana coming back," Mary said. "It's time to prepare the Love Nest."

She disappeared momentarily to return with sheets, pillows and blankets and take them to the cupola on deck. This is a wide, hut-like arrangement about three times the size of a double bed. Here, forsaking the beautiful master's stateroom below, the Andrews' like to sleep on starlit nights.

shore party . . .

As Gus and Ray hauled the shore boat to its stanchions, Dana came up over the side.

"Some party on shore," he said. "Three couples dancing to the juke box. It's just as well we didn't find any visitors to keep us up late, because we've got a long hike ahead of us tomorrow."

Some hike!

The sun beat Steve and Kathy getting up by a split second. After bacon and eggs everyone went ashore. The kids stayed behind to frolic on the beach while the senior Andrews' strode out ahead of their guests and up over the mountainside toward Fourth of July Bay.

From the mountainside they could look down on almost a hundred boats of all sizes and descriptions, from home-built skiffs to $50,000 power launches. Music and voices drifted upward.

"Some fun," Dana said. "And if I hadn't gone sailing that day a couple of years back I never would have discovered all this. Look!" He gestured toward the mainland. In a shimmering path of sunlight as far as could be seen were boats of all types. "Here they come," Dana continued, "the gas-station attendants, society loafers and bank presidents. How's that for perspective?"

It was pretty good. More people should see it.

When the aching bones reached the beach again, Kathy was still splashing in the water. A large-stomached, cigar-smoking tycoon was talking to Stevie.

"Fine boy! Fine boy!" he growled, patting the youngest Andrews on the head.

Stevie turned, saw his dad and came running over. His tummy pushed out, he patted his parent condescendingly on the knee.

"Fine boy!" he said. "Fine boy!"

Dana scooped his son up in his arms. "Hah!" he chortled, "I never know whether to hug you or wallop you, so I'll do both." He did.

That's life as it is lived by the Merry Andrews'. Perhaps that's not hot-off-the-wire news for gossip commentators, but it's not a bad bulletin for a lot of young folk who are wondering how a marriage makes out that starts with a wealth of loving hope and a dearth of dear old ready cash.

Flash! The Dana Andrews' will celebrate their ninth wedding anniversary almost any time now . . . Dana is giving Mary a diamond bracelet from which a little gold tag hangs, bearing the inscription, "To Mary, With Love" . . . And Mary is giving Dana an elegant seaman's watch, on the back of which is etched one word: DITTO! THE END

Are you in the know?



When a gal's not "one of the gang"—why?

☐ *She's shy* ☐ *She's a glow worm* ☐ *She's a vacuum cleaner*

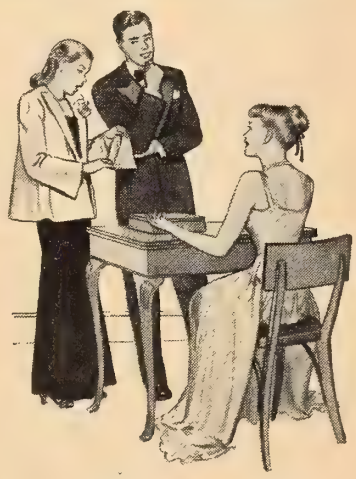
Shyness is only one reason. She may be a glow worm (self-centered). Or a vacuum cleaner (picks up all the dirt). Any answer above can be right. The cure? Learn to get along with others. Good way's to join a dramatic club. Be a good trouper, *whatever* the day—for Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Yes, *new* Kotex has wonder-softness that *holds its shape.* Add the new Kotex Sanitary Belt that's adjustable, all-elastic—and, come hours of rehearsals—you're *doubly* comfortable!



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☐ *Your fingernails*
☐ *Your front teeth*
☐ *Your left thumb*

Why fight "bobbies" tooth and nail? Either approach wrecks enamel. Instead, hold curl with left fingers, bringing up pin with right hand. Open pin with ball of left thumb; keep apart with flesh of right finger . . . the rest is easy. And by the way, why don't *you* rest easy, concerning certain stubborn worries? Let Kotex rout those poise-wreckers! —with the *extra* protection you get with Kotex' exclusive safety center. It's accident insurance! (*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)



If he's your guest, what about tickets?

☐ *Buy them at the door*
☐ *Buy them in advance*
☐ *The boy should buy them*

Could be he goes to a different school; or lives in another town. In any case, when gal invites guy, the shindig tickets are *her* problem. Buy and hand 'em over in advance. Don't fluster him by fumbling at the door. There's a way *you* can stay unflustered . . . even though your calendar defies you. It's simply a matter of choosing Kotex, knowing those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines. So, relax. And skylark through the dance in confidence!



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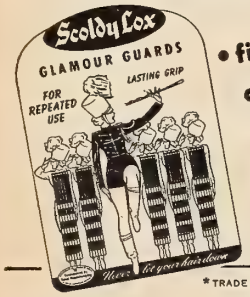
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CONFESSIONS OF AN EX-PLAYGIRL

(Continued from page 41)

back on my heels at the time—and opened my eyes.

I had it coming. It was simply a case of my sins catching up with me at last. Sins of omission, that is.

Looking back, I can't honestly see how Clark Gable or anyone around M-G-M could have thought anything very different about the acting abilities of one Ava Gardner, perennially "promising" starlet.

I'd been "promising" somebody for six long years—promising just whom I wasn't quite sure—that I'd do something one of these days about being an actress. I'd had success of a sort off the lot in *The Killers* but that wasn't really such a much of a Gardner triumph and not everyone had seen it, including Clark. There wasn't much reason for anyone to think otherwise than he did—that I was the laziest, most disinterested, most lackadaisical "starlet" who ever crossed the lot.

Confidentially, I think I was, too!

"you oughta be in pictures . . ."

If you're looking for Object Lesson A to hold up before any green girl whom people keep telling she's pretty and "ought to be in the movies," any girl who finds herself with a lucky ticket to Hollywood, any girl who thinks a studio stock contract is a sure pass to good times and a perpetual paradise of doing nothing while waiting for fame to shower golden favors on her silly head—that's me! Correction: That *was* me. I'm reformed—that is, I *think* I am.

So here goes a confession: I've never been half as interested in any kind of career as I am in what happens to my own life, to me, to Ava Gardner. If it's real life versus reel life, the real life wins, every time. Maybe I'm just funny that way. Maybe there've been some changes made lately, though—maybe, I said. I couldn't say for sure.

I was 18 when I first traveled to Hollywood with my older sister to chaperone me. And I was as green as the Pullman seat I sat on—about acting, about Hollywood, about most everything in show business. I know that at that age plenty of ambitious girls are well along the road to fame, some are already stars, some are straining every nerve to become one. That's where I was different. To me the whole idea was a nice joy-ride, an intriguing personal experience, an excursion. I had no more real acting plans or ambition than a flea.

Most career girls I've known contract the acting bug when they're in their teens. The reasons: They're either so good-looking that everyone around them keeps hammering, "You ought to be in pictures, you ought to go on the stage," or they're just natural show-offs, which helps a lot if you're planning an acting career, believe me. Or, again, a few rare ones have a genuine feeling for drama, a real, deep talent that has to be expressed, or they'll bust.

At 18, all I had was the face. When I dreamed, it was of bridal veils and orange blossoms, getting married and having my own home and kids. I came from a family of seven and today, when I count up my nieces and nephews, I run out of fingers. I'm old-fashioned. My idea of heaven is settling down to just plain family living. It's really quite a joke on me that I finally broke out of that "promising" never-never land as a sexy siren. But maybe glamor desires had been suppressed in me all along.

If so, I certainly kept them well concealed when I first arrived in Hollywood. If I was a dark horse, I was well under wraps. But honestly, I never thought of myself in any race. I wasn't in training for anything. I was just hanging around, having myself a nice lazy time. How busy, important people could have been so persistently interested in me and my career future, I still wonder. I didn't repay their interest with much effort. Yet I had the gates to everything most girls yearn for in Hollywood wide open before my innocent eyes.

I had the highly-skilled training staff of the biggest studio in Hollywood at my disposal. I had a potential acting education dropped in my lap, absolutely free, that would cost me heaven knows how many hundreds a week anywhere else. It was all right there for me.

But it was more pleasant just to draw my check.

Hollywood is perfect fun country and I liked my fun. I liked people, I met plenty right away, and I wanted to play. The sunshine was wonderful, the beach enchanting. My mind was on tennis or swimming or buzzing around in a car in the daytime. At night it was strictly on dates, dancing, who was doing what and where and with whom. If I wasn't at Ciro's, Mocambo or somewhere, I was afraid they might blow away.

Why any kind soul around the M-G-M lot bothered giving me fight talks about taking advantage of my opportunities is impossible to figure out. Maybe to them I was an irritating spectacle, sand in an oyster that could come up a pearl, a good girl going to waste. Maybe they just liked my home-town friendliness. But their pep talks were lost on my silly head. Fun came first.

just so far . . .

People who see something in you will encourage you just so long. Then they stop. They know, from experience, that it's up to you. Besides, they haven't the time—even if they have the largeness of heart—to push dead weight up the ladder. They're too busy themselves. I never thought of that then. I was perfectly happy being Ava Gardner, a person, instead of Ava Gardner up in lights.

When I fell in love I got married, not giving my career a thought. I stopped even the little bit parts for a year while Mickey Rooney and I were married. When that broke up I came back. Soon I fell in love with Artie Shaw and again I married, again I didn't consider my "career."

I don't regret anything that's happened to me in my private life. I never do. You live and learn from every experience and I learned from both marriages much that has become a part of my life—much home-keeping, much of music, books, business, interests of many kinds. If I fall in love again I'll marry again, too, just as quickly, just as hopefully.

The only regrets that perch like blackbirds on my shoulder are the years I wasted being content to be atmosphere. I only feel guilt when I realize it was nothing but pure luck that snapped me out of it.

You make your own chances. Oddly enough, that's what I did, absolutely unconsciously of course, even against my will. The things that bored me most, the things I ducked and dodged—publicity glamor stills—paved the way for something that

finally woke up the first career crocus of spring, the first faint tingling of Ava's interest. And paved the way, is right. You could have carpeted Hollywood Boulevard with Ava Gardner from curb to curb.

I don't remember how many swim suits I wore out—without getting near the water. I shot enough sultry looks around the M-G-M photo gallery to melt the North Pole.

"Beauteous Ava Gardner, promising M-G-M starlet . . ."

Well, a reputation can get around—even when it's dressed in a bathing suit. Another studio was hunting an inexpensive young actress to play a small town bad girl in *Whistlestop*. They called my studio and asked about this Ava Gardner, she looked the type—was she busy? No. Her price? Nothing to break the bank at Monte Carlo. I was loaned out.

My performance in *Whistlestop* wasn't exactly nominated for an Academy Award but for the first time I had a few lines and I was supposed to do something other than stand around and provide atmosphere. I can't remember vibrating to any artistic challenge or anything but I did try seriously to look and talk and act like the tank-town tootsie I was supposed to be. And that was progress.

I found myself anxious about what I had done after it was over. I sneaked inside theaters to see the picture, where I hadn't bothered before. A minor upheaval was stirring inside me. Something new had been added. At long last—one touch of ambition.

That tiny touch was promptly nursed by the most fantastic good-luck formula anybody ever had.

guardian angel . . .

Walter Wanger, a producer I barely knew, was the man who suggested me for *The Killers* to another great movie maker, the late Mark Hellinger. I had never met him. Yet my horseshoe went rolling merrily along. Mr. Hellinger listened to Mr. Wanger, saw *Whistlestop*, asked for my test from M-G-M—and in no time at all I was on one of the most coveted sets in Hollywood. My guardian angel must have been working overtime.

It shouldn't be necessary to point out what it meant to work with Mark Hellinger. Before he died so shockingly young, just when he was setting a fast, new pace for Hollywood, everyone who ever knew him loved him. Before I had finished *The Killers*, I did too. In this rather dizzy career confession of mine he holds a special place. It was under his guidance that I first really felt the thrill of playing a movie role. And it was different than anything I'd ever experienced—from many angles. For one, Mark Hellinger's sets were electric with enthusiasm (I could use some of that). They were hard-working, fast-shooting, trigger-sharp.

There was something else—a psychological something that worked strong medicine with me. For the first time in my life I was acting on a par with everyone else. All the actors of *The Killers* were unestablished then. Burt Lancaster was almost as obscure as I was. Me, I'd always lived in awe of the great stars on my home lot—Katharine Hepburn, Lana Turner, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy. There might have been just a touch of that "what's the use?" about me when I was in the glittering orbit of that galaxy. I could never, never act along in that league, my subconscious assured me. On *The Killers* it was different. Besides being the only girl in the cast with a part of consequence, I was the queen bee.

My acting job—I'm not kidding myself

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—was just so-so. But in my book, my part in *The Killers* was a very, very important role. It gave me more confidence than I've had since I turned down the Smithfield High School football captain for the senior prom! When I tackled *The Hucksters* next, I had something more than a vague notion of what I was up to. In fact, I had a darned good idea.

I didn't want to play that part in *The Hucksters*—and do you know why? I thought it was bad for me! I was getting typed as a siren. Imagine that easy-going Gardner girl worrying about the dangers and pitfalls of type-casting! I'd never given a fig before. It was a good sign —that worrying. It proved even to me that I was—well, growing up, professionally speaking.

But it was also challenging. I was to sing at the piano, a solo night club act, featured with that merciless camera bearing down on me, all alone by the microphone. The challenge got me extremely bothered. Imagine again! My general estimate of myself (and I suppose everyone else's too) was that I was too lazy to roll out of bed! I suddenly had to prove I was wrong.

I worked. I went to singing coach Harriet Lee and said, "Please, Harriet, will you teach me? I know I'm a dope—I could have had my voice trained before, I know. Now I have to, and fast. Can you?"

She worked days and into the night. So did I. We made it.

I went on my knees, so to speak, to dramatic coach, Lillian Burns. My face flamed at the memories of the hundred times she'd wanted me to work and I'd had something silly that seemed more important. "Please, Lillian, will you?" She would. We made it. At least, enough to convince Clark Gable.

this time for keeps . . .

Besides, I won the Look Magazine award as—that's right—the "most promising young actress of 1947." Only this time maybe they weren't kidding. This time, I was promising a character named Ava Gardner, for one.

It's a funny thing, how success feeds on success. Pure, unadulterated good luck set a firecracker under me. But once I stirred my stumps, a certain momentum developed. And when it came to *One Touch of Venus,* I actually suffered agonies. Because it looked for a while as if I couldn't make it. Me—worrying over not making a picture! You can see how the wheel had turned full circle.

It wasn't all because for the first time in my life they tagged that really thrilling term "star" on me. It wasn't all the lure of a charming script, gay music, a crack at comedy—I'm only human, and female, I never said I was immune to flattery, and who wouldn't like to be picked to play Venus?

It was mainly because it was another challenge to make good.

So when they asked, I didn't say maybe. I yelled "Yes!" Then's when I discovered the agonies of suspense. Up came a situation. It's a funny world. I was dying to do it. And my studio said "No."

One Touch was planned by another studio—Universal. M-G-M had offered every possible opportunity to me for years, risked me in *The Hucksters.* Now that I was reformed, they had plans themselves.

"We know you want to make *Venus* and it's a wonderful idea," they said. "But after all you're an M-G-M player and charity begins at home." Or words to that effect. They had a picture set to start and a part for me.

I actually wept. My disappointment was that keen. Then one of those crazy Hollywood things happened. The M-G-M picture was put off. "You can do *Venus.*" But there was a deadline—I'd have only a very short time before the home folks would want me back. And I had a million and one things to learn.

Followed the most exciting days of my life—so far, that is. Billy Daniel, the dance director, had scores of tricky steps. (Why hadn't I taken dancing when I had nothing but spare hours?) There was voice training and songs to learn. (Oh, my misspent youth again!) Costumes, beautiful—but oh, how awkward I was at fittings! (Why the heck hadn't I spent more time getting used to these things, preparing for a time like this?)

I posed for a sculptor two hours every day while he chiseled out a statue of Venus. As I posed I thought of a thousand things I ought to be doing, watched the clock hands race around, ticking off precious hours. What a whirl!

I worked like a dog and loved it. I was certainly one changed gal. I worked against time—and made it. *One Touch of Venus* was filmed and I was back to M-G-M in time and life was wonderful.

When it was finally over, I paced around my apartment like a caged cat. I was suddenly bored silly. I wasn't working. It's amazing what happens when you once get going. I hope it keeps on this way with me. But I don't know. Being a star is a responsibility. It means I have to go forward or go back; I can't stand still. Sometimes I shiver and shake at the idea. Me, who never had a nerve in her body!

But frankly, I'm not so worried about my abilities. I've just finished an exciting starring part on my home lot with Robert Taylor *(The Bribe)* and now I'm doing another with Gregory Peck *(Great Sinner).* I know now I can do whatever I have to—that it's not only possible, but thrilling fun!

What puckers my alabaster brow is whether or not I'll keep up full steam ahead or revert to type. Because, as I said, I'm an old-fashioned girl. Hoot all you like, but what I really want is a home and kids—just as I keep telling anyone who asks me. I'm not completely sure yet whether I'm going to be Forever Ambitious or not.

One thing is a cinch, though. I won't be Forever Promising anymore. THE END



that's hollywood!

Dane Clark: "Immorality in Hollywood is just a lot of columnists' talk. I don't say that people here wouldn't like to be immoral, but they're too tired." . . . Vincent Price: "The trouble with Hollywood is that it ain't got culture." . . . Harry Armstrong (who wrote "Sweet Adeline" in 1896, commenting on a report that it is losing favor as a barroom ballad): "It don't bother me. I don't care if 'Adeline' ain't Number 1 on the drunks' hit parade. To tell you the truth, I'm kinda glad the old girl is growing up to be a lady." . . . Joan Crawford: "I will play Wally Beery's grandmother, if it's a good acting part."

Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter

Your letters...

SENSE—OR STENCH?

Dear Editor: Your editorial, "Challenge to Hollywood," made more sense than the daily papers. At a time when the ordinary citizen is afraid to speak his mind, those in the arts, sciences and professions must not hide behind the curtain of fear. After all, actors are also citizens, and as such, are not immune to the economic, political or social trends of our times. As the editor of a local professional group, I have tried to put the same idea, embraced in your editorial, before my colleagues. Whether one supports Truman, Dewey or Wallace—one must fulfill the duties of citizenship if our democracy is to grow.

More power to those in Hollywood who have the courage to speak up for the things they believe. And more power to you, for challenging them to do so and for your understanding of the problem in times that are filled with hysteria and fear.

Dr. M. Teitelbaum, Newark, N. J.

Dear Editor: I think your editorial, "Challenge to Hollywood" stinks. If you don't like this country, you know where you can go back to.

Mrs. R. E. Blackton, Chicago, Ill.

GINGER-SNAPPING

Dear Editor: With reference to your criticism of Ginger Rogers in the story, "How Long Can You Stay Great?" we take pleasure in telling you that you are incompetent

We have admired Ginger since the first time we saw her in a picture, about twelve years ago, and we believe that she is what she claims to be.

Pierrette Paquin, Madeleine Cloutier, Maurice Belanger, Ottawa, Can.

NONE OF OUR BUSINESS?

Dear Editor: In your September issue, you have a story on the romance of Gail Russell and Guy Madison. I think the article is terrible! As if it were any of your business whether or not Gail and Guy are married! You should not be allowed to use such flimsy evidence as "the look in a person's eyes." I should think you'd take Guy's word for it, if he says he isn't married.

Jessica Murphy, Beacon, N. Y.
(We'd be very happy to take Guy's word—if he'd only say it.—Ed.)



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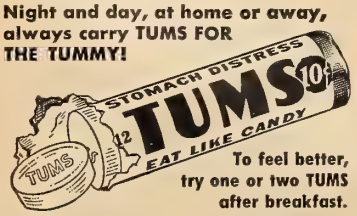
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STILL IN THERE CRYING

(Continued from page 61)

people tend to remember me in them, despite all the comedies I've done. After all, everybody has something he likes to do more than anything else. And it's generally what he's best at. I'm sure, for example, Cary Grant enjoys his type of part the way I enjoy mine. We both do what interests us.

Another thing of great interest to me is taking a chance. I'm a gambler at heart. The new thing, the unusual idea, the role that's never been done before—it's always out there as a kind of personal challenge, directed at me, just me. It's like what the mountain-climber said of Mt. Everest. He'd tried twice before unsuccessfully to climb it. Now he was preparing for his third, and as it happened fatal, try. Someone came up to him, pointed at the vast, dangerous mountain and asked, "Why do it? Why risk your life to climb a mountain?"

The answer was classic. "Because it's there," the mountain-climber said.

That's the way it's been with me. A lot of things have been *there*.

When I started out in pictures I had a theory that it was absurd to try always to appear smooth and glamorous on the screen, no matter what the character called for. If a scene called for you to look tired and wrinkled, why not look tired and wrinkled? If you were supposed to be waked up in the middle of the night, why on earth should you be freshly lipsticked and have perfectly dressed hair?

davis could take it . . .

I remember when we started to make *Of Human Bondage,* Director John Cromwell and I discussed Mildred, my big role—what made her tick and what she looked like. She was evil and very unattractive. John said, thinking of my vanity, "Maybe you'd better not see the daily rushes." But I did, and I didn't mind a bit.

After that, I was able to take all sorts of challenges. What it amounted to is that I followed my own tendency and fulfilled my obligations to myself. That's just a five-dollar way of saying that I began doing what I really liked to do. And in the process I gave the mimics and gagsters and comedians and cartoonists a very obvious and, I might say, a very willing target.

But really, all the parts weren't alike. They didn't all go, "Mama! *Mama!* MAMA! MAMA!!!" Some you hated, some you were sorry for; some were mean and some were good.

Every so often a friend will come up to me and say, "Why don't you do something different?"

"Like what?" I ask. "Sing or dance?" (Incidentally, I've done even *that.* In the wartime *Thank Your Lucky Stars,* I sang "They're Either Too Young or Too Old" and jitterbugged. But the friend never remembers that.)

Anyway, what I tell the friend goes something like this: "You don't go up to Fred Astaire and ask him to do something different, like not dancing. You don't criticize him because he 'only' dances. Well all right, he dances. Someone else makes them laugh. I make them cry."

Sometimes the question is asked of me: Do you really *like* making them cry? Do you really enjoy playing such parts? Or do they leave you feeling depressed and sorry for yourself? In other words, wouldn't it be much easier for you to play comedy?

Before I tell you how I feel, I have to begin by saying that the dourest, saddest people I know are the professional comedians. They are always chomping their cigars and biting their fingernails for worry of how their gags will go over. The professional laugh-provoker is always nervous about himself. Is his material funny? Will they laugh?

Think how much better off I am. After I've accepted a part, studied it, understood it, and (I hope) worked it into shape, I just go ahead and do it, like a carpenter following his plans.

That's the way I feel. I don't go in for Stanislavski breathing exercises before I go into a big scene. I don't stretch out on the floor and pretend I'm a tiny lamb being swooped up by some angry eagle. Some actors do this kind of thing to "get ready." Maybe I'm missing something, but I've never had to.

I remember once I played one of those long scenes in which I had to throw myself at someone's feet. The camera found me sitting on a chair, sewing. The scene began. I rose. We talked. I threw myself at his feet. I was spurned. I pleaded. I was roughly pushed aside. And then I was alone, weeping bitterly. (Ah, there, Mr. Allen.)

Anyway, an interviewer was on the set. "Maybe you don't feel like talking," she offered, "after a session like that?"

"Why not?" I said. "I'm quite all right."

"But that bitter, tragic scene. What were you thinking of while that poor, heartbroken girl was being so rudely pushed aside?"

I couldn't help smiling. "Well, to be perfectly frank, when I threw myself at his feet, I was hoping my wig hadn't slipped and praying it wouldn't fall down into my eyes."

I must confess that like the moviegoer who had such a wonderful time because she cried so much, I always manage to have a good time when the part calls for tears.

I've always enjoyed playing neurotics. At the moment, though, I don't think I shall be playing any more of 'em soon. It's gotten so that just about every other movie is a "psychological" drama. I've decided it's time to get away from the works of Freud for a while.

like the movies . . .

All of which reminds me of still another Bette Davis gag. This time, a cartoon. A lady is sitting across the desk from a grave and bespectacled psychoanalyst. "This is a very interesting case, Madame," the doctor is saying. "I haven't seen one like it since the last Bette Davis picture."

Now, don't get me wrong. I don't mean I'm not going to do serious things any more ever. After *June Bride* I'm going to do Edith Wharton's *Ethan Frome,* a long-time favorite of mine, with the distinguished British actor, David Farrar.

To wind this up, let me point out that, obviously, everybody has a style. It's true of painters and writers as well as actors. And you can't change your style successfully any more than you can change your height. I'd rather just be myself and take that barrage of radio gags.

Like the one I heard last week. A little girl was bawling and bawling and nothing her mother could say stopped the girl's tears.

"You'd better stop crying," the mother finally said with great irritation. "Do you want to grow up to be like Bette Davis?"

It sounds like a dreadful fate, to be sure. But underneath her tears, she'd be having a lot of fun. I can assure her of that. And I guess *I* ought to *know.* THE END

RETURN ENGAGEMENT

(*Continued from page 59*)

withdrawn from the rest of the town and yet are the happiest pair in it.

They spent February and March getting to know each other as they knew each other before; April and May regaining lost ground and discussing plans; June quarreling and making up after some bad moments; July and August in necessary preparations for their future. And this time, though it's quite a trick to put your finger on a mercurial couple of individuals like Tom and Gloria, everyone is sure it is going to take.

It was Gloria's father, Jack Haley, who introduced Gloria to Tom Drake—almost nine years ago when Tom was getting started in his Broadway stage career. They took to each other with a breathless zip. New York was their oyster and the oyster was full of pearls. Somewhere, the story goes—perhaps lurching along on an open-top Fifth Avenue bus, or scrooched together at a small table in a jive-jumping, Greenwich Village night spot—somewhere they fell in love. They were happy, Tom looking forward to a long stage career and Gloria—well, Gloria just looking forward to Tom. And then something made an entrance into their lives that was not in the script at all as they had planned it. That something was Hollywood.

Hollywood, and a string of successes like *Two Girls and a Sailor, The White Cliffs of Dover, Meet Me in St. Louis* and *Mrs. Parkington,* made a change in Tom. And the change in Tom made a change in Gloria. Tom's marriage to Chris Dunne in Las Vegas followed soon after.

c'est la guerre . . .

In the meanwhile, Jack Haley introduced another boy to his daughter. Louis Porchia was a musician of promise but already in the armed forces when he met Gloria. They liked each other but Gloria's friends say that their marriage might never have occurred had he not received sudden overseas orders. They were wed before he reported back to his port of embarkation.

Seven months after his marriage, Tom separated from Chris. A reconciliation followed but again they parted, and a divorce was granted in April, 1946. A year ago, the news broke that Gloria and her husband were ending their marriage.

Through all this, as their lives were being shifted and re-shifted about, Tom and Gloria had remained friendly. And it was only natural that with Gloria's divorce the friendship took on a deeper, easier tone.

But there was one question that Gloria had for Tom when they got together again this time. It concerned in-laws—something that Gloria had stumbled up against in her first marriage.

"Buddy," she said, "you know my relatives—my mother and father. But I don't know a thing about yours, even though we used to be engaged."

It wasn't until then that she learned that Tom is an orphan, with only a sister as a close relative. And almost immediately they had a visit from that sister—Clair Kennedy, one of the best-known designers of women's bags in the country. (Life Magazine had a four-page article on her designs less than a year ago.)

Of course, if Tom and Gloria are not married, or on the point of getting married, when you read this, it won't set any new record for uncertainties (not in Hollywood, anyway). After all, as his best friends will tell you, Tom, despite his quiet grey eyes and generally well-contained demeanor, is far from being one of your placid boys.

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There is always a great deal going on within him that can always burst out of him, which makes for elements of surprise in his life—and the life of anyone associated with him. And since Gloria has always been known to stand up staunchly for her rights—even if, by so standing, her blonde head is still hardly on a level with tall Tom's chin!—there is no loss of ginger when their personalities come within clashing distance.

Gloria and Tom happen to know this themselves. They both were given something to think about by a good illustration the other day when, with everything going smoothly, they were listening to the radio together. Jimmie Fidler came on the air and reported them as having quarreled. They chortled derisively at the report and Gloria cried out gleefully, "Boy! Is he wrong!"

Gloria had a mind to phone Jimmy and correct him. But she hadn't done it yet when, an hour or so later, they happened to hear the re-broadcast of the very same program. This time when Jimmy's voice repeated the same item, Tom and Gloria didn't laugh. This time Jimmie was right. They *were* quarreling! Jimmie had just been a little early with the news. (Of course, Jimmie hadn't been peeking into the future. He had been talking about a previous tiff they had had, but both Tom and Gloria had long forgotten about that one!)

There may have been another reason why Gloria didn't phone Jimmy at the time. She may have been beginning to acquire a reporter's point of view. Several months ago she opened discussions with the editors of the Valley Times, the top paper in the San Fernando Valley to become a columnist for them. The deal was closed later and by now Gloria's stuff has seen print.

With her marriage to Tom, Gloria will have one of the most rounded careers of any girl in Hollywood. She will be wife, business woman and journalist. Her business, of course, is her beauty shop on Wilshire Boulevard, which bears her mother's name—"Flo Haley's"—but which belongs to Gloria.

eternal triangle . . .

It was not long ago that there was a bit of "gossip" that had the revived romance on the skids again. Jimmie Fidler reported them quarreling because Gloria had gone out with Mickey Rooney after Tom had introduced her to him. What has never been told—in its proper sequence and relationship, at least—is the odd series of aftermaths to this incident.

In the first place, Tom and Gloria made up this difference quickly. Then they flew to New York and told her father, co-starring on Broadway with Beatrice Lillie in *Inside U. S. A.*, all about their plans for the future. They got Jack Haley's beaming blessing and returned in good order to Hollywood.

All this time, Gloria had been living alone in the big Haley home in Hollywood. Now, on his first vacation from his show in New York, Jack followed her back to the film capital to close it up while Gloria moved into an apartment not far from her beauty shop. Tom gave up his expensive apartment in the Sunset Towers and moved to another one which was nearer to Gloria's.

While Tom had made up with Gloria, he hadn't patched up things with Mickey Rooney. It remained for the latter to start a reconciliation when he put up that now-famous battle to have Tom given co-star billing with him in *Words and Music*, the M-G-M musical on the lives of Rodgers and Hart, instead of Judy Garland, who has only a comparatively short sequence in the film.

Tom appreciated this deeply—and he and Mickey were soon pals again. But do you think that Gloria, or any other girl, got in the big reconciliation celebration held by the two old friends? No sir! Tom and Mickey, who had quarreled over a girl, observed the end of their feud by stagging it to one of the late Earl Carroll's big girlie shows!

There hasn't been an announcement of the marriage because Gloria's divorce was not due to be final until late fall. There could just be a sort of idea—and the ruby ring, the one, of course, Gloria says is not an engagement ring. The idea, too, was born in a sort of secrecy. It happened some time after St. Valentine's Day last February because it has been established that Tom let this day pass without any word or gift from him to her; no card, no phone call no heart-shaped candy box. Yet, only a few days later, they were seen together and the word about them got around. It wasn't just their being together, it was their manner toward each other. There seemed to be an understanding that shone from their faces and was revealed in their every other gesture. And there was even more than this.

a new start . . .

They stayed away from the prominent places because, as Gloria unwittingly divulged, "We're saving our money for a new start. Tom's doing swell in his campaign to clean up his debts so our marriage won't start off under any financial handicap."

A few weeks ago, Tom left for Laguna Beach where, in his first play of the company's repertory, he co-starred with Nancy Coleman in *The Voice of the Turtle.*

That was on the stage. In real life he co-starred with Gloria in two little dramas—one funny, the other not so funny (and as much MODERN SCREEN'S fault as anyone's!).

At Laguna, Tom shared a room at the hotel with Gerald Mayer, a test director at M-G-M. Gloria—who came down for a ten-day vacation—lived with some friends who have a home there. A few days after the two men checked into the hotel, a mix-up in reservations was discovered which resulted in Tom being moved into a single room and Gerry Mayer being checked out of the hotel altogether.

But Gerry was also a friend of the people with whom Gloria was staying. He told them of his unhappy plight, and they put him up at once. So thereafter, nightly, he, Tom and Gloria would get together for a snack after the show. Then Tom would kiss Gloria goodnight, and she'd go on home with Gerry!

The sad incident took place when MODERN SCREEN came down to take its pictures of Tom and Gloria. They did their best to cooperate with the photographer. They cooperated so well, in fact, that during the course of some beach shots, the tide came sneaking in and washed away (1) a brand-new Dunhill lighter of Tom's, (2) Gloria's new beach shoes and (3) various other items of Gloria's summer wardrobe.

And after all this, it was decided that the beach photographs hadn't turned out well enough to use!

But none of this got Gloria or Tom down. For Gloria it was to be her last vacation before starting to work on the paper, and she concentrated on making the most of it.

When she got back to town, she went right to her desk and pounded out her first column. What she wrote was not the best story she knows.

The best story is one she is living, not writing—her return engagement with Tom in Hollywood. THE END

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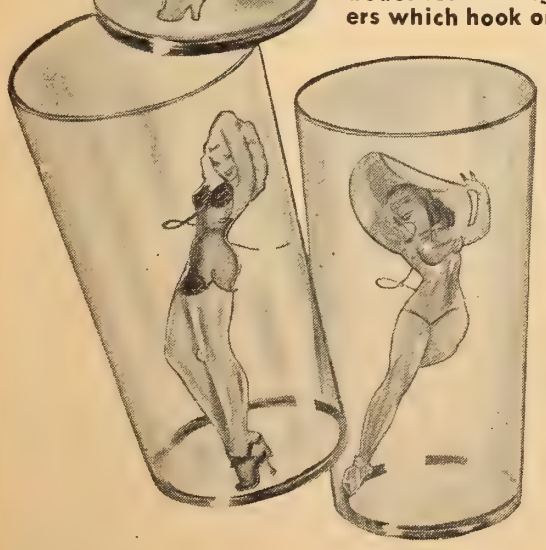


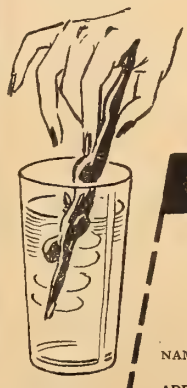
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MY LOVE AFFAIR WITH ANN SHERIDAN

(Continued from page 47)

difficulty getting into the tack room to deliver the silks. Nobody seemed to know us. But we got in, just in time, and hurried to the betting windows to lay down our wagers on our certain winner, On Trust, the California horse.

But due to circumstances beyond the control of science and the best brains, On Trust did not win. The winner was Jet Pilot, Miss Elizabeth Arden's entry, running under the colors we had fetched from New York. It seemed to Mr. Roach and myself that the world was a bleak and gloomy place, that the gods were against us. We required a friend on whose shoulder we could bawl.

At this moment we were greeted by a cheerful: "Hiya, fellers!" a warm smile, and a sight for sore eyes. This was Annie, accompanied by a large, vigorous Irisher she calls "O'Toole." His real name, as I suppose everybody knows, is Steve Hannagan.

They offered their shoulders and we wept copiously on them. And I was struck for the nine-hundredth time with what a smick-smack, forthright, clear-eyed, redheaded, realistic gal this Annie Sheridan is. Annie and O'Toole took us on to dinner, gave us fair words, good sense, and a minimum of ribbing, and our anguish began to abate. It is impossible to be sad very long in the presence of such good humors as Miss Sheridan and Mr. O'Toole know how to exert. All this inspired me to do a little thinking about motion pictures, a subject which, at the moment, it appeared I knew more about than horse racing.

"Make a picture for me, Annie?" I said.

"Sure," said Annie.

"When?"

"Well, as you well know, I am under contract to Warner Brothers up until the last two minutes of my life. But pry me loose, and I'll work for you."

And that, so help me, is precisely how I happened to get Ann Sheridan for *Good Sam*, with Gary Cooper.

fair exchange . . .

When she read the script she offered to work for nothing. She gave Warner Bros. an extra picture in return for a release. And she turned in far and away the finest performance of her life. As her director, it may be immodest for me to say that, but she did it, as you shall see. And we had an immense amount of fun getting that wonderful performance.

But I'll confess something, seriously. I was bothered about Ann. I had heard she was tough. Hard to get along with. Difficult to direct. She took an 18-months suspension at Warners, you know, when they didn't give her the pictures she wanted. She's a big star, and in the past 15 years she has made 39 pictures. A gal who knows her way around—from Hollywood to New York, from Texas to Palm Beach. I wondered if I hadn't let myself in for trouble in setting out to direct this temperamental actress in an extremely difficult part.

My doubts were quickly confirmed.

Before Annie herself appeared, her entourage arrived. Now, I am a director who is accustomed to having his own way. The people around me are the ones I like to work with. But ahead of Annie came a little army of seven. They were Jesse Hibbs, her assistant director; Martha Giddings Bunch, her close friend, who also looks after her wardrobe; Edward (Mecca) Graham, another assistant director; Myrl Sholz, hairdresser; Marveen Tehner, standin; Eddie Allen, makeup, and a very talented fashion designer named Travilla.

This got my Irish up—and I *am* Irish. I said to myself, "Hmmm, who does she think *she* is?"

But every last one of those people found a quiet opportunity to come up and say: "We hope we're not in your way. Just tell us what you want us to do."

Within half a day they were part of the gang. Or I was part of theirs. I'd set it down as a characteristic thing, a typical thing, that Annie surrounds herself with good Joes. From now on, I know that if a person is with Sheridan, that person is all right—and probably full of fun. It's typical of Annie that there is always a faithful gang around her. It grows in size every day, apparently. Enlistments are voluntary.

annie on the job . . .

Annie finished her Warner Bros. picture one night and reported to work on my set the next morning, ready for work.

"Okay," she said, "tell me what to say."

That's all there is to it, when you're directing Sheridan. Tell her what to say.

She did a tremendous job of work for *Good Sam*. She came over to Pathé at night for wardrobe fittings while she was still making a Warner Bros. picture. She toiled 60 days, a long schedule for me, without a day off. I believe I have never known a gal who revelled so much in the luxury of sleep, but I have never seen Annie look sleepy.

There were days when we seemed to waste a certain amount of time during the shooting of this picture. There were afternoons when Coop and I found it a good deal more fun to talk with Annie spinning yarns than to work with the camera. Actually, we wasted no time. After a session like that, we invariably knocked off more scenes in the next few hours than we could have made in days of steady work.

There was the afternoon we lost because of my birthday.

When I came on the set after lunch, there was the hush of conspiracy about the place. There were tables set up and somebody hurried by with a handful of candles.

"We're having a birthday party for you," they told me.

Now, believe me, I was considerably touched. My birthday adds up to a few more than I wish they did, and have never been matters of general celebration. I was led over to the table with the enormous cake. I cleared my throat.

"Fellers," I said, "I am deeply touched. This is really swell of you—"

"Read the inscription!" they yelled.

I leaned over and read it. This is what it said:

"FORTY-SEVEN THE HELL YOU SAY."

That, my friends, was the Sheridan touch.

Let me tell you what Annie had to do in *Good Sam*.

This is a story about a man who took being good seriously and literally. For my part, you'll understand, I have been on the spot ever since *Going My Way* and *The Bells of St. Mary's*—two priest pictures. What could I do next?

I'll tell you how I tried to work it out. I open with a minister, but this one is an Episcopalian. The "Good Sam" in this Sam Clayton, a department store manager, who is such a good guy that he will give you the shirt off his back. In the picture he does just that.

Annie is his wife. A most unsympathetic role, believe me, because it is her task to point out from time to time that



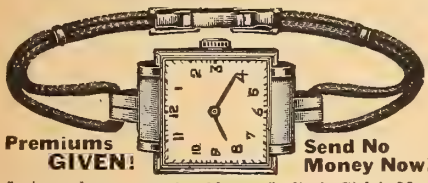
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charity begins at home. Cooper is literally practicing the precepts of Christianity—and Annie seems to be holding him back.

You could hate a woman like that. But you can't hate Annie. She is the catalyst, the common sense, the good-humored cynic in this piece, and what she does with this part is—did I mention before that Miss Sheridan is one wonderful actress? Have I made all the proper gestures about modesty forbidding, and have I been diffident about being her director? I hope so. Because I think that our Annie has come a long, long way. She has had experience, trouble, battles, two husbands and 15 years of training. I think these things obviously have helped mature her skill. You would never learn it from Annie herself. She is still the girl from Texas, the redhead, who likes space and parties and travel and fun. But Sheridan is a serious actress today. I have abundant proof of that on thousands of feet of film.

Her philosophy, apparently, is derived from *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.* She believes in "whistle while you work." She is one of the few actresses I know who can summon tears for a sad scene at will. I complimented her about this.

"Nothing to it," she scoffed. "All I do is think about how bad it would feel to have that menthol in my eyes. Then I cry tears."

She is also one of the few who doesn't claim to be able to sketch, draw, paint, write, compose music, cook a seven-course dinner and milk a cow. It is remarkable, isn't it, how many unusual talents most motion picture stars seem to have—but never exercise? The forthright Miss S hoots at these things and tells the truth. She can't do any of them.

She did try to milk a cow. She has one on her five-acre ranch in Encino.

"Didn't work," she reported. "Spoiled my red fingernails, spoiled the milk, and doggone near spoiled the cow. Never again."

I asked her one day how old she was. Now, I knew how old Annie is. I asked her merely to start some foolishness on the set.

"Thirty-two," she said matter-of-factly.

"You tell your age," I said, surprised. "You're a remarkable woman."

"Why not?" she said, levelling those big eyes. "Why not? Lying about your age is an apology, as if you'd had a wasted life. Me, I haven't wasted a minute.

"Take the great ones," said Annie. "Take Ethel Barrymore, who has never tried to

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Some time ago, during a visit to a Hollywood studio I asked a man for some directions and while I was talking to him a girl went by. "How was the test?" he asked her. She smiled and held up crossed fingers. I remember that she was attractive in a nice, unaffected way and that she wore a kerchief tied under her chin. "There's a girl who's going places," the man told me. Later that day, I was in a drug store a few blocks from the studio when the same girl walked in. She remembered me and said hello. I thought she was much too natural and wholesome to succeed in Hollywood. But I was very wrong, for that girl was Lizabeth Scott.

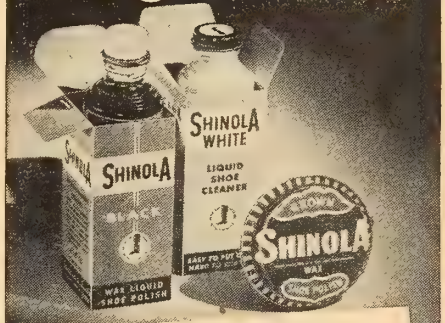
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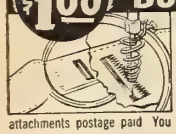
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fool anybody that she isn't past 60. She's never been called old, or, Allah forbid, thought of as old.

"People catch you anyway. *You* know how old I am, you churl."

As the ladies will recall, Ann has twice been named among the ten best-dressed women in America. I wouldn't know about these fashion items, but I'll venture an observation which may, in a measure, explain this remarkable girl's impact: *she looks like the kind of woman for whom luxury was invented.* Furs were made for Annie. So was jewelry. She's the kind of girl any man in his right mind, with good eyesight, wants to take to the football game, to the Stork Club, to Ciro's, and home. As the world knows, the lucky and aggressive Mr. Steve (O'Toole) Hannagan has taken those chores to himself recently and from all accounts seems to be performing them a good deal more than adequately.

I can't answer the $64 question there. Steve visited the set frequently while we were working. As soon as the picture was completed, Annie hurried to New York to see O'Toole. I don't know why they don't get married. I can't imagine why not. They're a grand pair.

We finished up some boogie-woogie on the set one morning and Annie came as near to stating her philosophy, I guess, as she ever does. She told me:

"I want to enjoy what I do. I don't care what kind of parts or what kind of picture I make but I do want good stories. Let's face a fact: all of us here are better off than most people. You are. I am. The carpenters who work on the sets are. Well, as for me, I've learned what I enjoy and I've learned to like the way I live. That took a little time, of course. But even when I'm working, I'm working at what I want to do. Sure, feller, I like having a mink coat, and I like being able to afford to travel, and I like the other luxuries this kind of work makes possible, but I like sitting in the sun, too. And that doesn't cost a cent."

She didn't have a mink coat of her own, though you saw her wear many of them in films and in publicity stills, until 1941. She drives a Cadillac, same date.

Annie drove this car on the lot one morning and parked it near the stage. As I leaned on the door to talk to her I got a large smudge of dust on my sleeves.

"Don't you ever wash your car?" I complained.

"Nope," she said. "Hardly ever. Once a year, maybe."

"Why not?"

"Simple. When I drive home in the evening the sun is awful. You know, right in your eyes. If the car is shiny, it makes it worse. So I just keep a coat of dust on it. Saves paint."

For all her fun and foolishness and her train-hopping between New York and Hollywood, I guess Annie is pretty practical.

We wound up the picture in a blaze of jewelry. It was like the old days. Watches, bracelets, clips and rings adorned everybody—presents from Miss Sheridan. She gave me a beautiful money-clip designed in the shape of a director's chair. I examined this studiously. It did not explode and it had no insulting message inscribed on it.

Come to think of it, after Sheridan pays the bills for all those gifts and then pays her income taxes, I don't know what the poor gal is going to have left to eat on.

One more thing. Annie is sincerely happy to be rid of that tag which labelled her for so long. "The Oomph Girl." It served its purpose but it always embarrassed Annie. She has deserved a better title for many years—as I hope you'll agree with me when you see *Good Sam.* THE END

NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN

(*Continued from page 52*)

being Mrs. Rex Harrison.

From what she tells me, she has her life mapped out for the next year so she and Rex will be constantly together. She's temporarily shelving her screen career in Hollywood so that this plan will work.

When I talked with her, she was packing for a three-week trip to Paris, where she was set to do English and French versions of a picture for the Safia Film Company. Of course Rex would be with her. They were looking forward to 21 days and nights in gay Paree and she was so happy about it all I didn't have the heart to ask whether she was keeping her fingers crossed.

After Paris they will settle down in New York, where Rex will star in Maxwell Anderson's *Anne of a Thousand Days,* on Broadway. Just to keep busy, she was planning to star in Herman Mankiewicz' *The Man With a Load of Mischief,* also opening in New York (and there are those who think she'll have a fine understanding of such a man as this play describes).

If Rex's play is a success, they'll stay in New York for at least six months—and after that they'll probably go to England, where they'll both be busy working in Fox-British films. Rex will be in *Inside Scotland Yard,* a documentary-type film about the famous British crime-busters, to be produced by Sam Engel for 20th-Fox. It will be similar in treatment to *Street With No Name,* which was an FBI story of real criminals at work. Lilli doesn't know what she'll do, but whatever it is she'll be home every night to see that Rex takes his vitamins and doesn't get lonesome.

She's probably thought often enough that if she had been hanging around their Mandeville Canyon home late last June, Rex wouldn't have been driving over to have lunch and dinner with lovely Miss Landis and thereby getting himself involved in a sensational front-page story. It all happened while Lilli took a short trip to visit her family in New York State. When she left, Rex was slated to follow in a few days on his way to London, where he was going to do a picture for Alexander Korda. The Korda deal fell through because of some mix-up in the tax situation between England and America and the handsome British actor was left with nothing to do but get lonesome and go wandering around for two weeks seeking amusement. And where could he have found it better than in the company of the vivacious Landis girl?

Lilli really should have been alerted to this danger, because while she and Rex were in London last year she went to Switzerland and left her ever-loving mate at loose ends in the big city and living in the same hotel where Carole also had lodging. It was during this time that word filtered back to Hollywood that Rex and Carole were having a high old time and that Lilli had gone off to Switzerland in a pique because her Rex was letting his eyes rove.

Back in Hollywood last spring, Lilli pooh-poohed that rumor, telling me she went to Switzerland for the skiing and

that Miss Landis was a close friend to them both.

"That rumor is just silly," she said. "My husband loves me very much. See these beautiful roses he sent me? Does that look as if I were a neglected wife?"

Her dressing room at the Enterprise Studio was bedecked with big bouquets of red roses and she seemed radiantly happy. Rex, working at 20th-Fox in *Unfaithfully Yours*, also laughed at the idea that he was once again playing the role of *Notorious Gentleman*.

"Miss Landis is a very charming girl—but believe me, I am a happily married man," he said at the time.

And no doubt he was telling the truth as he saw it. But Carole didn't seem to think so.

When she suddenly walked out on a picture she was supposed to make in London and arrived back in Hollywood in the early spring, she announced she was going to ask for a divorce from Horace Schmidlapp, to whom she had been married in 1946. By her own admission, Carole was on a never-ending quest for true love. So perhaps she thought her dreams had been at long last realized when she met Rex.

If that was the case, Carole was reckoning without Lilli. Perhaps she didn't know that the second Mrs. Harrison had weathered an ordeal only a few months before that would have sent many wives flying off to the divorce courts.

That exhibition of fortitude was shown when the first Mrs. Harrison arrived in Hollywood for a visit. She was accompanied by her 12-year-old son, Noel, child of her marriage to Rex. At first Mrs. Collette Harrison and Noel put up at the Beverly Hills Hotel. But that was expensive, and since Rex was paying the bills and Collette and Noel were over at Lilli's and Rex's home all day anyway—arriving each morning in bathing suits—the imperturbable Rex invited them to move in. They did, and for weeks Lilli and Rex and Collette went to parties together—and there was plenty of feeling shown when Collette wasn't included in the invitations.

blithe spirits . . .

Tongues wagged incessantly while Lilli went calmly about her affairs, rising above the tension that was inevitable under the circumstances. Both women answered when anyone spoke to "Mrs. Harrison," and Rex appeared uncomfortable and ready to fly off the handle any minute. This unusual design-for-living gave Hollywood a pretty clear idea that Lilli was a girl who knew what she wanted and was going to keep it against all odds.

This was the kind of competition Carole was meeting. If she ever had the idea she was going to be the third Mrs. Harrison, someone should have been kind enough to give her a quick run-down on the character of the girl who manages the home life of the handsome film star.

Rex is no misunderstood husband. His little wife gives every indication that she knows him better than anyone else ever will. She undoubtedly knows that, like many actors, he is apt to become enamored with a role he has played and that he keeps on actually living that role from time to time when the mood overcomes him.

Actors are highly sensitive people and often don't themselves know when the acting ends and the real living begins. This strange obsession was illustrated in the picture, *A Double Life*, wherein the hero, played by Ronald Colman, became so affected by appearing as Othello on the stage for a long run that he began to live the role and wound up strangling a pretty waitress he met in a cheap café.

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As Othello, he had strangled his wife in a jealous rage night after night.

It is conceivable, then, that Rex might have found himself occasionally slipping back into the role of a cavalier gent who takes love lightly.

Noel Marjorie Collette Thomas, daughter of a retired Army officer to whom the actor was wed when he was 26, didn't seem to have as much understanding of such things as Lilli has. Collette had a decidedly unpleasant reaction to Rex's sudden interest in the vivacious Miss Palmer, whom he met one evening while dining opposite her in a café in Birmingham, England, where they were both appearing in different stage plays.

Rex's eyes rested long and intently on Lilli, the lovely Viennese-born girl; then they both smiled and bowed and ended by finishing their dinner together. It was during the war and all of time seemed too short for those who lived where sudden death might be just around the corner. Rex was very conscious of the frenzied world around him because he had been serving as an intelligence officer in the Royal Air Force. Lilli told Rex she was planning to visit the zoo the next day and that he could come along if he "liked snakes." He swore he liked nothing better and off they went for a few hours of make-believe.

This was the beginning of a love that has held them together ever since. Collette didn't stand patiently by waiting for this romance to cool down. In July, 1942, she sued for divorce, naming Lilli co-respondent.

Lilli didn't mind, for she yearned to marry the handsome actor who had captivated her. The next January he slipped a wedding ring on her finger. By that time he had given up acting and was devoting all his time to his country in a radar unit that guided planes to the Continent and back home again.

a little boy . . .

I think that Rex's great fascination for women lies in his appealing little-boy manner of doing something very naughty and then being very sorry for it all. They idealize him—and want to mother him at the same time.

He is irresponsible about material things and careless to a maddening degree about money. When he wants something, he doesn't haggle over the price—and if he has to pay more than it's worth that's okay just as long as he gets it. For instance, he saw the home in which he and Lilli are now living in the very swank section close to exclusive Bel Air—and because it provided him with what he thought would be the surroundings of an English country gentleman, he bought it without a question. The real-estate dealer asked $90,000 for the place. He well knew that was more than it was worth, and expected to have to cut the price quite a little. But Rex took it without a protest. Then Lilli stepped in and saved a goodly sum by decorating the house herself.

Rex carries money around in his pocket wadded up like a spitball and he never knows whether he has a $5- or a $50-bill. I've seen him pull out the bills and put them on the table in a café and Lilli straightens them out and counts them up. Quite often he is surprised to find he has so much.

In 1945, Rex and Lilli did *The Notorious Gentleman* together and it was this picture that brought them both to the attention of talent scouts from Hollywood. Rex was offered the starring role in *Anna and the King of Siam* by 20th-Fox. Later, Lilli was signed by the United States Picture Corporation but she insisted on a clause in her contract that allowed her to go wherever her husband went if she gave her studio two months' notice. She invoked this clause in August, 1947, so she could accompany Rex to England—and it was on this trip that Carole Landis came importantly into their lives.

Lilli announced she was going with him to Hollywood. "Of course you are, darling," he told her.

To friends who kidded them about the shoals their marital bark might hit in glamorous Hollywood, they both laughed and said nothing like that would happen to *them*—although Lilli did say she quite understood why there were so many divorces in the fabulous film capital.

"Hollywood stars are in contact with the most attractive people in the world," she said, shaking her pretty little head wisely. "There's obviously much more temptation for a man who works in pictures than for one who works in an office."

Subsequent events proved that the smart Mrs. Harrison was so right. This philosophy she expounded before she ever came in contact with those "most attractive people" seems to be the clue to her amazing forbearance when Rex got himself involved in a scandal that would have wrecked most marriages. I do not know of another film star—and Lilli is a star in her own right, we must never forget—who would have taken it on the chin as this cute freckle-faced girl did when the father of her little boy was ineptly trying to explain to coldly inquisitive police officers just why he had been visiting so often at Carole's home, how he had happened to find her body in the bathroom, what had happened to a second suicide note that was supposed to have existed and then mysteriously disappeared. (This, the story goes, was the note in which Carole gave last instructions about what she wanted done for the injured foot of her cat.)

Lilli's wifely pride was surely torn to shreds every time she saw the screaming headlines, but she stood solidly by the side of her man when he ran into the barrage from reporters and photographers. She must have been pretty bewildered by it all, because as a Britisher she had never met the kind of press people found in the United States. The newspaper guys and gals she'd known "at home" are journalists; they question their "victims" in a very dignified manner. In Britain, reporters don't initiate official investigations which make good stories, or prompt police officers to ask the sort of questions that make good reading.

I watched Lilli walking arm-in-arm with Rex into the chapel at Carole's funeral. I marveled at her courage. This was the kind of heroism for which medals are given.

And I couldn't help hoping for her sake that Rex will forget he ever played *The Notorious Gentleman* role—and will go back to that old film he did in 1937. It was called *School For Husbands.* THE END

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ROSALIND, I LOVE YOU

(*Continued from page 63*)

of the effect of Rosalind's enormous faith in people. It sets them up with a conquering spirit. I agreed. It was one of the best decisions I ever made.

Her faith in people isn't a blind one, it is backed up by a recognition of talent when she sees it and a great desire to give everyone who deserves it a crack at glory. Which puts me right back to the night of the Academy Awards last spring when Loretta Young won after the press, polls, straw vote and everybody predicted Rosalind would be selected. Yet I am almost grateful that Rosalind lost—because of what it taught me about her.

She was the one person who didn't think she was going to win, until the actual night of the Awards. Then, because the polls had placed her way ahead of everyone else, and because all the earlier Awards, including Ronald Colman's, had gone exactly the way the polls predicted, she finally admitted that maybe she *was* going to get the Oscar. But when Fredric March started to make the announcement, she couldn't help crossing her fingers and then stuffing them into her ears. She actually didn't hear what March said, and not until she saw Loretta walking toward the stage did she know she had lost again—for the third time.

She sat back in her seat without a word and listened to the presentation. She had on a beautiful white creation that had been designed for her by Travis Banton. She fingered it, looked at me and shook her head in regret. I leaned toward her.

"Feel bad?" I asked.

"Yeah, for poor Travis," she said.

"*What?*" I couldn't help ask, dumbly.

"Well, you know how hard he worked on this dress," she said. "And now he's lost his chance to show it off here. He had his heart set on it."

dudley, she loves you . . .

Afterward, when we were seating ourselves in our car outside, Rosalind looked out the window and saw Dudley Nichols, the man who made *Mourning Becomes Electra*, on which she had won her Academy Award nomination. He was trying to make his way through the crowd. She called to him and he, thinking that she wanted to give him a lift, waved and yelled back that he had his own car. He was right and wrong. Rosalind wanted to give him a lift all right, but not in the car. She wanted to tell him that she loved him and that she thought he was the best writer and producer she had ever known—no matter which way the Awards went.

I told the chauffeur to drive straight to the Mocambo where Peter N. Rathvon, head of RKO, was giving a party for the winner—whom he, as had most everyone else, thought would be Rosalind. But she asked to be driven home instead.

I thought she couldn't face the party now and she guessed what was in my mind.

"Don't be silly," she said. "We're going home and we're going to stay there an hour before we go to the Mocambo. It's Loretta's night and I want her to get the most out of it when she makes her entrance. It's *her* moment, I don't want to force people to divide their attention between congratulations for her and sympathy for me. Besides, we're close enough friends so that she'd feel sorry for me, and when you win an Oscar I think you're entitled to a full round of joy with no regrets for anything."

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a chance for glory Rosalind is for his having it. And that's why I, for one person, am not disappointed because Ros didn't get her Award. Anyone with her outlook on life, her courage and inherent talent not only for acting, but for plain, everyday living, already is well rewarded.

I got a sense of this one night when we saw a preview of *The Velvet Touch* at a downtown Los Angeles theater. A middle-aged woman came up to Rosalind in the lobby and said, "Oh, Miss Russell, I must thank you. I must thank you!"

"Thank *you*," said Rosalind. "I'm glad you liked the picture."

"Oh, it wasn't the picture," replied the woman. "I liked the picture. But I want to thank you just for being honestly you."

I've never said it better myself—and don't think I haven't tried!

It's pretty much a fetish with Rosalind to be liked for herself. Perhaps you've heard the story of how our four-and-a-half-year-old son, Lance, scared her one day when he came up and told her he knew who she was. It's my favorite yarn.

Rosalind paled. "What do you mean, Lance?" she asked. "Who am I?"

"You're a movie star," he replied.

She took a deep breath and asked, "And what is a movie star, Lance?"

He looked at her dumbly. "I dunno," he said. She was so overjoyed she had to gather him into her arms right then and there. Of course you know why she felt anxious. She didn't want to gain one more fan—and lose a son!

life with father . . .

Ros learned about not being a quitter from her father, the late James E. Russell. He, by not quitting, went from semi-pro baseball to Yale and a career as a corporation lawyer. He spoke to her on the subject once when she was in her 'teens and had failed to win a diving contest at a summer resort on Long Island Sound.

She had worked up to the finals and was ahead on points but an odd factor was starting to bother her. She was a skinny kid; she had the most boyish figure that ever set a girl to biting her nails in secret worry. By contrast, Ros's rival was "all-girl." Every time *she* posed up there on the diving board she was a most appealing silhouette and an appreciative murmur would go through the audience. Every time Ros stepped up there she felt the crowd was just waiting for her to get off so the other girl could get back on again.

She was just preparing to make her last and most important dive when one of the shoulder buttons holding up her bathing suit gave away. With a little shriek Roz grabbed at the loose strap and just flopped into the water—making no attempt to dive. She didn't have to go back to the float to know that the other girl had won. She just headed ashore for the clubhouse.

But her father, who was in a boat, beat her to it and was waiting when she started to climb out of the water. She began to explain but he shook his head.

"You were ahead," he pointed out. "Now remember this, Rosalind. A winner never quits, a quitter never wins."

Eugene O'Neill, who wrote *Mourning Becomes Electra*, thinks everyone's life is controlled by little accidents of fate. So does Rosalind. Her whole career, she believes, can be traced back to when she was a skinny fifteen, sitting in Marymount School in New York, trying to figure how to duck math class. Rosalind didn't like math because she was never able to pierce the disguise of X; it always remained the unknown quantity to her.

"What to do?" she was moaning to herself, when the voice of the sister in charge came to her, announcing that the school was planning a play in connection with an expected visit of the late Cardinal Hayes. On impulse Rosalind put up her hand to volunteer for it, thinking to herself that a play meant rehearsals and, who knows, she might be able to skip the dreaded math that way.

She was accepted—later given the lead part in the play. It turned out to be a dramatization of the life of St. Francis of Xavier. Rosalind played St. Francis with beard and cassock. And she was not only excused from a number of math sessions, but from other irksome classes too.

That was pretty good. From then on she ran around volunteering for one amateur play after another, telling herself that the business of being a professional actress deserved looking into.

I guess everyone knows that, to start with, she had to fight her family to go on the stage. Her mother turned down the first offer, which was made by a representative of a dance troupe.

"What!" cried Mrs. Russell. "*My* daughter in the theater? Living a life of gas jets, gin bottles and swearing women? *Never!*"

Incidentally, Rosalind's mother was waiting for us when we got home the night of the Academy Awards. "I guess you were right all the time, Mother," said Rosalind. "I lost. And now you're disappointed."

Mrs. Russell snorted. "I have yet to be disappointed in you, Rosalind," she declared. "I have been surprised by you many times—but disappointed? Never!"

No. She has never disappointed anyone. When, through Cary Grant, I first met Rosalind—he had told me he was sure that Rosalind and I would like each other—I wasn't disappointed. When we talked about riding, golfing and swimming and then went riding, golfing and swimming—I wasn't disappointed. She was my equal in all three, and maybe even a bit better; that is still to be settled.

You know, when I was a boy my life happened to be such that I could not gain a very high impression of women. That was because my father, Carl Brisson, one of Europe's favorite musical comedy stars, traveled the world over and I went along with him—seeing women only when they thronged the stations, or the theater entrances when he arrived, to greet and even gush over him. I was an impressionable youth and thought women were always like that. I didn't realize that these same women had another side of their life—that they were homemakers and mothers and teachers of their children.

the big wait . . .

That may be why, unlike my father, who married very young, I waited. And a very good thing it was! I knew it had been the minute I saw Rosalind.

And now I want to marry her all over again. I will give you one more reason.

While it is true that I didn't get ulcers in my first attempt at producing, or any of the trade ailments I named, I did pick up a siege of insomnia. I could do everything connected with sleeping; yawn, droop, close my eyes—but I couldn't sleep. In the midst of all this I had to leave for New York, after which my plans called for me to go to Europe, with Rosalind following a few weeks later.

There were several business matters in connection with *The Velvet Touch* that were hanging fire until I could settle them in New York. The minute I arrived I went into a series of meetings, after which I sent a long telegram to Rosalind telling her what the results had been. I waited for her answer, wondering what comments she would make about the decisions that were voted at the meetings. I soon found out. Her wire came the next morning and didn't contain any comments! In fact it had only four words—and those were, "But did you sleep?"

Rosalind, I love you. THE END

WHY STARS FIGHT THEIR BOSSES

(*Continued from page 57*)

hadn't had time to, before. After a quick look, he agrees with me. I'm right—it's *not* a great story. It'll have to be re-written.

"If the re-write's good, I'll do it—I'll be anxious to do it. I'm going to have a baby and if I can finish another picture first, I'll be the luckiest girl in the world. But," she grinned, "even if I *am* right, I'm not necessarily back on salary. I'm still on suspension, you see, until it's all cleaned up."

I'm bringing up Betty Bacall's case of suspensionitis first, because it's so very typical in one way, so unique in another. As she says, Lauren's lucky. For one thing, because nobody's really red-faced mad about anything—and it won't last long. For another, because she's married to Humphrey Bogart, who's a wise and seasoned studio diplomat.

Bogie got his biggest break—and he knows it—from the walkout of another star, Paul Muni, when Paul turned down *High Sierra* and opened the way for Humphrey to get the part which set his screen course straight after a let-down. Yep, Lauren can thank her lucky stars she's got Bogie to guide her.

But Betty Bacall Bogart is speaking purest gospel when she says she'll be the luckiest gal in the world to make *Blowing Wild* before Bogie, Junior, arrives. Very few "expecting" stars get that chance. What brings suspensions? Well, having a baby will usually work.

Because in Hollywood, if you're a star, motherhood adds up as a studio sin. Nothing can slap a layoff on a glamor star quicker than the tiniest whispered tidings of a blessed event. Babies are expensive in Hollywood—expensive to stars. Not studios—not on your life.

What do you suppose it cost Bette Davis to have her darling little daughter, Barbara? Well, Bette was off the screen and off salary over a year, and counting up on my fingers, that makes around $250,000 in mere money.

Because the price comes so high, not all stars take time off deliberately to start a family. But sometimes they do—and fool their bosses, too.

Joan Fontaine can thank Christian Dior, the "New Look" man, for the price of an extra Fontaine picture (not under $200,000, you can bet) when she played cover-up with full skirts all through *You've Got to Stay Happy*—acting, incidentally, a young debutante when her baby was only four months away.

I think the smartest little apple at that sort of disguise, though, is Veronica Lake, a tiny lady who, almost any time she tries, can have a family without the cold eye of the camera giving her away.

I remember that when Veronica made *Sullivan's Travels*, I asked her point-blank to confirm a family rumor I'd heard and she denied it. Three weeks later, I checked with her dress designer and got the wonderful truth. But even then I didn't print it—and I'm glad I didn't. It might have been a very costly item for Veronica. As it was, she coasted through the picture in good time and saved herself a stork suspension. Then darned if she didn't repeat the deception, not once but twice—in both *The Hour Before Dawn* and *Isn't It Romantic?*

standard time . . .

It takes nine months to have a baby (in Hollywood as well as anywhere else). But there are stars who have stuck out their strikes far longer than that and for far less tender reasons—although it has cost them plenty, too. Ann Sheridan, for instance.

Ann has been out more than she's been in at Warners' ever since she turned down *Strawberry Blonde* and yelled, "Unfair to Oomph!" letting Rita Hayworth play the part and launch her big-time career. Whether Ann was right or wrong didn't make the payoff any different. She started a feud and put a crimp in her own career that's never quite been ironed out. I'm not sure she'd ever have got back on the screen, in fact, if she hadn't had a mighty influential boy friend, ace press-agent Steve Hannagan.

When Steve thought Annie's close-out had lasted long enough, he brought Thurman Arnold, the lawyer, straight from Washington and government prestige to scare Ann's bosses into reason. Sheridan did it again, though, rather than make *Serenade*. Since *Good Sam* for Leo McCarey, she hasn't made a picture.

Strikes have hurt Ann Sheridan—no doubt about it—but, well, she's redheaded. Yet a star you'd never suspect packed any fighting moxie voluntarily excluded herself from the screen for over two long years, scrapping stubbornly for—not money, a baby, or even a good script—but for a principle.

Who in the world would ever tag doe-eyed, demure Olivia DeHavilland the heaviest puncher of them all when it came to standing up for her rights? "Sweet" was the word for Olivia for years and years and you'd get that syrupy description every time you mentioned her pretty name.

Well, defenseless DeHavilland was the gal who stuck out her studio walkout for two-and-a-half years—fought through the courts and won not only her own freedom from a contract she thought was outworn, but achieved practically a Proclamation of Emancipation for all Hollywood stars!

Before Livvy buckled on her armor, studios had been tacking time spent in layoffs, suspensions and just such off-salary penalty periods as I'm talking about, onto the end of a star's contract to stretch out the period of servitude (if the star was still box-office, that is). But Livvy claimed her seven-year contract at Warners was void because on the calendar seven years had rolled by, suspensions and such not counting a whit. She claimed it and she proved it for the first time in court.

In so doing she set not only herself free but a double dozen other stars too, proving to be a lady Lincoln, more or less. But what did that cost? Olivia can collect

I SAW IT HAPPEN



A fat man stood on a scale in front of a local restaurant. He said to his thin pal, "Gosh, I can't weigh this much. The scale must be wrong." He stepped off, removed his coat, put it over his arm and weighed himself again. "I told you this scale was wrong, Abbott, I still weigh the same," he said. The fat man was, of course, Lou Costello.

Mrs. E. A. Thrun
La Crosse, Wisconsin

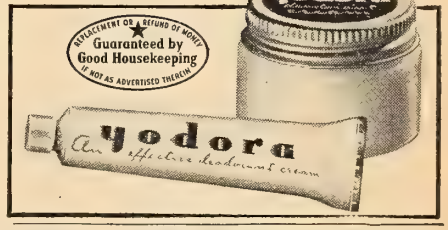
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$200,000 every time she makes a picture and she could have made at least four or five in that two-year period. Livvy came back to win her Academy Oscar with a terrific performance in *To Each His Own.* What's more, while she was swearing off pictures, she met the man she'd been waiting for, Marcus Goodrich—and found herself that long overdue husband!

But Olivia DeHavilland's self-imposed strike was a Hollywood exception—that's why it's a classic. Very few are so single-purposed and so Simon pure. And you can count on your fingers the times stars have won. Usually, they take it where it hurts—not only in the courts, but in the pocketbook and popularity.

Joan Leslie has dragged her contract complaints through three courts—she's in the Supreme one now—and she hasn't been on her studio's lot all that time. Mostly because she trained and danced and worked to play Marilyn Miller in *Look For the Silver Lining* and then June Haver got the part. She'd be better off to have looked for the silver lining herself.

Look at Larry Parks, last season's Hollywood wonder boy: Larry spent most of his time and money since he zoomed to greatness in *The Jolson Story* fighting Columbia, the studio that made that picture. And by feuding, he seriously dimmed his own brilliant shooting star.

two for one . . .

The trouble with Larry Parks is two contracts at one studio—and two is too many. His first was for five years, and it wasn't such a much of a ticket when it came to making Larry famous or rich. But he made *The Jolson Story* on that one, then Columbia ripped it up and wrote him a brand new deal, with more money, star billing and everything. He made *Down to Earth* and *The Swordsman* on that one, as an official star. Was he happy? Uh-uh, he was not. Larry longed for his first contract. It was shorter, would soon run out, and he knew where he could get some very attractive other ones around Hollywood the minute he was free. So he saw his lawyer. They both told their sad story to a judge.

It's interesting, that story, and how the judge puzzled it. Columbia, as you know, won—and Larry lost—and to show you how even though hot words fly back and forth, the boys can get together for business reasons: While they were still calling names legally, Larry and Harry got together to make *The Gallant Blade.* Columbia didn't want to wreck the star property it had in Larry, you see. Larry didn't want to wither off the screen forever. But Larry refused to draw money on his new contract; he insisted on getting paid off via the old and cheaper one!

Now, about the judge:

Said he, somewhat like this, busting Larry's dream: "Sure, the studio obtained your new contract under duress. They said you'd have to sign it or you wouldn't make any more star pictures. But—you waited too long to complain. You benefitted, made *Down to Earth, The Swordsman* and *Gallant Blade,* and cashed in on star rating. You're no dope, but an intelligent, well-educated guy. You had access to good legal advice. But you waited for three pictures and therefore forfeited your right to squawk!"

Well, I won't go Gladstone on you. I'm no lawyer. I'm interested in what Larry lost, besides his case. He should be rueing his sueing because by now Parks could have had possibly the couple of hit pictures he needs, reams of publicity he's lost, less of the bad he's got. But to show you again how in Hollywood the hottest tempers cool when money-making show business warms up—here's a happy ending to the cockeyed court case of Larry Parks *versus* Columbia pictures.

Nobody but Larry can play Al Jolson. A second Jolson story is in the works. So Larry will be right back on the lot this winter mammy-mugging in the *Jolson Story* sequel—and he'll have what terms he wants, he'll be glad to get back, and all this fuss and feathers and furor will be forgotten and forgiven—because it's good business.

Yep, it's a screwy-Looey poker game—these star-studio stand-offs—and the studios usually hold the aces. They've got full-time legal staffs, for one thing, on the alert for every tiny escape-hatch a star might find to make him sassy. They have even more potent trumps, too. A star strikes—okay—not only no publicity do you get, bub, but sometimes bad publicity. It's very chastening. You read the item about Lana Turner's "uncooperative star" didoes when M-G-M was mad at her? The troubles of Bob Walker that hit the pages when he was having studio troubles, too? Studios are not always above punching back when stars knock chips off their august shoulders. Maybe a little advice of mine saved Lana from getting fractured for keeps.

Sitting in New York waiting for Ty Power to come home to her, Lana refused to play Lady De Winter in M-G-M's *The Three Musketeers.* Nobody, least of all I, blamed her. It was no part for a star, a tame gal's side-dish in a meaty male epic. Lana knew she'd just be lending her box-office draw to prop up Gene Kelly, Van Heflin and Keenan Wynn. Besides, Lana desperately deserved a vacation; she'd made three pictures in a row—*Cass Timberlane, Green Dolphin Street, Homecoming*—and she'd been promised a rest. But the order came through: "Make *Musketeers*—or else."

I knew Lana was in a bad spot; she was smothered with unfavorable personal publicity then; she'd borrowed money from M-G-M and spent it; she was practically broke. Hollywood was having its big slump panic and if she stuck and struck—well, Turner was wide open for M-G-M to make an example of her. So I called her and gave her my strongest advice. "Swallow your pride and do the job. It's your only out." I'm glad she did.

Do studios retaliate when stars tread their toes? Sure they do. There's a fellow in this town coming back the hard way for his second career, and this time on his own. He was going great guns once before as a contract star—then he was dropped—and virtually blackballed. You didn't hear of him for quite a time. Eddie Albert's his name.



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Lela Rogers, mother of Ginger, said of her: "From the occasional remarks she lets fall, from the questions she asks, the only thing Ginger wants out of life is what every girl wants if she is thoroughly honest with herself—a home and babies."

—From a 1938 issue of Modern Screen

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What can a star sling from his or her corner when the suspension gong rings? If she's versatile like Betty Hutton, for instance, she could go right on making money unless her studio contract has her tied up too tight. Betty had her baby after *Perils of Pauline* and skipped suspension then. But if she turns down *Ruggles of Red Gap* as she's threatening to do, she'll be off for a tour of personal appearances in England that will earn her every bit as much—say $5000 a week—wherever she goes. But Betty can sing and dance and slay 'em with comedy. She doesn't necessarily need Hollywood. What else can Lana Turner do or Ann Sheridan or Gene Tierney?

Gene turned down *Walls of Jericho* after her prestige role in *The Razor's Edge*. She turned down *Chicken Every Sunday*, too. But Darryl Zanuck held the winning hand and he knew it. When he decided to let Gene sit, she sat—for eight long months. Jeanne Crain was handy to step into *Chicken Every Sunday*. Anne Baxter was delighted to play *Walls of Jericho*. Finally Gene had to ask her friends to intercede for her and get her back on the screen—and she was happy to play a smaller part than either of those to do it. What else could she do?

Studios can always find more "cooperative" actors and actresses. Or, if they've just got to have that certain striking star, they can postpone the picture, go merrily on to making something else.

Yep, I ask again—what else *can* they do? They can't make pictures anywhere else—or they face court injunctions. Besides, no studio will hire them and face a lawsuit. Usually, they can't even do a stage play or radio, without their studio's okay—and, believe me, those contracts are ironclad. Some indignant stars hire press agents to ballyhoo their side of the fuss, others get lawyers to worry it out in court. Most just sit at home and wait for the telephone to ring or lightning to strike. Most, in the end, give up.

always two sides . . .

I'm not saying that's right, mind you. There are always two sides to a squabble. Stars can be right—and they can be so wrong. I think it was right—though costly—for Ann Sheridan to refuse to go back playing gun molls and musical girlie-girlies, after she'd proved herself a fine actress in *King's Row*. I was on Cornel Wilde's side when he lost his paycheck by turning down the schoolteacher part in *Margie*—even though *Margie* was a hit and gave the guy who stepped in, ex-movie usher Glenn Langan, his break. Cornel was not the schoolteacher type and the proof of the pudding is in the eating. In spite of Cornel's cagey career balks at Twentieth Century-Fox, he's the head star man there today; he's even passed Ty Power in popularity.

On the other hand—it's hard for me to squeeze out a tear for Ray Milland's suspension sulks at Paramount. Ray turned down *A Mask For Lucretia* with Paulette Goddard, a big expensive production, because, I suppose, it wasn't another *The Lost Weekend*. And in spite of the fact that Clemence Dane wrote a wonderful script. Ray wouldn't even read that, just pouted his "No" and walked out.

I'm afraid that's pure Oscar-itis, especially ironic when the studio he's snubbing shot the works for him on *The Lost Weekend* and was the most surprised picture-company in the world when it turned out to be a box-office success.

I think it's equally as silly for Joan Crawford to insist on making *Miss O'Brien*, the schoolteacher picture she wants to play—even to the point of buying the story herself when Warners wouldn't cast her in it. Joan Crawford playing a school-

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teacher? But I know that gal and she'll probably do it.

After years at M-G-M, Joan started her new lease-on-life ticket at Warners by drawing a six months' suspension for turning down an Eddie Goulding-directed picture—he's tops on that lot. But (who said these things made sense?) she came right back from her outcast role to play *Mildred Pierce* and that first Warner picture gave her the dream of her life, an Academy Award. Recently, she took another walk-out by turning down *Flamingo Road.* Who knows who's right and who isn't in the never-ending tug of war? Certainly *I* don't and don't pretend to. But I know what I think *isn't* right.

I think it's unfair when it's studio policy to be trigger-happy shooting suspensions at stars. It makes Jack Warner mad to hear his film kingdom called "Suspension Manor" and it can rile Harry Cohn at Columbia, too, every time his regular star squabbles get a public airing. But what right has any studio to slam a star off salary the minute he utters a peep of protest about anything? All a Hollywood star has is his professional personality and standing. It's bread-and-butter. It's stock-in-trade, life-and-death. Think they're not going to try and protect it? Think they don't know that too many bad parts are a one-way ticket back to the hometown ribbon-counter? You'd be surprised, too, how many, with all the fancy salaries they've been earning for years, are flat busted, even in debt, with the amazing cost of carrying a Hollywood career.

I, for one, resent suspensions and forced "strikes" when they're used as weapons to murder careers, and I despise them when they're penny-pinching maneuvers to save a star's salary for a few days just because the letter of the contract makes it possible.

studio shenanigans . . .

I know where it's standard practice to hand a star a horrible script when his salary gets too high, or when he had an idle week or two, knowing he'll have to turn it down, in self defense, and take suspension. I hate to see a studio exploit a star who's paying their dividends for them without sharing some of the profits. I'm thinking of Alan Ladd, who was making most of Paramount's money for a time after his terrific hit, *This Gun For Hire.*

Alan made not more than $1,500 a week then and he hit for a raise and bonus. The result was insignificant and he pointed out that Stirling Hayden had just been handed $25,000 in bonus checks while he wasn't earning the studio a quarter as much.

"But," the bosses told him, "Stirling Hayden doesn't want to make pictures—and you do!" That didn't make sense to Laddie so out he walked to get a fair share of his earnings.

One of the cruelest things I ever heard was a producer's remark at a Hollywood dinner when a rising young star stood to take a bow. "Isn't she wonderful?" he beamed. "Give me five years of that girl's life and anyone can have the rest of it." Yeah—but who wants what's left, after that kind of exploiting gent gets through?

Above all, my blood boils when I see expectant mothers who happen to be stars penalized by suspensions long before it's necessary to lay them off. I'd gladly join a picket line before a studio packing an "Unfair" sign for that.

On the stars' side, I'm afraid I've just as many beefs to air, when they play up their temperament instead of talent. I think it's absurd, for instance, when Janet Blair sues Columbia for $250,000—as she's doing now—because the ads of *The Fuller Brush Man* printed Red Skelton's name a little bit bigger than hers! One of the funniest suspension stories I recall is when George Raft refused to play in *The Story of Temple Drake* because it was "immoral." Did he think his gangster and law-flaunting guys were wearing wings before?

But where there's a will there's a way—and although I've had my tussles with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and David O. Selznick, too, I admire them for their relations with their stars. You don't find many strikes or suspensions at M-G-M unless there's a case of last resort. And you don't see any of Selznick's stars getting beaten down with bad stories. On the contrary. They get top parts—whether he makes the pictures or loans them out. Has Ingrid Bergman ever had a bad part, a bad picture? I'll say she hasn't and DOS saw to that. His protection makes her the most valuable star, money and art combined, in Hollywood. Once Bette Davis had a value like that, too.

I'm very much afraid as long as there's a Hollywood there'll always be star strikes and studio suspensions—that's a cinch. But now and then comes a rift in the angry cloud, a sign that the toughest customers are human after all.

During the war, Barbara Stanwyck had time on her hands following Bob Taylor around to army camps. In Texas she read a book that she loved, Ayn Rand's "The Fountainhead," sent it to her boss, Jack Warner, saying, "Please, *please* buy this for me!" Jack did and promised her the job, but when he got around to producing it recently he put Gary Cooper in the picture—and that, he reasoned, made it come too high to use Barbara Stanwyck also. He slipped Pat Neal in Stanwyck's desperately desired dream part. Pat's a second-picture youngster who gets maybe $300 a week.

Barbara is Irish and that broken promise made her see orange. She told me, "That does it. I'm going to demand my release if I have to sue in every state in the Union." I printed that in my column and Jack was furious. She had two more pictures to make for him.

A few days later she met Mr. Warner face-to-face and told him, "I think that was very unfair of you. And so I think if anybody deserves a contract release, I do."

"I think, Barbara," he replied honestly, "you're exactly right."

Everyone almost dropped dead—and Barbara got her contract release without a hitch or a holler. That scrap of paper was worth plenty of money to Warner Brothers, too.

So maybe there's hope after all for Hollywood peace in our time. When the head man of "Suspension Manor" weakens, believe me, things are looking up for sweet tranquility—it says here! THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



My friend and I were walking down Fifth Avenue when he recognized tall, good looking Cornel Wilde coming in our direction. My friend stopped him politely and said as he handed Cornel an autograph book, "Would you sign To Milton, please?" Cornel took the book and wrote just that. "Milton Please, Sincerely, Cornel Wilde."

Sylvia Kantor
Brooklyn, N. Y.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 23)

is that the sisters' father, Major Euclid Cameron (Roland Culver) is a lovable old moron from the deep South who never got over the hideous outcome of the Civil War. For the last 28 years, he's been writing a book about the treachery of the North, and for as long as his daughters can remember, the family has been living in genteel poverty. Because if you're from the deep South, according to Paramount Pictures, it's pretty degrading to get yourself a job. Now the Major's daughters have problems. Rose (Mary Hatcher) is engaged to Benjamin Logan (Richard Webb) but his pop and hers don't see eye to eye (the Civil War comes between them). Candy (Veronica Lake) is a yearner after big cities, and sweet-talkin' men; she says "*mais oui*," and wears low-cut dresses. You can understand everybody's trying to calm her down, until you see Horace (Billy De Wolfe) the man her family's chosen for her. Then you begin to ask yourself, how bad could a traveling salesman *be*? As Candy says wistfully, "It's nice to have a man with a central nervous system." Susie (Mona Freeman) is the youngest sister, and everybody calls her "Gangrene." Well, that's the set-up when Patric Knowles comes along. He's a devil. He steals Candy's heart, and quite incidentally, $3,500 of the townspeople's money.

But soon Candy's seen the error of her ways, and she's tricked the rotter she once cared for, and she's got the money back. Everybody's happy except her, then. She's stuck with Horace, until the next salesman hits town. Incidentally, the wonderful Pearl Bailey sings her way through the part of a housemaid, with fingernails an inch long, and hair as carefully coiffed as the Duchess of Windsor's. But that's okay; a girl like Pearl shouldn't be playing maids anyway.—*Para.*



that's hollywood!

Butch Jenkins' mother gave him a piece of rich chocolate cake. "Oh I just love this chocolate cake!" Butch exclaimed. "It's awfully nice."

"Now Butch," corrected Mama Doris Dudley, "it's wrong to say you 'love' cake, and you used 'just' incorrectly in that sentence. Besides 'awfully' is wrong; 'very' would be much more correct. Now why don't you repeat your remark?"

Butch obediently complied. "I like chocolate cake. It is very good."

"That's much better, dear," said his mother.

"But," protested Butch, "it sounds just like I was talking about bread."

Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter



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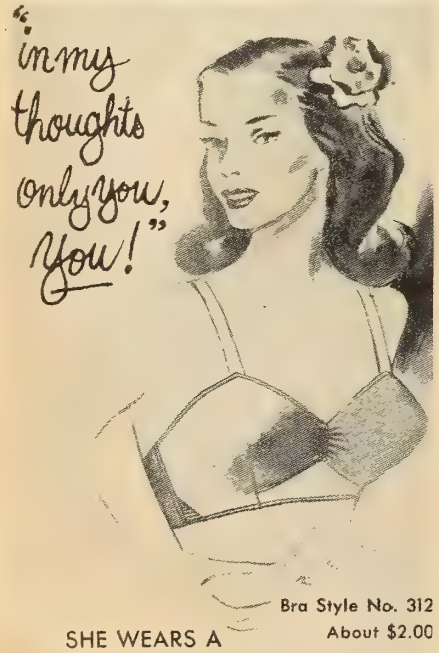
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A DATE WITH JUDY (M-G-M)—Another comedy about teen-agers and those intense but innocent problems. Elizabeth Taylor, June Powell, Robert Stack, Wallace Beery, Carmen Miranda, and Xavier Cugat and his band make it all very pleasant.

A FOREIGN AFFAIR (Para.)—Jean Arthur is wonderfully funny as a strong-minded Congresswoman who goes to Germany to look into moral conditions of U. S. occupation troops. John Lund and Marlene Dietrich also turn in smash performances. A brilliant, outspoken comedy you shouldn't miss.

BEYOND GLORY (Para.)—West Pointer Alan Ladd is charged with Tom Neal's wartime death before coming to the Academy. Alan is in love with Neal's widow, Donna Reed. Told mostly in flashbacks, this is pretty foolish stuff.

DEEP WATERS (20th-Fox)—Dana Andrews, a Maine fisherman, loves Jean Peters. Trouble is, she hates the sea. But things get worked out. Fairly fresh and entertaining, if not too believable. With Dean Stockwell, Anne Revere, Cesar Romero.

EASTER PARADE (M-G-M)—Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, Peter Lawford, Ann Miller, Irving Berlin's tunes, lovely girls and witty lines make this a practically perfect musical. The story's amusing, too, the dancing superb and Charles Walters' direction is bright.

EMBRACEABLE YOU (Warners)—A tear-jerker about two young people, Dane Clark and Geraldine Brooks, living on borrowed time. At times it gets exciting, but mostly it's designed to make you borrow your date's handkerchief.

GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY (20th-Fox)—A nice little tale to please old-timers and bobby-sox admirers of Dan Dailey, as well. Barbara Lawrence, Nancy Guild, Charles Winninger, Fay Bainter and a lot of old songs keep you smiling while you weep.

HAMLET (Univ.-Int.)—Laurence Olivier and some other talented folk have turned Shakespeare's masterpiece into a magnificent film, filled with excitement and thrillingly beautiful. Easily one of the great motion pictures of all time.

JOHNNY BELINDA (Warners)—Gentle country doctor Lew Ayres takes an interest in deaf-mute Jane Wyman, who is an object of ridicule in a small Nova Scotia town. She becomes pregnant and the scandalized townspeople blame Lew. A gripping story, superbly acted.

LULU BELLE (Col.)—Dorothy Lamour is a smouldering siren of horse-and-buggy days. She makes George Montgomery, Greg McClure, Albert Dekker and Otto Kruger playthings of passion. Avoid this.

MELODY TIME (RKO)—Seven excellent Disney shorts, strung together like a variety show. Dennis Day, Frances Langford, Freddie Martin, Ethel Smith and the Andrews Sisters take care of some fine off-screen music. Roy Rogers appears briefly and narrates a sequence. Delightful!

MICKEY (Eagle-Lion)—Lois Butler, an enchanting 16-year-old, debuts in this tale of a pretty tomboy who grows up despite herself. With John Sutton, Bill Goodwin, Irene Hervey, Skip Homeier, Leon Taylor.

MOONRISE (Rep.)—This concerns a cowardly young killer toward whom we're asked to be sympathetic. Dane Clark does none too well in the part but Gail Russell and Ethel Barrymore bolster things. Cheaply sensational.

MR. PEABODY AND THE MERMAID (Univ.-Int.)—William Powell, a proper Bostonian, meets a mermaid (Ann Blyth). A promising comedy situation—which, unhappily, quickly peters out. Before it does, though, there are a number of laughs. And it *is* unusual.

PITFALL (Regal-U.A.)—Dick Powell, tired of his routine insurance job, longs for wild adventure—and gets mixed up in some terrifying underworld goings-on. A tense, sophisticated job. Powell, Lizabeth Scott, and Jane Wyatt are excellent and Raymond Burr will curdle your blood. A superior exciter.

ROPE (Warners)—Two rich young psychopaths deliberately murder to prove their superiority in this Alfred Hitchcock Technicolor chiller. James Stewart is a professor who solves the crime. New techniques and distinguished acting help make this horribly memorable.

SORRY, WRONG NUMBER (Para.)—Bed-ridden Barbara Stanwyck accidently overhears a telephone conversation in which her murder is plotted. Terrific suspense develops while events leading up to the situation are told in flashbacks. Burt Lancaster and Ann Richards are featured. Don't miss it.

TAP ROOTS (Univ.-Int.)—A story of Mississippi in post-Civil War days. Some stirring fights and pretty Technicolor vistas, but not a lot more. Susan Hayward, Van Heflin and Boris Karloff work hard in miscast roles.

THAT LADY IN ERMINE (20th-Fox)—Directed by the late Ernst Lubitsch, performed by Betty Grable, Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Cesar Romero, lavishly produced in Technicolor, this is a disappointing and silly comedy. Wotta waste.

THE BABE RUTH STORY (Mono.)—A highly sentimentalized biography of the best ballplayer who ever lived. Entertaining enough, but a bit more realism would have helped. William Bendix plays the legendary Babe.

THE BLACK ARROW (Col.)—A costume adventure opus, based on the Robert Louis Stevenson book. Louis Hayward is the dashing hero, Janet Blair the sappy heroine. Fair.

THE DUDE GOES WEST (Mono.)—A dismal Western. Eddie Albert, Jimmy Gleason, Binnie Barnes, Gale Storm and Gilbert Roland are in it. They must hate themselves.

THE EYES OF TEXAS (Rep.)—Roy Rogers and the great Trigger once again pit their rugged virtues against the forces of evil. Filled with satisfactory violence, it won't disappoint addicts of the he-went-thataway school.

THE ILLEGALS (20th-Fox)—A dramatic semi-documentary film about displaced Jews on their perilous way to Palestine. Performed entirely by non-professionals, it is crude, frank, and heartbreaking. Unforgettable.

THE STREET WITH NO NAME (20th-Fox)—A documentary-style cops-and-robbers thriller taken from that lurid goldmine, the FBI files. Richard Widmark scores again as a gangster and Mark Stevens and Lloyd Nolan are realistic as G-Men. First-rate of its type.

THE VELVET TOUCH (RKO)—Rosalind Russell plays a hot-headed actress in this murder movie. Claire Trevor, Sydney Greenstreet, Leon Ames and Leo Genn are also involved. Excellent acting, slick entertainment.

THE WALLS OF JERICHO (20th-Fox)—Scene: Jericho, Kansas, 1908. A shrewish alcoholic, Ann Dvorak, is wed to Cornel Wilde, a bright lawyer. Linda Darnell, wife of his best friend, Kirk Douglas, makes a play for Cornel. Cornel falls for a lady lawyer, Anne Baxter. Result: solid drama, ace acting.

TWO GUYS FROM TEXAS (Warners)—Here we have comedy experts Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson as a pair of down-at-heels night-club performers. Newcomer Dorothy Malone sparkles and there are some good songs. A bright, breezy, lightweight yarn.

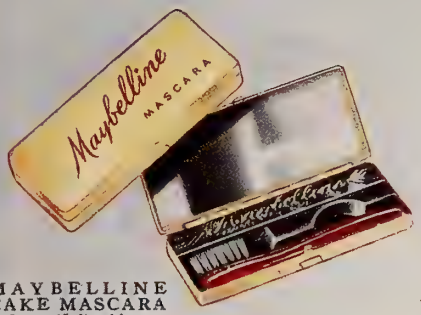
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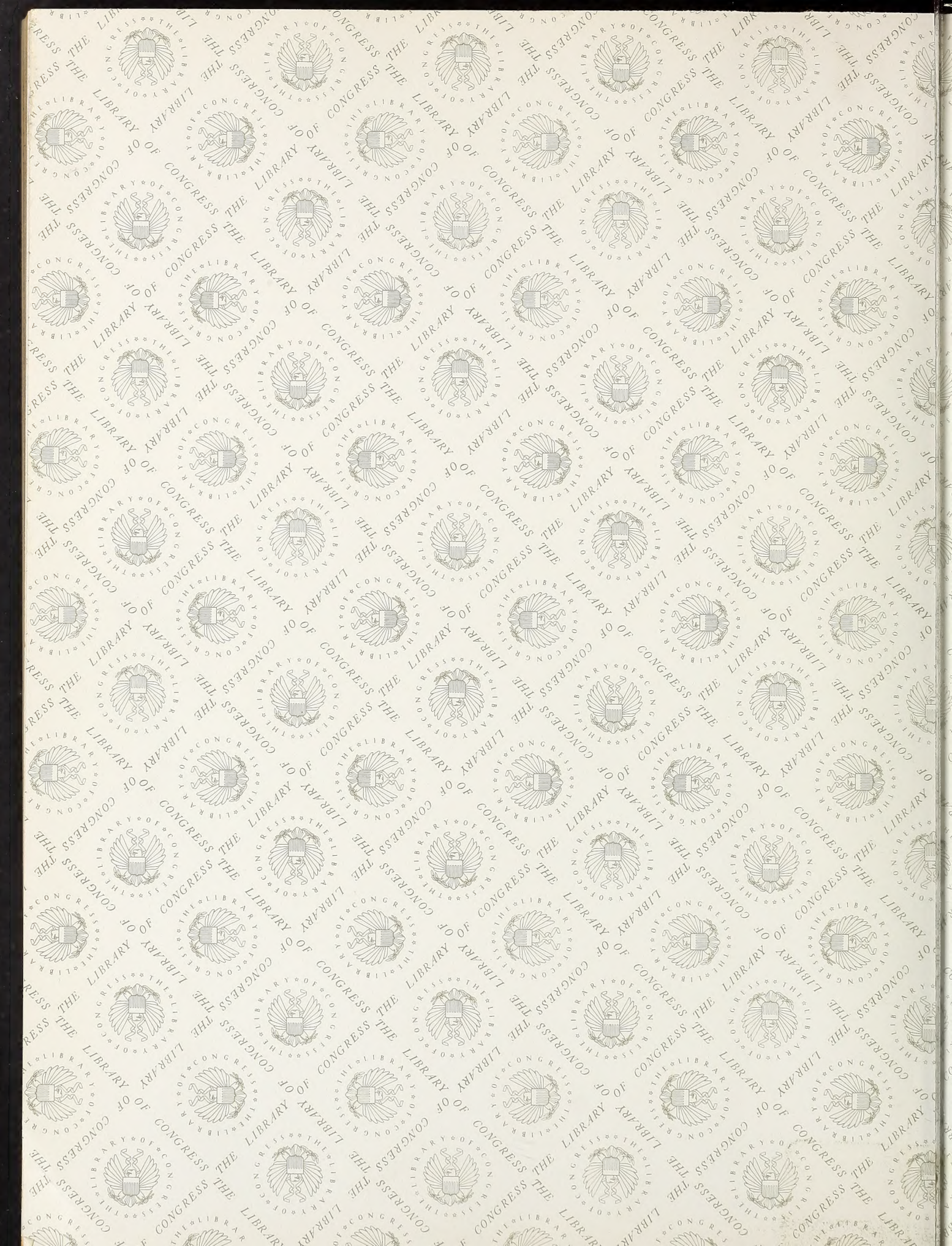
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